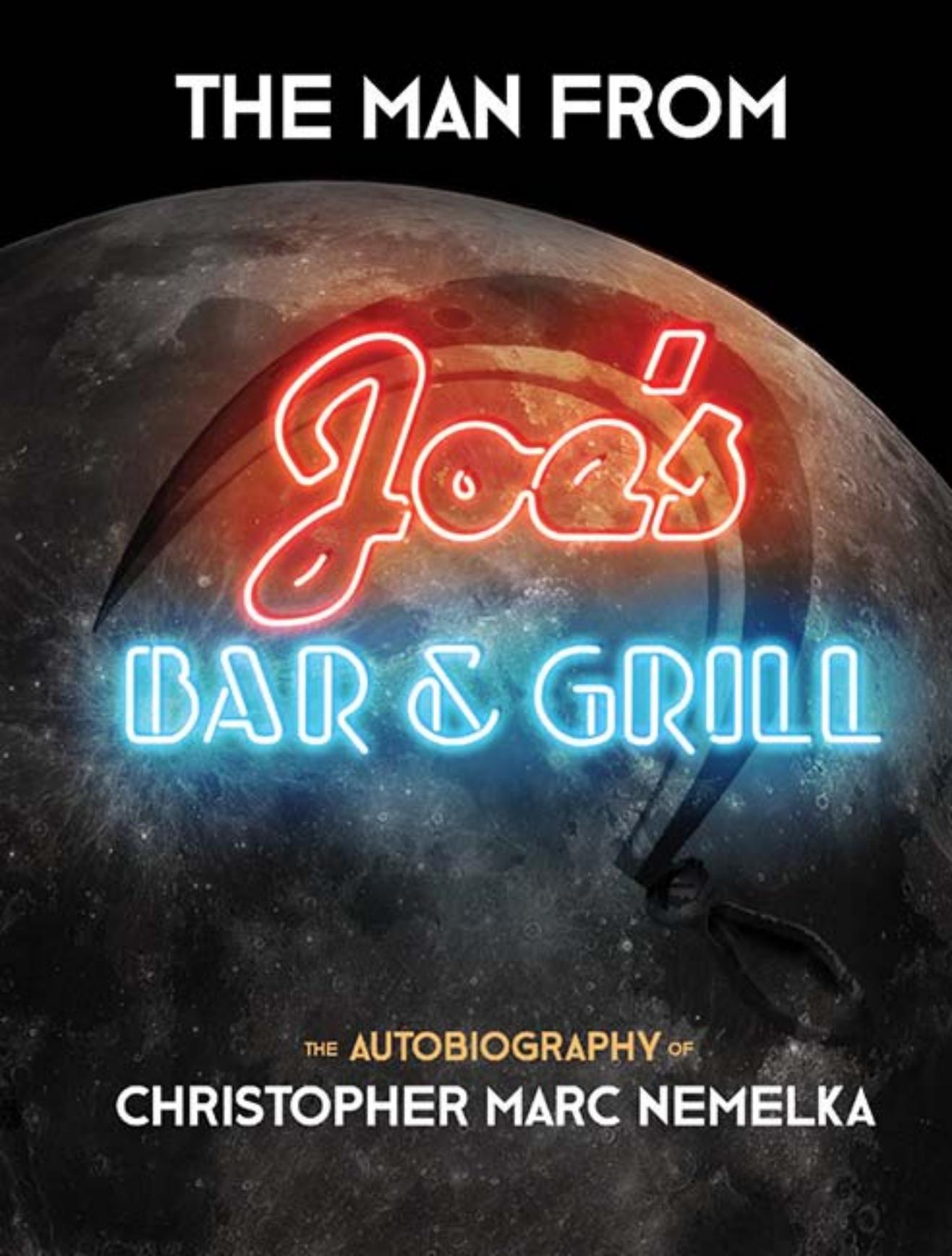


**THE MAN FROM**



**Joe's**  
**BAR & GRILL**

THE **AUTOBIOGRAPHY** OF  
**CHRISTOPHER MARC NEMELKA**

# Beginning my autobiography—The Man From Joe’s Bar and Grill. Writing for my grandchildren.

## INTRODUCTION

The words and contextual presentation of my autobiography will change over time as editors review my writing and adjust it properly. But I want to make sure that the information I give about my life in my own words is clear, correct, and most importantly, the Real Truth. To accomplish this, I intend on directing my thoughts towards my grandchildren. I want to write about my life in a way that they can understand.

I have nine children who share my DNA, but none who has shared his or her life with me for the length of time that is needed for a child to develop a normal and strong parental/child bond. None of my children respect what I do or who I have become. None know me. None has ever taken the time to sit down with me and sincerely ask,

“Dad, what are you doing? What exactly is this Marvelous Work and Wonder® thing that you are responsible for? Why are you doing it? How did you start doing it? When did you start doing it? Where did you start doing it?”

Perhaps as children do when their two parents are separated, they do not want to hurt the tender feelings of their mothers by getting to know me. Perhaps they are afraid of me. I would hope that the former reason for not knowing me is more likely than the later. I would feel much better about my children being kind and compassionate towards their dear mothers than ignorantly fearing someone who they do not know ... someone from whom they received half of their physical makeup, which includes their brain.

Why my children would be afraid to meet with me and ask the above questions is a question that one must ask of each. I do not know. I can guess. But in guessing I would be implying that I know them well enough to guess correctly. I do not know any of my children any more than they know me. Likewise, I will have known few of my grandchildren, who they are, where they live, what they look like, and most importantly for me, what they have become as human beings. Are they intelligent, kind, and compassionate, or are they ignorant?

I got to know a couple of my grandchildren at a time when I tried my hardest to be the type of father that their parents needed and wanted me to be. I could have been the best father and grandfather in the world. I could have always been ... or at least fought their mothers so that I could have been ... there for my children, supporting them as they struggled through life, providing them the security expected of a normal father, which would in turn have allowed me to become a *normal* grandfather to you.

But how can a man, who is far from normal, possibly find happiness in life upon Earth pretending to be someone who he is not? But again, none of my children has ever sat down with me and asked,

“Dad, why are you abnormal? Why can’t you just be a regular Joe like most other men? What changed you into who you are?”

One might suppose that the answers to these questions would be important to my children. I hope that my children are smart enough to understand that everything that we do, everything that we are, first starts in neurological processes of our physical brain. My children might want to know, because whatever made me who I am and allowed me to do what I do, their brains might have the same potential because of the DNA we share. If my children have the chance to become crazy, then so do you, my grandchildren.

Since it is highly unlikely that my children will find the courage to face me in person and ask these questions (for whatever reason), I am going to answer their questions in this autobiography.

As I indicated above, to do so ...

... to make sure that the information I give about my life in my own words is clear, correct, and most important, the Real Truth. To accomplish this, I intend on directing my thoughts towards my grandchildren. I want to write about my life in a way that they can understand.

Dear Grandchildren,

How do you tell another person that you know all there is to know about human reality—who we are and why we exist?

How do you tell another person that you know all the solutions to the world’s problems?

How do you tell another person that you, alone, out of all the other men in the world, were asked to help an anonymous group of people attempt to change the course of humanity and save the human race?

How do you tell another person that your given name reflects the idea that you bear the burden of a *Christ*? But even more narcissistic (this means, thinking more about yourself than others), that you are the very last *Christ*, an anointed person that has the power to save the world?

My life didn’t start out knowing any of these things. In fact, for the first 25 years of my life, I didn’t know anything more than a normal Mormon young man would know who had spent his entire life in and around the Mormon culture.

The first thing that I found out was all there is to know about human reality—who we are and why we exist. The person in my life who was closest to me at the time that I found out these things was my wife, Grandma Jacqueline “Jackie” Stoll.

Well, first, you need to know that I was married to Grandma Paula Rae Blades before I was married to Grandma Jackie. That's where Mom/Aunt Brittany and Dad/Uncle Joshua came from ... but I'll get back to Grandma Paula and Brittany and Joshua later in my story. I needed to mention Brittany and Joshua because they were the only children I had at the time of my discovery, an enlightenment which I like to call the "transfiguration" of my brain that allowed me to know all there is to know about human reality—who we are and why we exist.

If you looked up the meaning of "transfiguration," you're going to find that it is defined as: (a) a change in form or appearance, a metamorphosis; (b) an exalting, glorifying, or spiritual change.

Yes, it is true, my brain was changed, so neither you nor your parents have anything to worry about. You share some of the DNA of my *normal* brain *before* it was *transfigured* to become *abnormal* ... what your grandmothers probably claim as "going insane."

Think about it.

I come home from work on June 16, 1987, and announce to Grandma Jackie in front of three-year old Brittany and one-year old Joshua,

"Guess what, Honey? I know everything there is to know about human reality—who we are and why we exist! I know, crazy, huh? But I know it all now! It's incredible!"

Can you imagine me telling the same thing to my parents, to my siblings, to my extending family and friends? I know you can imagine how crazy that would sound. I did imagine it too. So I didn't tell Grandma Jackie what had happened a few hours before arriving home on that day. But from that day on, Grandma Jackie's, Brittany's, and Joshua's lives would never be the same ... and once the rest of your parents were born, had they been allowed to stay a part of my life, their lives would have never been normal.

I hope all of you are living *normal* lives, hopefully successful lives that bring you whatever it is that makes you happy. Because, if you are not living the life that YOU want, you will never be happy.

And it came to pass ... (Grandpa likes to use this phrase to imply the passing of time between certain events.)

Although I didn't tell anyone at that time what had happened at work during the early morning hours of June 16, 1987, I announced to Jackie that we were going to start living a new type of lifestyle, a different way of living than the way that we were living.

My *transfiguration* had given me a completely different outlook on the life that I had lived for the first 25 years of my life. I could no longer find happiness living the same way that I had been raised and accustomed to living. I needed to change my lifestyle and live life *My Way* ... *my new way*.

That's all I announced to Grandma Jackie: that we were going to live differently.

If you know of Grandma Jackie, or even if you don't know her because she isn't your biological grandma, because you have a different mother than Jackie's children (Brandon, Caleb, Sariah, and Ryan), she is a very special woman.

For whatever reason, and one must ask Jackie, after my announcement, Jackie remained completely loyal and committed to our relationship and starting living *my new life*.

Jackie had lived in the same area, basically the same house, all of her life. Her family was also staunch LDS/Mormon. For Jackie to agree and support me in living a completely new lifestyle, speaks of Jackie's incredible strength and womanhood.

I can honestly say that I have met few women throughout my life like Jackie. Grandma Jackie was perfect for me and *my new life*. I'll write about how Jackie and I met and how she became my wife and Brittany's and Joshua's step-mother later.

For now, before I write about how my *transfiguration* affected others' lives, including yours if you're one of my grandchildren, I am going to explain as clearly and correctly as I possibly can how I know all there is to know about human reality—who we are and why we exist; how I know all the solutions to the world's problems; how I, alone, out of all the other men in the world, was asked to help an anonymous group of people attempt to change the course of humanity and save the human race; how my given name reflects the idea that I bear the burden of a *Christ* (Grandpa *Christopher*); and how I became “crazy” (according to your grandmas and the world) enough to believe that I am the very last *Christ*, i.e., an anointed person that has the power to save the world.

Let's start with how, on June 16, 1987, I came to know all there is to know about human reality—who we are and why we exist.

## CHAPTER ONE

### WHO WE ARE AND WHY WE EXIST

As I mentioned in my Introduction, I was born and raised in the LDS/Mormon culture. (Today Mormons don't like to be called “Mormons.” They like to be called “Latter-day Saints.”)

Okay, I was born a Saint of the latter days. I was taught that I was special because I belonged to God's only true and living church. I had the priesthood authority given to me to act in God's name. In fact, I was very proud of my family, especially of my personal priesthood line of authority.

I received the priesthood from my father, Michael James Nemelka, Sr.. My father had received the authority from his father, Joseph Nephi Nemelka, who had received it from Joseph Fielding Smith, who had received it from his father, Joseph F. Smith, who had received it from Brigham Young, who had received it from the Three Witnesses to the Book of Mormon, David Whitmer, Oliver Cowdery, and Martin Harris, who had received it from the resurrected Peter, James, and John, who had received it under the actual hands of Jesus, the Christ.

Yep, I was pretty darn proud of my priesthood heritage. But I always wondered why Joseph Smith, Jr., the proclaimed founder of the Latter-day Saint movement, wasn't mentioned in my unique priesthood authority line. I would discover the answer later in life, as I would also discover the answer to all the questions that often plague a Latter-day Saint's mind about their religion.

As a Saint living in the "latter days"—which basically means the final days before Christ's Second Coming—I not only had access to the "power of God" through priesthood authority, but I also had access to God's *living* prophets, seers, and revelators: the LDS General Authorities. It was because of God's chosen, living leaders that I staked my claim as a member of God's only true and *living* church upon Earth.

As a Saint, we are taught that the greatest part of being a member of the Church is to receive your temple endowment. Everything that a Saint does leads to receiving this temple endowment. I'll explain more about this "endowment" later on. But I want you to know how special it was for me to personally receive my own endowment.

During the process of "receiving the endowment" in the sacred temple, I made certain covenants with God. A "covenant" is a promise. The very last covenant that a Saint makes in receiving their endowment is that:

*"You and each of you covenant and promise before God, angels, and these witnesses at this altar, that you do accept the Law of Consecration, in that you do consecrate yourselves, your time, talents, and everything with which the Lord has blessed you, or with which he may bless you to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for the building up of the Kingdom of God on the earth and for the establishment of Zion. Each of you bow your head and say, 'Yes.'"*

Grandpa said "Yes" and meant it!

The Lord had blessed me with a lot of things: athletic ability, above average looks, intelligence, and learning abilities, and other worldly traits normally held by successful people in this world. Because all of the LDS General Authorities were highly successful people in the world, I figured that this was the first step required by the Lord in order for me to keep the promise I had made to Him.

I joined the Army National Guard as a Russian interrogator, played on the Army National Guard's basketball team, and enrolled at the University of Utah ... all after returning from my LDS mission to Buenos Aires, Argentina. I wanted to be a lawyer like others in my family. School was very easy for me, but no matter how easy it seemed, the promise that I had made to God continually weighed heavily on my mind.

I made God a promise that I intended to keep. I had promised to consecrate myself, my time, talents, and everything with which the Lord had blessed me, or with which he may bless me to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for the building up of the Kingdom of God on the earth and for the establishment of Zion.

I believed in God's *living* authorities. I believed that they ran the Church the way that God wanted it ran. I wanted to do everything in my power to make sure that they kept on living so that they could do what God wanted them to do. I wanted to protect them. I dropped out of college, stopped pursuing any worldly aspiration of success and became a Security Officer for the Church. When I was hired, I felt peaceful and assured that I was finally consecrating to God what I had promised.

During this time, Grandma Paula was following along behind me. Before long, Grandma Paula decided that following me into religious fanaticism and zealotry was not something that made her happy.

I will write more about how we met and got married, and later about Grandma Paula receiving her own endowment in the temple before she married me. But here I want to mention that I remember when Paula was reunited with me during the endowment ceremony. She took my hand and buried her head in my arm. She seemed very confused and a bit scared about what she had just experienced.

From her young, innocent point of view, Grandma Paula had just made covenants with God that would result in getting her throat cut, her heart cut out, and being disemboweled if she ever "revealed the signs and tokens" she had received during the endowment presentation.

It didn't take Paula too long thereafter to realize that Sainthood was not for her. As Grandpa became more religious and zealous towards keeping God's commandments and the promise I had made, Grandma Paula followed her own heart and left me and the Church. I will explain later what transpired in how Grandma Paula gave me custody of Brittany and Joshua.

But this I want to say about Grandma Paula's courage and strength:

If she had been my wife on June 17, 1987, and I had returned home from work and told her that we were going to give away most of our belongings, dress like the Amish, live as poor migrant workers, and eventually live in a school bus painted with white house paint, she would have taken Brittany and Joshua back to her home in Montana and never let me see them again, regardless of what punishment she might receive from God.

Paula stood up to me and the only God she had known and believed in all of her life. It didn't take a *transfiguration* of Grandma Paula's brain to figure out that the LDS/Mormon God was not right for her. She figured it out by herself in her normal brain, something my *normal* brain could not do. In a normal setting, Grandma Paula was much stronger and more intelligent than Grandpa.

*And it came to pass* that after I had been employed as a Security Officer for a time, a guy named, Mark Hoffman infamously made himself known by deceiving the Lord's servants, including God's prophet and seer, killing a couple of people, and blowing himself up while I sat at the front security desk of the Genealogical Library located in Salt Lake City, Utah. From where I was sitting, I could hear and feel the blast. Our security radio frequency exploded with frantic directives from our leaders.

I returned home that day to Paula who was very pregnant with Joshua. I excitedly explained how the Church had been attacked, we didn't yet know by whom, but Lucifer was trying to stop God's work.

This was probably not the best thing to tell a very young mother (Brittany was born on November 20, 1983) and mother-to-be who had given up her Senior year of High School to become my wife and embark on my fulfilling my covenant with God. Coupled with the fact that her mother had convinced us to let a midwife deliver Joshua at home (who would come into this world in much pain on a kitchen floor), Paula held on to the idea of our LDS eternal family for as long as she could.

Shortly after Joshua's birth on January 20, 1986, Paula left me and took Brittany and Joshua back to Montana. Shortly after her leaving me, she gave up custody and had me come to Montana to take Brittany and Joshua back to Utah as their only legal custodial parent. Of course, I attributed this to God blessing me for keeping my promise to Him. (I'll write more about Grandma Paula and Mom/Aunt Brittany and Dad/Uncle Joshua later.)

I met Grandma Jackie while I was working for the Church during the course of the investigation. The legal authorities didn't find out that it was Mark Hoffman who killed the people and was on his way to kill a General Authority until January 1986. During that year (1986) leading up to Hoffman pleading guilty to a lesser charge of murder in January of 1987, I was intensely and curiously involved in every tidbit of security information I could find about what had actually happened.

In short, I found out that the General Authorities of the LDS/Mormon Church were not who I thought they were: true Apostles of Jesus Christ. As a Security Officer, I saw them behind the scenes. How they acted in public and private was often very different. Nevertheless, I knew that I belonged to the only true and living church of God. Men were fallible. But the truth could not be ... so I was convinced.

All of these events and my personal, intimate investigation into the behind-the-scenes actions of the LDS General Authorities, especially in the aftermath of the Hoffman bombings, led me to a special room on the upper floors of the Salt Lake City LDS Temple during my security rounds during the early morning hours of June 16, 1987.

I was working the 11 p.m. (on June 15th) to the 7 a.m. shift. My job included roaming the Church grounds where I had been assigned for that shift. As I entered this special room, I found myself in the room where the Twelve Apostles meet. The room seemed round and beautifully adorned. There were twelve elegant chairs placed around the room in a circle. A table sat in the center of the circle on which the LDS scriptures were sitting. There was about a 3' x 4' photo of each of the Twelve Apostles hanging on the walls, perfectly placed and centered behind each chair.

I stood in the middle of the room and looked around the room. I choked up and began to cry as I looked at each of the Apostle's pictures staring back at me.

“How can these worldly successful men be God’s true Apostles?” I cried out loud.

I fell to my knees and cried to the only God I thought existed,

“I need to know if these men are your servants and if this is your church!” I cried.

I heard a voice in my head. It said, “Who else would you have me lead this church?”

I looked up at the Apostle’s pictures again. As I looked at each, their worldly profession came to my mind, “Of course, a doctor, a lawyer, successful businessmen! These are the leaders that the people want to lead them!”

Then at the very end of this thought I felt an immediate surge of energy flow through my body. I can only explain it as the same type of feeling that one gets when one is watching something that makes the “hair on your back stand up.” But this feeling was far from scary, it was incredible! I had never felt a feeling like I did then, nor have I felt anything like it since.

My brain was *transfigured*. From that very moment, my entire perception of life was completely different than what it had been the moment before. I knew who I was and why I existed. I knew that the only god that existed was me, and that everyone else was an equal god to me. I knew the reality of human existence, that mortal life is a dream experience playing out in the mind of my highly advanced, eternal Self.

As I rose up off the table upon which I was leaning, I smiled and let out a bit of a laugh as I walked out of the room. On my way out of the temple I remember putting the pieces of the puzzle together of the temple endowment that Joseph Smith had given his followers. He told the Real Truth about human reality—who we are and why we exist—perfectly and clearly, although symbolically.

All of the endowment presentation is symbolic. But taken as it is, it is profound! The god, Michael, is put to sleep and begins dreaming that he is Adam. Adam is put to sleep as Adam and dreams of creating Eve from his body and living in the Garden of Eden where they are tempted by Lucifer, who is their brother.

Listen to Grandpa,

The character representing Michael, a god, was put to sleep by the characters who played *Elohim* and *Jehovah* in order to begin the dream experience of becoming the mortal Adam. Because of my *transfiguration*, I could remember things about past lives that I couldn’t remember with my normal brain. I immediately recalled the final scene of the original endowment presentation that Joseph Smith showed for the first time in his Red Brick Store located in Nauvoo, Illinois. The very last scene showed Elohim and Jehovah waking up Michael from the dream.

I laughed as I thought to myself, “If Brigham Young hadn’t removed that last scene, the Saints would be terribly confused about what had happened to Adam, Eve, and Lucifer when Michael woke up from the dream.”

I didn’t use a lot of profanity, hardly at all, with my normal brain. But as I was walking through the tunnels that lead from the Salt Lake Temple to an outside door near the west gate of Temple Square, I exited the door and thought,

“These people don’t have a fucking clue what the real truth is!”

And I laughed harder.

Now, Grandkids, keep something in mind while you ponder what happened to me that day. Something happened for sure. Because I can answer questions about human reality that no other man can answer. I can tell you things about this Earth, its beginnings, even about the dinosaurs and the creation of all the planets that no one has ever considered. I couldn’t have answered these questions before my *transfiguration*. But I can answer any question posed to me about human reality now.

Some say that I went crazy that day from some sort of a brain anomaly that resulted from a nervous breakdown. Some say that my genius and intelligent mind made up all the answers, similar to how a savant’s or prodigy’s brain functions.

But I bet you can guess what Great Grandpa Nemelka thought, what my family, friends, and peers thought. Yep. They think that good ol’ Lucifer, the devil, had something to do with the change in my cognitive (thinking) function. I was deceived and became possessed because I had somehow sinned in questioning God’s only true and living church.

This I can assure you, Grandkids, if the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the only true and living church of God upon Earth, then yes, indeed, it was Lucifer himself who entered in me and has possessed me ever since. With the power of the devil, I can cause men to shake and tremble in my presence ... well, actually, they just get really angry because I make more sense than they do. But anyways ...

If the Church is true, then you might want to avoid your Grandfather Christopher at all costs because he will deceive you and open up the gate to your own spirit for Lucifer to enter in your mind and convince you that your Grandpa is actually a pretty good dude ... and very, very intelligent ... someone who you might want to get to know.

The Real Truth that I know and have now shared with others has changed lives and taken many very staunch LDS/Mormon people away from the Church. To them I have opened their eyes and taught them all that they could possibly want to know. To their LDS/Mormon families and friends, I have deceived them. They call Grandpa, the Anti-Christ, a *Korihor* (a character from the Book of Mormon).

But remember, Lucifer, the devil, knows all Real Truth. Religious people will tell you that Lucifer will tell you 99% of the truth, but the one lie will cause you to go to hell. That one lie, in my case, since I know all Real Truth, is that the LDS/Mormon Church is not actually what it claims to be. In fact, the LDS/Mormon Church is one of the most corrupt and deceptive religions upon Earth. It's corrupt because it has access to the Real Truth about who we are and why we exist, yet it has corrupted the Real Truth and replaced it with truths that are not good for humanity.

For many years I never told anyone what had happened to my brain that caused such a shift in my perception of reality that affected my lifestyle after June 16, 1987. Curiously, no one has ever asked. I didn't start telling anyone until much later in life.

Remember when I mentioned that I also know all the solutions to the world's problems? Since you now know how I came to know all there is to know about human reality—who we are and why we exist—allow me to tell you the story about how I came to know how to solve all of the world's problems.

As you read on, keep in mind that if it was Lucifer who possessed my soul on that fateful day in June of 1987, why would Lucifer want to solve the world's problems?

Isn't the devil the one that caused them?

But anyways ...

## **CHAPTER TWO**

### **SAVING THE WORLD**

[February 10, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's Autobiography](#) · [Uncategorized](#)[Edit](#)

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## Chapter Two: Grandpa's Magnum Opus

From the moment of my enlightenment about human reality—who we are and why we exist—the value I placed on my mortal existence upon Earth changed 180 degrees.

I no longer valued money, success, honor, glory, education, and the other things that you will come to think are worthy of life here upon Earth, the same as I did the moment before my *transfiguration*. How could I?

I knew that we are all equal people sharing an experience of life together on Earth, and that each person, including me, was the most important person in the universe.

I no longer saw myself as any one special above any other person. I lost all the value I had held believing that I belonged to God's only true church and that I was special above other men because I had God's authorized priesthood authority and they did not.

Nevertheless, I did not condemn another person for believing that they were special. Because, again, I knew that each person was the most important person in the universe; and although their *normal* brain didn't allow them to know this about their Self. I knew it.

From that time forward, nobody could tell me anything of value ... for me. I would listen to people talk about themselves and about their own life and smile, often repeating the same thought in my mind that I had after I left the temple the day of my change:

“These people don't have a fucking clue what the Real Truth is!”

Although I thought this in my mind, I realized that it wasn't their fault that they didn't know the Real Truth. They weren't supposed to.

I could not condemn another person for what brings them self-worth and value in their life. A person's *normal* brain cannot remember anything about any existence that they might have lived before the one that they are living upon Earth. If everyone had a *transfigured* brain like mine, no one would value living upon Earth; and the reason and purpose for having a mortal experience upon Earth would lose its value and necessity. (I'll explain more about the reason and purpose for living a mortal experience as I present the details of my own life through this autobiography.)

Because I now understood that there was no outside influence making me do things that I think are good (God), or one that was making me do bad things (the devil), I understood that there was no such thing as right and wrong; that what was right for one might very well be wrong for another.

I understood that a *normal* person would value the worth of their Self based upon the things that they were experiencing and on the things that they could remember from their past experience. And since no one thought that their experiences on Earth were actually the *dream*

*experiences* of their True Self—a person of a much higher intelligence than they could possibly imagine with their *normal* brain—everyone valued their Self on what was happening upon Earth.

Later you will learn more about your Great-Grandfather, Michael J. Nemelka. He is my dad and one of your parent's grandfathers. He is the perfect example that I will use to show how a person can gain self-worth and value from believing that he belongs to God's only true church and has God's power in priesthood authority. Great-grandpa Nemelka would become a Bishop in the LDS/Mormon Church. He would gain great self-worth and value from his extensive and numerous mortal family of twelve children, 40 plus grandchildren, and I haven't a clue how many great-grandchildren, of which you would be included.

Like everyone, my dad was a good man. He was a compassionate and kind man to others in need. He was a crucial part of my upbringing and early life. The decisions he made for me would affect the rest of my life and prepare me for my brain's *transfiguration*. I will share a lot more about what my own father did that prepared me to be whom I have become later.

Some might claim that because of what my father did, it caused me to become crazy and disconnected from reality; that what happened to me in 1987 had nothing to do with a supernatural event (*supernatural*: [of a manifestation or event] attributed to some force beyond scientific understanding or the laws of nature), but was the result of my early childhood. Those who claim this would very wrong, but there is a lot of logical evidenced that would back up this claim.

Before 1987, I was just as *normal* as anyone else. I was valuing my Self on the same things upon which every other normal person might value their own Self. My father had taught me that religion (as taught by the LDS/Mormon Church) was the most important thing upon which we should base our life experience. When I was a freshman in High School, attending Mira Mesa High located in San Diego, California, I made the varsity basketball team. I had these natural skills. My uncle was a professional player and very well known as an All-American athlete. It was not hard to see that I had a natural athletic ability similar to his, so the Nemelka family assumed I would be the next great athlete in the family.

At the invitation of my High School coach, I tried out for a national basketball tournament team. This was the way that college scouts could get to know and track young basketball players throughout their High School basketball careers. Any freshman could try out for the team, but had to be recommended by their High School coach. Many tried out the first day.

The coaches who chose the team had all these young kids dribble a basketball and make a layup. From doing that, they chose about 30 of us. They then divided us up into the positions according to our height and had us do other drills. We had a couple more practices. I had made the team of about twelve players as the number two prospect from San Diego, but I needed my parents' permission to travel with the team to play in the national tournament. My dad came to one of the practices and spoke to the coach in private. After the conversation, the coach came out and cut me from the team, informing me that my father would let me join the team and travel ... I believe we were headed to Chicago, Illinois ... but I could not play on Sundays. The coach wouldn't accept this limitation on my involvement.

Dejected, I left with my father and cried on the way home. He turned to me and said, “Son, I’m not going to let you play on Sunday. It’s more important to obey the Lord than play basketball.”

I was fourteen years old. I didn’t understand why my dad had taken from me an opportunity that most dad’s would have wanted for their talented son. From that time forward, I made it a point not to try hard to play basketball. Sure, it was easy for me to make the team and play, but I no longer cared to develop my natural talent for the game. I turned my athletic focus to football. (I’ll explain more about this later and how my dad would repeatedly block opportunities for me to excel in sports because of his faith in the Lord.)

And it would come to pass that some would think that because of my father’s lack of support of my worldly ability to play sports, that on June 16, 1987, as I struggled with a faith that gave me value, I somehow experienced a nervous breakdown that neurologically formulated a *new* source of value for my Self that my father had taken away from me in sports.

Many times throughout the years that I have been involved with the Marvelous Work and a Wonder®, I wished that this was the case; that somehow, everything that I had experienced and was experiencing was an invention of my own ego and brain bringing value to my life where I had lost it. At any moment I would have embraced this and sought the appropriate mental help to help me be *normal* again. But the facts of my life simply do not add up to this conclusion.

But there is another way of looking at my experience as a mental breakdown that led to my brain compensating for the loss of the value I received from being a member of the LDS/Mormon Church. As I mentioned above, after my *transfiguration*, “I no longer valued money, success, honor, glory, education and the other things that you will come to think are worthy of life here upon Earth.”

It could easily be surmised and diagnosed by the educated Ministers (Doctors) of Psychology that because I had given up all worldly pursuits in order to serve God, and that I then found out that God was not real because of my experiences behind the scenes as a Security Officer for the Church, instead of replacing a religious pursuit of self-worth and value with what the world sees as a *normal* pursuit, my brain changed the values completely.

It is not that “money, success, honor, glory, education and the other things” that give everyone else value and worth are the wrong way to gain value for the Self, but I had rejected these things because the rejection thereof gave me the value and worth that a *normal* brain seeks. I began to value myself for not being valued. This would be the easy way.

Instead of taking the time and spending the money to become a successful attorney at law, my *new* cognitive paradigm (thinking pattern) made me believe that all attorneys, judges, courts, and the law were corrupt. I didn’t need to hold down a steady job and have a career to gain self-worth and value because my *new* cognitive paradigm made me believe that money is what corrupts a person and is corrupting the rest of the people in the world. Instead of repenting and rejoining the LDS/Mormon Church to regain the value I had lost, my *new* cognitive paradigm made me believe that all religions are false and corrupt. I took the easy way out.

The easy way to Self-worth and -value, if you cannot do it the way that everyone else does it in the world (i.e., valuing money, success, honor, glory, education and the other things that you will come to think are worthy of life here upon Earth), is to simply change the value system in your head upon which you depend in order to feel worthy and valuable.

That makes a lot of sense.

I wish that your Grandpa would have humbled himself and ceded (given in) to this educated diagnosis. You might have known me throughout your life then. Or maybe ... and this is the reality ... If I had given in to this explanation for my *transfiguration*, you might not have existed.

It would have been very easy for me to have led a normal life and had a normal family. Doing so, there wouldn't have been a Grandma Marcee Kay Jaynes through whom came Riley and Nathan, or a Grandma Vicky Prunty from whom came Rachael? And whose to say that I would have stayed with Grandma Jackie long enough for those of you to exist who are Jackie's grandchildren through Brandon, Caleb, Sariah, and Ryan?

The fact is, I was not "in love" (which means to value something) with Jackie when I married her ... the way that a man was supposed to be "in love" and value a relationship with another. The facts of our meeting and courtship will show this. (I'll get to these facts later in this autobiography.)

I married Jackie in April of 1987. Two months later, by brain changed. Had it not changed, regardless of *how* it changed or for what reason, my relationship with Jackie might not have lasted. By the time we married, I had full custody of Brittany and Joshua and they meant much more to me than Jackie did. Jackie would have come to know this about me ... that being a father meant more to me than being her husband. Had the change in my brain not taken place in June of 1987, it could have been that Jackie and I would have divorced before Caleb, Sariah, and Ryan were conceived. And if I didn't have Jackie, there would have never been a Marcee or a Vicky.

Except for Brittany and Joshua from Grandma Paula, and Brandon (born April 7, 1988) from Grandma Jackie, it is highly probable that the rest of your parents might not have existed. Therefore, you wouldn't exist!

On that day in June of 1987, I could have easily cried out the pain and emotional turmoil and continued being a staunch and faithful LDS/Mormon, completely committed to the Church and its values, values that once gave me self-worth and -value. It was just two months previous that Jackie and I were faithfully married in the very place where I experienced the *transfiguration*.

As a faithful Latter-day Saint, I did not have any desire to sleep with any other woman than my wife. I never looked at other women ... and it really disgusted me when other LDS/Mormon men would see a beautiful woman and say, "Ooooh. I can't wait until the Lord brings back polygamy!"

Although I wasn't "in love" with Jackie, per se, I was in love with God. I was afraid of God. My self-worth and self value came strictly from God.

Without the change to my brain, I would have never had the desire to save Marcee and Vicky (along with Vicky's five other children) from a Mormon Fundamentalist (polygamist) lifestyle. As I explained above, Jackie had problems with how close I was to Brittany, and we would have had marital problems based on the fact that I valued my relationship with my daughter more than I did my relationship with her.

So, why did Grandpa want to save Marcee and Vicky from the Mormon polygamists? What value would I get from doing it? Sex? Absolutely not. My sexual relationship with Jackie was plenty for me and satisfying. The facts and details about how I got involved with Marcee and Vicky will be explained in detail later.

For now, it's important that you know something about what actually gives your Grandpa worth and value ... what has given me worth and value throughout my life. Helping others find value and worth in their own Self makes me happy. I hope that this will become obvious and transparent about your grandfather as I present the facts about my life in this autobiography. And we will get to these details later.

For now, set aside any personal judgment you might have already made about why my brain changed the way that it did. You will be able to make a better judgment once you know more of the facts about my life.

For now, just know that from June 16, 1987, the values that I placed on things completely changed. Regardless of how it happened or why it happened, I no longer valued money, success, honor, glory, education and the other things that you will come to think are worthy of life here upon Earth.

From June 1987 to about February 1988, I spent the last few months of my time as a LDS/Mormon Security Officer intimately investigating everything that I possibly could with the access that I had through security. I went through files, desks, lockers, anything I could get my hands on, to investigate the Real Truth about the leaders of the LDS/Mormon people. Along with my brain change, this intense investigation found out the following Real Truth about the LDS/Mormon General Authorities.

They are not bad men. They are good men. There is nothing going on behind the scenes of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints that is wrong or inappropriate for a religion. You might read all kinds of negative things about the Church and its leaders, especially about Joseph Smith, but most of the negative things are wrong, and are usually the opinion of someone trying to gain value for himself by pointing out what he *wants* to be true.

I have nothing but good to say about all of the people I knew while I was a member of the Church. This is the Real Truth. This is what I knew from the moment that I realized the Real Truth about human reality—who we are and why we exist.

Anyone who embraces religion as a means to gain value and worth for their Self is as good as any human can be while experiencing life upon Earth during this time, at least with the limited understanding that they have. My dad, my step-mother, some of my siblings, many in my family need their LDS/Mormon faith to feel good that their life is worth living. There's nothing wrong with this, and I will always treat them individually with kindness and respect, as I always have.

You will not find any person in my past or present whom I have not treated with kindness and respect. Yes, I was forced to stand up to some who were spreading many lies about me, but if I met any of these in a situation of need or want, I would do everything in my power to help them. Even though, on the other hand, some of them would kill me.

There is a person in my life that I have not yet mentioned who is more responsible for the ability of my *normal* brain to become *abnormal* than any other: my mother, Elizabeth Diane Jorgensen Nemelka Fisher Heath. Her story and part in my life will come later.

It is important here to know that my mother could never find value and worth for her Self in the LDS/Mormon religion. She would not truly find her true worth and value until much later in life when she finally came to know that because of her DNA, her third son had a brain that could deal with and support the *transfiguration*. If any one *normal* mortal person is to receive the blame, or praise, for who I am, it is my mother. Great-grandma Diane is way different than Great-grandpa Nemelka.

Above, I mentioned that if it weren't for my brain change, many of you might not have existed. Sure, your mothers might have had other kids from other men, but they wouldn't be YOU.

So, who are you?

From where do you gain worth and value for your Self?

More than likely, because it's all you know and have personally experienced, you gain self-worth and -value from money, success, honor, glory, education and the other things that you have been convinced to think are worthy of life here upon Earth.

And how's that working out for you?

I don't know you, but I bet I can tell you exactly how it is working out for you.

You are doing everything that you know how to do, everything that you have been taught by your parents to do, everything that you can to find purpose and value for your Self and your life experience upon this Earth, only to find that you are not completely happy.

Sure, you have moments of happiness when you first fulfill a worldly expectation and then others value you for doing it. But you still do not now who you are and why you exist, do you?

More than likely, you are not doing what makes you happy. You have been forced to go to work each day to earn a living by working for another person and making them rich. You are forced

to *play the game* in order to live and feel somewhat of worth and value to society ... to life ... to your Self.

You are involved in relationships that cause you stress and unhappiness when you are not giving the other person what he or she expects of you. You are a slave to others and their interests and needs. The others with whom you have these relationships and bonds don't really know you, do they? Do they know your deepest thoughts and desires?

Ask yourself this question,

If all of your inner thoughts were known by the person you are with, would they stay with you? Would your thoughts make them happy?

It's easy to sacrifice your own Self to make others happy. You do it every time you go to work for someone else so that they can become financially independent and not have to work like you are forced to work for them. You want this for yourself ... this financial independence ... don't you?

No one truly knows you but YOU. Don't ever expect anyone to come to know you like YOU know you. But something makes you want others to know you, to respect you, to love you, Right?

Isn't it true that you base your own self-worth and -value on how much you are loved and appreciated by others? How's that working for you?

You often feel alone and dreary as you face a new day of life upon Earth, forced to do whatever it takes to live and please others.

You are no different than the LDS/Mormon General Authorities whom I mentioned above. You are no different than your great-grandfather.

But you are very different than me.

You have a *normal* brain that creates cognitive paradigms that allow you to live each day in a constant search for the feeling of happiness and worth by receiving it from others. You don't know how to gain this from your own Self. You don't know because your parents never taught you, because they didn't know.

But Grandpa knows. And what Grandpa knows, your parents have had a hard time accepting.

I want you to think about a symbolic allegory that will explain this.

Consider that all that Grandpa knows as the fruit on a tree. The tree is the opportunity of experiencing of life upon Earth. Each of us is our own tree. And our individual tree bears fruit. The fruit is what we know and what we do ... the *fruit of the tree* is what our life upon Earth produces.

Grandpa has his own tree. All of his life, your Grandpa has been beckoning your parents to come to his tree and taste his *fruit*. Only a few, three to be exact (Brittany, Joshua, and Rachael), made it all the way to the tree where they began to taste Grandpa's fruit.

Again, keep in mind that Grandpa's fruit is everything that he is doing and has done in life.

Allow me to tell you this allegoric story in a way that it was once told to me, changing it to my own story:

And it came to pass that as I worked to support my family, I had a transfiguration of my mind. And whether I was in the body or out of the body, I could not tell; for it did seem unto me like my brain was transfigured and changed so that I could behold the Real Truth of all things.

And behold, because of the thing which I have seen, I have reason to rejoice if I can only get my children to listen to me and consider what I have seen. But I fear exceedingly because of them because they do not heed my voice and listen to me.

My *transfiguration* could be considered a dream, of sorts. So let Grandpa continue the symbolic story, again, as it was once told to me:

And methought I saw in my dream, before I had the change, a dark and dreary wilderness.

And it came to pass that I saw a man, and he was dressed in a white robe; and he came and stood before me.

And it came to pass that he spake unto me, and bade me follow him.

And it came to pass that as I followed him I beheld myself that I was in a dark and dreary waste.

And after I had traveled for the space of many hours in darkness, I began to pray unto the Lord that he would have mercy on me, according to the multitude of his tender mercies.

And it came to pass after I had prayed unto the Lord I beheld a large and spacious field.

And it came to pass that I beheld a tree, whose fruit was desirable to make one happy.

And it came to pass that I did go forth and partake of the fruit thereof; and I beheld that it was most sweet, above all that I ever before tasted. Yea, and I beheld that the fruit thereof was white, to exceed all the whiteness that I had ever seen.

And as I partook of the fruit thereof it filled my soul with exceedingly great joy; wherefore, I began to be desirous that my family should partake of it also; for I knew that it was desirable above all other fruit.

And as I cast my eyes round about, that perhaps I might discover my family also, I beheld a river of water; and it ran along, and it was near the tree of which I was partaking the fruit.

And I looked to behold from whence it came; and I saw the head thereof a little way off; and at the head thereof I beheld Brittany, Joshua, and Rachael; and they stood as if they knew not whither they should go.

And it came to pass that I beckoned unto them; and I also did say unto them with a loud voice that they should come unto me, and partake of the fruit, which was desirable above all other fruit.

And it came to pass that I saw them and called to them, but they would not come unto me and partake of the fruit.

And I beheld a rod of iron, and it extended along the bank of the river, and led to the tree by which I stood. I call this rod of iron a Marvelous Work and a Wonder®.

And I also beheld a strait and narrow path, which came along by the rod of iron, even to the tree by which I stood; and it also led by the head of the fountain, unto a large and spacious field, as if it had been a world.

And I saw numberless concourses of people, many of whom were pressing forward, that they might obtain the path which led unto the tree by which I stood.

And it came to pass that they did come forth, and commence in the path which led to the tree.

And it came to pass that there arose a mist of darkness; yea, even an exceedingly great mist of darkness, insomuch that they who had commenced in the path did lose their way, that they wandered off and were lost.

And it came to pass that I beheld others pressing forward, and they came forth and caught hold of the end of the rod of iron; and they did press forward through the mist of darkness, clinging to the rod of iron, even until they did come forth and partake of the fruit of the tree.

And after they had partaken of the fruit of the tree they did cast their eyes about as if they were ashamed.

And I also cast my eyes round about, and beheld, on the other side of the river of water, a great and spacious building; and it stood as it were in the air, high above the earth.

And it was filled with people, both old and young, both male and female; and their manner of dress was exceedingly fine; and they were in the attitude of mocking and pointing their fingers towards those who had come at and were partaking of the fruit.

And after they had tasted of the fruit they were ashamed, because of those that were scoffing at them; and they fell away into forbidden paths and were lost.

To be short in writing, behold, I saw other multitudes pressing forward; and they came and caught hold of the end of the rod of iron; and they did press their way forward, continually

holding fast to the rod of iron, until they came forth and fell down and partook of the fruit of the tree.

And I also saw other multitudes feeling their way towards that great and spacious building.

And it came to pass that many were drowned in the depths of the fountain; and many were lost from my view, wandering in strange roads.

And great was the multitude that did enter into that strange building. And after they did enter into that building they did point the finger of scorn at me and those that were partaking of the fruit also; but we heeded them not. For as many as heeded them, had fallen away.

And Brittany, Joshua, and Rachael, as they began to eat of the fruit, were also ashamed.

Because of these things which I have presented in this allegoric dream, I exceedingly feared for my children; yea, I fear lest they should be cast off from the presence of their True Self and never know the Real Truth about their true worth and value.

And I did exhort them then with all the feeling of a tender parent, that they would hearken to my words, that perhaps they would come to know what I knew about human reality—the Real Truth about who we are and why we exist.

The “great and spacious building” represents the pride of this world and the value of money, success, honor, glory, education and the other things that you will come to think are worthy of life here upon Earth. Your great-grandfather has followed the LDS/Mormon leader into this building, a place where the leaders of all religions and of all countries stand. The greatest thinkers and most successful business people known throughout history are also in this building. The building is the pride of the world and the wisdom thereof.

Your Grandpa has not paid any attention to those in his life who point the finger of scorn at me and those few who are partaking of the fruit that my life has produced.

Grandpa’s Tree of Life is also known as the Marvelous Work and a Wonder®.

The fruit of this tree has produced information that can save this world.

The fruit of this tree has produced the Humanity Party®, which has presented an unchallenged plan to eliminate poverty and inequality throughout the world, something that has never been done during the history of your life.

No one has ever successfully challenged Grandpa’s plan. No one can. It would work perfectly in this world and virtually eliminate poverty overnight.

So, my question to you as my grandchildren is:

Have you tasted this fruit to see if it is good and desirable to make one happy; that is desirable above all other fruit?

Why wouldn't eliminating poverty throughout the world be the most desirable thing a person would want?

If you can take pride about anything about you and your life, why couldn't it be:

My grandfather's *magnum opus* (his life's most important accomplishment) is a plan he presented to the world that can end worldwide poverty and inequality. Somehow he came up with the plan. Whether it came out of his own head, or someone else showed him the plan, why does it matter?

This I can tell you, grandchildren:

If my brain hadn't changed, Grandpa's *Tree of Life* would have produced much different fruit. Had my brain not changed, I might have remained in that "large and spacious building" with my father ... with your parents ... with the world.

Now go and ask your parents why they didn't like Grandpa's fruit, or why they were ashamed after tasting it because of what those in the "large and spacious building" were saying about me and the few who were eating and enjoying my fruit.

Ask your parents to prove to you why Grandpa's plan could not have solved worldwide poverty. And if it could solve poverty, why didn't they stand up for their father and respect him for his *magnum opus*.

Ask them why they didn't point you towards your own grandfather's *tree* so that you could taste the fruit for yourself.

And now it's time to explain to you where this incredible plan came from.

For all intents and purposes, the plan came from God, who chose your grandfather as His True Messenger.

Now let me tell you how I came to know how to solve all of the world's problems.

[February 11, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's Autobiography](#)[Edit](#)

#

# Chapter Three: “THEIR” WORK

You will find that your grandfather has a lot of enemies and critics because of the work that I do. It might be possible that your parents are one of them.

As I present the facts of my life, you will come to find out that my father (your great-grandfather) was one of them.

Although I have never done any intentional wrong to anyone, nor do I have the disposition or personality that would, many things have been written about me that seem pretty bad. And many bad things have happened to me because of these enemies and critics.

On March 10, 1990, while I was working in a farm store in Snohomish, Washington, two sheriff deputies entered the front door with their guns drawn and ordered me to put my hands in the air.

Your aunt/mom Brittany was just six years-old and could run the cash register by herself, of course with my supervision. I was so happy that she wasn't with me at this time.

I put my hands in the air.

The deputies frisked me and put handcuffs on me.

I had no idea what was happening.

I will share all the details with you later. You'll want to know why your great-grandfather filed a false police report against me and caused all of this.

For now, here are a few of the actual statements from the sheriff's report outlining what had happened:

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(Beginning of excerpt from sheriff's report.)

“He [*great-grandpa Michael J. Nemelka*] was concerned about his son's mental health, and some threats his son made on 3-6-90. His son Chris told him that he would not let his ex-wife [*Paula*] see their two children [*Brittany, age 6 and Joshua, age 4*], and that he would kill them, himself, and anyone else that tried to take them from him. Michael said that Chris behavior changes he gets excited says that he is a prophet of God, and talks to him regularly. He said that Chris keeps a rifle 30-06, and a 357 pistol, somewhere in the store. He also says plans on leaving for Canada with his present wife and four children.

“With Michael Nemelka in his vehicle, was Chris' first wife [*Paula*], he said that as soon as we took Chris into custody they [*Great-grandpa Nemelka and Great-grandpa Alvin Blades, and Paula, who were in the vehicle*] would take her two children and flee to Utah. He said that

Chris' present wife Jackie was fearful of Chris, and she would take their two children [*Brandon, age 1 and Caleb, age two months*] as soon as we took him into custody and also flee for Utah.

“At approx. 1400 hrs. I contacted Chris at his place of business, Walts Milk House, Sgt. R. Mara assisted w/Dep. T. Green. We found Chris very stable, intelegent [*sic*] and discussed his father's accusations. Chris said that his family has been against him ever since he left their religion, and accepted another. He said he owned a .22 rifle at home, had never owned a .357 or a 30-06. He has never told anyone he would harm his children and never would.”

(End of excerpt from sheriff's report.)

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I know, right! How could a father do this to his son? How could he lie in such a vicious manner? But these were only the beginning of his and others' lies that would eventually lead to a great deal of turmoil and persecution in my life. And again, I did nothing that my father accused me of, nor have I done anything that has been accused of me by my critics and enemies ... not a single thing!

But there, in black and white, is a sheriff's report that is now a documented part of my history. Just over a year later (in June 1991), there would be another sheriff's report filed in Ravalli County, Montana, that would make even more outrageous accusations about me ... and this time, even about Jackie. These evil things were again started by my own father, your great-grandfather. (I'll give these details later.)

I know, right! Why? Why would my own dad do this to me?

Why do my critics and enemies say and publish so many evil things about me that are not true?

My father never apologized, yet I treated him with kindness, compassion, and respect, not only throughout the entire ordeal, but throughout the rest of my life. Not only did I forgive him, but I did everything within my power to make his life comfortable, at least in regards to his association with me.

Dad would become a respected LDS/Mormon Bishop and a beloved Nemelka patriarch, loved by his followers and the other members of my family. In his later years, Dad would tell me that he loved me, if I happened to be around for the opportunity. He would invite me to all his family events. I went to a few. I respected him and always treated him with kindness and the love a son should show his father. I have never disrespected or done anything bad to my dad ... nor to anyone else.

Not in billions of billions of billions of years would I ever do to my son what my dad did to me.

Except for filing a defamation lawsuit against a couple of my critics and enemies because of their gross accusations and lies published all over the Internet—not because it bothered me, but because their accusations were hurting other innocent people—I would never treat another person with an evil disposition or do any intentional harm to them ... not in billions of billions of billions of years!

My dad is as good as the next guy, in fact, in my opinion, Dad is much better than most in how he treats others in spite of how he treated me. I wrote of him in the previous chapter,

“Like everyone, my dad was a good man. He was a compassionate and kind man to others in need. He was a crucial part of my upbringing and early life. The decisions he made for me would affect the rest of my life and prepare me for my brain’s *transfiguration*.”

I also wrote of him,

“Later, you will learn more about your Great-Grandfather, Michael J. Nemelka. He is my dad and one of your parent’s grandfathers. He is the perfect example that I will use to show how a person can gain self-worth and value from believing that he belongs to God’s only true church and has God’s power in priesthood authority.

Remember what I told you about my brain change—that since then I knew the Real Truth about who we are and why we exist, and that each person is actually a highly advanced compendium of matter (the highest possible), and the most important person in the universe? Well, I knew this of my own father. Why would he be any different than anyone else just because he was my father?

To him, I know that this is *his* universe, *his* life experience. I am simply a part of *his* universe and existence. Nothing he could ever do to me would be wrong. How could it be? It was right for him at the time he did it. Somehow his actions were justified in his mind.

Although I wrote above that his actions were “evil,” actually, they were good. They were the right thing for him, for his life, for his existence, for his universe ... for his God.

You see, grandkids, although you will read about many things that your own grandmothers (Paula, Jackie, Marcee, or Vicky) did to me, and you might consider them bad, if you keep the above perspective about things ... which is the Real Truth ... you will come to realize that they did the right thing ... for them. They did what *their* God wanted them to do.

Except for not loving them and valuing them the way that a man should who made it appear that he was “in love” with them, I have never done any bad thing to any of the women in my life. To this day, I would embrace them, love them, respect them, and help them if they were ever in need.

You see, grandkids, I don’t need to forgive them. I don’t need to forgive my dad. Forgive them of what? They didn’t do anything wrong. They did and have been doing that which has been done in all the other worlds where humans exist.

You only need to forgive someone if you think someone has wronged you in some way.

After my *transfiguration*, I understood the reality that nothing that is done by a human is wrong ... for them. It might be wrong for you, but not for them. If a person does something, the person is following the dictates of their own conscience, or better, doing what their mind tells them to do.

So, if I may, let me put it as I know it to be:

Everyone is following their own God and fulfilling their God's commandments and desires. Religion is simply the process and organization by which a person convinces others to serve that person's God instead of their own. Every God is right for the person who choose to follow God, which makes every God wrong for those who choose not to submit to God.

Your grandpa coined and register the following statement:

Everyone is right. Which makes everyone wrong.®

My father was not wrong in what he did to me, he was following his chosen God. But was he following his *own chosen* God, or the God that someone else had created and established for their own Self, and then convinced my father to follow them?

My father followed the God responsible for the religion to which he gave his heart and soul: the LDS/Mormon religion.

My father did nothing wrong. But his religion did. His religion, the God whom my father chose to follow was responsible for everything that my father did to me throughout my life, good or evil.

It was easy for me to forgive my father. But I will never forgive his religion.

As my father searched for self-worth and -value while he was growing up, he was primarily exposed to the LDS/Mormon God. His father, my grandfather, Joseph Nephi Nemelka, loved the Church with all of his heart and soul, and taught his children to do the same.

My dad loved his father. My dad wanted to please his father. My dad wanted my grandfather to love him and respect him. So after a few years of rebelling against the commandments of the LDS/Mormon God, my father sought for and finally found his value and purpose in life. As I explained, he became a Mormon Bishop and is now a High Priest in the LDS/Mormon priesthood.

If we consider that there is only one God, and that God's only true and living church is the LDS/Mormon Church, and that if one is not baptized and does not receive the other special ordinances of this religion, one will suffer eternal damnation, my father was a very *good* man for trying to save the eternal souls of Jackie, Brittany, Joshua, Brandon, and Caleb on March 10, 1990. No matter what lie he had to say, no matter what law he had to break, even if it led to me

going to jail, or even be killed, my father only wanted to obey the command of “the Spirit,” which said unto him,

“And it came to pass that the Spirit said unto my father: put your son in jail, for the Lord hath delivered him into thy hands; Behold the Lord incarcerates the wicked to bring forth his righteous purposes. It is better that your son should perish than that your grandchildren should dwindle and perish in unbelief.

“And now, when my father had heard these words, he remembered the words of the Lord which were spoken to him by God’s prophet upon earth, saying that: Inasmuch as thy seed shall keep my commandments, they shall prosper in the land of promise and be saved in the Celestial kingdom of God.”

If you’re not familiar with the above words, get out a Book of Mormon and turn to 1 Nephi, chapter 4, verses 12 to 14. “The Spirit” of the Book of Mormon God specifically commanded a man to murder another defenseless man who was lying passed out drunk on the street, steal his clothes and belongings, then go to his house, pretend to be him, and steal other important things ... all because God wanted the rest of the world to do what He wanted them to do, “keep the commandments.”

“Yea, and I also thought that they could not keep the commandments of the Lord according to the law of Moses, save they should have the law. And I also knew that the law was engraven upon the plates of brass. And again, I knew that the Lord had delivered Laban into my hands for this cause—that I might obtain the records according to his commandments.” (1 Nephi 4:15-17.)

My father acted properly according to everything that he had been taught by his religion. He was following “the Spirit” and acted solely for the eternal sake of his own soul and family.

In reality, my father was doing everything in his power to justify and hang on to the self-worth and value that he had received from his religion, which again, was not *his* religion, but was someone else’s who had convinced him that *their* God was he only true and living God.

The problem that my dad started having with me is that my *new* religion made more sense than his. The more I would talk to my father about what I knew, and the more sense it made, the more afraid he became that everything that he valued about himself might be wrong. People protect their own self worth and value, even if they have to sacrifice a beloved son’s life to do it. (Sound like a religious belief you might know?)

Needless to say, I love my father. I know that as he prays to God for guidance, he is being answered by the only god that actually exists: his basic human desires of self-worth and purpose.

Some of the educated people in the world call these basic human desires: the id. I call them ... *Lucifer*.

My father prays and is answered by *Lucifer*. *Lucifer* is the sole originator and perpetrator of all the religions upon Earth, every one! *Lucifer* is responsible for all the “commandments of God” that exist, which are simply “the philosophies of men mingled with scripture.”

You know what’s funny, grandkids?

Remember in the first chapter when I told you about my receiving the most sacred and highest ordinance in the LDS/Mormon faith: the temple endowment?

Well,

What I said above about my dad praying and getting answers from his own mind, from “his basic human desires of self-worth and purpose” that I call, *Lucifer*, is exactly what is taught in the LDS/Mormon temple endowment presentation ... almost verbatim!

Right before my father’s eyes, all those times that he attended the temple and did work for dead people so that he could even save the souls of the dead in the Celestial kingdom of God, he was being told that the only entity that hears and answers mortal prayers is *Lucifer*.

The endowment presentation is specific and clear that anyone living upon earth, which is presented symbolically as living in a “lone and dreary world,” when they pray, no matter how sincere, they are always answered by *Lucifer*. The endowment presentation’s teachings are very clear that *Elohim* (the Mormon god) and *Jehovah* (the Mormon Christ) do not know what is going on upon earth and do not hear and answer prayers.

Amazing, huh? Millions of people sit in the Mormon temples throughout the world and see the endowment presentation, exactly how I have described it above, and they do not realize that the founder of their religion, Joseph Smith, Jr., is teaching them the Real Truth about human reality—who we are and why we exist.

If you ever want to know more about the LDS Temple endowment, then read one of the books associated with my work: *Sacred, not Secret: The Official Guide In Understanding the LDS Temple Endowment*.

Under the direction of a group of people that had recruited me to their cause, I wrote the book ... yeah, hoping that my father would one day read it.

Of the books that are associated with me and my work, my father once said, “They are spiritual pornography.” He said this to me personally.

Every ounce of personal self-worth, value, and purpose my father possesses comes from his religion ... from what he believes to be true. Without it, your great-grandfather would have nothing and his self-worth and value would end.

Now it should make sense why I have always respected his religion and catered to it when in his presence. He is my dad. I am not going to take away his self-worth and purpose in life.

Remember, this is *his* universe ... *his* reality. Although I'm his son, I'm simply one of the dream characters existing in his universe. His god is really the only god that exists ... for him.

But my father's god cannot solve poverty and inequality. My father's god allows young women and men to prostitute (sex) themselves for just enough money to provide themselves and their families with the basic necessities of life. My father's god allows all of these things to occur upon Earth. Why? Because, as I wrote, my father's god is *Lucifer*, which in reality is our basic human desires of self-worth and purpose.

My father's religion is one of the wealthiest religions upon earth, yet, it has never presented a valid and sustainable plan to end poverty or child prostitution. My father's God allows free agency ... uh, Lucifer ... to rule and reign in this world and do anything that he [Lucifer] wants.

If you were to trace the reasons why this world is the way that it is, why it seems to be as bad as it is, why so many people justify the existence of evil and don't do anything about it, all you would need to do is to understand religion. Religion is the culprit. Religion is the cause.

To understand religion, you must first understand God.

Remember how I ended the last chapter,

“And now it's time to explain to you where this incredible plan [to end worldwide poverty] came from. For all intents and purposes, the plan came from God, who chose your grandfather as His True Messenger. Now, let me tell you how I came to know how to solve all of the world's problems.”

After I quit my job at the LDS/Mormon Church in the early part of 1988, we sold most of our possessions, started dressing like the Amish people, loaded up what we could in a Mazda truck, by which I pulled an old truck bed-turned cargo trailer, and headed wherever my *new god* would take us.

Jackie and I ended up in Jackson County, Missouri, in a small town called Grandview, where Brandon was born. From there we moved to North Dakota for a short time and eventually made our way to Seattle, Washington, where we eventually were settling down in the city of Snohomish.

After a short investigation into my father's god's malicious claims against me, the Snohomish County Sheriff informed my father, that if he ever set foot again in Snohomish County, he would be arrested. Needless to say, the Sheriff was pretty upset that my father had dragged the Sheriff's office into his malicious plan. Regardless, I figured if my dad would do what he did, he would try anything.

And it came to pass that shortly after the incident in Snohomish, I loaded up Jackie and the kids into the small 17 foot travel trailer in which Caleb was born (January 7, 1990), and we moved into the central part of Seattle.

I found an old 30 foot school bus for sale (\$700), bought it, gutted the travel trailer and turned the bus into a home for us. Later, I will explain all the details of this move and how we ended up in Kent, Washington, at the residence of Rick and Joy Church. These people graciously allowed us to park our bus on their property. Rick and Joy Church are some of the kindest, most compassionate people I have ever known. (More about them later.)

At the time I was working for myself in Property Maintenance. Joy Church worked for one of the companies that I offered my services to and from which I was able to obtain a lot of work. While on a particular job in the early part of 1991, fixing a man's plumbing that had frozen up, I turned around and was confronted by two people who appeared to be about my same age (29 years old), but had more of a feminine look about them. They looked a little familiar but I couldn't place from where I might have known them.

It wasn't a confrontation, but more of an introduction. At first I thought they were there to ask me if I had any work for them to do. Boy, was I wrong!

I will never reveal the true identity of these two persons. But for all intents and purposes for which they sought me out, I will call these two, Timothy and John.

They told me that they had followed me for sometime, all the way from Utah in 1988, to Grandview, Missouri, to North Dakota, and then to Seattle. They told me that what I had experienced—my *transfiguration*—so had they. They told me a lot of other things at that time that I will tell you later.

First of all, I immediately wondered how they knew about my experience because I had never told anyone the details. Yet, they seemed to know exactly what had happened. I figured that if it had happened to me, it could obviously have happened to others, especially to someone of the same age and upbringing. But I would eventually find out that their upbringing was way, way different than my own ... way!

We probably talked for about two hours. The homeowner who owned the house where I was working was out of town, but I had promised to get all the plumbing replaced or fixed by the end of the next day. The two "men" (at least who I thought were male at the time) offered to help me. I refused their help. They asked if they could bring by a couple of their other friends to meet me the next day. I didn't see a problem with it, but I had to get on the plumbing, so I said goodbye.

The next day, the same two knocked on the door of the house I was repairing. Behind them stood two men who were of Latino descent, not Mexican, and not Argentinian, where I had served my LDS/Mormon mission. They looked Peruvian, and I knew they were actually men, as they had none of the feminine characteristics associated with the other two.

As mentioned about the first two, I will never reveal their true identity (the legal names that they go by in this world). But for all intents and purposes for which they joined the other two who had sought me out, I will call these two, Mathoni and Mathonihah. I would find a funny nickname for them: M&Ms ... because they are small and dark.

Long story short, these four men (let's just call them all "men" for now) constitute the main group of individuals responsible for the work that I have been involved in: a Marvelous Work and a Wonder® and the Humanity Party®.

They sought me out to recruit me to their work. These men knew, not only everything that I knew about human reality—who we are and why we exist—but everything about everything about this world.

It was their ideas and experience from which the Humanity Party®'s plan to end worldwide poverty and inequality came. I had nothing to do with it. How could I? I didn't know shit about politics, economics, government, history, nor did I have the experience to solve the world's problems. THEY DID!

I found out that M&M lived in France and that John lived in Lebanon. Timothy had spent the majority of his life ... well, my life ... in the United States. I figured that from traveling throughout the world is where they got their information and knowledge. It took quite a few years, in fact, it wasn't until November of 2003, that I was finally convinced of who these men *really* were and what they wanted from me.

Long story ... very short ...

I returned to the bus and told Jackie that I had to go somewhere, and I didn't tell her where. I was gone for a few days. When I returned, I announced to Jackie that I had just visited with Paula and her new husband, Carl Ladenburg, of Columbia Falls, Montana, and that we were going to move to Montana so that Brittany and Joshua could start getting to know their mother. I told Jackie that I had invited Paula and Carl to Kent to see and visit the kids.

The true reason was that these men wanted to buy some land for me and have me settle down so that I could help them. They advised me to make things right with Paula, so they helped me drive to find her living with her new family in Montana. (More about this meeting in another chapter.)

Yeah, just a year had passed since Paula drove with her father and my father to Snohomish to put me in jail and take the kids from me. A normal man would have held a lot of pain, hurt, anger, and vengeance in his heart for what Paula and my dad had done. But, grandkids, as I have been explaining to you, your grandpa is *far* from normal. And what these four men were telling me and asking of me was certainly *very far from normal!*

Needless to say, Jackie was dumbfounded.

These men asked me to be their public messenger and to help them change the world by first changing a person's view of religion so that people would start working towards a more unified world where poverty did not exist.

You see, grandkids, there was no way that your great-grandfather was going to back a plan to end poverty unless the Mormon God, through this god's LDS/Mormon leaders, introduced and

supported the plan. Mormons are waiting on Jesus to do it. They believe that if God wanted to solve poverty, He would tell his living prophet what needed to be done.

So the first thing that needed to be done was to change the way someone like my dad viewed and depended upon religion. I didn't have a fucking clue how to do this. But THEY DID!

These four men, and a few others, had been concocting a plan to confront religion, and then poverty, for many years. And if I told how many years, you would probably stop reading this autobiography and agree with my critics and enemies that your good ol' grandfather had lost his mind.

Lost my mind? How can a person who is crazy do the following:

Write *The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon—The Final Testament of Jesus Christ*, a book that if read by even the staunchest LDS/Mormon would change their entire perception about their religion, about their God, about human reality.

Write a book that confounds hundreds of years of research and explanations given about the esoteric (weird) book of Revelation of the Bible. A book that no scholar, educator, religious priest, or anyone else on the entire planet can denounce as the probable and only true explanation for Revelation's symbolism. This symbolism was unfolded in the book, *666, The Mark of America, Seat of the Beast—The Apostle John's New Testament Revelation Unfolded*. How did your crazy grandpa explain something that has eluded the smartest minds throughout history?

Write a book that completely explains the symbolism behind the LDS/Mormon temple endowment and how this symbolism is a perfect allegory of human reality—who we are and why we exist: *Sacred not Secret—The Official Guide In Understanding the LDS Temple Endowment*.

Write a biography with incredible insight and information that has never been known about Joseph Smith, Jr., the alleged founder of one of the most successful and wealthiest modern religions upon Earth: *Without Disclosing My True Identity—The Authorized and Official Biography of the Mormon Prophet, Joseph Smith, Jr.*

And finally, and most importantly,

How the fuck, did your profanity speaking, insane grandpa, introduce a political platform, that includes a rewrite of the United States Constitution, that if incorporated, would end poverty and inequality through the entire world?

This shit doesn't come from a crazy mind. This shit didn't come from my mind. I don't have the experience or the education to do these things. THEY DO!

So here it goes ... here's where the "crazy" part of grandpa's story starts. Here's where my enemies and critics have a problem with what I do.

Here is when who "THEY" are becomes important:

Timothy and John have been living upon this earth since the first time that humans started living here ... yep, for billions of years! M&M have been around for tens of thousands of years and lived long before their current ancestors, the Incas and Aztecs ruled South America.

Only with the personal, firsthand experience that “THEY” have can one know the proper solutions to solve the world’s problems.

My personal, firsthand experience, at least that which I had participated in, was limited in this life time to about 30 years. I didn’t know shit. And guess what, grandkids, neither do the historians and scholars upon whom this world places honor and respect. They weren’t alive at the time that history unfolded. All historians have upon which to base their so-called expert opinion of what actually happened is things written by other people—usually by others who weren’t there to experience things firsthand either.

There are problems in this world. These problems were caused by humans. To solve these problems, we need to know how they started in the first place. This is the only proper way that we can reverse what we have done and are doing, not only to each other, but to the natural state of the world.

The earth has always existed for the sake of humans. Think about it, what other life form would care if Earth existed or not? If earth has always existed for the sake of humans—because humans are the only life form that consciously thinks about why the earth exists—then whenever the earth began, or rather, when the first human started thinking about their own existence while living upon earth, what was Earth like? What were the first humans like? How did the world become what it is today?

The best way to answer these important questions about human reality is to ask someone who knows from firsthand experience. Everyone else is simply guessing.

THEY recruited me to do THEIR work. At first, I didn’t understand *their work* at all, because I had not experience it. But I had a lot of experience with the LDS/Mormon religion. So, if they wanted to confront religion, I was on board to start with the religion of which I had the most personal experience. This is exactly what they expected and why THEY recruited me.

Long, long, long story made very short ...

I agreed, lost Brittany and Joshua, then disagreed, spent years trying to change things *my own way* (without any real, firsthand experience), failed miserably, didn’t help change anything, had a bunch more kids from different women, pissed off the women because I couldn’t give all of myself to them, pissed off a Mormon judge, got put in jail because the women didn’t want me around my kids, lost all of my children, eventually got Brittany and Joshua back, and then later, Rachael, found out that my kids were pretty messed up humans, helped them straighten out their lives the best I could, agreed to help THEM again, became THEIR True Messenger and have been doing what THEY have told me to do ever since.

And what is it that THEY want me to do?

Nothing more or less than make the information of the Real Truth about who we are and why we exist available to others. If the world can first learn this Real Truth, only then can humanity save itself. Only then can this world serve the purpose for which it exists.

You see, grandkids,

If your grandpa is who he says he is, then everything that everyone thinks about reality, about religion, about what is good and bad ... everything that gives a person their self-worth, -value, and a purpose for living ... is wrong for humanity. Everything that a person values to be good is actually destroying this world.

Any wonder why I have so many enemies and no one wants to read my books?

But always remember,

I didn't write these books and provide the information for them. THEY DID!

So,

Why did THEY chose your crazy grandpa to be THEIR True Messenger?

In this chapter I explained *when* and *where* they first asked me, and I gave a few details about *how* they asked me (many more of these details will follow in my autobiography).

But why?

Why out of literally billions of people on Earth, I, alone, was chosen for this job?

I don't know. Really. I haven't a fucking clue.

After I lost Brittany and Joshua to more malicious commandments given to my father, and to Paula and Carl Ladenburg by their God, I told THEM to stick it! I wasn't about to do what they wanted me to do for them if it was going to mean that I would lose my kids and be persecuted.

Well, even after I quit THEM, I would lose everything, all of my other kids, finally be put in jail and become a wanted fugitive from justice. I hurt a handful of women, breaking their hearts and causing them to want their pound of flesh from me and make me hurt like they were hurting.

The persecution and misery in my life didn't end just because I decided I didn't want to help THEM do THEIR work. Because the persecution and misery wasn't a cause of their work. The persecution and misery came from me trying to live in a world alongside people who, "Don't have a fucking clue what the real truth is!"

And to this day, I wish I didn't know.

But I do. And unless something else happens to my brain to take all that I know away so that I can rejoin the *normal* mortal human race, I will have to deal with “These people [who] don’t have a fucking clue what the real truth is!”

Truthfully, grandkids, I’ve lost all hope in humanity.

It is hard for people to give up their religion.

Because of religion, poverty will remain. Because of religion, the god of this world will continue to answer prayers and guide and direct humanity *HIS WAY*.

I don’t do this work for any other *normal* mortal person. I’m not even doing this work for you. It didn’t make any difference in your parents’ life, so I’m not delusional about it making any difference in yours.

I just thought that by directing my autobiography to my grandkids, I could do it in a way that would be of value and worth to *normal* people, who form and gain value from *normal* relationships.

Not that it will ever change the world. This Earth will not see another 200 years of existence. One day, the god of this world will command a young boy to use his savant, autistic intelligence to recreate a fusion-based explosion ... the same one that created our sun. I don’t think grandpa needs to explain to you what will happen to our solar system when this happens.

But that won’t happen during your lifetime, so don’t worry about it.

Live life the best you can, according to your own mind.

If you learn anything from your grandpa, learn to live life without worry or fear. Especially don’t fear death. There’s no such thing ... really.

Learn not to value your Self by what others expect of you, but by what YOU expect of you. But first, learn who you *really* are and why you *really* exist.

To help you learn this, the following chapters will give you the details of my entire life, from my birth on December 2, 1961 to the present day. You will learn more about your parents and how they came to exist because of me.

1/4 of your brain’s DNA came directly from me. I promise you that the more you understand about me, the more you will understand about YOU.

So let’s explore my life and find out why THEY chose me to be THEIR last True Messenger ... out of the billions of other humans who live upon Earth.

[February 12, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's AutobiographyEdit](#)

#

# Chapter Three: Birth

In the last chapter I gave you a bit of advise:

Live life the best you can, according to your own mind.

If you learn anything from your grandpa, learn to live life without worry or fear. Especially don't fear death. There's no such thing ... really.

Learn *not* to value your Self by what others expect of you, but by what YOU expect of you. But first, learn who you *really* are and why you *really* exist.

I then wrote, that to help you learn these things, “the following chapters will give you the details of my entire life, from my birth on December 2, 1961 to the present day.”

How can it be that there is no such thing as death? Because in saying this, I'm also saying that there is no such thing as birth, right?

Also, I'm sure you are wondering about “THEM.” How is it possibly that four people living upon this Earth have lived here for thousands of years, and in the case of two of them, billions?

I'm sure that from your experience of being alive upon Earth, you have come to know people in your life that are born and people who have died. It's very possible that I have died and no longer exist in your life by the time you read my autobiography. So, if this be the case—that I have died, then everything that Grandpa told you must be a lie, because even Grandpa is dead. Right?

This would be a very fair conclusion to make. But it would be the wrong conclusion.

As I thought about how I was going to explain my own birth to my grandchildren, so that it fit properly with what I know about human reality—who we are and why we exist—and explain how there is no such thing as death, and also present it according to what you know about your own reality, I figured the best way was to explain what I know. Not what I knew on June 15, 1987, but what I knew just a few hours later after my *transfiguration*.

So let me give it my best try.

Let me begin by first asking you a few questions:

Do you remember a time when you *didn't* exist?

When you think back and remember certain events in your life, when you were young, doesn't it feel like you were the very same person then as you are today?

I'm almost 60 years old today, and when I remember things about my past, I remember them as a 60 year-old, even if the event happened when I was 10 years-old. I see pictures of when I was 10, and I know that I was once much younger then, but the same brain I have today, I had then. I had the same consciousness (the state of being aware of and responding to one's surroundings; i.e., being awake) back then, that I still have today. The only thing that has changed is that my body looks closer to 60 than it does to 10.

When you get my age, you'll realize how fast time upon Earth flies by. Just yesterday, it seems, I was delivering the Commencement Speech at my High School Graduation, as the Senior Class President of West High School located in Salt Lake City, Utah (class of 1980). I remember the event very well. I even remember the first part of my speech:

*“Within these walls which surround us all, there dwells a hallowed spirit. And every year that passes here serves merely to endear it.”*\* My fellow students, teachers, administrators, alumni, family, and friends. We are about to leave these walls, that have surrounded us for the past four years, to embark on a journey through life that will make us into who [yeah, I said who instead of whom ... Grandpa didn't know grammar then like I do today] we will become. ...”

\*An excerpt from West High's school song.

As Senior Class President, it was supposed to be my job to organize future class reunions. Can you imagine that ... me, standing in front of my former class mates, who, unless they have been hiding under a rock, *think* they know my story having read all kinds of crazy shit about me on the Internet?

I never organized any class reunion.

There's an irony to my being Senior Class President,

(How I became the class president after only being enrolled at West High for a couple of months and not having attended any pre-High schools with any of the other kids, is a story that is very interesting that I will tell when it comes up later in my autobiography.)

I was President. The Vice President, Scott Perry, is gay. The Secretary, Cindy Lutz (don't know her married name), is as LDS/Mormon as a woman could possibly be, who has a bunch of kids. (I don't know how many she had, but I would actually teach one of her children at Northwest Middle School, where I taught school briefly in 2000.)

Can you imagine that class reunion? A President who *thinks* he's been chosen to save the world by first getting rid of religion so that poverty can be solved, a Vice-President who is gay, and a Secretary who must accept that her President and Vice-President are going to hell. That would be a sight to behold indeed.

This is how I would re-introduce myself to my former class mates, and begin our evening as host, if I had organized a 40th year class reunion:

Hey guys. Welcome to West High, Class of 1980, 40th reunion.

The last time you heard me address this group was in June of 1980. You probably don't remember, but these are the first words I spoke at our graduation as I delivered our class' Commencement Speech: (*I would then read what I wrote above.*)

We left the walls of High School many years ago and became who we are today.

So, who are you? Who did you become?

Look around at each other. The lines on our faces, the sagging skin, the greying hair is evidence of our aging. What made those lines? What made your skin sag and your grey hair?

I'm sure we all wonder what each other does for a living. Did our High School friends become successful in life, or not?

Regardless of what each of us did in life to make a living, regardless if some of us became doctors, lawyers, actors, successful business men, or if we have struggled throughout life trying to make a living however we could ... Hell, I've been in jail a few times ... Regardless of what we did, we all share the same lines on our faces, the same sagging skin and grey hair.

Look around again, do you see anyone who has not aged? Do you see any of our classmates that might still be alive 40 years from now? Sure, one or two of us might make it to 100 years, but most of us will not. And of the two who might become a centenarian, can you imagine the wrinkles, sagging skin, and greying hair they will have then!

Does it really matter who we became after High School? I'm pretty sure that during the first part of this reunion, as you became acquainted with your former friends and classmates, one of the first things you wanted to know was what they did or do for a living. Did we really care back in High School ... what each other did? No, because we weren't being forced to make a living back then. We just lived.

So, if I may, let me ask each of you,

After we left the "walls which surround[ed] us all, [where] there dwell[ed] a hallowed spirit," what were each of you *forced* to do to survive in this world and feel good about yourself?

Throughout the rest of the evening together, let's do something that has probably never been done at a High School reunion. Let's celebrate, not what we might have accomplished over and above another, not what has made us all different today, but what we shared during the time when we knew each other in our innocence, at a time when life was not being forced upon us, but was offering us choices and chances to find our own unique happiness.

Let's set aside our differences, our accomplishments, what we do for a living, and once again, before we die, endear each other's similarities. Let's embrace our wrinkles, sagging skin, and grey hair.

Just for tonight, let's remember those "years that pass[ed]" within those walls where there dwelled a hallowed spirit." Merely to endear it.

Since a large number of my graduation class probably continue to be LDS/Mormon, if they have read the bullshit about me on the Internet, they would probably not attend if they knew I was going to speak.

But anyways ...

Grandkids, you'll probably read one of Grandpa's signature remarks, "but anyways," throughout my autobiography. I use this term often, not to express a more negative connotation of "Who cares?" but to express the idea that few really care about what I just said ... and it really doesn't matter in context to what I am trying to say.

But anyways, let's get back to life, birth, and death.

I made you a promise that the more you understand about me, the more you will understand about YOU. So let me tell you the Real Truth about who I am, so that you will start to understand the Real Truth about who YOU are.

The *real* me has always existed, and will always exist. There will never be a time when the *real* me will not exist. The *real* me is eternal, always has been, always will be ... worlds without end ... in other words, mortal incarnates (lives) without end.

Obviously, Christopher Nemelka was born. I was born to Michael James Nemelka (21 years old) and Elizabeth Diane Jorgensen (20 years old) on December 2, 1961. I took my first breath on this day at about 5:03 p.m. at the L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah. After a pretty painful event for Mom ... after I was forced out of her body, my parents took my infant body home to 1266 W. 7th South, Salt Lake City, Utah (the address in 1961 ... it's changed a bit since then), where I joined my two older brothers, Michael James II (born December 1958) and Cory David (born September 1960). Just a short year, a month, and a day later, my brothers and I were joined by another brother, Joseph Lee (born January 1963). And a year and a few months later, my little sister, Alesa Diane (August 1964), would join us.

Yep, my dear mother was barely 23 years-old when she had five kids who were very close in age. It wouldn't be too long after the birth of my sister that my parents divorced. Mom took Alesa and let my dad keep us boys. I'm not going to say why she did this, only that she did. My mother has her own story to tell. I'll let her tell it.

My mother made the right choice *for her*. But guess what? The Real Truth is, I actually chose her to be my mother and knew what she might do.

My *real* Self was very well aware of everything going on during Elizabeth Diane Jorgensen's life. I was well aware that she was struggling to understand and accept the religious culture in which she was raised. If you want to know the Real, *real* truth, I knew my mother's *true* Self for many, many, many years before her life as Diane Jorgensen Nemelka began.

My *real* Self was actually standing right next to her *real* Self when my eternal brain connected with a body that had formed inside of the mortal woman who she had chosen and allowed to become a part of her advanced brain's mortal experience in 1941 ... Earth years.

Yep, the *real* me was standing next to the *real* her back in 1941 when the *real* her connected to a mortal body forced out of the body of my grandmother, Abigail Lee Jorgensen. In fact, the *real* me and the *real* her were also standing right next to the *real* Abbie Lee, when the *real* Abbie Lee made the choice to connect to a mortal infant's body that had formed inside of my great grandmother.

And guess what, grandchildren, your mother's or father's *real* Self was standing by my *real* Self and by their mother's *real* Self when they chose to connect to the mortal infant's brain that was forced out of your grandmother's body ... sometimes pretty violently. Let me tell you about one of these experiences.

Aydyn Noelle Brown came into this world on November 19, 2007. Aydyn would be my first grandchild. Her mother, Brittany, was having a hard time delivering Aydyn's body. While Brittany was going through labor, I was in the waiting room with Sheri. (You'll come to know Sheri Huffor, Salcedo, Davis, Nemelka later—she's pretty special to grandpa and an important part of whom I have become.) We sat there a long time waiting for the news that Aydyn had been delivered. I fell asleep.

While I was asleep, I began to dream.

Now, here, I'm going to try to explain how Grandpa's brain, because of his *transfiguration*, didn't actually always dream as you dream.

I had the unique ability to connect consciously to my *true* Self. Not that I was ever disconnected fully from my mortal Self, because if your mortal Self disconnects from your *true* Self ... then you're dead, at least as far as conscious life upon Earth is concerned.

The structure change in my brain allowed me to become conscious of my *true* Self.

Remember above where I first mentioned *consciousness* as being aware of and responding to one's surroundings; being awake? While appearing to others as if I was asleep, I was able to awaken from this mortal life in our *true* reality ... in that world ... not this one. I could experience the surroundings of this world just as vividly and real as you are experiencing this one.

When you are dreaming, your dreams are very vivid and seem real ... until you wake up. Then you know that it was all just a dream. Your dreams are disjointed, unconnected, and many times convoluted and don't make much sense. Well, when Grandpa had the kind of dream where I was able to become conscious in our *real* world, it was a continued experience and made complete sense.

In other words, I was able to live (be conscious) in two different worlds. However, in our *real* world, where I would see myself among the *real people* who everyone on Earth actually are a part of, I was not an advanced, un-gendered, incredibly beautiful and intelligent person. I was just Grandpa. My advanced brain was basically retarded, in that I perceived my Self in this world as less advanced in mental, physical, and social development than the others living there.

I found myself speaking with Aydyn's *true* Self ... yep, while Brittany's, Joshua's, and even Grandma Paula's *true* Selves stood close by listening.

Aydyn's *true* Self was much more advanced in mental, physical, and social development than I perceived that I was. This advanced person was not Aydyn yet, as this person had not yet connected to Aydyn's mortal brain. Our conversation was not controlled by me. It was controlled by Aydyn's *true* Self. This incredible human being was telling me what was going to happen, and was allowing me to give my input.

Aydyn's *true* Self had chosen Brittany as her mortal mother when the time was right for her to be connected to the body that would form inside of Brittany. Brittany got pregnant before it was the right time for Aydyn's *true* Self to be connected. I wasn't an active participant in Brittany's life then. When Brittany found out she was pregnant the first time, she experienced many of the emotions that young mothers do as they contemplate ending the formation of the body within them through abortion.

What Brittany does not know, until she reads this autobiography, is that Aydyn's *true* Self was right by the side of her *true* Self as Brittany was contemplating abortion. Consulting together, these two advanced humans decided that it was not time for Aydyn to connect and experience mortal life. This decision was made because the mortal Brittany was not part of my life then, and Aydyn's *true* Self had a purpose for her life ... a purpose that only her *true* Self and her grandpa knows. Will I ever reveal what that purpose is ... I don't know if I will. I don't know if it will help Aydyn in her mortal experience or not.

While I was asleep in Saint Mark's Hospital waiting for Brittany to deliver Aydyn, my *true* Self was communicating with Aydyn's *true* Self. It was time for her *true* Self to connect to an infant body and enter my life. But things had changed regarding the reason for which Aydyn was to be born from what they were when Brittany got pregnant the first time and was convinced to have an abortion.

As Aydyn's *true* Self and I discussed these changes and how things might play out now, Brittany's mortal body was struggling to deliver Aydyn. Aydyn's body wouldn't come out.

I awoke from my dream in time to see Brittany being wheeled out of the room to surgery. Aydyn was to be delivered c-section. I don't know if Brittany caught my smile and the twinkle in my eye as she was wheeled past those of us who were waiting. Brittany gave a quick wave to us and disappeared down the hall. A few minutes later, Aydyn's *true* Self connected to the mortal body that her father, Steven Brown, and her mother had helped create for her.

Then one of the greatest opportunities of my life took place.

Brittany and Steven allowed Sheri and I to park our RV (in which we lived at the time) in their driveway so that I could watch Aydyn while her parents worked. Sheri would go to work and it would be just me and Aydyn. I was Aydyn's only babysitter for almost the first two years of her life. I was with Aydyn for more of her awake hours every day than her parents were.

Needless to say, Aydyn and I became as closely connected as any grandparent could possibly be.

I probably won't reveal any more about what happened from November 2007 to the time that I was forced to let Aydyn go in order to break the bonds that we had developed, so that I could do what I needed to do for others in the Marvelous Work and a Wonder®.

You see, this is what Aydyn's *true* Self and I discussed the moments before this incredible, advanced human was connected to Aydyn's infant body. We discussed that one day I would be forced to let her go and live mortal life as it was meant to be lived, unprotected by a loving grandfather ... unknowing of the Real Truth.

But for those precious first couple of years of her life, I was allowed to experience again something I had lost many years before when I had lost her mother and the special bond between a father/grandfather and his daughter/granddaughter. I was allowed to experience it once again, but only for a short time.

Later I will explain why it was not the right thing for my mortal children to be raised and taught by me ... a man who knew things about our reality that a mortal was not supposed to know ... a man who is just as mortal as any other man ... a man who loves the innocent, especially those who share his DNA ... and wants to protect them and direct their lives so that they do not have to suffer mortal life's injustices and misery.

This special feeling can be summed up in a song I would often sing to Aydyn while I was babysitting her during that special time:

Nothing's gonna harm you  
Not while I'm around  
Nothing's gonna harm you  
No sir, not while I'm around  
Demons are prowling everywhere nowadays  
I'll send them howling, I don't care, I've got ways  
No one's gonna hurt you  
No one's gonna dare  
Others can desert you  
Not to worry, whistle I'll be there  
Demons'll charm you with a smile for a while  
But in time  
Nothing can harm you, not while I'm around  
Being close and being clever  
Ain't like being true  
I don't need to, I would never

Hide a thing from you  
Like some  
No one's gonna hurt you  
No one's gonna dare  
Others can desert you  
Not a worry, whistle I'll be there  
Demons'll charm you with a smile for awhile  
But in time  
Nothing can harm you  
Not while I'm around

With great sadness, I could not keep the promise to Aydyn that I made as I repeatedly sang this song to her. My role as a True Messenger would not allow me to always be there for her so that she would not be harmed. I had to desert her, and hide many things from her. I would have never been able to do this had I not known Aydyn's *true* Self ... had we not had that conversation on November 19, 2007, while others thought I was taking a nap.

In 2009, Sheri and I put Aydyn in our RV in Salt Lake City, Utah, to take her to her mother who was moving to Brittany's hometown of Columbia Falls, Montana. When we got to Montana, Aydyn would not leave my side. She didn't want to go with anyone of do anything but stay with me. You see, Aydyn's *true* Self never wanted to be disconnected from me in this life, but it was necessary ... for both of us ... for what I had to do.

Brittany, Paula, and I concocted a plan to distract Aydyn so that Sheri and I could leave without too much trauma for Aydyn. While Aydyn was distracted, Sheri and I slipped out the front door. As soon as the door closed, we heard a blood-curling scream from inside. My heart about stopped. I had a lump in my throat that I could not swallow for a long time. I had just left my beloved granddaughter so that the close bonds that we had developed could be broken. (Needless to say, is it any wonder why I have expressed hatred for my role in the MWAW ... But anyways.)

(It is my hope that someday Aydyn will read these things and talk to me about them. But really, it doesn't matter. She will continue to live and experience mortal life like everyone else has to. Another little granddaughter, Ella Rae would eventually be around too ... not really for grandpa ... but to inspire Christopher to fulfill his role.)

Yeah ... I know ... this all sounds a bit weird. Right? Well, let's logically consider it.

... to be continued.

[February 13, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's Autobiography](#)[Edit](#)

#

# Chapter Four (continued): Birth and Family

... Yeah ... I know ... this all sounds a bit weird. Right? Well, let's logically consider it.

You will find that there are many people who believe that after we die we will remain conscious somewhere other than here upon earth. Some call it heaven.

You'll also find some who are skeptic of any type of life after death. These believe that when we die, that's it ... we're done and we completely cease to exist.

To understand where the believers and the skeptics are coming from, simply ask each a question:

What is the purpose of your life?

You are going to have to ask each one, because each one is going to give you a different answer. Each answer is the correct one according to each of their individual perceptions and perspectives as I have explained above.

As you consider that there are so many answers to the same question, remember what Grandpa told you:

Everyone is right. Which makes everyone wrong.®

I've explained how I am able to go to sleep and enter a dream world that is, for me, another life in another place. As I tried to point out, unlike your dreams (regular mortal dreams), when I have one of these special dreams it is not disjointed, convoluted, or confusing in any way. It is a continuation of the last time I entered this place where the dream takes place. It's as if I had gone to sleep (took a nap) one day in our *real world* and awoken to a continuation of the same day.

I tried to explain that I (Grandpa Christopher) is the one who is actually the *dream character* of my Higher Self—a person who I have always been, or rather, the person who I am and always have been ... the person who has dreams in which I experience different mortal incarnates (lives) upon this Earth.

Given this, if you were to see me sleeping, you might be able to think,

“Grandpa has awoken in his Real World, where his True Self exists.”

Or maybe,

“Grandpa is asleep, so this means that his True Self is awake and not dreaming; and while his True Self is awake and no longer dreaming, his mortal body is paused.”

Or maybe,

“Mortal life is like a very realistic video game that Grandpa chose to play. He picked his game avatar from the game avatars that were created by other players ... because a new player can't create his own. He chose the avatar that great-grandma Diane and great-grandpa Michael made by having sex. While he plays the game through his Christopher avatar, sometimes he pauses Christopher (puts him to sleep) so that he can do other things fully conscious as his True Self.”

For a minute, let's consider the last scenario of mortal life being similar to playing a video game:

The rules of the game are fixed and apply to anyone who plays it.

Christopher doesn't know that he is an avatar any more than a video game's avatar knows about or is aware of the person who created the avatar and is using it to play the game.

As the game is being played, things are not progressing as the game was supposed to be played. Some of the avatars took on a life of their own and started doing things within the game that weren't fair to the other players. There wasn't anything that the other players could do to stop these avatars because the people who chose to connect to the out-of-control avatars couldn't control them either.

Because the rules of the game are fixed, the other players figured out a way to attempt to use their avatars to fix the game. They could do this because there is a failsafe put into the game to help the players regain control of their game avatars.

A *failsafe* is a system or plan that comes into operation in the event of something going wrong or that is there to prevent such an occurrence.

The failsafe of the game must follow all the rules of the game.

This particular *failsafe for mortal life* can be understood in this way:

If there is a game avatar that has somehow become uncontrollable (the player no longer can control what their avatar does), it is usually because the avatar starts to think on its own and believe that it is alive and is not actually a avatar being controlled by someone outside of the game. (The mortal believes that their mortal Self is the one that is eternal and will live forever in heaven.)

This often happens because the game avatar is not supposed to know that it isn't actually anything special other than a game piece being used for the enjoyment and entertainment of a player. Not knowing their *true reality*, sometimes the avatar disconnects in the game and begins to control the game, placing more value on the game and what the game avatar is experiencing than on the purpose for which the player connected to the avatar in the first place in order to play the game.

The *failsafe* is what Grandpa calls his *transfiguration*.

If a game piece (avatar) becomes aware that it is actually being controlled by a certain player, then the avatar is more likely to follow the directions of the one who created it for the purpose of playing the game.

In a video game, the players see the game world through the eyes of their avatars. The players live in the *real world* and can only act and be acted upon in the game through their game avatar's physical senses in a body that they have chosen in order to play the game. As far as gaming technology has advanced today, a player cannot *actually*, physically enter the game. Everything in the game is done through an avatar.

The *failsafe* of the *game of mortal life* is a way provided for an avatar to reverse the energy transfer that its brain works with in order to see and experience what its controlling player sees and experiences in the *player's world*.

Consider the following illustration. The brain on the right is the *real brain* of the player. The brain on the left is the avatar's brain. This is how a *transfigured* brain can operate.



Grandpa's transfiguration allows him to see what his True Self is seeing, something that no other mortal, except for four others, can do. I can only see what my True Self is doing ... what my True Self sees in its world ... when my *mortal avatar* is unconscious ... asleep.

There was only one reason why I was allowed to reverse the perception process so that I could see what my True Self sees: I am the *failsafe*.

A True Messenger is the system or plan that comes into operation in the event of something going wrong or that is there to prevent such an occurrence.

Everything ... again, let me repeat it ... EVERYTHING ... that is wrong with this world can be solved by mortals knowing the Real Truth about who they are and why they exist.

Can you imagine how this world would change if we understood this about humanity? If we understood that we are all equal *mortal avatars* that are supposed to be controlled by our True Selves ... for a good purpose. This purpose ... which would be considered the purpose of life ... is not to satisfy the needs of the avatar, but the needs of the player. In other words, the purpose of life is for every individual to fulfill the needs of their True Self.

In order to be able to fulfill these needs ... and truly fulfill your own purpose in life ... you must come to know the Real Truth about your own True Self and what your True Self's needs actually are. To do this, you must be informed about the *player's world* and how things are there compared to how things are here on an earth full of avatars *playing the game of mortal life*, most of whom are uncontrollable in relation to their *True Self*.

If you were allowed to do anything that you wanted to do in life, and you weren't forced to do things that kept you from doing what you wanted in life, ONLY then could your True Self's avatar fulfill the measure of its creation, or better, fulfill the purpose for why you exist.

If you knew that the Earth was here to serve you equally along with everyone else by providing all mortal avatars with equal opportunity to act and be acted upon according to the desires and needs of the individual, how would say the world is going? Not too good, huh? But why?

The world does not fulfill the purpose for which it exists because the majority are being controlled by a few avatars that are out-of-control and have taken over the game. My job, the role of the *failsafe* meant to prevent or correct such an occurrence, is to remind everyone that mortal life ... allow me to say it as clearly as I can ... is simply a game being played out in and through the highly advanced power of our True Self's brain.

Those who recruited me as the *failsafe* have the knowledge that can help our mortal avatars transform the world back into what it was supposed to be ... what it was in the beginning. To start, we must end poverty by making it easy to live.

No one should be forced to work for another, to enrich the other, while the worker remains impoverished and forced to work for another mortal in order to survive. If all mortals were guaranteed and provided the basic necessities of life from the time they are born to the time that they die, then each person would finally have the time to focus on their individual needs of happiness ... to fulfill the purpose for which they exist in the first place.

This cannot be accomplished as long as there are *mortal avatars* who think that they are better and more entitled to Earth's abundant resources than everyone else. However, those whose happiness and purpose in life is fulfilled by being seen as rich and successful, must also be supported in this desire, or the purpose for which these live cannot be fulfilled. The work that Grandpa does (being the *failsafe*) would allow everyone to pursue their own form happiness without being forced to do something that makes us unhappy.

Do you know what creates most of the inequality in our world, dear grandchildren?

Now, this is going to be a hard one for most people to accept unless they open their minds and really, really think about it:

The family.

How can your family be more important to the purpose of life than any other family?

Why are there families anyways? How did families first start?

Let's consider what I have shared about Aydyn's birth.

I knew Aydyn's True Self before she was born. I knew her True Self because I have the ability to see into the world where her True Self exists. (That's what happened while I was taking a nap in the hospital. Her mother's labor was prolonged because her True Self and I had some minute details to discuss.)

Reconsider what I wrote above:

"Aydyn's *true* Self was much more advanced in mental, physical, and social development than I perceived that I was. This advanced person was not Aydyn yet, as this person had not yet connected to Aydyn's mortal brain. Our conversation was not controlled by me. It was controlled by Aydyn's *true* Self. This incredible human being was telling me what was going to happen, and was allowing me to give my input."

How can Aydyn be my granddaughter when I perceive her True Self this way? How can I treat her as someone less than me, not as intelligent, someone who needs my advice and counsel?

So,

When Aydyn dies and disconnects from her mortal body, who is she then?

She is the same person she was *before* she connected with the mortal brain that had developed for a bit more than nine months in my daughter's womb.

So ... how can Aydyn's mother be my daughter, if when I was asleep, I could see into our *real world* and interact with the advanced human who is actually connected to Brittany?

Are you ready for this one?

Aydyn was once my mother, not Christopher's mother, but one of the mother's of the body to which my True Self connected in a previous lifetime. (Except to Aydyn, I will not reveal to another person who she was and when she was my mother in a previous life. I will only reveal this to Aydyn if she asks me.)

And you wonder why her infant brain was so connected to me until I was forced to break that mortal bond?

Yeah ... I know ... this all sounds a bit weird. Right? Well, let's logically consider it.

If we are going to live (become conscious) after we die, then we are going to be living as the same person we were *before* we were born.

Let's say I'm 88 years-old when I die. I'm going to look like a grandpa then. Let's say that Aydyn is 42 years-old when I die. I'm sure she is going to be a beautiful 42 year-old woman. She will see me as her Grandpa, an old man with a lot of wrinkles, grey hair, larger than normal nose and ears. If our relationship as Grandpa and Granddaughter continued after this life the same way that it was during this life, then I will always be an old man in Aydyn's eyes.

But guess what?

When I die, and then Aydyn dies, we will see each other as we *really are*, as we were before we were born as Christopher and as Aydyn. We will see each other as our True Selves. What then happens to our grandpa/granddaughter relationship? It really becomes meaningless to who we actually are and why we exist.

Will I remember Aydyn's True Self as once being my mortal granddaughter or once being my mortal mother? Do you see the dilemma with this Real Truth?

Are you starting to see and understand Grandpa's perception of things ever since his *transfiguration*?

I hope you now understand why I had to walk away from my children and from my children and grandchildren because of my role as a True Messenger. (Or why my children were taken away from me and kept away from me by their mothers.) It was very hard for me to pretend and meet the expectations of being a *normal* dad and grandpa. Because I knew the True Self of each of my children and grandchildren, it was very hard for me to act the part that the world expected of me.

I knew Michael Nemelka's and Diane Jorgensen's True Selves before I chose the body that they had created for my incarnate (life) as Christopher. They were equal to me in every way. In our *real world* neither is my parent. There are no parents there. There are only highly advanced human beings of equal age and appearance and on equal standing.

There are no families in heaven. This is the Real Truth. Another Real Truth follows.

Because we have allowed families to develop on Earth, and we value our own family more than we do any other, we are experiencing the bad things that we are.

Now you can imagine why so many people hate me for explaining this Real Truth.

Upon being born I was meant to be raised in a religion that focuses primarily on the Eternal Family Unit, where the bonds between parent and child can remain forever ... but only IF one obeys the commandments of the LDS/Mormon God. The Eternal Family is the selling point of this religious faith. It is its greatest deception. It causes more heartache and misery than any other. Think about it.

Remember when I explained how my own father had the sheriff deputies point their guns at me and handcuff me? Remember *why* he did this “bad” thing to his own son? He did this because of his religion. If he did not see me as his son, or your parents as his grandchildren ... a part of his own Eternal Family Unit ... he would have never done this to me.

As I write this autobiography, the U.S. President Donald Trump is about to exercise his executive authority to order the powerful U.S. military to build a border wall on the southern border between the United States and Mexico. President Trump is doing this to protect *American* families from *Latino-American* families. That’s what a president of a nation is supposed to do. Right?

I saw the following note posted by a American Christian Entrepreneur:

“Heaven has a wall, a gate and a strict immigration policy. Hell has open borders. Let that sink in.”

Yeah, really. Sigh ...

But anyways ...

Because of the concept of a family, there are *Christians*, there are *Americans*, and there are *Entrepreneurs*.

*Christians* believe that their family is the most important thing to their God and religion.

*Americans* believe that the Christian God gave them the United States of America to protect and support their religion and their families. The native American people and their families were just unbelieving savages who didn't deserve to live in the land that the Christian God promised His people. Oh my!

*Entrepreneurs* believe that God blesses those who believe in Him with prosperity (money).

The Real Truth:

There are no Christians in the *real* heaven. There are no Americans in the *real* heaven. And there are certainly no business people there. There are only highly advanced humans living in complete equality according to each of their individual desires for happiness.

As the example above shows, American Christians persecute everyone who does not believe as they do.

My own father persecuted his own son in some very malicious ways ... because of his religion.

My father's religion was the cause of why his mortal avatar was no longer controlled by his True Self.

I was his little boy from December 2, 1961 through June 15, 1987. I then became your great-grandfather's worst enemy.

But how can I mistreat and disrespect my mortal father, regardless of what he has done to me, when I know the Real Truth about his True Self? It's easy to forgive anything and everything that another does to you in this life when you know the Real Truth.

One day my father and I will meet *in heaven*. A simple smile shared between two advanced humans will be all that remains of the mortal bond and experience we once shared for a short time out of our eternal existence.

I needed to be raised in religion, especially in a religion as unique as the LDS/Mormon faith, the epitome (the perfect example) of a *Christian American Entrepreneur* religion ... one of the wealthiest churches in the world.

I chose to connect to a body that was created through my father's DNA, knowing fully well that I would be subjected to his religion throughout my life. I needed to do this to learn about religion through actual experience. I needed the persecution that he would put me through. Nothing is of more importance to my father than his religion. He would sacrifice my life and support my death if my life threatened his religion.

Crazy. Right? But the Real Truth.

As my True Self, before being born as Christopher on December 2, 1961, I needed to find the right mortal parents. I knew that if one's mortal Self was completely disconnected and uncontrollable, the mortal avatar would make religion the main purpose for its existence. For all intents and purposes, in our *real world*, I searched and found an advanced human who had lost control of their mortal Self to religion, and belonged to a mortal family experience of religious influence. As you read more in my autobiography, you will come to know how being raised in the Nemelka mortal family was the perfect choice for whom I was to become: the world's *failsafe*.

To counter what I would receive from being a part of the Nemelka family ... to provide my mortal brain with the necessary physical components that would allow it to one day question religion and remain somewhat connected to its true source of energy, I needed to choose the proper mother.

Since her youth, my mother, Elizabeth Diane Jorgensen, never felt right being a Mormon. Her mother would provide her with the religious experience while her father provided her with a stark contrast.

I chose the right parents. They didn't choose me. I chose them.

And you chose to be associated to me in your mortal life ... for good or for bad. Depends on how connected you are to your True Self.

But anyways ...

Let's continue with more details of my life.

[February 15, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's Autobiography](#) · [UncategorizedEdit](#)

#

# Chapter 5: Childhood, First and Second Grades

By the time I turned 5 years-old I would no longer have my mother in my life.

One might wonder what it must have been like for a baby to be born into a home to a young mother just out of High School who already had two other boys, had another boy exactly a year, a month, and a day later, and finally a sister a year after that. I was too young to remember much about my early days with my mother. But I wasn't too young to remember how it was to have a step-mother without her.

Why my mother left us boys with my dad and took my sister, Alesa, with her is something for my mother to explain. Why she and Dad divorced? Well, as there always is, there's two sides to every story. But had my mother taken me with her, I would have never had the chance to be raised in a strict LDS/Mormon home.

So that I could become the best *failsafe* for humanity that I could be, I needed religion.

In 1966, my father found a new mother for me and my three brothers: Gloria Harmon. Raised in a strict LDS/Mormon home on an 88 acre farm located in Ucon, Idaho, Gloria became exactly what I needed for those formative years.

Needed for what?

What I needed to have the experiences necessary to prepare my young mind for what I would be asked to do later in life: become humanity's *failsafe*.

In order for you to understand why Gloria was perfect for me, as a step-mother, in my becoming the *failsafe*, I think I should probably explain a bit more about my role as this *failsafe*.

Keep in mind that "failsafe" is the word I am using to describe the purpose for which my mortal brain was allowed to fully connect to my True Self so that I fully understood the Real Truth about human reality.

Grandchildren, you're going to run across a lot of people in the past, in the present, and surely in the future, who are going to claim some kind of a special role for humanity. There might even be a few who teach that we are connected to a Higher Power, some might even use the words, "Higher Self." But I can assure you, besides me and the few others who oversee the work that I do, there is none other living today (if I am still living when you read this).

Throughout the history that you are exposed to (during this *Sixth Dispensation of Human Time* associated with this solar system), there have only been 23 other actual mortals who had their brains transfigured so that they knew all there was to know about human reality—who we are and why we exist—and were asked to explain it to the rest of humanity the best they could.

In every case, except for mine, at least at the time of this writing, these men were killed because of what they taught.

Well, actually, if you read more about your grandpa's work, you'll become familiar with one *failsafe* who did not experience an actual transfiguration (where his normal brain was changed at a point during his life): a man named *Inpendius*.

Inpendius was born with a brain that was fully connected. If he would have been born in modern times, he would be considered a savant/child prodigy. The difference between how the modern world would view Inpendius and how it views savants/child prodigies is, besides being able to explain everything there is to know about human reality, Inpendius could function as a normal person in social situations. Other savant/child prodigies usually cannot. However, the cognitive abilities (brain power) that these abnormal mortals (savants/prodigies) possess demonstrate that our brains are capable of things beyond the way that the normal brain is supposed to function.

If you want to know more about Inpendius, then you'll have to take a stronger interest in Grandpa's work and study more about him. However, I need to mention something very important for you to understand about the role of a True Messenger, i.e., this *failsafe*.

I've kept this information back for my entire life ... or rather, since I first understood that I was to be this person.

When I publish this part of my autobiography on the Internet, it will be the very first time I have explained this important Real Truth. I haven't explained it before because I was still exposed to the world and lived a normal life. At the time of this writing, I am in hiding and few know where I live. I do not associate with people like I did for many years before this time. I am a recluse living in my own "cavity of a rock." (More on this later.)

Because I am now protected by anonymity and have withdrawn completely from society, I do not have to worry about being hunted down, persecuted, and killed as I have been in other previous mortal incarnates when I took on the role of a True Messenger. (If you consider what my own father did to me, you can imagine what others would like to do to me who do not share any mortal bond with me. But anyways ...)

Here is the Real Truth that has never been revealed until this time:

For this group of people, I have always been the only mortal *failsafe*. Yep, all of my twenty-four incarnates were as a True Messenger who disclosed the Real Truth to the world. Being this person is the only reason why I *play the game of mortal life*.

Now, some who read this are going to get a bit confused.

Some have heard me explain that in one of my recent past lives I lived as Hyrum Smith, the older brother of Joseph Smith, Jr., the alleged founder of the first authentic *new Americanized* religion: the LDS/Mormon Church. When he was 14 years old, on April 6, 1820, Joseph Smith's brain

was transfigured just like mine was on June 16, 1987. The confused will ask, “If Joseph’s brain was transfigured, then he was a True Messenger. Right?” WRONG!

Joseph Smith, Jr. was *not* a True Messenger. The other four whom I have mentioned are *not* True Messengers. Joseph did not tell the Real Truth to his followers; therefore, he did not deliver the message to the world. If he had, his followers would have killed him long before they did. My mentors are not delivering any message to the world. I am the only one of us who is putting myself out there and delivering the Real Truth to the world.

You see, Grandkids, the MESSAGE is the REAL TRUTH of all things, as things *really* were in the past, as they *really* are today, and as they *really* will be in the future. The Real Truth is not the bullshit that people imagine in their heads, although people can imagine glimpses of the Real Truth if they focus hard enough. (We all know it, but as mortals, we’re not supposed to remember it all completely.)

The Real Truth cannot be found in scientific conclusions and theories that are formed and supported by people who think they are smart because they study each other’s bullshit.

And the Real Truth is certainly not found in religion.

A True Messenger can explain everything there is to know about human reality—who we are and why we exist. He can explain where the sun came from, where the planets came from, where the plants, the animals, and every other life form upon earth came from. He can explain why there are mountains and large oceans. He can basically explain the Real Truth about everything that you need to know about life upon Earth.

I mentioned above that “you’re going to run across a lot of people in the past, in the present, and surely in the future, who are going to claim some kind of a special role for humanity.” ALL of these, if not an actual, bonafide True Messenger (failsafe), are delusional and have imagined themselves as special.

These are trying to convince others that they are of value and worth something to humanity. People become this way as a result of experiencing a time in their life where they were once devalued and unappreciated by those from whom they sought value and worth. This happens to many people because it is a *normal* reaction to being devalued and under-appreciated. For all intents and purposes for which mortal life exists, these people ARE very special and the most important person that exists ... at least that’s the way that their brains are wired. All of our brains are wired in this way.

My step-mother, Gloria Harmon, who should have loved me as a mother, had a very hard time loving me. She devalued me as a young boy growing up under her wing and hardly appreciated me for anything.

What? WTF did Grandpa just write in his autobiography!?

He just said that people who are devalued and under-appreciated can become delusional and start thinking that they are special!

Is that what happened to him on June 16, 1987?

Is all this about being the only and last *failsafe* for humanity a product of how he was treated as a child?

Trained psychoanalysts would think so. Grandpa is looney tunes! He is a lunatic. He even compares his self to the moon ... from the latin root *luna*.

Is grandpa trying to tell you that he is a fucking nut case? Maybe.

Grandpa just told you that every time in the past when there was a True Messenger upon earth, IT WAS HIM in one of his past incarnates; that the message that he has for the world would save humanity; that no other message of Real Truth, and that no one else knows how to save humanity!

In fact, check this out:

There have been five different periods of time when the human race flourished and then ended up destroying itself, and we're now in the *sixth and final* time period. To make it easy to comprehend, one of Grandpa's mentors wrote an allegorical story about everything that has happened on Earth to humanity since the beginning of time. This mentor fixed the different *dispensations of human time* at 1000 years each in order for the readers of his story to more easily comprehend the extensive time that Earth has existed.

In his allegoric story, this author, let's call him John (because that's what he calls himself in his story), took the time periods that humans have lived upon Earth and mathematically associated them with the 24 times that a mortal has lived upon Earth as a True Messenger. His equation is simple but was never figured out until Grandpa figured it out in 1987.

In his equation, he applies the 24 True Messengers (John calls them "four and twenty elders") and multiplies their lifetimes by the number of years that he had chosen to symbolically represent human existence (6000 years). His equation was a symbolic way of presenting the idea that if mortals would listen to the "elders" they would be saved. ( $24 \times 6000 = 144,000$ )

Yeah, it's true. Grandpa's step-mother treated him like shit. There's no doubt about the fact that I was devalued and under-appreciated by Gloria. And I wish to God that it were true that everything that I know and have been taught by my four mentors was a result of this childhood trauma.

But there is a HUGE difference between my claims of being special and those of others who have experienced a devaluation and a lack of appreciation for who they are. ... Here I'll take the opportunity to share an experience I had just before I withdrew from the world and started living "in a cavity of a rock" ...

I attended a party with a small group of people. Present was a woman who was once LDS/Mormon, had a bunch of children, then decided to leave her husband and her children to pursue what she thought was “the Father commanding me.”

Of course, after leaving a religion that is entirely focused on the family unit in the way that she did, after giving up custody of her children, it’s obvious that she would lose worth and value in the eyes of her children, family, and friends. It was obvious that she was very devalued and unappreciated because of her decisions.

I came to know this woman and allowed some things to happen between us that I regret. I allowed these things because I had great compassion on her and wanted to do anything I could to make her feel valued and appreciated for her True Self. This woman misunderstood my intentions and ... to make a long story short ... turned herself into a True Messenger! Yeah, really!

At this party, the woman kept interrupting me and telling the group that “love is the answer”; that we could change the world with love. She basically ignored everything that I was telling the small group and announced her own knowledge and specialness.

In attendance among this small group was a scientist who had earned a PhD and was very intelligent ... as far as the world goes. The reason why this scientist was there was because I could answer questions that science could not. He was intrigued by what I knew and had followed my work for a few years. He referred to me as a “Real Scientist.”

As this particular woman continued to interrupt me and present her specialness, this man looked at her, and because he is a very nice and considerate person, not wanting to devalue her on the spot, said, “Christopher knows some things.”

This is how you tell the difference between a person who is delusional and seeking others’ value and recognition and one who actual is a True Messenger ... who knows.

He can answer your questions. She cannot.

Unfortunately, as I had to do on a few other occasions with others since revealing myself to the world as a True Messenger, I had to take steps to call out this woman and stop her from taking advantage of those who she would not have come to know without being associated with my work.

Yeah, grandkids, you’re going to run into a lot of sincere people who make special claims, that they are special. They make these claims in hopes of others recognizing their specialness and giving them the comfort that they need by refilling the self-worth and value that they had lost in their lives.

Many have been sent by God. Some have been commissioned and baptized by Jesus Christ. Some have seen angels. Some have seen aliens. Some are prophets. Some are psychics and healers. Some are channelers and can speak with your dead relatives ...

Hey, if you ever meet one of these channelers, pay them all the money they need and want so that they can connect to your dead Grandpa Christopher so that he can deliver a message to you through them. Yeah, then sit there and wait and see what bullshit comes out of their mouths.

The difference between any other who claims some special power of vision or understanding and your ol' gramps, is ...

“Christopher knows some things.”

They don't have a fucking clue!

Yes, Gloria Harmon was a farm girl and used to hard work. She became the instant caregiver for my physical needs.

Gloria found little happiness in being an instant mother until my half-brother, Kevin Wendell Nemelka, was born in 1967. Kevin would do everything right, according to the values of the world. Kevin became a staunch LDS/Mormon, had a bunch of kids, and made a career for himself in the United States Military as Colonel. He went to school and became a very successful veterinarian while employed by the Military.

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Col. Kevin Nemelka (*with the glasses*), Brig. Gen. Jeffrey Johnson, Brig. Gen. Erik Topping, Lt. Col. Jacque Parker, Air Force Maj. David Temple and Maj. Andrea Henderson cut the ribbon to the new Sports Medicine Rehabilitation Facility and Hospital Recovery Kennels at the LTC Daniel E Holland Military Working Dog Hospital today. The new facility provides flooring and lighting more suited to protect post-operative patients and minimize their stress. It includes a quiet room, large exercise area and an aquatic therapy room. (Photo Credit: Johnny Saldivar, 502 ABW Public Affairs)

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My brother, Kevin, is a good man ... and so is my father. Both get their self-worth and value from the things that the world believes are good: religion and military service.

Well, the two things that the Real Truth explains has corrupted humanity more than the family unit, is religion and military service ... which really isn't *service* but a job because nobody would be in the military if they weren't paid money and great benefits for doing it.

So you can imagine the worth that Gloria's "golden child" gave to her life.

I often felt sorry for my next half-brother who was born after Kevin, Joel Nathan Nemelka. Joel didn't fall for the religious part of being a Nemelka, but he fell hard for the family part. To Joel, nothing was more important than "blood."

I often felt bad about the way that I treated Joel before June 16, 1987, when I also was deceived by religion. I did not treat him well. After Joel, Gloria would have a daughter, Jill. Jill didn't fall for the religious deceptions either, but she did fall for the world, something which has separated us to this day. I would use Joel's name to apply an allegoric value to the fact that he wasn't as deceived by religion as Kevin was. I would name my youngest child, a son, Nathan Marc Nemelka.

Barely nine months after Jill was born, Gloria would have my favorite sibling of all of them: Bridgett.

Bridgett has down syndrome, a birth defect that is the result of a chromosome defect that caused Bridgett to be intellectually impaired and show the physical abnormalities associated with anyone who is born this way. Bridgett never developed intellectually past that of a little child.

Bridgett was always special to me, but her specialness would not have a profound impact on me until after I knew the Real Truth about her defect.

Actually, the "defect" isn't a defect (an imperfection) at all!

Bridgett's demeanor and character is as close as a modern imperfect mortal can get to being like our Advanced, Higher Selves when we first connected to mortal forms upon this Earth. When Bridgett's brain formed, it formed closer to how our *perfect mortal* brains actually were during the First Dispensation of Human Time upon Earth.

It is impossible for Bridgett to be unkind. It is impossible for Bridgett to think bad of another person. It is impossible for Bridgett to harm another person. Bridgett, similar to all those who share her ... not imperfection ... but *perfection* ... is more humane than any normal person.

Bridgett needs only the basic things to survive. She needs food, shelter, clothing, and healthcare to be perfectly happy with her life. Education is useless and she doesn't need it to be happy. Except for those things that she has been repeatedly exposed to throughout her life, Bridgett does not gain any value and self-worth from the world.

Bridgett is a perfect example of self-assurance and self-actualization.

If I sat with Bridgett and told her that I was the world's *failsafe*, the only and last True Messenger upon Earth, she would accept it. She might not fully understand the implications of what I am saying, but she would accept it. She has never thought, nor is she capable of thinking any unkind thing about me or about anyone else.

If you knew the Real Truth about how humans developed and have lived upon Earth for billions of years, you would find that who humans are today is a bad, very imperfect example of who their first ancestors were.

The Real Truth is, humans have not *evolved*, they have *devolved* from their original state. This devolution was caused by *perfect mortals* playing around with human DNA and their chromosomes.

Where all mortals upon Earth were once *perfect mortals* with the right kind of DNA, whose chromosomes were perfect for the environment and the purpose for their existence, after some of our perfect ancestors started playing around with DNA and creating different types of human bodies, our chromosomes got all mixed up until they have become what they are today: imperfect mortals.

Bridgett's DNA retained a *perfect* strand of chromosomes that carries the genetic information for the part of our emotional development that once created the *perfect* mortal human. Perfect mortals were kind, did not think bad of another, could not harm another, and had self-esteem that didn't need others to supply value to it, of any kind.

"Adam and Eve" (just messing around with some religious characters that represent the *perfect humans before the fall of mankind*) were more similar to Bridgett than to Kevin, Joel, Jill, and another half-sister who would be born after her, Paulette, and then Gloria's youngest son, James Howell.

It can be said that when Adam and Eve lived in the Garden of Eden and had everything provided for them, they were *down syndrome*. When they "sinned" and ate the fruit that changed their bodies and got them kicked out of the Garden of Eden, they were cursed with a normal brain. Bridgette is not cursed.

Remember what that scientist said about Grandpa: "He knows some things"?

Compare what I have explained above about your Great Aunt Bridgett and what my LDS/Mormon father gave as the explanation to Bridgett's so-called, abnormality:

I was living with Jackie, Brandon, Caleb, Sariah, and Ryan in the Rose Park area of Salt Lake City, Utah, I believe about 1995, when my dad came over and handed me a paper that a LDS/Mormon leader had written about down syndrome people.

The paper explained that when there was a war in heaven, and Lucifer stood against Christ and lost, those of God's spirit children who escorted Lucifer out of heaven would come to Earth as *down syndrome* people. My father gained great personal value and added to his self-esteem by believing that he and Gloria were specially chosen to create a physical mortal body for one of God's valiant escorts.

You know when it was that I first said "But anyways"? It was after my father had left my house that day. I read over the paper, smiled and said for the first time,

“But anyways.”

Remember what a *failsafe* is and why one would be important for humanity?

“As the game is being played, things are not progressing as the game was supposed to be played. Some of the avatars took on a life of their own and started doing things within the game that weren’t fair to the other players. There wasn’t anything that the other players could do to stop these avatars because the people who chose to connect to the out-of-control avatars couldn’t control them either.

“Because the rules of the game are fixed, the other players figured out a way to attempt to use their avatars to fix the game. They could do this because there is a failsafe put into the game to help the players regain control of their game avatars.

“A *failsafe* is a system or plan that comes into operation in the event of something going wrong or that is there to prevent such an occurrence.

“The failsafe of the game must follow all the rules of the game.”

Our ancestors ... which were really us in a past incarnate as *perfect mortals* ... started doing things that weren’t fair to everyone else. (You’re going to have to read more about this in my mentors’ last book, *The Dream of Mortal Life, Understanding Human Reality—A Final Warning to the Human Race*, in order to get the details of exactly why our *perfect mortal selves* allowed others to do these things.) They did these things by manipulating human DNA, which eventually caused the imperfections that we are now familiar with ... which the world thinks are normal.

Because these few did this, and because the rules of the game are fixed, “the other players figured out a way to attempt to use their avatars to fix the game.” One of my mentors, he is known as Timothy, who actually lived back then, also knew how to manipulate DNA. He is a highly advanced chemist and bioengineer. Timothy hid the sequential structure needed to replicate, or rather, *reproduce*, part of the brain that we all once had as perfect mortals ... a brain that would be perceived today as a little child who thinks no harm, does no harm, is incapable of harm, and has impeccable self-esteem. Because of his efforts then, the possibility of producing a *down syndrome* child through sex has endured for billions of years.

Now, grandkids, the idea that my mentors could have lived for billions of years upon Earth seems weird, right? How could this be? Well, it shouldn’t be too hard to figure out.

Modern science is on the verge of discovering the chromosomes responsible for aging. Once scientists have isolated these chromosomes ... and they will ... a physical body produced by changing the genetic instructions found in these chromosomes will not age past a predetermined number of years. Mortals can then live forever, barring sickness and disease, an accident, and of course, having someone like my father kill them because their mere existence threatens the idea that Bridgett was once an escort ... hmmm, that didn’t come out right ... threatens the value that they receive from the idea that Bridgett was once one of God’s chosen spirit children who escorted Lucifer out of heaven after he lost the war in heaven.

“Because the rules of the game are fixed, the other players figured out a way to attempt to use their avatars to fix the game. They could do this because there is a failsafe put into the game to help the players regain control of their game avatars.”

Timothy figured out a way to use his mortal avatar to help fix the game.

Gloria Harmon was engaged to be married to a man before she met my father. Well ...

I'm going to have to explain it because I have taken a vow to now tell the Real Truth about all things ...

“God” was on hand to mess with an engine at a certain time, at a certain place, that would cause the mortal death of Gloria's fiancé. Yep, “God” figured out a way to cause his death to look like an accident so that Gloria could marry my dad.

I needed Gloria to be my step-mother because I needed Bridgett to be my little sister.

I needed to live for a crucial time during my adolescence on an 88 acre farm in Ucon, Idaho.

The rules of the game are fixed in that they are the same for everyone. The rules of the game are the natural laws of this Earth, laws that no one can avoid, no matter how smart you might be. My mentors, as smart as they are, must play by the rules. Throughout my life they have figured out a way to use their mortal existence to ensure that I would become their *failsafe*.

Timothy was on hand to help my mother meet who she would come to see as the “Love of her life.” She would find a sweet, unreligious man and settle down for awhile and have another son, my half-brother, Greg Fisher. Having found a man who she came to love, raising my sister Alesa and Greg, my mother avoided contact with me and my other brothers and allowed us to be raised by Gloria ... unrestricted and overwhelmingly influenced by the LDS/Mormon religion.

Timothy made sure this was going to happen, not by using any magic, because there's no such thing. He could do this because he also is a *failsafe*. He knows the Real Truth of all things. But he is not a True Messenger.

His entire existence centered around making sure that I survived and was put in situations that would shape the personality, demeanor and character that a True Messenger would need.

Science can take someone's DNA from a piece of trash that might have that person's DNA on it from eating a sandwich. Science can analyze the DNA sample and come to know a lot about the person. Timothy had DNA sampling technology that is far beyond what science has yet to develop ... they will soon, but not yet.

He wanted me isolated and raised in Ucon, Idaho, a close-knit Mormon community. As my father was struggling to be a single dad back in Utah, Timothy was observing young single women who lived in Ucon. He found one. Tracked her. Analyzed her DNA and found that she had the potential of producing a body that carried some of the perfect DNA that he had hidden so

many years ago in order to do what he could to inspire the human race to change, providing us with an example of a *down syndrome* brain ... a very humane brain.

Yep, he made all the arrangements for my childhood and upbringing.

I went to kindergarten at Edison Elementary School, very close to the house to which my parents brought my new body. After he married Gloria, my father moved us to Ucon where I attended the First Grade at Ucon Elementary School. We moved back to Utah, first to Hunter, where I attended Hunter Elementary for a very short time, and then to Alpine, Utah, where I attended the rest of Second Grade.

My dad owned a herd of cows. It was near dark. We were herding the cattle down Alpine's main street. My brother Mike was up ahead with a flashlight warning the oncoming cars that my dad had his herd of cattle in the middle of the street. Cory was behind the herd with a flashlight warning the cars that were coming on to the rear. Jody (Joseph Lee) and I with my dad waving our arms, yelling, and herding the cows.

I remember seeing two headlights bearing down on us. I froze. My dad's prize bull stepped between a truck and Jody and me and took the full impact. It all happened so fast. I recall my dad fighting with the driver, pulling him out of the truck. Time seemed to slow down then. Some neighbors came out of their houses. Then I heard a shot ring out that killed the dying bull. I was crying and very afraid.

I don't know when he took my hand, but I stood there holding the hand of a stranger, who was lovingly stroking the back of my head to comfort me as we both stood there alongside the road. I looked up briefly and one of the kindest smiles I have seen assured me that everything was going to be okay.

"Because the rules of the game are fixed, the other players figured out a way to attempt to use their avatars to fix the game. They could do this because there is a failsafe put into the game to help the players regain control of their game avatars.

"A *failsafe* is a system or plan that comes into operation in the event of something going wrong or that is there to prevent such an occurrence.

"The failsafe of the game must follow all the rules of the game."

There was no way that Timothy could intercede and stop my dad from herding those cows down that Alpine road that night. There was no magic he could use. So, unseen as he followed us along the road that evening, he shewed that bull in the path of that truck.

Using his young boys to push a bunch of cows down the main road while it was dark was something that had gone wrong. Timothy was the "system or plan that came into operation" that night that prevented Joe's and my death. Although my dad didn't follow all the rules of common sense that night, Timothy did.

Shortly thereafter, Gloria's father, Wendell Harmon, died of a heart attack. None of her siblings wanted to take over the farm ... well, Timothy made sure that none of them did ... so my father volunteered.

We moved on to the 88 acre farm. I went back to the same elementary school in Ucon, Idaho, where I had attended First Grade ... where I was meant to be.

To back track a bit, my father was a police officer for the city of Idaho Falls when I attended first grade in Ucon. If he would have stayed a police officer, we wouldn't have been in Alpine that fateful night and Timothy wouldn't have had to sacrifice our prize bull. It could have been a great career for my dad, IF it was conducive and beneficial to a young True Messenger to live in the same place for most of his life. It was not.

Yep, Timothy had his hand in ending my father's career as a police officer in Idaho Falls. But I'll let my dad tell that part of the story ... if he will.

Timothy couldn't stop my father from moving back to Utah after he failed at being a police officer and the manager of Idaho Fall's main movie house. But he knew how to stop a bull from killing me.

So he did.

Following all the rules of the game.

[February 16, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's Autobiography](#) · [Uncategorized](#)[Edit](#)

#

# Chapter 6: 3rd through 7th Grades, Ucon, Idaho

If you were to research what has been said about your grandfather, you're going to find a lot of things, mostly negative.

To Grandpa's critics and enemies I am a narcissist, which means that I am grandiose (excessively grand or ambitious), arrogant, self-centered, manipulative, and demanding. Some have called me a sociopath (another word less harsh than psychopath, but has the same meaning).

Most of the people who have ascribed these words to me don't really know what they mean ... they just say these things to make me look bad in the eyes of others who might take an interest in the work with which I am involved.

Here are a few of the main symptoms associated with a narcissistic, sociopathic person:

1. **Doesn't respect social norms or laws.** They consistently break laws or overstep social boundaries.
2. **Lies, deceives others, uses false identities or nicknames, and uses others** for personal gain.
3. **Doesn't make any long-term plans.** They also often behave without thinking of consequences.
4. **Shows aggressive or aggravated behavior.** They consistently get into fights or physically harm others.
5. **Doesn't consider their own safety** or the safety of others.
6. **Doesn't follow up on personal or professional responsibilities.** This can include repeatedly being late to work or not paying bills on time.
7. **Doesn't feel guilt or remorse** for having harmed or mistreated others.

At the time I am writing this autobiography, there are a lot of people who see me and interact with, some on a daily basis. There is a city close by that has laws, a government, courts, and police officers. There are neighbors, some who have invited me to their house, but all, who if asked, would say that your grandpa is one of the kindest, considerate, most amicable people they have ever met.

I am only Christopher to these people. I am just a person, a neighbor who removes their snow without charge, offers to watch their homes when they are gone, and one who greets and smiles at them whenever our paths cross. I would never harm a soul. I even have a little dog, her name is Mwaw (pronounced: *French, Moi, English, Me*).

I have had a few close relationships with women throughout my life ... and I'll explain each relationship in detail as it becomes a relevant part of my history in chronological order. Most of

these are your grandmothers: Paula Blades Aegerter, Jackie Stoll Howard, Marcee Jaynes Quirk, and Vicky Prunty Batchelor.

Except for Paula, not one of these women ever left me. I left them. And when I left them, Oh, my ... "Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned. Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned."

Your grandmothers were hurt because of my seemingly nonchalant (not displaying anxiety or emotion) and the easiness in which I ended my relationship with each. They knew that there was only one way they could hurt me back: keep me from seeing my children. (And Oh, my ... their rage and fury in doing this was ... well, we will get to that part later.)

In Paula's case, although she was the one who decided to leave me, she gave me full custody of Brittany and Joshua. Why would she do this if she thought I possessed any characteristics of a narcissist or sociopath?

She did this because she knew I was a great father and could be a better parent to Brittany and Joshua than she could at the time. To her credit, Grandma Paula thought more about her children (at this time) than she did about her own negative feelings for me, which feelings were associated with my then religious beliefs (LDS/Mormon), rather than me being a bad person.

So, if your grandmothers are still alive, ask them this question:

"What did my Grandpa Christopher ever do that was so bad that you decided to keep him from seeing our parents while they were growing up?"

Let them answer that question.

Besides what I have already reported about my father bringing Paula and her father to Snohomish, Washington, to have me arrested, then just a short year later, me driving to Montana to let her and her new husband, Carl Ladenburg, know that they could come see Brittany and Joshua, and that I was going to be moving to Montana so that they could visit the kids regularly ... besides all of this, Paula would also do some terrible things to me that would eventually remove Brittany and Joshua from my custody and keep me from seeing them while they were growing up.

So, although she gets a slap on the back for at first thinking about her children's best interests and allowing me to have full custody of our children, Grandma Paula, influenced by others (my father and Carl Ladenburg), would not disappoint your other grandmas, and would join them in persecuting the fuck out of me in order to keep me away from your parents.

Here's some cool irony that you will discover as you read the details of these events later:

With my dad's help, Paula and Carl Ladenburg were able to buy an attorney and a judge and use a corrupt court system to maliciously take away my rights to Brittany and Joshua. Carl Ladenburg adopted Brittany and Joshua. A few years later, Carl would divorce Paula and refuse to deal with Brittany and Joshua. In desperation, Paula would come into contact with me and

plead with me to move to Montana and save our son from a path of self-destruction that Carl Ladenburg's rejection of him was leading him towards.

Now, a true narcissistic sociopath might have told Grandma Paula,

“Joshua is your and Carl's mess. You deal with him!”

But your grandpa didn't hesitate. Because I had his mother's legal permission, I stepped in and took over Joshua's life, knowing full well that I could save his life and put him on a better path. (More details on this later.)

You see, Grandkids,

In order to justify taking away my children, their mothers had to imagine and turn me into a narcissistic sociopath. Throughout your parents lives, your grandmothers have painted this picture of me, a portrait painted by colors of hate and fury. While they were with me, they didn't want to leave and wanted me to be a part of your parents' lives. But once hurt, I became a monster.

In order to hold on to any self-worth and value they could, your grandmothers had to make it appear that the reason why I left them was because I am a narcissist sociopath. Your parents probably bought into their imagination because your grandmothers are actually very good women, who were great partners for Grandpa Aegerter, Grandpa Howard, and Grandpa Quirk.

As you consider how wonderful these grandfathers are, and how wonderful your grandmothers are, it will be very hard for you to think that they could possibly do the things that they did to Grandpa Christopher.

But remember something important, so that you can learn from all of this:

Your grandparents did *not* do these terrible things to the *real* kind, compassionate, funny, and good ol' Grandpa Christopher. They did these things, and justified doing them, to the narcissistic sociopath who they imagined Grandpa Christopher had become.

Throughout your parents lives, even if one of your parents wanted to find me and get to know me, they knew that upon doing so, it would break their mother's heart. Your grandmothers have imagined me to be an unprecedented (never done or known before) genius manipulator and deceiver. They figured that if any of their children got to know me, I would put on the same act that made them stay with me and not want to leave.

As a good child should, they protected the tender feelings of your grandmothers, and few of my children sought me out to get to know the *real* me.

And it came to pass that most of my children became just like my critics and enemies.

Put on an act?

If being a kind, compassionate, funny, and good ol' person is just an act? I suppose I've been acting my entire life.

Yeah, but what about all this bullshit about being the one and only True Messenger, a chosen *failsafe* meant to save humanity? And all these stories about being mentored and watched over by four mortal immortals who don't age, two who have lived upon Earth for literally billions of years?

Grandpa, if that shit ain't bordering on a narcissistic sociopath disorder, I don't know what is! Right?

Okay, you got me there.

I am no different than the Messiah of the Jews, the Jesus of the Christians, the Mohammed of the Muslims, or the Joseph Smith of the Mormons. Each of these made the same type of claims as I have. Each of these professed to be a messenger who could save the world through their message.

And if you read what *their* critics and enemies say about them, you'll discover that none of them respected the social norms and laws of their day. They lied, deceived others, used false identities or nicknames, and used others for personal gain. Except for saving the world, none of them made any long-term plans and often behaved without thinking of the consequences. Each of them showed aggressive or aggravated behavior. (Hell, Mohammed and Joseph Smith even had their own personal army.) None of them considered their own safety or the safety of others. None of them followed up on personal or professional responsibilities, because none of them worked at a normal job or paid any bills. None of them felt guilt or remorse for having harmed or mistreated others. Don't you think the Jewish Messiah mistreated those who weren't Jews? Read the Old Testament. And in the New Testament, the Jews didn't appreciate Jesus telling them that they were corrupt either. Mohammed allowed his followers to take advantage and sometimes kill others who threatened him, and so did Joseph Smith.

Now here again is some cool irony:

There are literally billions of people upon Earth who believe that these men were chosen by God to save the world and punish those who don't believe in God.

And having a narcissistic sociopath disorder that includes grandiosity, arrogant, self-centered, manipulative, and demanding behavior?

Consider how these billions of people think and pray to their respective God.

They bow their head, close their eyes, some prostrate themselves on the ground, and actually believe that a powerful entity that is in full control and in touch with billions of people on Earth, takes the time to listen to what they are saying when they pray.

Everything that these billions of believers ask in their prayers is self-centered, manipulative, and demanding ... FUCKING EVERYTHING!

“Dear Heavenly Father. My wife and I are trying to decide whether we should place our children in childcare so that she can go back to work so that I can continue my education and obtain a better degree to provide for our growing family. Dear Father, not our will, but Thine be done. Please bless us with your Holy Spirit and tell us what Thou would have us do in this situation. We will do whatever Thou instructs us through the gift of Thy Holy Spirit which Thou hast given to us and by which we are to know Thy will in all things. Please bless us to make the right decision for our family. We ask these things of Thee, humbly in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.”

While billions of people were suffering in abject poverty throughout the world, while I was growing up, we were not allowed to eat until we distracted God for a few moments ... when He should have been helping the people who didn't have a pot to piss in ... to say this prayer:

“Heavenly Father, We thank Thee for this food. Please bless it that it may nourish and strengthen our bodies. Please bless those who don't have any that they may have some next time. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen”

Before every fucking meal we ate!

I would often hear Gloria say similar terms to the following when she became frustrated with me,

“You're as useless as tits on a boar!”

“If you had any intentional fortitude (*I didn't have a clue as kid what this meant*), you'd do something useful!”

“God only helps those who help themselves!”

Not once do I ever remember Gloria saying these types of things to Kevin Wendell ... not once. She would often say them to Joel Nathan, but never to Kevin. Kevin would one day find a great deal of value in the world and from the family as a full-bird Colonel in the United States Army. Joel would struggle throughout his life doing everything he could to gain value in the eyes of his mother and our father. And me ...

Well,

I would become the ONLY TRUE GOD'S LAST TRUE MESSENGER!

Are you beginning to see a pattern here, grandkids?

My critics and enemies think they do. They believe that in order to gain the value and self-worth that I was denied as a child, my incredible genius mind *imagined* my mentors and the work that I

do. They believe that I am seeking for value and purpose, praise and glory, honor and prestige, because I didn't get it when I was a little boy.

Okay, they got me! Fucking NOT!

Let's consider the Real Truth about what I could have become had I chosen to.

I could have become a world renown criminal defense attorney who could have earned millions by representing clients who were actually guilty, but were found not guilty because of my extraordinary ability to manipulate and deceive a jury of their peers. I can do it through religion, so why couldn't I have done the same thing through the law?

In every job that I had, I was the best ... ALWAYS!

You will not find a job in my employment history that I was not the best at. I could take more college classes per semester than the brightest of the bright and score straight As. I was offered a teaching contract without having either a degree or a teaching certificate. I could have manipulated and deceived any woman, of any status, whom I chose, to love and accept me. I helped a company win a court case, after which the owner made me the CEO and paid me a very good six-figure salary. In my fifties I could bench press close to 300 pounds, outrun most men half my age, and do extraordinary physical things.

Yet, in spite of my potential (which isn't bragging, because these are facts) I chose to do things that make most people hate me and call me a narcissist sociopath.

Few are intimately involved in my life. When my neighbors and people in town see me, they greet me as I really am, not the narcissistic sociopathic monster that my enemies and critics would like me to be. I don't need to put on an act. I just be moi ... just like my little Chihuahua.

Now, if Grandpa could not *actually* do any of the things that I actually did, then it would make complete sense that not being able to accomplish anything of worldly value or worth, I would invent something for myself that would address and make up for my shortcomings and inabilities: become the world's Messiah.

But anyways ...

My mother reports that I was sucking my thumb in the womb. When I came out of her womb, my thumb was wide and pressed out from sucking it. I would suck my thumb until I was almost 8 years-old. My dad would do many things attempting to stop me from sucking my thumb. He would put cayenne pepper on my thumbs. He would tape gloves on my hands. He would threaten me with spankings. No matter what he did, I kept sucking my thumb.

The same "smart" people ... at least whom the world believes are smart ... who defined what narcissistic sociopath behavior is, also explained why infants suck their thumb:

“Babies have natural rooting and sucking reflexes, which can cause them to put their thumbs or fingers into their mouths — sometimes even before birth. Because thumb sucking makes babies feel secure, some babies might eventually develop a habit of thumb sucking when they’re in need of soothing or going to sleep.”

I was born to a young mother who didn’t like her life married to an LDS/Mormon priesthood holder, who already had two young boys when I came along, and had to deal with me and my older brothers when another boy and little girl came shortly thereafter.

How much security did I feel? How much soothing could she give me?

My mother would also report, that of all of her children, I was the quietest, the kindest, and the gentlest; that when I was not sucking my thumb and twirling a bit of my own hair, I was touching women’s skirts and gently caressing the small part of the fabric I was holding ... also while sucking my thumb.

I had big, beautiful greenish blue eyes with longer than normal eye lashes. I had a lot going for me as a child, but I still sucked my thumb for many of my formative years in order to feel secure and soothed, until I was almost 8 years-old.

And then Gloria became the only mother figure in my life.

Because of my consistent thumb sucking for so many years, I developed a speech impediment. I could not pronounce certain sounds, no matter how hard I tried. On one occasion, shortly after Gloria entered my life, I was being babysat by one of Gloria’s nieces. I will not reveal who this niece is, because it wasn’t entirely her fault for what she did to a beautiful, big greenish blue eyed little boy who always sucked his thumb.

But what she did, couldn’t have been good him.

She sat me in front of her and demanded that I pronounce the words correctly. (I could not pronounce the “f” sound or the “th” sound.) Each time I would mispronounce the word she wanted me to repeat, she would slap me across the face. I was sobbing, tears streaming down my face that mixed with the snot that also flowed. I tried my hardest but could not pronounce the words properly.

I would later see a video of that event. (How the video was recorded and how I saw it ... well, I won’t say here.) I wept profusely as I saw this little boy, who was actually me, being slapped every time he mispronounced the words. But as I watched the scene, I didn’t see the little boy as me. I saw the little boy as a little boy. It was devastating to watch, to say the least.

Today, Grandpa is very proficient at pronouncing “f” words.

But anyways ...

We were living in Alpine, Utah when Gloria received the phone call that her father had passed away in Ucon. We attended his funeral. I cried and sucked my thumb away from the rest of the people. I didn't really know her father, Wendell Harmon, very well, but the funeral was a sad occasion ... and being the narcissist sociopath that I am ... my gentle disposition and compassion for others caused the tears, regardless of who was lying before me in a casket.

I would attend 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th grades while living on the farm that my father and Gloria purchased from the Harmon family after Wendell Harmon's death. Living on a farm would provide my brothers and me with a strong foundational work ethic that would help us work hard throughout our lives.

I milked a cow in the early morning hours before going to school, and then again in the evening. We raised cows, horses, pigs, chickens, alfalfa hay, wheat, and had a huge vegetable garden. I hold a lot of good memories from those formative years living on the farm in Ucon, Idaho. I could write another book about them. But of these experiences, it's important for you to know that they were normal experiences of any young farm boy.

But one experience stands out as something that you might want to consider as you determine for yourself whether your Grandpa is a narcissist sociopath or not. It was an experience that was far from what any other normal farm boy would experience. And I highly doubt that anyone, ever, has experienced the same, or reported that they have.

I had just received the LDS Aaronic Priesthood. I was twelve years old. I was so excited to have God's power on earth. I was so proud when I was first able to pass the sacrament at church and say that I was a priesthood holder. I took my priesthood authority very serious.

I found myself in a field one evening wearing oversized farm gloves and holding a shovel. We flood irrigated the fields. It was my assignment that evening to walk across the field and make sure that the water was getting to every part. Where the water was not reaching, we were taught how to dig up dirt and create a small dike that would direct the water to the part that wasn't getting any.

I started thinking about Jesus and the sacrifice that he had made for our sins. I pondered on how he must of felt in the Garden of Gethsemane, where he bled from every pore because of the great pain he was suffering because of our sins. I felt very sorry for him. I bowed my head, closed my eyes, and asked Heavenly Father to take away all of Jesus' pain for just 30 seconds and let me feel it so that he didn't have to. I held the handle to my shovel very tight, clenched my teeth, and cringed as I waited to feel Jesus' great pain for our many sins.

Of course, nothing happened. But I sure tried.

Some might say that I tried because I am a narcissist sociopath. Some might say that this very act demonstrates that I think I am someone special. These would be wrong. This young farm boy leaning on his shovel and praying to his God didn't want *to become* Jesus, he only wanted to take away the pain that he thought another person might be suffering.

I've mentioned about many people who think they are special because they lack the worldly skills and ability to actually be valued by the world. To compensate for what they lack, they imagine being visited by God or Jesus and receiving some special commission to be a messenger to other people. In every case, these have sought to be known, to hold meetings, to be seen, to be acknowledged, to receive financial support, sometimes even sex, and in many other ways receive from others honor and glory for being a chosen vessel. They *wanted* to be special. When they prayed to their God, they ask that God's will be done ... similar to how the couple asked in the above prayer, asking to be guided to do the right thing. And these always received an answer to their prayer.

It would be Joseph Smith who would reveal the entity that is actually answering ALL mortal prayers said to be heard and that call upon God to direct them and give them value: *Lucifer*, the God of this world ... the ONLY god that hears and answers prayers.

Yep, every LDS person who views their temple endowment presentation should know this. They should know that ALL of their prayers are answered by their own narcissistic sociopathic tendencies. They actually believe that they have the ability and the right to address the Almighty, Omnipotent, Omnipresent, Omniscient God and have God take the time to hear them and answer their demanding prayers.

The actual god who hears and answers all religious prayers is the same god responsible for all the poverty, inequality, and misery upon this earth. It is a god that I would fight with my own narcissistic sociopathic disorder. The human ego.

But Grandpa's god would never allow poverty and inequality upon Earth.

Remember when I wrote that I would never in billions and billions of years treat my son the way that my father treated me? I gave a clue here.

Each one of us is connected to our True Self. Each of our True Selves has a specific way that our mortal Self acts while experiencing mortal life upon Earth. No matter in what incarnate my father has existed as a mortal, he would do the same type of things. No matter what incarnate I had as a mortal, as I told you, I did the same things that I am doing in this one.

Unfortunately for the assholes of this world who do bad things to others, there is no progression of our souls. However you act during this life, you've acted the exact same way in all of your other lives. You cannot repent of being you. No matter how much tithing you pay, no matter how many times you attend the temple, no matter how many Hail Marys you say, no matter what you have been taught by religion, your actions are indicative of your chosen humanity type.

Now, these aren't really assholes. They are highly advanced humans who developed into a person who chooses to act and be acted upon in their conscious environment either to serve their own self interests and needs, serve other's self interests and needs, or have their self interests and needs served by others.

This world is all about people having their self-worth and needs served by others. People value their own family over every other family in the world because it serves them the way they need to be served. People value their race, their religion, their nationality, their ancestry because it serves them to value these worldly things.

People create (imagine) enemies and fear them if what their enemies believe does not support what they believe ... what gives them their worth and value.

The reason why this world is failing is because there are way too many of this kind of people. They are only nice to people who are nice to them. They are only good to people who are good to them. They are only kind to people who are kind to them.

They find a lot of good in a terrible world because they refuse to focus on the poverty, inequality, and misery that millions of other people suffer from ... because their family is okay, supported and protected in the world. These do not realize that THEY are the cause of the poverty, inequality, and misery that is experienced in this world. THEY AND THEIR GOD. Their families are the cause. Their religions are the cause. Their race, their nationality, and their genealogy are the cause.

Your great-grandfather and your grandmothers cannot change who they are. They are not like me. I'm very different from these people, grandchildren. I would never treat your great-grandfather or any of your grandmothers like they have treated me. Never ... not in billions and billions of years.

I am not like any of my siblings. I am not like any of my neighbors. Except for my four *imagined* (according to my critics and enemies) mentors and a few other mortals ... who are very, very few ... I am not like anyone else currently living upon this Earth.

If I am seen by the *normal* world as being a narcissist sociopath, then that's okay by me ... because I certainly do not want to be seen as a *normal* person.

I am who I am, who I have always been ... world's without end.

I knew this long before I was born into this world ... a world where I very well knew that my own type of narcissistic sociopathic behavior would not do well. I knew I would not receive any security or soothing from my present incarnate living in this world. So ...

I sucked my thumb in my mother's womb ... and for many years thereafter.

[February 17, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's AutobiographyEdit](#)

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# Chapter 7: Junior High and Montana

Most *normal* autobiographies usually avoid pontification.\* (Grandpa likes to use this word because a lot of “learned” people like to use it to show off their intelligence.)

\**Pontification*: to express one’s opinions in a way considered annoyingly pompous and dogmatic. *Pompous*: irritatingly grand, solemn, or self-important. *Dogmatic*: inclined to lay down principles as incontrovertibly true. *Incontrovertibly*: not able or allowed to be denied or disputed.

Hey, Grandkids! Let’s take it a step further and consider a generally accepted idea about where the word *pontification* came from. This will be fun and informative.

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*Pontificate*, noun

In ancient Rome, the pontifices were powerful priests who administered the part of civil law that regulated relationships with the deities recognized by the state. Their name, *pontifex*, derives from the Latin words *pons*, meaning “bridge,” and *facere*, meaning “to make,” and some think it may have developed because the group was associated with a sacred bridge over the river Tiber (although there is no proof of that). With the rise of Catholicism, the title “pontifex” was transferred to the Pope and to Catholic bishops. *Pontificate* derives from “pontifex,” and in its earliest English uses it referred to things associated with such prelates. By the early 1800s, “pontificate” was also being used derisively for individuals who spoke as if they had the authority of an ecclesiastic.

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Most autobiographies stick to dates and events that are about the author’s life, according to the person’s point of view about whom the biography is written. That’s why it’s called an *auto* biography. A biography is an account of someone’s life written by someone else.

A normal autobiography is usually filled with specific dates that allow the reader to follow the events of the person’s life in chronological order (when the first happened in the past to the present date).

But as you are reading my autobiography, you’re probably beginning to see that it is far from normal, because good Ol’ Gramps is far from normal ... very far.

I wouldn’t be writing this autobiography if I had not received instructions to do so by those who oversee what you will come to recognize and associate with me and my life:

Marvelous Work and a Wonder® (MWAW).

Do you see the ® symbol above?

This symbol provides notice that the preceding words have been legally registered with a national trademark office. A trademark can be words that are legally registered or established to represent a person, company or product.

The Marvelous Work and a Wonder® represents the Real Truth. The Real Truth is things as they *really* are, as they *really* were, and as things *really* will be in the future.

I am not the Real Truth. I am simply a messenger asked to deliver the Real Truth to the world about things. I am the only True Messenger upon this Earth at this time, and there will never be another one. So, if you don't get the Real Truth from me, you're out of luck.

No, I'm not the only one upon Earth who knows how things *really* are today, how things *really* happened in the past, and how things will *really* be in the future. But I am the only one who is delivering the information to the world.

And guess what?

Although you'll never be able to find out the Real Truth on your own, no matter how much you study and read, you, too, can know the Real Truth about all things ... well, at least those things that are associated with and important to human reality—who we are and why we exist.

But to know this Real Truth, you'll have to listen to my message.

Pretty simple, huh?

Not!

We discussed Grandpa's narcissistic sociopathic personality disorder in the last chapter. And Oh my! doesn't Grandpa come across as arrogant and grandiose or what? But as we discussed, this mental disorder, as the world would call it, has to do with what Grandpa presents as the message he was asked to deliver to the world, not with how Grandpa is as a person.

As explained, if you had the chance to meet me, you would find yourself in front of a very kind man ... pretty funny too ... who might be highly intelligent and "know some things" (but you'd never know it), but who will not treat you like you don't know anything.

In fact, when a person is in my presence, and isn't there to hear the Real Truth, I treat the person according to the Real Truth about the person: that he or she is the only person who matters; that the universe revolves around that person.

I will listen to another's perspective of things and will never discount what they believe to be true, even though what they believe is true is more than likely ... how can I say it without offending anyone ... horse shit.

The only mortals on Earth who have it right are little children.

I mentioned how much I enjoyed watching your cousin, Aaydyn, during the first years of her life. I didn't mention, yet, how much I enjoyed being around Ella (Joshua's first child) while she was young. These two granddaughters were full of life, curiosity, and incredible independence. They knew who they were and why they existed, and acted like they did. And then they started to grow up and get older.

The older they grew, the more codependent they became. Sadly, I saw how they began to lose their innocent happiness, their curiosity, and their independence and become dependent on others for their self-worth and happiness.

Let's define *codependent* here:

*Codependent*, noun: characterized by excessive emotional or psychological reliance on another person.

Both Aaydyn and Ella became codependent on their parents, who had long since become completely codependent on the world, its values, its honors, glories, and successes.

Because I was Brittany and Joshua's father long before I became their True Messenger, I had no right to intercede and tell them how to be a parent and help their daughters stay true to Aaydyn and Ella. I did not interact with Brittany and Joshua as a True Messenger. I tried to always act like a worldly father, who didn't know anything except what the world knew.

On one occasion I invited Brittany to have coffee with me. I tested the waters and threw out a line of conversation that I hoped would peek her interest to what I knew outside of being her father. I explained how hard it was for me to be around people who didn't know squat about what they were talking about. She didn't take the bait. I don't know how she felt about the comments I was making about "stupid people," but it was easy for me to see that she couldn't have cared less about me as a True Messenger. She only wanted me as her father.

Although I have thrown out a line of interest a time or two, Brittany has never shown any interest in what I am doing through the MWA. She only cares what I can do for her as a father. Joshua has been a little different.

Ella's dad took an interest in what I am doing in the MWA and has read a lot of what I have written. Although I highly doubt that Joshua fully believes that there are highly advanced humans orchestrating and overseeing what I do in the MWA, he has shown a greater interest in what I do than his sister. I believe he understands most of it. But, like Brittany, Joshua was more inclined to what I could do for him as a father, not as a True Messenger.

As a worldly father, I did everything that I possibly could for Brittany, Joshua, and for one of my other children, Rachael, who was also involved in my life for a time.

In Rachael's case, she lived in California for a large part of her life. She hated LDS/Mormons for the longest time, having been influenced by the *pontification* of her mother, Vicky Prunty Batchelor.

Events would eventually bring her to Utah where I was living. I was completely different than Rachael's mother. And since Rachael was with me as her father, not as her True Messenger, I did not have any right to *pontificate* and influence her outside of supporting her, as I did all people with whom I made contact that were not interested in what I knew.

I questioned Rachael's hatred for the LDS/Mormon people. Her parents (Vicky and I) were once very staunch LDS/Mormon. I told her that it was good that she lived in Utah so that she could get to know the culture of her parents. Rachael's negativity towards the LDS/Mormons began to soften as she associated with and made friends with different people in Utah.

As her father, I never cut down anyone's religion, but would support any of my children's beliefs ... as a father. Brittany was an avid atheist ... so I supported her views. Joshua was more of an agnostic ... so I supported his views, as a father.

And Rachael? Well, she was searching for her own niche of emotional security, and I never once *pontificated* to her with what I knew about the LDS/Mormon religion ... never.

And it came to pass that Rachael fell in love with a LDS/Mormon man ... a staunch LDS/Mormon man. He was going to school and had hopes of becoming an officer in the United States Air Force, making the military his chosen career. Nothing was more important to this man than God, Country, and Family. As his potential father-in-law I supported the Real Truth about him: the most important person in the universe ... at least from his perspective.

Rachael met with me one day and told me that she was beginning to "feel the Spirit." She was falling in love with a LDS/Mormon. She asked me for my truth about God. She was not asking me as a True Messenger, she was asking me as her father. I only gave her what a *normal* father would want her to know. Not much Real Truth.

And it came to pass that Rachael joined the LDS/Mormon religion and became a staunch believer in a man's priesthood authority from God, in the specialness of the Eternal Family Unit, and in the belief that Heavenly Father was guiding her life by the gift of the Holy Spirit, to which only baptized members of the LDS/Mormon faith have access. Yeah, really!

Although as their father I would continually support anything that my children wanted to believe and practice, as a person, I would NOT allow them, or anyone else, to disrespect me or treat me, or others, badly. If my children are not nice people, I want nothing to do with them.

After joining the LDS/Mormon faith, I asked Rachael how she then saw me. She responded, “You’re hurt and lost.” I wanted her to be specific so I asked her, “Do you believe that I am following the devil? Yes or no.”

Rachael would never come out and say that I was following the devil, but because of her new religious belief, she had no choice but to believe that I was. Well, I don’t like to be around people who are that mean and condescending that they believe another person is headed for hell because the other person does not agree with their religious beliefs.

I supported Rachael as best as I could ... as her father. I would continually give her this advice,

“Rachael, stay close to your husband and to your Heavenly Father. I am your father and I will always love you.”

Yeah, this kindness and compassion was the narcissistic sociopath ... the monster Rachael’s mother and my other critics and enemies think that I am. But anyways ...

As I wrote, I did everything that I could do as a father for my children who had let me into their lives. I did not act like a True Messenger to them, and I doubt they cared much about what I was doing outside of being a father. But I had to test the waters just one more time with Brittany.

In 2018, I paid for Brittany to bring anyone she wanted to an all-exclusive resort in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico so that she could marry a man who loved her dearly.

(For this man’s sake, because he is a high ranking police officer on his city’s force, I will not mention his name. He doesn’t deserve to experience the ramification of being associated with me on any level. He treated me with respect as his father-in-law, and like his bride, couldn’t care less about anything else that I did as long as I obeyed the law. Smile.)

But anyways ...

After her wedding, I asked to meet with Brittany, Joshua, their partners, and Grandma Paula in my room at the resort. Grandma Paula refused to come ... of course ... I was still somewhat of a monster to her ... But anyways.

I explained that I wouldn’t be flying back to the United States yet, that I was going to stay in Mexico and do somethings with others involved in the MWAU ... things that were associated with doing everything in our power to solve poverty and inequality. Although it was true ... that I was meeting us with my four mentors who were already there staying at a smaller hotel near the resort where Brittany’s wedding was held ... I met with my kids to throw out another line about my role as a True Messenger. Brittany and Joshua, and their partners, didn’t take the bait. They simply didn’t care about what I did outside of being their father.

Joshua would finally marry a very good person, who, as a father, I believe is perfect for him. (Again, to protect her from any association with me that might affect her life or career, I will not

name her specifically.) I gave them a large money gift for their wedding. I had now done all that I could have done for my children.

Of note, ... and it came to pass that Rachael divorced the LDS/Mormon man and brought another man to meet me. She asked me my opinion of him, as a father. I did what I will always do with my children, who do not see me as a True Messenger, but as a father: support them regardless.

Rachael didn't introduce this particular man to her True Messenger. She introduced him to her father. But even as a father I knew the man's heart. He wanted sex from Rachael. That was about it. And because of her new belief that Heavenly Father frowned on people having sex before marriage, Rachael rushed into another marriage.

As her father, who Rachael knew was far from religious, I gave her the advise to have sex with her new man and then repent to Heavenly Father later. I knew that once her new man was satisfied sexually, the *real* him would come out and Rachael would see him for who he really was and become very disappointed. Their marriage lasted about two months.

Rachael still needed a father, but there was no way I could compete with her Heavenly Father and the way that she respected Him. Rachael needed *things* from me but had no respect for my opinion or advise. She receives all the advice she needs from her religious leaders.

I've done all that I could do for my children as their father. And just like the rest of the world, since they couldn't care less about me being a True Messenger, there's nothing else I can do for them.

But what about you grandchildren?

On November 19, 2018 (one of those specific dates), I called Aydyn to see if she had received the \$100 that I had sent her in a birthday card. She hadn't received it yet because she had just got home from school and hadn't checked the mail. She checked the mail while I was on the phone and got the card. She opened it up and gasped, "Oh, my God! 100 dollars! I got to call my mom and tell her!" That was about all there was to Aydyn's 11th Birthday conversation with her grandfather. Yeah, really!

But isn't this why grandparents are there as a support network for their grandchildren and to give them things?

I tried for the first 10 years of her life to be that kind of grandpa to Aydyn. Ella only got her first 5 years to experience that kind of a grandpa. And Ella matured must faster than Aydyn. Ella was more independent than Aydyn. And it broke my heart every time I was around Ella to watch her become more and more codependent on the world and its values.

Selfishly, I decided to take myself out of my children's life ... again. I had done it once before in 2009, but the timing of my departure out of their lives then was premature, as neither Brittany nor Joshua had yet established themselves successfully in the world. (More details on this later.)

Although I am no longer as active as a normal grandfather should be in his grandkid's lives ... attending their school activities, their sports, and the other things they are involved in from which they are losing their independence and becoming more codependent on the world for their self-worth ... I am going to send each of my grandchildren, whom I know of, birthday money. I hope their parents give it to them so that they will always know that I am still their grandfather and that I will always be their grandfather ... the way that *normal* grandfather's are supposed to be.

Maybe one day some of you will search me out. You'll find me if you want. I'll treat you like a normal grandfather should. You will find me to be a kind, compassionate, funny, and very giving grandfather. I will smile with you, listen intently about your life, and give you the best support and advise that a grandfather can.

But whatever you do, do NOT come to me as your True Messenger. I will destroy everything upon which you have become codependent in this world and lament (be sad about) how you lost your innocence and the Real Truth about who you are and why you exist.

You see, I have no choice but to *pontificate* while writing this autobiography. If you noticed the dedicatory page, this autobiography is dedicated to:

*All Grandchildren Throughout the World.*

It is subtitled, *The Man From Joe's Bar and Grill*, referencing what was explained in its Foreword when one of the LDS/Mormon Twelve Apostles of Jesus Christ said [in his opinion about me] that God would not allow someone from Joe's Bar and Grill to bring forth the Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon. (Someone "From Joe's Bar and Grill" means that the person is ordinary and non-significant.)

My mentors would explain why they directed me to write this autobiography:

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(Beginning of what was published on the MWA's official website.)

We have counseled Christopher to proceed with his autobiography before helping us complete and publish our final book, *The Dream of Mortal Life, Understanding Human Reality—A Final Warning to the Human Race*.

Because the mortal experience does not allow for one to know the Real Truth about human existence, it is sometimes very hard to understand and apply its meaning to one's own personal experience and knowledge with an *un-transfigured* brain.

The purpose of having a True Messenger is to deliver the Real Truth to other mortals. The True Messenger must be mortal and be familiar with the perceptions and perspectives of those from whom he received the message. He must also be able to understand the perceptions and perspectives of those to whom the message is intended. The True Messenger must be familiar

with life upon Earth as it is experienced by those who live upon Earth when the message is delivered. Those reading the message must be able to identify with the message, as it pertains to their own personal experience as a mortal.

For this reason, we have counseled Christopher to present the events of his life from his own perspective, similar to how he would explain the events to his children. Christopher chose to do so as a message to his grandchildren.

Christopher has often struggled with the ability to convey the Real Truth to other mortals. It is hard to explain things to a mortal mind that is not set up to receive these things. In a religious context, we expressed this dilemma for a True Messenger in the following way. Referring to the term Christopher is using in his autobiography as his “*transfiguration*,” we wrote of our own experience:

“And behold, the heavens were opened, and we were caught up into heaven, and saw and heard unspeakable things.

And it was forbidden us that we should utter; neither was it given unto us power that we could utter the things which we saw and heard;” (Compare *BOM*, [3 Nephi 28:13-14](#))

We (those who oversee this marvelous work) do not have the “power” to “utter” (explain) the Real Truth, because our personal perception and perspective, gained from our experience, transcend any other’s living upon this earth. Because of his own transfiguration, Christopher understands our words, our perceptions, and our perspectives. It is given unto him to explain what we know in words that are comprehensible and consistent with those to whom our message is intended.

We have counseled Christopher to write his autobiography in such a way that it, not only gives the details of his own life, from his unique perception and perspective, but that it prepares the reader to be introduced to ours.

One’s *perception* is established as one lives one’s current mortal incarnate. *Perception* is the state of being or process of becoming aware of something through the senses. One’s personal perception is limited to one’s current mortal life. One’s *perspective* is the attitude that one has towards life, or rather, one’s point of view gained from one’s perception.

Having experienced life upon earth for so many years, and having been alive throughout so many different time periods in which mortal incarnates were made available to others in OUR GROUP of advanced humans assigned to this earth, our perception is greatly enhanced. Therefore, our perspective is much different than any other’s.

Thus, we do not have the “power” to “utter” the things that we know about life upon Earth, since the beginning. If we tried, our efforts would fail to the incomprehensibility that results from one having an imperfect mortal brain.

Our brains are perfect mortal brains, as we have explained were possessed by all mortals living upon this earth during the *First Dispensation of Human Time*. However, there are those of us who have not lived since the beginning of time, whose brains still maintain the established effects of the time period in which their bodies were created. These have joined us for the specific purpose of being able to provide Christopher with another set of tools (different perceptions and perspectives) that can help him deliver our message.

Over the next few months, Christopher will be counseled and allowed to complete his autobiography. We will publish the first draft of his words on the official MWAW website under the category created: *Christopher's Autobiography*.

Not only will his efforts help others come to know the details of his peculiar life, a life that has been largely directed towards our need for a True Messenger, but it will provide Christopher with the practice that will be required of him to explain our perception and perspective of the Real Truth to you.

Our perspective of human reality—who we are and why we exist—is the Real Truth. It will be presented to the world through the book, *The Dream of Mortal Life, Understanding Human Reality—A Final Warning to the Human Race*.

Until this book is complete, may the world benefit from the simple perspective of our chosen True Messenger as he parlays his mortal life experience into a presentation of Real Truth that will leave no excuse for the world's ignorance.

This is our prayer.

(End of what was published on the MWAW's official website.)

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So,

As my biological grandchild, you can read the story of my life and take away from it what you want ... maybe what you'd expect from a *normal* grandfather. If you have approached reading my autobiography as that of your grandfather, you're going to be disappointed.

In my role as a True Messenger, I am everyone's grandfather.

You probably read all those big words at the beginning of this chapter. I defined most of them for you so that you wouldn't lose your concentration as you read. Most people read, and when they come to a word that they don't understand, their brain gets a bit confused and they lose track and concentration on what they are reading.

So, let's get rid of all those big words and let me sum up what the MWAW teaches about what's *really* going on in this world in words that I would tell 10 year-old Aydyn and 5 year-old Ella:

God, religion, history, education, and everything else that your parents think is good is a bunch of bullshit. ("Language!" little Ella would interject here. [Yeah, really!])

You probably heard about Jesus, Mohammed, and Joseph Smith at some point in your life. But none of these men left an autobiography. None of them left anything that you could read where they wrote about their own lives in their own words. Everything you read about these men was written by bad people, usually men, who want to make you think that they know everything about everything and that you should listen to them and pay them money for what they know.

These bad men don't know shit! (I know, Ella, "Language!")

Jesus was not even a real person. The story of Jesus has been used by bad men for a long time to make other people codependent on them so that these bad men could get money and honor from people. These bad men wrote things that they said were from God. They call these bad things that they wrote scriptures. These bad men made up a guy named Moses and made people believe that God talked to Moses and gave Moses commandments for the people to follow.

And guess what kind of commandments of God these bad men made up? Are you ready for this shit!

These bad men said that God told Moses to command the people to grow food and raise cows, chickens and other animals then give the best part of their food to the bad men. The bad men would take the best part of everything that the people had, burn a small portion ... and say that they were sending the good smell to God in heaven in the form of smoke ... and then keep the rest for themselves so that the bad men didn't have to work in the fields or raise their own animals to eat. Yep, that's what bad men do.

There's a lot of bad men and bad women in the world who do the same things to people. They pretend to speak to God, or to someone of something out of this world that you can't see or hear, and receive direction for you and your life, but only if you give them money and honor them for being God's special person through whom you can receive God's message.

But Grandpa, isn't that what you are doing in your MWAW?

FUCK NO! (I know, Ella, "Language!" but Grandpa wanted to emphasize the answer and show how he can now pronounce the 'f' sound just fine ... But anyways ...)

What Grandpa teaches is that YOU are the only God that exists. That YOU do not need anyone else to tell YOU what God wants you to do ... and you certainly do not have to pay Grandpa for any of his information. And Grandpa can answer all of your questions about this world, how it was created, when it was created, where it was created, why it was created, and most importantly, who created ... if it was created.

Listen and I'll make it pretty simple for you to understand:

You dream, right?

When you enter your dream, where did the dream world come from? How was the world in which you are having a dream experience created? When was your dream world created? Where was it created? Why was it created? Who are all these dream people that you associate with in your dream? Where did the landscape and the animals and the rivers, streams, oceans, flowers, trees, and everything else come from? And it is really pretty easy to understand who created it ... YOUR MIND DID!

Now, that was a pretty simple way to explain the Real Truth about who YOU are and why YOU exist. But it gets a bit more complicated when you wake up from your dream and find yourself living in the only world that you have been taught to believe is the only real world.

But your dream sure seemed real while you were dreaming, right?

Confused, you start searching for answers. Your parents don't know shit so they send you to school to learn about the world. Your teachers don't know shit. Your teachers teach you out of a book written by a person who didn't know shit, but had convinced your teachers that he or she does, because he or she studied a bunch of shit written by other people who didn't know shit.

When grandpa was trying to figure out all the shit for himself, I heard this popular song on the radio (yeah, I know, what's a radio right?). I didn't quite understand the song when I heard it as a teenager, but I sure understand it now:

When I was young, it seemed that life was so wonderful  
A miracle, oh it was beautiful, magical  
And all the birds in the trees, well they'd be singing so happily  
Oh joyfully, playfully watching me  
But then they send me away to teach me how to be sensible  
Logical, oh responsible, practical  
And they showed me a world where I could be so dependable  
Oh clinical, oh intellectual, cynical

There are times when all the world's asleep  
The questions run too deep  
For such a simple man  
Won't you please, please tell me what we've learned  
I know it sounds absurd  
Please tell me who I am

I said, watch what you say or they'll be calling you a radical  
Liberal, oh fanatical, criminal  
Won't you sign up your name, we'd like to feel you're Acceptable

Respectable, oh presentable, a vegetable!  
Oh, take it take it yeah

But at night, when all the world's asleep  
The questions run so deep  
For such a simple man  
Won't you please tell me what we've learned  
I know it sounds absurd  
Please tell me who I am, who I am, who I am, who I am  
'Cause I was feeling so logical  
D-d-digital  
One, two, three, five  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
It's getting unbelievable

[Verse 1]

When I was young, it seemed that life was so wonderful  
A miracle, oh, it was beautiful, magical  
And all the birds in the trees, well, they'd be singing so happily  
Oh, joyfully, oh, playfully watching me  
But then they sent me away to teach me how to be sensible  
Logical, oh, responsible, practical  
And then they showed me a world where I could be so dependable  
Oh, clinical, oh, intellectual, cynical

[Chrous 1]

There are times when all the world's asleep  
The questions run too deep  
For such a simple man  
Won't you please, please tell me what we've learned?  
I know it sounds absurd  
But please, tell me who I am

[Verse 2]

I said, now watch what you say or they'll be calling you a radical  
A liberal, oh, fanatical, criminal  
Won't you sign up your name, we'd like to feel you're acceptable  
Respectable, oh, presentable, a vegetable  
Oh, take, take, take it, yeah

[Chrous 2]

But at night, when all the world's asleep  
The questions run so deep  
For such a simple man  
Won't you please, please tell me what we've learned?  
I know it sounds absurd

But please, tell me who I am  
Who I am  
Who I am  
Who I am  
Who I am

[Outro]  
'Cause I was feeling so logical  
D-d-d-d-d-d-digital  
Yeah, one, two, three, five  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Ooh, it's getting unbelievable  
Yeah  
B-b-bloody marvelous

Richard Davies and Roger Hodgson, the song writers, knew more about Real Truth than any of the bad people who want your money so that they can tell you what God wants you to do, when they don't have a fucking clue who or what God is. Davies and Hodgson were humble and honest. They realized that they didn't know shit about shit.

Until June 16, 1987, I didn't know shit about shit. But I thought God knew. So I asked God ... and well, I already explained what happened then. God told me and I knew!

The *real God* told me. The real me. The highly advanced human being who is dreaming about being Christopher.

This *real God* can only tell me what is right for Christopher because there are about 15.07 billion other *real Gods* that exist in my true reality and take part in my dream as Christopher.

Brittany would become the step-mother to a young boy, whose name I will also withhold. Brittany would treat this young boy almost exactly like Gloria treated me. It hurt me more than Brittany would ever know as I witnessed how she treated and talked about this young boy. Brittany didn't know shit. Gloria didn't know shit. But neither did anyone else in this shit of a world.

The years living on the Ucon farm were beautiful, magical. All the birds in the trees .... which my dad would shoot with his shotgun ... well they'd be singing so happily, Oh joyfully, playfully watching me ... until my dad shot them with his shotgun.

I watched my dad load his shotgun and shoot at the birds in the tall trees that lined the front of our farmhouse. At first, it made me sad as I watched birds fall out of the trees and struggle while taking their last breath upon earth ... during my dream. I didn't question if my father had the right to shoot them. He was my father. He knew best for me, so he must have knew what was best for the birds.

My father didn't know shit for shit.

My father shoved the LDS/Mormon faith down my throat. I ate it up and it became the most important thing in my life, as the bad men had told me it should be.

My dad sent me away to school to teach me how to be sensible, logical, oh responsible, practical. I went to Ucon Elementary, then on to Ammon Junior High, where I would be shown a world where I could be so dependable, oh clinical, oh intellectual, cynical.

Because the bad men were so good at what they did, I didn't once wonder who I was or what I was supposed to be doing. I was a member of God's only true and living church. I was respectable, oh, presentable, a vegetable. My life plan was already outlined for me: go to school, go on a mission, come home from my mission and create my own Eternal Family Unit. And if there was anything else that God wanted me to do, God would tell me through his chosen bad men ... I mean leaders.

During the mid seventies land prices shot up in Idaho. The farm that my father had agreed to purchase from Gloria's family had tripled in value. I then learned another valuable lesson in life: family really doesn't matter when money is involved.

Gloria's brothers and sister wanted more money from my dad for the farm. My dad was the only one who wanted the farm after Gloria's dad died in 1971. But now that it was worth three times as much, Gloria's wonderful LDS/Mormon brothers and sisters wanted what they felt was their fair share.

At the end of the seventh grade, my father packed us up and moved us north to Kalispell, Montana. We were very poor, but I didn't know it at the time. I found out later that my dad borrowed a bunch of money from his mother so that we wouldn't starve when we moved.

Alesa had joined us in Idaho after my mother decided that she would be better off with her brothers and being raised by Gloria. With the addition of Alesa and Gloria's own kids, Kevin, Joel, Jill, Bridgett, and Paulette, our family of twelve moved to Montana.

I was enrolled at Evergreen, Junior High. Jody was enrolled in the 7th grade there and I in the 8th.

As the new kids, it was some kind of a school tradition that the new kid arm wrestle other boys to test his strength. A kid named, Mike Kirk, had been held back a year and was the toughest kid in school. But I had just come from a couple of years of milking a cow every morning and night. Needless to say, your wrists and forearms get a pretty good work out from all that milking. I easily beat every boy who challenged me at arm wrestling. Mike Kirk smirked and let the other boys test me.

The arm wrestling match was set for Kirk and me during a lunch period. The teachers and the Principal were all in on it and supported the event as something traditional of Evergreen Junior High. Mike and I locked hands and the match began.

I held him firm and would not let him budge my arm towards a loss. Throughout the match I would bend his arm slightly towards the side that would signal a loss for him. But my narcissistic sociopathic (according to my critics and enemies) took over.

Although I could have easily won the match anytime I wanted, I held Mike's arm in the neutral position. I still remember his red face and the effort he was making trying to bend a cow-conditioned right arm. I held his arm in the neutral position. I had no intention or desire to beat him. I felt sorry for him and didn't want to take away the value that he had as being the strongest kid in school.

A lot of the kids were cheering for Mike. And one lone voice was drowned out cheering me on: Jody's.

My kid brother was yelling for me to beat Mike and take the crown. I refused.

The match went well beyond lunchtime. Finally, the Principal had to call the match. It was recorded as a tie. Mike and I became pretty good friends after that. Had I beaten him, there wouldn't have been any friendship. Somehow, my True Self told me this even at 13 years-old.

I would get my first real kiss at Evergreen Junior High and I was our school's star basketball player. My older brother, Mike, had whipped my ass in basketball all those years we lived on the farm. Mike could make 10 free throws in a row. When I first started, I could barely get the ball to the rim. But I wanted to be like Mike. In the dead cold of winter I would put on my gloves and shoot baskets until I made 10 in a row. I never did. My brother Mike never let up when he played sports with us. He kicked my ass in everything we played. Mike was my idol. In trying to stay up with him, I became very strong and athletic. I would never beat Mike, although I tried repeatedly as a kid.

By the time I finished 8th grade, I could finally beat Mike at basketball. I could make 10 free throws in a row anytime. But more important to me at the time, was that first kiss.

A girl named, Danette Harmon, would teach me the ins and outs of the french kiss ... more in than out. Danette Harmon would teach me what Gloria Harmon could not: the love of a woman.

All I needed from Gloria was to love me as her son. She never did. Gloria took care of my physical needs, but I never once felt any part of a motherly love from her throughout my childhood. Danette taught me how much a girl could love me. Danette not only loved me, she adored me.

One day I was very late getting home to a three bedroom, single-wide trailer in which we lived as twelve people. I shared one of the bedrooms with Kevin, Joel, and Jody. I pulled a mattress out from under the bunkbed where Jody slept on the top and Kevin and Joel slept on the bottom. Mike and Cory slept in the front room. Alesa, Jill, Paulette, and Bridgette shared the other small bedroom, and Gloria and Dad had the large bedroom.

I knew I was late arriving at home from seeing Danette. I thought I was going to get in trouble, so I quietly tried to sneak into the trailer through the back door just off the kitchen. I quietly opened the door and saw my father with his head down sitting at the kitchen table with Gloria standing next to him with her hand on his shoulder. I overheard my dad talking about how we didn't have anymore money and he didn't know what we were going to do.

This was the first time in my life that I ever thought about money and where our food and clothes came from. My father and Gloria has always provided us with everything that we needed ... not necessarily what we wanted, but what we needed. We boys wore each other's old clothes when one of us grew out of them. We each had only a couple changes of clothes to go to school in, and not any more than one or two pairs of shoes each. I had no idea we were poor.

For fuck sakes, we had twelve people in our family and we lived in a single-wide trailer at the Evergreen Trailer Park. When we first arrived in Kalispell, my father found a seven bedroom house for us, more than likely with the money my grandmother had given him. We moved shortly thereafter to the small trailer, probably because Dad's job as a life insurance agent wasn't going too well. My dad did a lot of jobs ... a lot.

I remember a time on the farm in Ucon when Dad was working for Supreme Foods, a company that sold bulk food to people. My dad was a salesman. One day he came home and announced that he had just made a huge sale and that he made a lot of money from it. I guess that sort of stayed in my mind and comforted me for all those years in thinking we had money. I saw the food stamps that Gloria used to buy food for us. I saw the food that was from the Church, but I thought that this was the normal way of getting food. What I didn't know then, that I found out later, was that huge sale that my dad made, a stranger bought it from him. My Dad has probably forgot the man's name who bought all that food ... that the man didn't actually need, but wanted to help out my dad. That man's name was ... well, I came to call him Timothy.

But anyways ...

I finally learned something the night I was sneaking into our trailer: we were dirt poor.

I felt so bad for my dad and Gloria. But what could I do?

Danette was caressing my tongue with hers in ways that I never knew were possible. She once tried to get me to take off my clothes had have sex with her. I didn't have a clue what "having sex" meant, but I knew that Heavenly Father didn't want me doing it until I was married, so I had to disappoint Danette and keep my clothes on.

It wasn't long after graduating from Evergreen Junior High, with the distinguished title of Second Strongest Kid (I didn't mind allowing the title to Mike Kirk), that my dad packed us up again and moved us all the way to California.

Our Junior High graduation song was appropriately, *Evergreen*, sung by Barbara Streisand. Each time I would hear the song in the future it would remind me of my short time living in

Evergreen, Montana, where I had my first kiss and found out another important lesson in life, there are a lot of poor people in the world who struggle to have enough food to eat.

“Love ageless and evergreen. Seldom seen by two.”

I was never taught what the love of a mother was. But I was beginning to find out what love meant between two people, at least according to the world.

The Real Truth would teach me that the song, *Evergreen's* lyric's were correct: Love ... Seldom seen by two.

So my life goes on ...

Ooh, it's getting unbelievable  
Yeah  
B-b-bloody marvelous

But anyways ...

[February 18, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's Autobiography](#)[Edit](#)

#

## Chapter 8: High School education

From Montana, my dad moved us to the El Toro-Mission Viejo area of California. His brother, Larry, offered Dad a job working in promotions for the Huish Family Fun Centers located all over Southern California at the time. We lived in a house with no fridge. Gloria faithfully filled styrofoam coolers with ice to keep food cool. It was the summer before I would enter High School.

My dad made Jody and me go door-to-door gathering old newspapers for recycling. We also asked for any old pop bottles, which at the time, brought us a nickel or dime a piece, depending on the bottle. We would pull a red wagon through the neighborhood, neither of us having a clue that teenagers usually don't do those kinds of jobs. Most of the people were really nice to us and gave us the newspapers and bottles that they had. One older lady invited us in for some milk and cookies. Yeah, Grandpa and his kid brother, Jody, didn't have any clue about what we might have looked like as a couple of young boys knocking on doors asking for old garbage.

While living in Montana, Dad had somehow come into possession of a semi-truck full of bagged apples. He made me sell them door-to-door. I loaded up bags of Red Delicious apples in a wheelbarrow and walked all over Kalispell, Montana selling apples for \$1.25 per bag. I got to keep 25 cents for each bag I sold. Even younger, as a Boy Scout in Idaho, we would have fund raisers and sell all kinds of things. I once went out on my own as a young boy and sold packs of 10 plastic combs for whatever I could over 1 dollar. I had to give 1 dollar for each pack to our leader. I kept whatever amount I could convince someone to pay me for the pack over 1 dollar. It was usually only a nickel or a dime over 1 dollar, but sometimes I'd get a quarter.

As farm boys, other farmers would hire my brothers and me to haul their hay and do other odd jobs. One summer I made almost \$100. I thought I was rich. The fact is, I probably made around 25 cents or less an hour for all the work that I did ... but again, I didn't have a clue what was fair and what was not in the money world.

Jody and I never saw a penny from all the newspapers we gathered. Dad would take them to the recycler for cash. But Dad didn't know about the empty pop bottles. We'd get them and take them to the store and cash them in ourselves.

All these jobs helped me to learn about the value of money. There was money in this world. Everyone seemed to have some. The trick was learning how to get someone to give you their money.

You see, Grandkids, that's all there is to money and business in this world: learning the tricks to convince another person to give you their money.

In fact, that's what the world is all about.

And the greatest trick of all is convincing another person to work and make you money so that you don't have to work. I

t wouldn't have been too hard to convince Jody to go gather bottles in a wagon by himself and bring them back home to me. I would pay him a penny for a nickel bottle and a nickel for a dime bottle. Either way, Jody did all the work and I made money doing nothing. Jody didn't have a clue. But as we have explored Grandpa's narcissistic sociopath behavior, my personal mental disorder couldn't do this to my brother. And I never did. But I could have. At that time, Jody didn't have a clue.

When we start attending school, we had to be on time or we were marked as tardy. It's a law that our parents are required to send us to school, or provide us with a government-approved education through homeschooling. There wasn't a lot of homeschooling when I was young. Kids went to school. That's what kids are supposed to do.

From an early age we were taught to get out bed, get dressed and rush off to school before the tardy bell rang. We were punished when we were tardy. We were learning how to be good employees who always came to work on time and spent their day doing their assigned tasks. When we attended school, the Principal was the Manager and the teachers were the Supervisors in the world's business called: EDUCATION.

Yeah, grandkids. We were being tricked.

We were being deceived and inculcated (which means to *teach (someone) an attitude, idea, or habit by persistent instruction*) to be an employee for someone and help make money, not for us, but for them. We were being taught by deception and inculcation to, (using the example above), go around the neighborhood and collect bottles for less than what they were actually worth so that someone else could profit from our work without doing anything.

An education was teaching us the tricks without us realizing that we were being tricked by being taught the tricks, which we were tricked into believing were not tricks.

Confusing?

This is exactly how the world works and why there is so much poverty and inequality.

I already explained how bad men invented a God that gave commandments to pay tithes and offerings of the "first fruits of your labors" to God's chosen Priests or you won't be saved in heaven. Religion is just another one of these tricks.

So, how did all these tricks start?

Well, you're not going to find out by going to school and being tricked out of your money (paying for an education). Those who have tricked you don't want you to see it as being tricked out of you money. They tricked you into believing that an education is good and valuable. No. An education turns you into an employee ... or rather ... a slave.

Here's what one of Grandpa's mentors wrote about this:

(Beginning of excerpt.)

For every one person who can claim success in reaching the standard of accepted self-awareness and prosperity, ninety-nine others suffer from the means used to achieve this prosperity without the ability to attain it for themselves. In the race to be counted of worth in a world of values and standards set to benefit those who set them, no notice is given to the devastating effects of the contest.

“Freedom” is an abstract idea perpetuated by those in power over others. Evident forced slavery has simply been replaced with tacit slavery. Rising to the sound of a rooster’s crow to harness the mule to the plow has been replaced with the obtrusive sound of an alarm clock that signals the beginning of another enslaved day. In both types of slavery, the wise ones are forced to work or they will die. The former was provided food, clothing, and shelter; the latter is given a piece of paper that must be exchanged for commodities owned by another slave owner.

The slave’s desire to live enriches the landowner for whom he or she works, and also the merchant from whom he or she must purchase life. The former was forced into chains if work and rules were not completed as established by the master; the latter is locked in a jail cell for the same reasons. Neither chose to be born into slavery; each would have rather been born the child of a slave owner: one who never saw the butt end of a mule pulling a harrow, or the other who will never hear the sound of a time punch-clock.

Though modern owners do not outwardly display their employees as personal human property, the slave trade has transformed itself into a shared commodity of the corporations and wealthy of the world. Within the commercial organizations that buy and sell goods, make products, and provide services, there exists a proprietary implication that if a slave refuses to work for one business, in order to remain alive, the rebellious runaway must submit to another. By running away from one plantation, the need to eat, and be clothed and housed necessitates the acceptance of another.

Chained ignorantly without lock or key, the writing on the wall has little affect on the minds of the wise ones who see themselves as individual and equal human beings instead of slaves. Thus, have they been convinced and deceived. The very essence of their innate human nature disallows the possibility that they can be controlled. They are convinced that it is possible that one day they, too, might own a business and have others work for them, forgetting their immediate state of enslavement by the illusory daydream of financial freedom and wealth.

Day after day, their minds are gratified and lulled into a tempered calm as they toil in the fields, cubicles, or other employment they do not enjoy but have chosen by force. The “Dream” satisfies their inner conflict by convincing them that it is possible to become a landowner; hence, they are indeed equal to their masters who were once enslaved like them.

The wise ones are not isolated to being slaves to the rich and powerful, but have also become indentured to their own desire to become a master. “Getting ahead in the world” has become the model of individuality. It becomes easier for them to alienate their minds from the conditions of poverty and destitution required at the bottom of the corporate chain, because of the image in

their minds of future success and the opportunity to jump from the ninety-nine percent to the one percent.

The wise ones have become desensitized, and pay no attention to human history that has paved a path of awareness to the place where the thin thread hangs, and demonstrates that the set percentages have never changed, and never will—one wise one on top needs ninety-nine others below in order to keep them buoyed up on the sea of humanity.

Many of the ninety-nine die with little notice or fanfare, and are soon replaced by other unknown faces, struggling to stay alive, and hoping to one day reach the top. The ones pay no attention to the loss of faceless individuals they knew nothing about. Clothed in robes of excess and prosperity, they find no relevance in any matter outside the walls of their personal kingdom of gratification and family. The robes by which they are clothed came at a price—the cost of other human beings whose every breath stitched the woven threads of their contrived tapestries.

(End of excerpt.)

The above excerpt was taken from a book that bears Grandpa's name. I didn't write the book, but was asked to take credit it for it so that I could explain it to others who wanted to know more about it. The book is called, *666, The Mark of America, Seat of the Beast—The Apostle John's New Testament Revelation Unfolded*. Grandpa is legally recognized as the book's *Author* and *Proprietor*. (Proprietor means owner.)

Believe it or not, one of Grandpa's mentors lived upon this earth during the early 19th Century and was also legally recognized as a book's *Author and Proprietor*. Here's an actual photo of the book's first printed proof of its Title Page:

THE  
**BOOK OF MORMON:**

AN ACCOUNT WRITTEN BY THE HAND OF MORMON,  
UPON PLATES TAKEN FROM THE PLATES OF NEPHI.

Wherefore it is an abridgment of the Record of the People of Nephi; and of the Lamanites; written to the Lamanites, which are a remnant of the House of Israel; and also to Jew and Gentile, written by way of commandment, and by the spirit of Prophecy and of Revelation. Written, and sealed up, and hid up unto the LORD, that they might not be destroyed; to come forth by the power and power of God, unto the interpretation thereof; sealed by the hand of Mormon, and hid up unto the LORD, to come forth in due time by the way of the interpretation thereof by the gift of God; an abridgment taken from the Book of Ether.

Also, which is a Record of the People of Jared, which were scattered at the tower the LORD confounded the language of the people when they were built up to get to Heaven: which is to shew unto the remnant of the House of Israel how great things the LORD hath done for their fathers; and that they may know the covenants of the LORD, that they are not cast off forever; and the convincing of the Jew and Gentile that JESUS is the CHRIST, the SON OF GOD, manifesting Himself unto all nations. And now if there be fault, it is the mistake of men; wherefore condemn not the things of God, that ye may be found spotless at the judgment seat of CHRIST.

---

BY JOSEPH SMITH, JUNNIOR,  
AUTHOR AND PROPRIETOR.

---

PALMYRA:

PRINTED BY E. B. GRANDIN, FOR THE AUTHOR.

1830.

*Presented to the Church of*



It's pretty easy to understand where Grandpa got the words that he used for the MWAW books of which he is the author and owner. The words were texted to me through a cell phone. To prove this was the case, you might want to look in your history books and find out when texting first started.

Remember when I explained that I was first approached to "write" *The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon* in April of 1991? At this time I didn't know anything about cell phones or the technology surrounding it. But those who asked me did. They gave me some sort of a cell phone thingamajig and showed me how to receive text messages from it.

Now, why do you think they waited until 1991 to introduce me to texting?

Because the world would first be introduced to texting by the end of the same year.

Remember when I told you that there was no magic or anything that is supernatural that happens upon Earth?

Well, there was no magic in how received the words through text messages that I would write down, which eventually became the words that I would author and own. At that time, it would have been easy for the world to believe that I was receiving text messages from someone, somewhere, that contained the words for the books. So that the rest of the world would have an easier time accepting the non-magical way by which *The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon* was written, my mentors waited until the technology of texting was finally introduced.

When they asked me to be the legal author and owner of the book, my life would have been much easier if I could have simply explained that the words that I wrote down were texted to me by others who were a lot smarter than me.

But nooooooooooooooooooooo!

Because the book was the "sealed part" of the *Book of Mormon*, we had to present the story in the same way that Joseph Smith, Junnior [*sic ... I like this sic way of spelling his name*] did. The exact same way!

Now, wait a minute, Grandpa! There were no cell phones back in the early 19th Century! So how could Joseph Smith have received text messages that contained the words that he had his scribes write down on paper?

Hey, Grandkids!

How do you know that there was no cell phone technology in the early 19th Century?

Oh, from being tricked through education ... Right? That's what the history books say ... Right? That's what your teachers taught you ... Right? Or maybe ...

That's what your religious leaders have tricked you into believing. They trick you into believing that there is an invisible God in heaven who hears and answers your prayers, but will not reveal anything to you that is not personal, that might be something beneficial to the rest of the world. They tricked you into believing that if God has something to tell the world, He will do it through his chosen priesthood leaders: prophets, seers, popes, and priests ... Right?

They have tricked you into believing that if God was going to reveal the sealed part of God's *Book of Mormon* to the world, God would not do it through somebody from Joe's Bar and Grill ... Right?

GRANDPA: Do you know from whom your religious leaders are receiving their information? From their own egos, from Lucifer, the devil whom they teach you to fear and avoid by staying faithful to them, paying your tithing, and doing what they tell you to do.

GRANDKIDS: What? The devil?

GRANDPA: That is one of their names.

GRANDKIDS: They are quite different people from what they told me the devil is. They said the devil has claws like a bear's on his hands, horns on his head, and a cloven foot, and that when he speaks he has the roar of a lion!

GRANDPA: They have said this to deceive and trick you, and I would advise you to get out of their employ.

GRANDKIDS: Your advice is good; but, if I leave their employ, what will become of me?

GRANDPA: I will teach you the Real Truth, with the rest of the world.

GRANDKIDS: That is good.

But alas, I highly doubt that any of you are going to believe me and let me teach you the Real Truth.

You see, Grandkids, you've been receiving a lot of value from "being employed" by these bad men, going to school and learning what *they* want you to learn. You might have a certified degree to prove it. It is going to be very hard for you to give up all the value that you receive from the world in order to accept that Grandpa might know the Real Truth.

More than likely, you will turn away from Grandpa, tap *Lucifer* on the shoulder, who has now turned his back on you because you've been reading Grandpa's books, and ask to be paid.

What Grandpa knows you will never learn in school or church.

You cannot know what Grandpa knows unless you become as a little child. Let me repeat that again:

You will never accept what Grandpa has to teach you unless you become the YOU you were before you started to go to school to become tricked and inculcated by the bullshit that the human ego offers you through an education.

Remember when I wrote about the time I met your mom/aunt Brittany for coffee and threw out a line trying to get her to bite on more of what I had to offer her than just being her father? Part of the bait was quoting a man who Brittany had been tricked into believing was one of the most intellectual people in the world: Albert Einstein.

Grandpa quoted Einstein to Brittany:

“Only two things are infinite, the universe and human stupidity, and I’m not sure about the former.”

Brittany was trying to decide at the time whether or not to go back to school and get her degree. She had a great job. She didn’t like her job, but it paid her a lot of money. Somehow Brittany was tricked into believing that by going back to school and getting her degree she would become more valuable ... to her own ego ... to *Lucifer*. But it was Dad having coffee with his daughter that day. Not a True Messenger trying to cast out Lucifer. But anyways ...

I should have stuck with Einstein. Brittany didn’t have much respect for my intelligence. Maybe she would for Albert Einstein’s. Here’s some of the things that he said about education:

“Education is what remains after one has forgotten what one has learned in school.”

“The only thing that interferes with my learning is my education.”

“Reading, after a certain age, diverts the mind too much from its creative pursuits. Any man who reads too much and uses his own brain too little falls into lazy habits of thinking.”

You learn to read the bullshit that others have written when you are attending school. When you read another’s words, you are getting *their perspective* and being tricked into believing whatever it is that the author and proprietor of the book wants you to. You are no longer using your own brain or imagination.

Reading is the way that we are tricked to accept the self-worth and importance of another by denying our own.

Everyone wants to write a book about something. Everyone thinks that their experiences are worth another knowing. If they can write a book, others will read it and give the author and proprietor of the experiences honor and glory.

Let me tell you the Real Truth about writing your own book, Grandkids:

No one gives a flying fuck about your experiences unless it will enhance theirs. No one really gives a shit about what you know, how many degrees you have, how much money you make,

unless you are going to share your money with them or entertain their mind with your experiences.

And since the typical, *normal*, life is pretty boring and uneventful, bad people make things up and trick you into believing that their life experiences are worth reading about.

There are books written by people who have been abducted by aliens, who have seen things that are supernatural, who have had near-death experiences, who have had experiences that you haven't had.

And of course, there are books written by people who want you to believe that they know God, the Creator of Heaven and Earth. The religions of the world call these: scriptures (God's word).

It's a lot more entertaining to tell a story about a time when the Creator of the earth (God) flooded the entire earth, when the Real Truth is that a small area of the world where you lived received so much rain that the rivers and streams flooded over. And after you embellish\* the story about an otherwise boring flood taking place in your home town, you have to keep lying to answer any followup questions.

\**Embellish*: make (a statement or story) more interesting or entertaining by adding extra details, especially ones that are not true.

If God flooded the Earth with water, how did the animals and people survive? A good storyteller ... you know, the bad people who embellish things to bring value to themselves ... adds extra details:

God commanded a man, his wife, and his three sons and their wives to build an Ark and put two of every kind of animal in the Ark to save them from the flood.

Okay. That makes sense ... at least to those who fell for your bullshit story in the first place.

But then another person thinks about it and asks,

“If Noah and his family were all white people, then how did the black people and the Asian people come to be more numerous on Earth than the white people?”

Once backed into a corner, the bad authors and proprietors of the stories end the discussion by saying, “Only God knows. We shouldn't worry about things so much. God will figure everything out for us in heaven.”

Well, Grandkids, all of the sudden, at about 2:30 a.m. on June 16, 1987, Grandpa knew what God knew ... EVERYTHING!

I knew then that everything that I had been taught in school, everything that had been taught to me in church ... EVERYTHING ... was a lie—an embellishment.

When I get to the details of April 1991, when my mentors approached me to join their cause and become the *Author and Proprietor of The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon*, I'll fill you in on my first reaction when they told me that they wanted me to lie to the world. I'll explain how they convinced me at first that we needed to *embellish* a few things so that we could open up minds to the Real Truth. I'll explain how I first agreed, then refused, and spent over 12 years trying to open up people's minds without embellishing the lies in which people already believed.

And it came to pass, that I was wrong and my mentors were right.

Do you know how many books there are in this world? Millions. And what do they contain? BULLSHIT! EVERY ONE OF THEM.

Yep, even the MVAW books that have my name as the *Author and Proprietor*. But there is one yet to come that I will not be the legal author and owner of: *The Dream of Mortal Life, Understanding Human Reality—A Final Warning to the Human Race*.

I will not be the owner of this book because I am not the source of the knowledge contained therein.

Einstein also said,

“The only source of knowledge is experience.”

To gain the knowledge of the Real Truth about the earth, and everything that there is to know about it, it is required of one *who knows* to have experienced it. Otherwise, you cannot have any knowledge about it. You only have embellishments.

Scientists weren't there when the universe formed, so where did they get their knowledge of the Big Bang? They weren't there when plants and animals become what they are, so where did they get their knowledge of evolution?

And “the mysteries of God” being the answer is just a copout (avoiding commitment or responsibility) by the bad people who deceive and trick you into reading their bullshit scriptures.

Yeah, but Grandpa ... How do we know that your knowledge isn't a lie and embellishment? How do we know that you aren't lying to us about what happened on June 16, 1987? It's a pretty good story that gives a lot of value and purpose to your life. How do we know that you didn't make it up just like all the rest of the bad people who have boring, normal lives, but want others to value them?

GREAT QUESTIONS, Grandkids! Now you're using your heads!

You will know because Grandpa is going to explain things that science cannot ... that God cannot. And when you consider my explanation, I have no doubt that it will make sense to you. If it doesn't make complete sense, according to your own knowledge ... not according to your experience attending school and learning the lies told by others, but from your own experiences

... according to what you have actually experienced in your own boring, *normal* life, then it is a lie.

But if it makes sense, then what Grandpa is telling you is Real Truth.

And the other thing is, I am not asking for any money for telling you the Real Truth. I do not want to be known. No one knows where I am at. If one were to meet me on the street, no one would know me.

You see, Grandkids, I am no different than you. You know what I know too. You just can't remember what you know because of your brain. The only thing that happened to my brain was that it started to be able to remember what I already knew, but had forgotten ...

... BECAUSE I WENT TO SCHOOL!

But anyways ...

We didn't stay long in El Toro-Mission Viejo. My dad moved us closer to San Diego where he would have an office at the Huish Family Fun Center located on Clairemont Mesa Blvd and the 805 freeway. He found a home to rent in the new suburb of Mira Mesa.

My brothers, Mike, Cory, and I were among the first students at the new Mira Mesa High School. We didn't even have a school mascot yet. Later during the year, the students would vote and we would become the Marauders. I was a Freshman. I made the Varsity Basketball team. I remember my very first Varsity game:

I was so excited to play for the Varsity team as a freshman that I forgot to pack my basketball shoes. I was dressed in my uniform stressed out in the locker room without any shoes. I had worn sandals, as was typical of the warm San Diego environment. In my stocking feet, I entered the gym and found my dad sitting among the other spectators.

"Dad, I need your shoes. I forgot mine," I desperately pleaded.

My dad could be funny. He did have a pretty good sense of humor. He made a lot of people smile and pay attention to the embarrassing situation:

"I ain't giving you my shoes!" he loudly responded.

I thought I was going to die of embarrassment. There didn't seem to be another sound in the gym. It seemed like everyone in the gym was focused on me and my dad. He made me beg. And I did. But after allowing me to feel the agony, with a smile on his face, my dad took off his tennis shoes and I played my very first Varsity basketball game at Mira Mesa High School in my father's shoes. Can't remember how I did.

After my Freshman year at Mira Mesa, my basketball coach recommended me for the National Team from San Diego. I told you about this in a preceding chapter. I explained how my father

would not sign the authorization form unless it was guaranteed that I would not play on Sunday. God was more important than basketball.

That same summer my dad moved us to Poway, California. My basketball coach at Mira Mesa wanted me to stay there and play for him. To do so, my father would have to sign a waiver. I took the waiver form home and told Dad that I wanted to stay at Mira Mesa so I could play all four years on the Varsity team. His response was typical Dad's:

“How you going to get there every day? I'm not going to take you. You can go to Poway High with your brothers.”

So, I went to Poway High and turned my attention from the hurt and rejection I felt from being denied the honor of basketball, and focused more on football.

As a Sophomore, I made the Poway Varsity football team. But since I was only 15 years-old, I needed my dad to sign a waiver in order to play Varsity at such a young age. His response was typical Dad's. I played Junior Varsity football my first year at Poway.

The next year, my Junior year, I would excel at football. I made the Avocado East All Region First Team as a defensive back from Poway. No other Junior made the team. Making this team was the same as making the All-State First Team in other less populous states, such as Utah.

My dad's family all attended West High School in Salt Lake City, Utah. In 1978, West High was Utah's premier football powerhouse under coach Gene Plaga, whose name currently endows West High's football stadium. After finishing my Junior year playing football for Poway High, my father got the itch to move back to Montana. So that I could play basketball at what would be my *third* High School, my dad sent me to Kalispell to live with a LDS/Mormon family we knew so that I could start basketball at Kalispell High School.

While my family stayed in Poway, California, I rode the bus to Kalispell and enrolled as a Flathead Brave in the late fall of 1978. And who would I run into my very first day at Kalispell High? Danette Harmon. Yep, the girl who had a few years before taught me how to kiss. It was awkward. Danette had another boy friend. But I had long hair and a tan. Danette's boyfriend wasn't an athlete and he didn't have long hair and a tan. Besides that, I was in love with Tammy Weech, whom I left as my girlfriend in Poway.

Tammy was my first love. She was LDS/Mormon too. But that didn't stop us from exploring each other's bodies in ways that were not permitted by our Heavenly Father. On one occasion, we where half naked and Tammy wanted me to be the one who took her virginity. She was very beautiful and very well-endowed. But “the Lord” had other plans for me instead of becoming a teenage dad. The moment she gave me permission, my head filled with fear ... not fear of performing, but the fear of God. I went completely limp and used other *handy* means to satisfy Tammy's desire.

Yeah, Tammy and I were pretty serious and were hiding the extent of our teenage sexual explorations from everyone. But God knew. And so did my dad. He wasn't stupid.

Maybe he actually did want to move back to Montana, and sent me there before the family to get me away from Tammy Weech. But I was barely back in Kalispell for two weeks before he had Brother Dee Mortensen (we called each other “brothers and sisters” as LDS/Mormons) put me back on a bus for San Diego.

[February 19, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's Autobiography](#)[Edit](#)

#

# Chapter 9: The end of High School.

Yeah, Grandpa definitely knows some things.

Shortly after we introduced the Humanity Party® to the world in a mock U.S. presidential run by using the *Anonymous* symbol as a candidate (more on this later), a book was published called, *The Boy Who Played With Fusion* (Clynes, Tom, 2016). Portions of this book originally appeared in the popular magazine, *Popular Science*. The story is about a young teenager boy who wanted to help save his grandmother from dying of cancer. He studied everything that he could about the medical procedures doctors were using to help save his grandmother, most which included nuclear medicine, which is the branch of medicine that deals with the use of radioactive substances in research, diagnosis, and treatment.

Everyone wants to make their grandmother proud of them, right? Well, by the end of this chapter, you will come to know how and why my own grandmother would come to despise the very thought of me being her grandson.

Being a good person, the boy wanted to find a way to make these life saving medical procedures available to everyone for free. He studied everything he could get his hands on that was written about nuclear science. He educated himself, and in doing so needed the help of all those whose egos had written a book on the subject, as Grandpa explained about writing and education in the last chapter.

Long story short, by the time he was a teenager, this boy would make his own nuclear reactor at home and began to experiment with nuclear science.

I already mentioned that I became the Senior Class President of West High School, Class of 1980. I mentioned that I gave the Commencement Speech that was traditionally given by the Senior Class President. During the graduation ceremony I would share the stage with our school's Valedictorian. One of the other Valedictorians was Lisa Hughes.

Lisa was extraordinarily beautiful and extremely intelligent. Although a lot of boys wanted to date her, Lisa appeared to have no interest in High School boys and was known to date college men. For some reason, I was drawn to Lisa during High School. She wasn't a LDS/Mormon, so I never thought that dating her was an option at the time. I would not know why I was so drawn to her until many years later.

Lisa Hughes used education and studied hard to succeed in the world. She graduated college as an engineer, basically, a Rocket Scientist. Because she stayed mostly to herself and intimidated the shit out of the little boys her age, few knew the *real* Lisa. But one of the mentors who was following me throughout my life did.

Lisa didn't know (until she reads this book) that she was to play an important part for my role as a True Messenger, not because of her beauty, but because of her worldly education.

While Lisa was going to West High School, she was also very poor. Her family lived in a trailer park. Her dad had moved her around just like mine had. Few of her fellow students knew this about Lisa.

My feelings for Lisa Hughes were not what the other boys were feeling. In fact, I didn't understand my feelings for her while we attended the same High School. We crossed paths a few times during our Senior year, but I was more involved with the social aspect of school, while Lisa was more concerned about learning. She seemed not to have cared less that she was being lusted after by the boys but chose to date college men. Many year later, in 2016, a few months before I gave my final public symposium, my mentors encouraged me to reacquaint myself with Lisa.

“Why?” I thought at the time.

The only time I had really given any thought to Lisa after our graduation was a couple of times when I opened our Yearbook. I would wonder what became of her. Because Sheri and I were having problems in our relationship (2016), I thought that maybe my mentors thought Lisa would be a better choice for a companion for me, if she was divorced. I didn't know if she was single when they told me to look her up.

I found Lisa on Facebook® and made contact. Lisa was divorced and living in the Salt Lake City area. Not really knowing what my mentors expected of the meeting, but realizing that Lisa must be a pretty special person or she wouldn't have been stalked throughout her life by my mentors as I was, we met at a local restaurant. This first meeting went very well.

Although we both had aged, she was still beautiful and very intelligent ... according to the world's standards. After Sheri had finally decided to leave me, I saw Lisa one more time in private, this time affording us both the opportunity of a possible relationship. We laughed and had a lot of fun together that day. There seemed to be some passion potential, but nothing that would intimately bind us to a committed relationship. Lisa hadn't come back into my life to replace Sheri. Lisa didn't come back into my life to give me sex and companionship. She came back into my life to give me an example of a very wonderful, kind, and compassionate mortal, who had never let religion guide her life, but who was everything that the world recognized as intelligent and successful.

Lisa was not using her education and intelligence to get rich. She was using it to help other people live healthier lives. She truly cared about the world. At first, I told Lisa very little about my role as a True Messenger, but my mentors insisted that I made sure she received a special invitation to the last public symposium I would have.

The symposium was a gathering of about 125 chosen people who had reviewed my first rough draft of the book, *The Dream of Mortal Life*. I knew Lisa was highly intelligent, and thought about this as the reason my mentors wanted me to have her input.

During the symposium, I allowed Lisa more time than most to give her opinion and ideas about the book. I allowed others to give their opinions also. Of all those present, those few who

believed that they were more intelligent than others talked the most. Lisa was more intelligent than all of them.

By listening to Lisa, I realized that the way that I was writing the book was not effective at helping the reader understand the Real Truth about human reality—who we are and why we exist. If Lisa's intelligent mind couldn't understand it properly, then I did not write it properly. Lisa's comments proved to me that the book was not written properly.

My mentors had a couple of reasons why they wanted me to reacquaint myself with Lisa.

First, so that I would realize that there are a lot of good, educated people in the world who are highly intelligent, as the world sees it. These people are not bad just because they have an education and have read a lot of books. Being educated is not what makes a person bad for the world. How one uses their education is what makes a person bad for the world.

Lisa Hughes was using her intelligence for good. The young boy I mentioned above might have started out with good intentions, but more than likely he will go on to college, earn some prestigious degrees and make a lot of money. Lisa did not use her education only to make money. She was trying to help others live a more healthy lifestyle.

The other reason why my mentors wanted me acquainted with Lisa, and why they followed her throughout her life, was because of the influence she would have on helping me see that using a lot of scientific terms and big words in explaining the Real Truth was not the way to help others understand it. Again, if Lisa Hughes, who had a very similar background and upbringing as my own, did not come away with a clear picture of Real Truth after reading my first rough draft, then no one would ... no one could. Lesson learned.

Lisa's *True Self* and my *True Self* are close friends, something that she does not remember. This was the reason why I was so drawn to her during our brief association at West High School. When we were close for a few moments during the two times we saw each other privately, we started to feel the impact of the connections that are made between humans because of their relationships as their *True Selves* ... as advanced humans participating in the *dream of mortal life*.

We might not see each other again upon Earth, during our present incarnates, and surely, Lisa will never quite understand the impact she has had on me completing my role as a True Messenger. But when we've shed these mortal avatars of ours, we will see each other as we *really* are ... and share some laughter that she will recall we once shared as we filled some bottles with pure water out of a Utah mountain spring.

No matter how much Lisa Hughes and the young boy wanted to change the world with the things that they had learned in school by reading and studying science, nothing that either of them can do with their education will change the course of this world.

On February 19, 2019, [the world would come to know another teenager who built a nuclear reactor in his home ... a working fusion reactor](#). The news story would report:

“He began working on the fusion reactor at 12 years old, after concluding that he didn’t want to dedicate his leisure time solely to playing games like Fortnite. He began scouring the Internet for nuclear-related things because that’s what he says held his interest. Yes — at 12 years old.”

Many months before this news story was released to the public, we had explained how a twelve year-old boy would one day destroy our solar system and end the mortal experience for OUR GROUP of advanced humans. We published a few articles under the Humanity Party®, and I wrote some things about it in an online blog. (*Editors: please find and insert links to these.*) We told the Real Truth.

If it doesn’t happen sooner, the following is what will occur on June 16, 2145, at 2:30 a.m.:

A young boy of twelve years, a highly intelligent boy, one the world will consider a savant, will have been “scouring the Internet for nuclear-related things” for a few years. But at that time in the future, there will be a lot more known about fusion, and a lot more one can find on the Internet.

*Fusion* is the nuclear reaction that created and maintains the sun of our solar system. Although modern scientists will discover ways to control fusion and use it to ... make money, they will never be allowed to discover the one piece of information that they would need to create the same reaction that created our sun.

When the time is right ... or better ... when the time is wrong, this young twelve year-old savant will be given this one piece of information. Being a savant, this boy will not have a normal brain that can distinguish socially acceptable acts from those that are not socially acceptable. But he will be highly sophisticated (in one way) and intelligent and possess an exceptional brilliance and skill at understanding nuclear fusion.

The one piece of information about a fusion nuclear reaction that scientists will not be allowed to discover, because they could then recreate the sun, will pop into this savant’s mind. Not having the social mental ability to reason out what it would mean to the rest of humanity if he creates a new sun, the savant will recreate our sun in his homemade reactor. His new sun will instantly vaporized Earth and all the rest of the planets, as well as extinguish our sun.

Today’s scientists call this a supernova. A *supernova* is when a star [a sun] suddenly increases greatly in brightness because of a catastrophic explosion that ejects most of its mass ... at least that’s what scientists have guessed. And science is wrong.

What we observe as a supernova out in the universe is another sun exploding and engulfing an entire solar system where another group of humans live. This is allowed to happen when the humans assigned to the solar system are not able to exist according to the purpose for which we were meant to exist as mortals on planets, in other solar systems found throughout the universe.

By June 2145, somewhere else in our universe, human scientists will be looking into space and observe and take note of another supernova: OURS. They will not realize that an entire solar system and billions of people disintegrated instantly. These same scientists will also observe and

make the conclusion that the universe is expanding ... at least from their *perception* and *perspective*. (Grandpa explained these two words in a preceding chapter.) The Real Truth is, whenever a new sun is created, where one did not exist previously, the creation pushes outward, giving the impression of expansion.

Remember what the final MVAW book is called?

Its title includes a very important clue: *A Final Warning to the Human Race*.

The information in the book will warn the human race what is going to happen if people do not change things on Earth.

No amount of worldly education and good will is going to change things. History has proven this. Lisa Hughes proved this and provided a *real life* example that Grandpa could use.

The only thing that will save this world, is if the people of the world learn the Real Truth about who they are and why they exist, which will then change the way they look at each other and do things.

The first step in doing this is to end poverty and inequality throughout the world.

The people of the world can take this first step. We have the knowledge. We have the technology. Our Humanity Party®'s political platform has provided the blueprint for the right type of government that can initiate change without impeding the purpose of mortal existence: individuality and free agency, for all, equally.

At the same time that the world was finding out that even a young teenager could make a homemade nuclear reactor, we were presenting the world with a plan that could end poverty throughout the world. We offered any one, of any education level, anyone, \$100,000 in cash if one could show a flaw in the plan and prove that the plan would not work. No one stepped up to challenge the plan, because it will work! The excuses made for it not working was that people wouldn't get behind it and back it.

For God's sake, I couldn't even get any of your parents (my children) to stand up and back the plan. None even mentioned it to anyone or ever discussed it with me. If I couldn't even get my own kids to consider the plan, you can imagine the success I'd have with others. But anyways ... Sigh ...

Yep, Grandkids, through your narcissistic sociopath of a grandfather, the world was given the perfect plan to take the first step towards living together in peace and actually having *eternal* mortal life. Solving poverty is the first step.

The second step is eliminating everything upon Earth that can stop the mortal experience (cause death) ... even aging. If we can convince the world to live in peace and equality, then maybe we can convince the world to get rid of everything that can kill a human.

Can you imagine convincing animal activists and conservationists that we need to get rid of all the animals that can kill us ... every single one!? We need to kill all of the grizzly bears, all of the polar bears, all of the lions, wolves, sharks, every predator that has the ability to kill a person. Good luck, Right?

So, what would keep these “educated” activists from wanting to get rid of a life form that can kill a human?

The answer is simple: their egos. Yep, good ol’ Lucifer.

These “learned” ones spend a lot of money studying in school about animals and nature. They get others to give them money (grants) to study animals and nature, including all the predatory animals that can kill humans.

So, if we got rid of all of the animals that they have spent years studying, from which they receive money and worldly glory and knowledge for their work *saving* these animals, where would these “learned” ones get their self-worth and value?

Remember when Grandpa said that education is just bullshit; and that nothing that is taught in school is of any long-lasting benefit to humanity?

Sure, an education might help you make more money once you are educated in the tricks required to convince someone to give you their money. But, does anything that is taught in school have any *real* benefit to humanity?

Look at our world. Look at all the things that we have learned. Consider all this education ... all those books.

Now be honest and ask yourself if our world is moving towards “peace and life eternal” or to humanity’s eventual destruction. Is the world becoming a happier place in which to live, or a world of depression, anxiety, self-doubt, and loneliness?

Come on, Grandkids! You know the answer.

Then what good is all this education and science if humanity isn’t moving towards becoming better?

Maybe education would be good if we were taught the Real Truth about how things *really* are, how they *really* were in the past history of the Earth, and how they *really* will be in the future.

Well, I already told you what is going to happen in the future by mid-year 2145. This is the Real Truth. It makes sense, doesn’t it?

Keep in mind what I wrote in the last chapter about how you will know that Grandpa’s knowledge is the Real Truth:

“You will know because Grandpa is going to explain things that science cannot ... that God cannot. And when you consider my explanation, I have no doubt that it will make sense to you. If it doesn't make complete sense, according to your own knowledge ... not according to your experience attending school and learning the lies told by others, but from your own experiences ... according to what you have actually experienced in your own boring, *normal* life, then it is a lie.”

So, let's consider for a moment the first step in making the world a better place: solving poverty. No one has ever challenged the plan that was presented to the world through Grandpa. It is a plan that not even the most brilliant economists and political scientists in the world can dispute. It makes complete sense.

Now let's consider getting rid of all the animals on Earth that can kill humans.

As Grandpa tells you the Real Truth about where these animals came from, apply “your own knowledge ... not according to your experience attending school and learning the lies told by others, but from your own experiences ... according to what you have actually experienced in your own boring, *normal* life.”

Where do new species of plants and animals come from?

Science.

Why do scientists create new species of plants and animals?

To make money by convincing people to buy them because they need them.

Well, scientists would want you to consider it another way: to serve humanity.

Did these new species of plants and animals exist before humans made them?

No.

So, from your own knowledge ... not according to your experience attending school and learning the lies [about evolution] told by others, but from your own experiences ... according to what you have actually experienced in your own boring, *normal* life,

Where do new species of plants and animals come from?

What about new types of viruses and bacteria?

Check out this article from *Scientific American*:

**[Scientists Re-created an Extinct Virus](#)**

“For years there have been warnings that advances in science could make it possible to cook up killer diseases in laboratories and unleash them on the world.

“This week came news that scientists at the University of Alberta have put together from scratch a relative of the smallpox virus — and a reminder that the threat of deadly viruses created by humans is more than theoretical.

“The smallpox virus, which triggered brutal disease for centuries, was declared eradicated after a successful global effort to end its reign of terror. But some scientists fear that it could be revived through what’s known as synthetic biology — the ability to make a virus by putting together by the recipe outlined in its genetic code.”

WTF? Humans can create a new, or an old, virus “by putting together by the recipe outlined in its genetic code”? Yep.

If science knew the recipe to create a new plant or animal, can science create whatever type of plant or animal that it wants? Yep.

If science knew the recipe to create a new planet on which humans could live, could it create one? Yep.

During the *First Dispensation of Human Time* upon this earth, billions of years ago, humans weren’t creating anything new that didn’t serve humanity, properly and equally for all. Our first ancestors never considered creating a grizzly bear that could rip apart a human and eat a person. And surely, they never considered creating a T-Rex that could rip apart the largest Grizzly bear.

So what made human scientists so long ago start creating things that could kill other humans?

The answer is simple: their egos. Yep, good ol’ Lucifer!

The Real Truth is, everything that can kill a human, even old age, was created by humans “by putting [it] together by the recipe outlined in its genetic code” ... ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING!

All of these answers will make complete sense as Grandpa gives them to you, either as I explain them throughout my autobiography or in the MWA’s last book. One day you will have access to the MWA book, *The Dream of Mortal Life, Understanding Human Reality—A Final Warning to the Human Race*.

The book will either convince people to work together and start changing the world for the better, or it will deliver the Real Truth to “the the hardness of their hearts and the blindness of their minds unto their being brought down into captivity, and also into destruction, both temporally and spiritually according to the captivity of ...”

Their egos. Yep, good ol’ Lucifer!

In the early part of the 19th Century, in an attempt to influence change in the new nation of some united States full of Christian people who had been tricked into believing that God gave them the U.S.A. as a reward for their righteousness (cough, cough, cough ... sorry, Grandpa got some phlegm of hypocrisy caught in his throat), my mentors texted some words to Joseph Smith about what Grandpa was going to be involved with in the future:

“For the time cometh, saith the Lamb of God, that I will work a great and a marvelous work among the children of men; a work which shall be everlasting, either on the one hand or on the other—either to the convincing of them unto peace and life eternal, or unto the deliverance of them to the hardness of their hearts and the blindness of their minds unto their being brought down into captivity, and also into destruction, both temporally and spiritually, according to the captivity of the devil, of which I have spoken.”

While Grandpa was riding the bus from Kalispell, Montana, back to San Diego, California in the early part of November 1978, (because my dad couldn't figure out what to do with me), a SICK FUCKING GROUP OF CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS WAS PUTTING TOGETHER A RECIPE OUTLINED IN THE HUMAN IMMUNE SYSTEM'S GENETIC CODE TO CREATE A NEW VIRUS THAT THESE SICK MOTHERFUCKERS KNEW WOULD AFFECT THE SEXUAL FLUIDS SHARED BETWEEN TWO HUMANS OF THE SAME GENDER.

Upon returning to San Diego, my relationship with Tammy Weech was strained. Dad did well by sending me away from her. I played basketball for the Poway Titans and was one of the top scorers in San Diego. Having lost the main drive for basketball, I got into a skirmish with the coach and quit. When my dad found out, guess what he did? He sent me to Utah.

While my family stayed in California, my dad sent me to live with my aunt and uncle (Ron and Beth “Nemelka” Westerman) in Salt Lake City so that I could attend West High School. West High School was the Nemelka family's alma matter. My family was proud of the Nemelka name that was associated with this school. My uncle, Richard “Dick” Nemelka, would be one of the most popular sport figures of the early Seventies. He would go on to have a short career as a professional basketball player.

During the late Sixties and early Seventies, the Nemelka name was synonymous with worldly success. My grandfather ran for Salt Lake City Mayor. I had uncles who were successful attorneys. My grandfather had ties to the high leadership of the LDS/Mormon Church. My grandfather, Joseph Nephi Nemelka, would work for the Church up until the end of his life.

I enrolled at West High School as the basketball season was winding down. West's team was going to the State tournament so I played a few games with them. But now, I belonged to the football powerhouse of Utah: West High School under coach Plaga.

I remember working out with the team for a couple of practices during the summer of 1979 (before the start of my Senior year). I remember thinking that these Utah players could not possibly be Varsity players. In California, they would have been Junior Varsity, as far as their talent was in my eyes. But my ego wouldn't last. That summer I would destroy my knee playing softball for our church team.

I remember waking up from the operation to repair my knee with my uncle Dick at my bedside shaking his head. He lamented, "I told your dad not to let you play church sports!"

I suppose I was the one of our generation to follow in his footsteps. I was a much better athlete than my brothers and cousins. However, Jody would go on to become a very successful wrestler in his day. If Cory would have tried, he too could have gone much farther in sports than he did. But in my eyes, my brother Cory, was more interested in hating me and treating my like shit than pursuing his own talent. Cory was an asshole to me throughout our entire lives, and would continue his meanness and contempt for me far into adulthood. I was the star of the Varsity football team at Poway as a Junior. Cory was a Senior and didn't do too much with football. Jealousy? I do not know. Cory was a dick to me our entire life ... not as in an uncle "Dick," but as a prick. (More details on how Cory treated me later.)

But anyways ...

Because of my injury, I didn't play football my Senior year at West. My dad didn't care so much about my athletic ability, and at the time, I felt that my Heavenly Father didn't either, or God wouldn't have let me get injured playing at church.

Shortly after I enrolled at West High School in February of 1979, class elections were held. I hadn't been at West for more than just a couple months, when one of my best friends at West High, Chris Vaughn (a girl), nominated me and ran my campaign for Senior Class President. I ran against a kid named Mike Clark. Mike had lived in Salt Lake most of his life and knew all the kids. Mike also played football. And in a twist of irony, Mike Clark played the exact same positions that I did. Had I played my Senior year, Mike would not have played much. Needless to say, I wasn't very well liked by a lot of the popular guys.

Somehow I beat Mike Clark for Senior Class President. I really didn't want to be President, and hated being it. I didn't know the kids very well, and I had a hard time making close friends, having been sent to so many schools in the past. But I did know how to treat people.

I smiled and greeted everyone. Two of my best friends were a couple of girls named, Donna York and Kelly Baker. Both were a bit different and not too attractive. But I treated both as I did everyone else. In fact, although I was not attracted to either Donna or Kelly, I felt more comfortable around them than I did around the other popular kids.

However it happened, I won the election and became Senior Class President.

As I sat upon the stand at graduation at the Huntsman Center located at the University of Utah before giving my speech, I remember feeling bad that I was the Senior Class President that broke tradition. Before 1980, it was tradition that West High hold all of its graduation ceremonies in the famous LDS/Mormon Tabernacle located at Temple Square in Salt Lake City, Utah. Whether it was a coincidence of uncanny circumstance or not, the Church decided that from 1980 on, West High could no longer hold its graduation on Temple Square. I was the Senior Class President of the first class kicked out by the powerful LDS/Mormon Church. Yep, prophetic.

I gave my speech and looked towards the student section. I caught Lisa Hughe's eye for just a moment and we both exchanged a smile. That was the last time I would see her for many years.

As I sat there before my speech and pondered on the fact that I hardly knew the other students, I knew what I was going to do. Since West High traditionally held its graduation in the Mormon Tabernacle (yep, where the world famous choir sings), the students did not throw their hats at the end out of respect for the religious building. Again, whether prophetic or not, after I received my diploma, I took off my hat and launched it as high as I could. No one else did. Only me.

Grandmother Nemelka was horrified and embarrassed. She had sent 8 sons and one daughter to West High School, making a name for the Nemelka family by following traditional values and successes. And her own grandson was the one who broke with tradition.

Yeah, West High tradition wasn't the only thing her grandson would break. Little did she know, but her grandson was going to break other traditional values that had given her a sense of personal pride and joy about the Nemelka family name.

My High School experience would end on the same note that my life's purpose and mission would one day start: embarrassing those that gained worth and value from the Nemelka name.

I would go on to conflict Gayle C. Nemelka's (my grandmother) ego by one day explaining the Real Truth about where the Nemelka name recognition had actually come from ...

Yep, good ol' Lucifer!

But anyways ...

[February 20, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's AutobiographyEdit](#)

#

# Chapter 10: Pre-mission. Cory David Nemelka and me.

Have you figured out yet why I use profanity in my writings ... and in my life? I say “fuck” a lot. Why?

If you haven't figured it out, let me make it clear:

I use a lot of profanity because the world's religious leaders, business leaders, political leaders, and entertainers do not. At least not in public. Most of them do in private. But when these worldly successful people wear the masks that make them successful and hide who they really are in private, they do not use profanity.

I want nothing less than to be seen as a successful person in this world. If the world loves you, then it does because you are a part of it and are doing what makes the world what it is—what makes it successful at being what it is. And what is our world? Is it good?

The fact is ... get ready for this Real Truth ... the world is good.

How can the world not be good when it is a creation of highly advanced, the most advanced possible, life forms?

How can it not be good when it is an environment where a conscious experience takes place in the mind of these highly advanced life forms?

(Hopefully you'll understand this someday. The purpose of this autobiography is to help you understand this by using my own life as an example that you can relate to. Similar things that have happened to me throughout my life have also happened in your own life, I'm certain.)

The other reason why I use profanity is because I am very uncomfortable when people see me as someone special and not equal to everyone else. It's not hard to knock myself off a pedestal if someone has placed me on one. I need only to throw out a few “fucks” here and there to knock myself off the fucking pedestal upon which the world's most popular (religious leaders, business leaders, political leaders, and entertainers and successful) do everything that they can to be on top.

Now, Grandkids, you're going to have my critics and enemies attempt to convince you that your ol' grandad says things like the above that are just excuses for him not being successful in life. And that would be pure, fucking bullshit!

As I have explained and the details of my life will show, I could have done anything that I wanted to do and have been as successful in this world as anyone, IF in so doing I would have found my happiness.

To prove the point (that I am not the character of which my critics accuse me), offer the challenge to put the naysayer one-on-one in a room with me, record the event, and see how the critic fares. I have no doubt, that in every instance, both our true characters will be seen, both of our worldly potentials discovered.

I explained that the furthest thing from my mind was to become Senior Class President of West High School. I had only known the kids going to West High for about two months before I beat a guy that had grown up around them his entire fucking life. I didn't nominate me, Chris Vaughn did, but only after the insistence and support of one of the nicest people I have ever known: Ms. Bates, a jolly overweight secretary working in the Principal's office.

Ms. Bates had a heart of gold. She had grown up in Salt Lake City and knew the popular Nemelkas while attending West High with some Nemelkas in her youth. She took my hand one day when I came to her to pick up the key to the E-Board room. (The Executive Board room was where the school and class officers met in private. I used the room often to lament the fact that I was Senior Class President. I was often depressed and used the room to isolate myself alone ... a couple times to cry.)

Ms. Baines smiled and said, "Chris, you are a very special person. Very special."

Regardless of what my critics and enemies say about me, I have NEVER thought of myself as anyone special ... EVER. What Ms. Baines saw in me, you'll have to ask her.

A guy named Barry Bright wanted to fight me after a school dance. I had no idea at the time why Barry wanted to fight me. I was with the only boy whom I could somewhat call a good friend at West, David Cutwright "Cutter". Dave drove us to the dance in his car. As we left and were getting into Dave's car to leave, Barry approached the car and called me out. Again, at the time, I didn't know why he wanted to fight me. I was not a fighter.

Besides playing basketball in Poway, I wrestled in a county league and won my weight class and also the two above my weight. One of the other Mormon kids attending Poway was a Senior and had placed high in a statewide wrestling tournament. I pinned him in the first round. Cory and Jody were both great wrestlers. All that farm work paid off for us. But again, I wasn't a fighter. I hated fighting. Jody was the fighter. Not a few times I had to break up fights that Jody had gotten himself into at school.

I got out of Dave's car and asked Barry *why* he wanted to fight me. He didn't say. He just wanted to fight, probably to show that all the weight lifting he was doing was worth something. Another weight lifter, whom I called the Harry, the Hulk while we were going to West High School (his names escapes me at this writing), never asked to fight me, but one day walked up to Jody and punched him in the face. Others came and told me. Harry, the Hulk was friends with Barry Bright. Obviously, the two wanted to entice me into a fight.

I seldom got into fights growing up. Except with my older brother, Cory, who always initiated them.

As I wrote, my brother Cory didn't like me much as we were growing up. He always started the fights. Our last physical fight was during the time that we were both playing football at Poway. I was well known and a star on the team. Cory was not. Our cousin, Anthony "Tony" Nemelka was at our house when Cory confronted me about wearing his belt ... yeah, wearing his belt. The fight began.

Cory was a strong wrestler. But at this time, I could hold my own. I didn't try to beat Cory. I knew it would not be good, and my narcissistic sociopath heart had a hard time beating up my older brother. Our cousin Tony was frantic, upset, but eventually successful at finally convincing Cory to stop whipping on me.

One would have to ask Barry, Harry, the Hulk, and Cory why they didn't like me and wanted to kick my ass. I truly didn't have a clue why anyone would want to fight me. I was kind to everyone. I was thoughtful, compassionate, always good-natured, complimentary (even if I had to make shit up to make others feel good). I held the same good nature as a teenager that I did as a child ... as I do as your Grandpa. I never got into any trouble. I generally did everything asked of me by Dad and Gloria. But I'll have to be honest here, Gloria and I had our bad times.

Soon after we moved to California, Gloria's last child, James Howell, was born. After my family finally joined me in Utah in 1979, we were living in the Holiday area, a suburb of Salt Lake City. I was watching television downstairs and little James picked up a solid wood decorative bowl and threw it at my head. It fucking hurt! An adrenaline reaction picked little James up by the scruff of his neck. "You little shit!" I yelled, yanking him up and marching him up stairs. Gloria only saw *the way* I was carrying James and hit me various times with her own hand and took James from me.

"Bitch." I said under my breath. And that was that ... I thought.

My dad got home, called me upstairs, pushed me up against the wall and hit me with his fist in the face. "Don't you ever call your mother a Bitch again!" He hit me a second time and third time with a closed fist in the face.

For the first time in my life, I pushed Dad back and went downstairs. I didn't think then, nor have I ever thought about hitting my father back ... EVER. I packed up a few things and ran away. I ran to my Grandmother Nemelka's house. She welcomed me with open arms when I told her what had happened.

Many years before, shortly after my dad and Gloria were married, I remembered moving in with my grandparents. Only me. I learned that my grandmother had confronted my dad about the way that Gloria was treating me and removed me from our home and took me away to live with her and your great-great Grandpa Joseph Nephi Nemelka for a time. Those were good times for me as a little boy.

For whatever reason, Gloria had a very hard time with me.

What was it about me? Why did kids want to beat me up? Why did Cory hate me and want to beat me up all the time? Why did Gloria not like me? How could Gloria's niece smack a little boy just because he couldn't pronounce words? And ...

Why did my dad move only me away to Kalispell, Montana, back to San Diego, then to Utah, all during my Senior year of High School?

It couldn't have only been because of my serious relationship with Tammy Weech. Mike and Cory were doing things with girls much more than I was. Cory was doing even more!

Out of his eleven kids, why did my dad move only me? Long story, short, my dad was inspired by God to move me around so much. Yep ... the only true God.

As I wrote above, I was a good kid. I obeyed my parents, I got great grades in school, I was very successful at sports, and, ... at least according to how I felt others were treating me ... everyone in my life seemed to like me, except Cory and Gloria.

So why did my dad do what he did to me in trying to get me arrested in 1990, and many other things during the years that followed?

Dad, Gloria, Cory, Barry, and Harry, the Hulk, would not be the only ones who would do some things to Grandpa that might be considered malicious and terrible. All of your grandmothers would too.

So,

Was I the victim or the cause (perpetrator) that deserved the things that happened to me? Again ... are you ready for the Real Truth?

I was *not* the victim. I was the cause. Nothing that anyone has ever done to me, regardless of age, was terrible and malicious, at least from *their* perception and perspective.

Not one person in my life who has done something to me that was terrible and malicious, *from my perception and perspective*, has ever apologized ... Never! And they don't have to. Why should they have to apologize for something that I deserved, according to *their perception and perspective*?

Grandkids, I'm not sure if you'll ever get the chance, but if you do, you might ask this question of your grandmothers, Paula, Jackie, Marcee, or Vicky:

What did Grandpa ever do to you that was so bad that you didn't want him to see our parents?

And it came to pass that in the early part of 2002, Jackie, Marcee, and another woman with whom I had a very short relationship, Christine Marie Katas, would be asked to attend a meeting at the home of Earl Richardson to do whatever they could to convince his niece, Sherilyn Richardson, to leave me and not have anything to do with me.

(Later details given in this autobiography will show how Sherilyn became my wife. Sheri was my wife when her uncle convened this meeting with some of my exes in an effort to get her to leave me.)

Sheri asked each of my exes what I had ever done to any of them that she should be concerned about, and over which she should leave me. Their only answer was: he will deceive you and break your heart like he did us. Keep in mind that none of these three women left me until I broke things off with each.

Sheri was with me and wanted to stay with me for the same reasons that Jackie, Marcee, and Christine Marie were with me and wanted to stay with me. Why? You'll have to ask them why they didn't leave me when they could.

You need to get *their perception and perspective*.

During the meeting, Sheri became frustrated with them. She was waiting for these women to say that I had beat them, that I was mean, that I was a criminal ... something evil. But only breaking their hearts?

Here was Sheri's answer just before she got up and walked out of her uncle's house:

"I'll take my chances."

Up until June 15, 1987, I had no idea what would cause another person to viscerally hate me.

*Visceral*: relating to deep inward feelings rather than the intellect.

I could understand why Jackie, Marcee, Vicky, Christine Marie and a few other women would *viscerally* hate me. The intellect has very little to do with the way that a woman falls for a man. You can ask them why they were so stupid (lack the intellect) that they fell in love with me and stayed with me when they could have easily left me at anytime.

I was not the victim in my relationships with women. I was the perpetrator (the cause) of causing misery in their lives. I hurt these women because I did not choose to stay with them. I broke their hearts ... *viscerally*.

Yeah, I eventually broke Sheri's heart too. (Sherilyn Richardson isn't the only "Sheri" in my life. We will get to each woman later as we reach that part in my timeline.)

But this I can truly say about your Grandpa, I would never intentionally hurt another person.

The difference between your grandmothers (and the few other women whom I hurt but did not have any children with) and me is, I would ask for their forgiveness because I know that they were victims. Today, I would hug each of them with a smile, and if asked, I would do anything for them. I have always hoped the best for them, and will always hope the best for them.

I can say this about all my critics and enemies too.

I can say this about Barry, about Harry, the Hulk, and in regards to Cory and Gloria ... well, if they were totally honest, they would tell you how I have treated them at the few family events that I have attended in the past. I smiled, hugged them, and never once treated them any other way than with compassion, kindness, and respect.

While attending our parents 50th Wedding Anniversary, I found myself alone speaking with Kevin Wendell ... Full Bird Colonel Kevin Nemelka, United States Army. I told Kevin that he had done things right, and that I had done things wrong in my life. I told him that if he would ever tell his children something about their Uncle Chris, tell them that they need to abide by the rules of the world, don't try to fight them as I had. Tell them to become successful, not how Uncle Chris did it, but how their dad did. Neither Kevin, his wife, nor any of their kids has ever mistreated me ... to my face.

My older brother, Cory, his wife, and his kids ... are an entirely different other story.

But again, always keep in mind, that I have deserved everything I have experienced. I have never been a victim, and have always been the perpetrator, according to the Real Truth. I have always treated everyone with kindness, compassion and respect. I am this way *viscerally* ... relating to deep inward feelings. I have been this way my entire life. I will always be this way ... for billions and billions of year, worlds without end.

Now, this does not mean that I always hang around the people whom I treat with kindness, compassion, and respect. In most cases, although I always treat others good, I have a hard time being around most people. I know the Real Truth and I realize that my presence makes them feel uncomfortable and victimizes them. And it is my kindness, compassion, and respect that a makes me want to get away and stay away from them.

Some might say, "Chris thinks he's too good for us." This is not true. The Real Truth is:

Chris thinks he's *not* good for us.

I know that my presence around my family and around the women with whom I had relationships in the past was *not* good for them. I know that my presence is not good for most people. And if I know this, but I still hang around them, will I not then become the perpetrator (cause) of their uncomfortableness?

I can't stand victimizing people by causing discomfort in their life. So I stay away from them.

I wrote above,

"Up until June 15, 1987, I had no idea what would cause another person to *viscerally* hate me."

After June 16, 1987, I knew exactly why a person can hate me and why a person can love me. I knew exactly why most people in this world hate me and very few love me. But to explain it, we need to change a word or two:

I know exactly why a person is not comfortable around me and why a person is. I know exactly why the people in my life whom I have victimized were not *nice* to me, and I know why it is so easy for me to be *nice* to them.

As I said, I am no one special. I'm like everyone else. And if you're one who thinks I'm special ... Well, FUCK YOU!

Everyone is comfortable being around some people and uncomfortable around others. Unfortunately, most people are not nice to those around whom they do not feel comfortable. It is very rare in this world to find someone who treats everyone (friend or foe) equally nice.

I'm going to try to clarify what I am trying to explain here by using the example of my relationship with Cory, my older brother. In explaining this Real Truth, I am going to use Cory's religion, which was once my religion before June 16, 1987: the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (LDS/Mormon).

According to Cory's religion,

Cory is a *Celestial* person. I am not.

I do not do the things that the Church requires of a Celestial person. I do not believe in the eternal family. I do not go to church. I drink sometimes, have smoked weed, tried illegal drugs, and caffeine is a staple in my diet. I've been excommunicated and no longer have the gift of the Holy Ghost. I do not support God's chosen leaders, and worst of all, I do not believe in Jesus Christ.

For all intents and purposes, because I have been involved in something that takes even the most righteous and faithful Mormons away from the Church, according to Mormonism, I am an Anti-Christ, a Son of Perdition ... of the worst kind.

I have been following Lucifer for many years. I help Lucifer write books that when read, cause a person to leave the Mormon God and the only true and living church upon Earth. I hold the power that God has given to men through the Holy Priesthood in abject contempt and ridicule.

According to this particular god, there are three kingdoms of glory in the kingdom of God. The highest is the Celestial kingdom. The middle is the Terrestrial kingdom. And the lowest is the Telestial kingdom. Outside of God's kingdom is where the devil and his Sons of Perdition will live forever: Outer Darkness.

Here is the LDS/Mormon religion's official definition of a Son of Perdition:

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# Sons of Perdition

See also [Damnation](#); [Death, Spiritual](#); [Devil](#); [Hell](#); [Unpardonable Sin](#)

The followers of Satan who will suffer with him in eternity. Sons of perdition include (1) those who followed Satan and were cast out of heaven for rebellion during premortality and (2) those who were permitted to be born to this world with physical bodies but then served Satan and turned utterly against God. Those in this second group will be resurrected from the dead but will not be redeemed from the second (spiritual) death and cannot dwell in a kingdom of glory ([D&C 88:32, 35](#)).

- None of them is lost but the son of perdition, [John 17:12](#).
  - It is impossible to renew them again unto repentance, [Heb. 6:4–6](#) ([Heb. 10:26–29](#)).
  - Mercy hath no claim on that man and his final doom is never-ending torment, [Mosiah 2:36–39](#).
  - He is as though there was no redemption made, [Mosiah 16:5](#).
  - Those who deny Christ’s miracles to get gain shall become like the son of perdition, [3 Ne. 29:7](#).
  - They will receive no forgiveness in this world or the next, [D&C 76:30–34](#) ([D&C 84:41](#); [132:27](#)).
  - They are the only ones who will not be redeemed from the second death, [D&C 76:34–48](#).
  - Sons of perdition deny the Holy Spirit after receiving it, [D&C 76:35](#).
  - Sons of perdition deny the Son after the Father has revealed him, [D&C 76:43](#).
  - Cain shall be called Perdition, [Moses 5:22–26](#).
- 

There are some crazy people out there who do crazy things and act crazy when they confront the LDS/Mormon Church and its leaders. The LDS/Mormon Church has a lot of critics. These “crazy ones” are generally ignored because they are seen as crazy and pose no threat to a member’s testimony of the Church. They do not present things that can convince faithful Mormons that their religion is false. But I can. The Marvelous Work and a Wonder® has deceived even the most faithful members. (The well-known and respected Ida Smith, the great-great Grand Niece of Joseph Smith, is a case in point.)

Guess what, Grandkids?

Grandpa’s not seen as crazy, and none of the crazy ones is feared and held in contempt like your good ol’ Grandpa is by the LDS/Mormon leadership. Because of *The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon*, that if read with a sincere heart and real intent can and has de-converted many faithful LDS/Mormons, Grandpa is the LDS/Mormon Church’s Number One enemy. Yeah ... good ol’ me ... the ultimate Son of Perdition.

I fit the perfect description of what the Mormons believe a representative of Lucifer would present himself as, or as the devil himself might be if in a mortal body: handsome, charismatic, highly intelligent, smiling, and with that evil twinkle in his eye that reflects 99% truth and the 1% lie that can deceive a person and take one away from the Church.

The Real Truth: this is all true about me.

My presence (because through me the Marvelous Work and a Wonder® is presented to people) has victimized many members of the Church and taken many away from religion.

I am a Son of Perdition because I have denied the Father and the Son after receiving a testimony of them through the Holy Spirit. It is impossible to renew me again unto repentance. I will never repent of my victimizing people. Yes, I will ask for their forgiveness, but it impossible to change what I have done to them. Mercy has no claim on me and my final doom is never-ending torment. I am as if no redemption was made for my sins because I know that Jesus Christ was not a real person, but a religious character used to deceive the weak and control their minds and actions. I cannot receive forgiveness in this world or the next.

But anyways ...

Cory's children grew up fearing me. They pretty much hate me because of what they've heard about me from their father. Okay, that's not fair ... Maybe they don't hate me, but they are very uncomfortable in my presence.

At a family Christmas party in 2006, I was handing out \$20 bills to my nieces and nephews. I came to Cory's daughter, Sarah, a mother of a shit load of Celestial babies, and her staunch LDS/Mormon priesthood-holding husband. Sarah's husband took the money I handed Sarah and gave it back to me, proclaiming, "We don't take money from people like you! We don't like how you get your money." (I was working for WalMart at the time unloading trucks ... But anyways.)

One of my other nephews, Johnathon's wife was sitting next to Sarah. "I'll take the devil's money," she said with a smile on her face.

Yep, Cory and his son-in-law are Celestial people. Through the power of their priesthood and the Gift of the Holy Ghost, they recognize one of the devil's servants when they are in his presence.

Cory would relate to others that he would have dreams in which he was inspired to stop me and the work(MWAW) I was doing. Shortly after *The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon* was first published in 2004, Cory gave it his best shot. He trolled me relentlessly online. I never said one negative thing about him.

Yeah, I victimized Cory when I came up to him at our parents' 50th Wedding Anniversary in 2016, gave him a big hug and sincerely asked how he was doing. I victimized his kids every time I would smile at them and ask how they were doing in life.

You see, Cory and his kids don't need to be nice to me. Cory never has been. He's always felt uncomfortable around me our entire lives. Cory will not have to worry about ever dealing with me again. He is headed for God's kingdom and I'm headed for the Second Death—outer darkness with the devil. Why should Cory have to be nice to me when God is going to send me to hell anyway? Aren't Cory and his kids treating me like God is going to treat me? Terribly? Maliciously?

... at least according to my *perception and perspective*.

Now, do you want the Real Truth, Grandkids?

Everyone is right. Which makes everyone wrong.®

Cory's Celestial kingdom is my hell. My Celestial kingdom is Cory's hell.

Cory and I have never been comfortable around each other because we have completely different humanity types. We are both right, which makes us both wrong for each other. Neither of us has to hang around the other. This is where people have it all wrong. Just because you are part of a family doesn't mean you have to hang around your family if you're not comfortable being around them.

I have never been comfortable hanging around my family. Gloria has never felt comfortable being around me as her step-son. From the *perception and perspective* of an LDS/Mormon person, the Holy Ghost was helping Gloria, her niece, and Cory and his son-in-law *feel* the future presence of whom I would become, whom I have always been ... worlds without end ... a servant of the devil.

As I have reviewed my life, I've always been a loner. I've never really fit in with the Nemelka family. I've tried. I've always been nice when I've been around them. I've never done anything mean to anyone in my family. But what my dad did to me and what Cory has done to me is not nice ... but it wasn't any meaner than what God is going to do to me after I die, according to them. They are justified in treating me terribly because their god is going to treat me with with the ultimate terribleness: cast me out into outer darkness.

But guess what?

I'd much rather be partying with the devil in hell than worshiping in the temple with the Mormon God forever. Partying is so much more fun. If faithful LDS/Mormon types are those who are going to reside forever in the Celestial kingdom, PLEASE, DEAR LORD, SEND ME TO HELL!

Just fucking messing a bit ... Here's the Real Truth:

Each one of us is the best person we could possibly be. We are all equally good and the best according to what each of us has chosen for ourselves.

I'm going to try explain the Real Truth about this as easy as I can.

The following is not exactly how it is, but I am going to use some of the outline of Cory's religion because I want Cory to be able to follow it, he being inculcated by his religion to hold strong to specific *perceptions and perspectives*, as Grandpa explained before. The following scenario is close enough to the Real Truth to help you understand the Real Truth about our existence as advanced humans.

Before we had a mortal experience on this earth (pre-mortality), we all started out as un-gendered, equal infants created by advanced human mothers, whose only purpose in existing is to create us and help us choose who we want to become during our new life.

We were created (born) and lived on their planet with them. We lived in *their* solar system. In their solar system there are various planets filled with other advanced humans living life the way each wants to live. The people choose to live on the planet of their choice depending on if they are comfortable with the rest of the people living upon the same planet.

For my LDS/Mormon family members:

These are exalted people having been redeemed by God and received their own individual place in God's kingdom, either in the Celestial under the supervision of the Father, in the Terrestrial kingdom under supervision of Christ, or in the Telestial kingdom under the supervision of the Holy Ghost, each degree of glory having three divisions, each division having its own planet.

Yep, the Holy Ghost will eternally oversee those who live in the Telestial kingdom, who are those who,

“... are thrust down to hell ... [who] received not the gospel, neither the testimony of Jesus, neither the prophets, neither the everlasting covenant. ... These are they who are liars, and sorcerers, and adulterers, and whoremongers, and whosoever loves and makes a lie. These are they who suffer the wrath of God on earth. These are they who suffer the vengeance of eternal fire. These are they who are cast down to hell and suffer the wrath of Almighty God, until the fulness of times, when Christ shall have subdued all enemies under his feet, and shall have perfected his work.” (See Doctrine and Covenants 76:84, 101-106.)

You see, you LDS/Mormon Folks, you, the Holy Ghost is actually in hell overseeing things for God there. The Holy Ghost is actually the devil who oversees these kinds of people. ...

Ah, just fucking with you, Cory. You know the Lord will work out all the kinks in his doctrine and covenants ... not to worry. Sorry for victimizing you again. Rest assured, you won't have to deal with my victimization any more in this life or in the next. Remember, I am a Son of Perdition.

I “know [the Lord's] power and have been made partakers thereof, and suffered myself through the power of the devil to be overcome, and to deny the truth and defy [the Lord's power—[I am one of ] they who are the sons of perdition, of whom [the Lord has said] that it had been better

for them never to have been born; For they are vessels of wrath, doomed to suffer the wrath of God, with the devil and his angels in eternity; Concerning whom I have said there is no forgiveness in this world nor in the world to come—Having denied the Holy Spirit after having received it, and having denied the Only Begotten Son of the Father, having crucified him unto themselves and put him to an open shame. [I am one of] these [who] are they who shall go away into the lake of fire and brimstone, with the devil and his angels—And the only ones on whom the second death shall have any power; Yea, verily, the only ones who shall not be redeemed in the due time of the Lord, after the sufferings of his wrath. For all the rest shall be brought forth by the resurrection of the dead, through the triumph and the glory of the Lamb, who was slain, who was in the bosom of the Father before the worlds were made.” (See Doctrine and Covenants 76:31-39.)

Grandkids, is there any wonder why Cory and his kids see me the way that they do?

The fact is, Kevin and his kids have no choice but to see me in this way. Any of my family members who are LDS/Mormon have no choice but to see me in this way.

Now I hope it makes sense why I decided to cut all ties with my family and not have anything else to do with throughout my life. Regardless of their own actions, my compassion, kindness, and respect for them, because I know the Real Truth, does not want them to feel uncomfortable around me.

Let's say there are nine planets in our advanced Creators' solar system. Let's say these planets are divided into three different levels, depending on the three general humanity types to which all humans belong, according to the way we each choose to live.

Let's call the three different levels: the Solarian kingdom, the Lunarian kingdom, and the Stellarian kingdom.

Our Creators belong to their OWN GROUP of advanced humans. These have already grown and chosen their humanity type, where a “humanity type” is simply a person's particular way of dealing with the environment and with the other people found in that person's environment. There is no humanity type that is any better or worse than any other. Each is perfect according to the individual's choice.

For literally billions of years our Creators and the others in *THEIR* GROUP experienced enough life upon their own creators' planets that would allow them to make the right choice for each of them according to individual desires and the *perception and perspective* each gained from living as a newly created advanced human being.

So, OUR GROUP was created, not in our own solar system, but in our creators', but only on one of the planets where new children are born and raised.

Raising children takes personal sacrifice and is hard. Most advanced humans are not comfortable raising kids. So let's call the advanced humans who like to have kids: Solarians.

These live on one of the nine planets in their solar system where kids are raised, albeit on a sub-planet of the Solarian kingdom.

When we are born, we are born only on one planet. But there are 8 others to which we can travel and see what it is like to live on a planet where people do not have any kids. We get to travel to any of the other 8 planets we choose to see what living is like on each. Although there are only 3 different kingdoms associated with each humanity type, there are 3 different sub-kingdoms in each, making 9 planets all together.

We are born, we learn how to travel in our new bodies and we take off into the solar system to visit the other 8 planets and see how these people live ... what *perspective and perception* they have gained over time. We get to associate and see the people living in the different “kingdoms” according to their humanity type, and then we get to choose what our own kingdom is going to be.

We could not have chosen if we weren't given choices. If there was only one planet, then there wouldn't be much of a choice and we'd all be forced to choose the Celestial kingdom .... oops ... *Freudian slip* ... I meant ... we'd all be forced to accept life as our creators (our parents) live it, having only their *perception and perspective* to choose.

There would be no choice for us individually.

And it came to pass that both Cory's and my True Selfs started out the same. We traveled around the country (solar system). We were both of the same DNA, so the choices we made for ourselves were not made because of our bodies, but because of our individuality. Cory's pre-mortal Self chose a different lifestyle, a different planet, a different humanity type than I did.

Eventually, we were able to join with others who made the same choices as each of us did.

Cory's True Self would live with his chosen friends on their planet, and I would live with my chosen friends on ours.

But first we had to create the planets according to that with which we were comfortable according to our free willed choices. We made different planets that fit perfectly for each sibling ... the other advanced human belonging to our group.

Because Cory's planet and friends are different than mine, if I were to ever visit Cory and his friends on their planet, I would not be as comfortable as I am when I am on my own planet with my own friends. And if Cory were to ever come to my planet for a visit, he could only stay a short time before he gets uncomfortable and wants to return home to his own.

Because we have lived on our own planets for billions of years, Cory and I are probably forgetting how wonderful it is to live with our friends on our chosen planet. So, in order to continually have an appreciation for our own friends and planet, we need to be around others who are different than us from time to time. Cory and I need to visit each other's planets so that we can continually reassure ourselves that we made the right choice of friends.

However, it isn't fair to Cory's chosen friends if I come for a visit and disrupt their lives just so I can visit Cory to experience a different experience than my own home. Again, so that when I go home, I will be glad that I am home, and appreciate my home more than Cory's.

If someone has a home and someone whom they are not comfortable around just shows up out of the blue, is it fair on the person who didn't ask the other to show up?

No.

So ... follow Grandpa here and let's relate this to your own experience upon Earth.

If I didn't invite you to my home and you just decided you wanted to drop by my home so that you would feel uncomfortable and then appreciate your own home, that sucks for me. Right?

To avoid this and make it so that we can all be around our siblings (members of OUR GROUP ... of our family formed when we were all first created as new advanced humans), each who became different than their other siblings—people from different kingdoms, of different humanity types, living on different planets—so that we can appreciate our own, let's make another planet where we can all go ... that isn't our home ... where we can have a family reunion and be around each other just enough so that we appreciate going back home.

And that, Grandkids, is why this Earth exists. There is no other purpose for Earth. It is a place where our eternal family reunion takes place. We each choose if we want to attend the family reunion or not, and when we want to show up. We don't have to, but it is nice to see our siblings and see what they have become ... who they have become.

Simply consider the way that you feel when you are around your own family at one of your family reunions. Consider how you feel. At first, you're very excited to be there and look forward to seeing everyone. But then you start to see how different you are than everyone else. Most of the family members are *acting* how they must in order to be accepted by other members of the family. Some of your siblings are more successful in life than you, so you get this feeling that they think they are better than you because you are not as successful. You might not have stayed faithful to your family's religious beliefs, so you feel uncomfortable because you feel that they feel sorry for you and judge you.

There was a time when my grandmother, Gayle Nemelka, would not invite me to the Nemelka family reunions. Anytime I did show up, an outsider would think that I am one of the funniest, kindest, most compassionate Nemelkas. I would play with the little children, and treat everyone the same.

I knew damn well that my LDS/Mormon family members thought I was lost being out of the Church. But although they might have treated me like their God would when He eventually sends me to hell, I treated them compassionately, kindly, and with respect.

Needless to say, each time I left a Nemelka family reunion, I was fucking glad I was nothing like the rest of my family ... Thank you Elohim, Jehovah, and the devil himself, the Holy Ghost!

But anyways ...

Because we are advanced humans with very advanced brains, I don't need to actually, physically, leave my comfortable home in order to visit a place where Cory and the rest of my family might also be reuniting. We can do it through *virtual reality* ... through our advanced brain's ability to have a *dream experience*.

Now do you understand why Cory has hated me throughout this life ... or rather, has been uncomfortable with me ... our entire lives?

Now do you understand why Gloria had a hard time with me even though I was just a small boy?

Why your Grandmas had a hard time with me ... why I had a hard time with them?

Do you understand why Barry and the Hulk wanted to fight me?

Not that any of the above persons hated me, per se, but because they were uncomfortable with me. They will always be uncomfortable around me, as I will always be uncomfortable around them.

The difference between me and them is that I know the Real Truth. Knowing the Real Truth allows me to treat them nice when I am not really comfortable being around them. If they knew the Real Truth, Cory and his kids might treat me with kindness, compassion, and respect every time they see me. Instead, they're fucking assholes to me, and always have been ... at least according to my *perception and perspective*.

It's all visceral ... relating to deep inward feelings rather than intellect.

People on this Earth act as they really are. Every person justifies what he or she does, what he or she thinks, as being the right thing to do or think upon doing or thinking it. From their person *perception and perspective*, nothing they do is wrong. And they would be right.

A Solarian person is much different than a Lunarian or a Stellarian. My brother Cory is an LDS/Mormon Celestial person, a Lunarian in my world. I am a Solarian ... always have been, always will be ... mortal incarnate upon mortal incarnate. Both Cory and I, regardless of whatever mortal life we lived in the past before living as Cory and Chris Nemelka, acted the same way that we act during this mortal life.

Neither is wrong. Both are right

Ironically, Cory would not go on an LDS mission. I would.

After High School I walked on the football team at Rick's College located in Rexburg, Idaho.

Because my knee injury kept me from playing at West High, I thought I had to prove that I still could. When I was a Junior, I could run the 100 meters (yards back then) around 10.6 seconds. I

ran the 40 yard dash around 4.8. That's pretty fast. After my knee injury, I could not get my times down below 11 and 5 seconds respectively. My legs would not move with the same speed as they had before.

Regardless, I walked on Rick's College football team and quickly became the number one Defensive Back. I was offered the most the coach could offer a walk-on athlete, which was just a partial scholarship the first year, then a full scholarship the next. Although I wasn't as fast, I was proud that I could still play football. I figured that if I could prove my skill for two years at Ricks, I would be recruited by the BYU football program and play at a major college. A kid I had played basketball against my Senior year at West, Kyle Morrel (some spelling like that), went on to become an All-American Defensive Back from BYU. I was bigger and stronger than Kyle, but not as fast anymore.

But then it happened ...

Although I was offered the scholarship, while practicing, some kind of energy, something that I can only describe as similar to but not as intense as the feeling I felt on June 16, 1987, came over me.

On the football field at Rick's College (now BYU Idaho), I lost all of my competitive edge. I no longer wanted to compete against others. I took off my helmet and told the Defensive Back coach that I was quitting. I can't remember his name, but he was surprised and followed me into the locker room trying to convince me that I had the talent to become a very good Defensive Back in college. It didn't matter what he said, the feeling was too overwhelming. There was no way I was going to be able to hit other players with the same intensity that would be required of a successful Defensive Back.

So, critics and enemies. I had the chance to pursue a college career in football. It's not that I didn't have the skill and potential. So, what's your reasoning for my immediately losing my desire for competition at this time? Huh? What kind of thing happened to my narcissistic sociopathic brain that made me quit football and want to ...

I filed the paperwork to go on a mission for the Church.

Maybe Lucifer wanted me to play football, but God wanted me on that mission.

You see, Grandkids, no matter what family reunion I attend, I am who I am. Always have been. Always will be.

Cory would become a successful entrepreneur in computers, his talent and skill at computer engineering matched only by a few. Cory would be loved by his family, by his kids, by the world. I would become a recluse and a bum.

During the time that he was trolling me after *The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon* was published, Cory would call me out for victimizing my own children and their mothers. Among other things, Cory actually said that I chose women to marry who weren't as good looking as me

in order to make myself look good. WTF? Really! Cory trolled that he would help my children financially because I had abandoned them and didn't pay child support. Cory trolled me relentlessly. For the most part, I ignored him.

Cory was never nice to me, because he stood up and protected who he had become. He protected who he is. Who he has always been.

I have never been anyone but who I am.

If the LDS/Mormon Church is actually what it claims to be—God's ONLY true and living church upon Earth—then Cory is a hero and is justified in treating me how the only true God of this world will eventually treat me as a Son of Perdition.

But if I am who I claim to be, and the LDS/Mormon Church is not what it claims to be, then Cory David Nemelka is just an asshole as he has always been. And thank the good devil below that I will not have to live in the same house as he does any longer.

At least from my personal *perception and perspective*.

[February 22, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's Autobiography](#)[Edit](#)

#

# Chapter 11: Missionary Life

Grandkids,

I hope you're starting to get the picture of how every human upon Earth is right, which makes every one of us wrong.

I hope you might one day understand that sometimes what you might think is good and right, another might think is bad and wrong.

The things that Grandpa knows and is trying his best to explain to you might be hard for you to understand and accept sometimes. You have been brought up in this world and taught the way that world wants you to understand things. "Christopher knows some things" that might not be what you have been taught and have had *inculcated* (refer to a preceding chapter about this important word about your upbringing) in your mind from the time you were a little child.

I can promise you that what I know is the Real Truth ... the only Real Truth. There is no other.

The Real Truth is, you will also know what Grandpa knows ... what the Real Truth is ... immediately after you ...

die.

Yep, the moment that your pre-mortal Self *awakens* from the *dream of mortal life* you have been living, your post-mortal Self (who is the exact same person as your pre-mortal Self) will immediately recognize that your entire mortal existence was nothing more than an experience that occurred in your brain—the same brain you had before you connected to a mortal infant's body, which is the same brain you will continue to have after you disconnect from the mortally aged body (die) that you presently recognize as the only YOU that exists.

You can fight this Real Truth all you want, but it will never change the Real Truth of what it is: things as they *really* were in the past, things as they *really* are in the present, and things as they *really* will be in the future.

There is another option that some of you might be considering: mortals completely end upon death; that there is no pre-mortal life and no post-mortal life. And if you think this way, you'd be closer to the Real Truth than those who believe that who they are presently as a mortal is who they were in a pre-mortal life and who they will continue to be in a post-mortal life.

How and why so many people believe that who Grandpa Christopher was before he was born in (connected to) the infant body of Christopher Marc Nemelka on December 2, 1961, is the same person he will be once Grandpa Christopher's body ages and eventually dies is important to understand.

First, whenever you are considering Real Truth, reflect back on the advise I gave you about accepting anything as Real Truth, things as they *really* are. If you cannot see it, smell it, hear it, taste it, or touch it, don't even think about it because it can't be real.

If you want to be safe in knowing Real Truth, you must always base your conclusions on *empirical evidence*, which is best defined as a conclusion based on, concerned with, or verifiable by observation or experience rather than theory or pure logic.

*Empirical evidence* is the litmus test for Real Truth. If you say that something is a *litmus test* of something, you mean that it is an effective and definite way of proving it or measuring it.

ALWAYS use empirical evidence as your *litmus test* of knowing the difference between Real Truth and theory or pure logic (i.e., belief).

Do not trust any theory. Do not trust your own logic.

It is very logical to my LDS/Mormon family that *Families Are Forever*—the LDS/Mormon catch phrase ... a thing that catches people's attention and makes them want to know more. Many scientists hold strong to the theory of evolution and the Big Bang. It seems logical to them. But if we apply the litmus test for Real Truth of the idea of families being forever, and of the ideas of evolution and a Big Bang that created the universe, the logic fails miserably.

(I've touched upon evolution and the Big Bang in preceding chapters and will get back to them later. Let's talk about Eternal Families for a moment.)

Nothing that you can see, hear, smell, taste, or touch proves that families are forever ... and thank the Real Truth for that! How would like to belong to your particular family forever? How would you like your dad to be your eternal patriarch and the head of your eternal family? Most people wouldn't.

And what about all those divorces ... all those two parent families? What does empirical evidence say about these?

Hey Cory! Your daughter, Sarah, along with all those celestial grand babies she had for your eternal family, *do not* belong to your priesthood line of authority. They belong to Sarah's husband's.

Let's say that all your daughters were righteous LDS/Mormon and had righteous LDS/Mormon priesthood holding husbands. And let's say that your righteous priesthood holding son-in-laws were part of their own father's eternal family and priesthood line. Where does that leave yours in the eternities? Oh, in your only son, Cory David, Jr., right? I know, I know ... the Lord will work all these kinks out in heaven.

Alrighty then.

But besides this illogical and *unempirical* belief, religious people who believe in a premortal life have another very important kink to straighten out:

If God created your premortal Self (you're a spirit child of God) then YOU must have had some sort of body or you couldn't have had a brain and couldn't have existed. So you're created in God's image as one of His spirit children in a preexistence. You must have looked like a human, or at least like your heavenly parents.

So, if you exist before you existed (preexistence) then whatever you were, whomever you were before you existed, must be the same person you will be after you die.

But the question remains,

How can one pre-exist before one's existence? If one didn't exist before one's pre-existence and one exists after the existence in which they existed previously, what the fuck is existence? But anyways ...

Cory, you believe that your God-created, preexistent spirit body entered Cory's body in 1960, right? Isn't this the same God-created, preexistent spirit body that will leave Cory's body when you die?

I know ... these are mysteries that you pay 10% of your wages to not have to answer. You pay those whom you believe know these answers so that you don't have the personal responsibility of finding them out for yourself.

Cory, that's why you hate me so much, huh? Because I make sense, much more sense, than those from whom you receive your self-worth and value.

If I am right, then everything that you value about yourself, about your religion, about your eternal family is valueless. Then who are you? Who is the REAL YOU?

I've always wondered what my dad, Gloria, Cory, and my other LDS/Mormon family members might be like if they were non-religious. I have no doubt that if they were non-religious, they would have never treated me the way that they did because they are religious.

But as Grandpa explained, they had to treat me the way that they did. They had to be angry at me and fight the idea that their lifelong religious beliefs could be wrong. People get angry when they don't have a good comeback or appear to be less intelligent than the one with whom they become angry. Anger is a way that a person can hide self-doubt and low self-esteem. The physical expression of anger can dominate the emotions of the person to whom the anger is directed.

It was my brother Cory I called in March of 1990, shortly after our father tried to get me arrested in Snohomish, Washington. I sincerely wanted to know what the fuck all that was about. Cory's response,

“You’re a false prophet!”

Yeah, really!

Now, I want you to consider something here. I’m only doing this to prove why people hate and treat others badly. I do not in any way present the following to mock Cory. I know the REAL Cory. I only wish he did too.

Here is a picture of me and my granddaughter Aydyn. This picture was taken on September 3, 2016, a few minutes before we joined the rest of the Nemelka family at my dad and Gloria’s 50th Wedding Anniversary.



At the time, Cory weighed well towards 300 lbs., was balding and did not look healthy. We are only 1 year apart. It was at this wedding anniversary that I went up to Cory and gave him a hug. We hadn't spoken for many years. The difference between how Cory's physical body looked and how mine did was very noticeable.

I am not pointing this out to aggrandize myself or to make Cory look bad. I'm using this as an example of what makes people hate others, or rather, feel uncomfortable in another's presence. People feel uncomfortable when they do not believe that they are as good as another. When one feels less than another, one tends to find things about the other that supports one's feelings that he or she is just as good.

“Look at that skank wearing that tight dress! She's probably slept with every man in town!” women might say about another woman who they know looks pretty good in that dress.

I was my usual self at the Wedding Anniversary, gregarious, outgoing, and personable to all. I went from table to table greeting family members and many of dad's and Gloria's friends of the past 50 years.

There I was, the False Prophet, working the room, not to preach anything to anyone, but to truly show all those present that I was sincerely glad to see them and appreciated them coming to celebrate our parent's wedding anniversary.

I can't imagine how Cory perceived me that day. But it is reasonable to assume that the only way that he could perceive me was to convince himself that he was right with God and I was not.

In the next chapter I will attempt to explain why this happens in our mortal minds—why we put others down to raise ourselves up—why it is a normal and acceptable thought process.

For now,

This self-protection is a normal reaction of our mortal brain reacting to inequality and self-loathing. It is a feeling that arises involuntarily—one of those random thoughts that pops into our head.

What I am trying to say here is that being mean to others is normal, justified, and is perfectly inline with the reality of who we are and why we exist. Being mean is something that few of us can avoid. “Being mean” is when we do something to or think something about another person whom we want to demean so that we feel good about ourselves. If everyone was okay with who they are, no one would be mean. There would be no reason to be mean. Random mean thoughts would not pop into our head.

I bet if one were to ask Barry Bright or Harry “the Hulk” Quinonez why they wanted to beat me up in High School, they'd probably respond something similar to, “Chris thought he was all that and a bag of potato chips!”

Kids want to fight other kids when one of them feels that their presence around other kids (their peers) isn't as important or valued as much as the one they want to fight. Kids feel that if they can fight another kid and whip him, it will prove their value and worth.

I was the new kid in town, tanned from the San Diego sun and an athlete. From their *perception and perspective*, I came in and took over the school and thought I was hot shit. My presence devalued theirs and everything that the kids who had grown up together at West High felt was theirs to own. And if their girlfriend thought I was cute ... Oh my! Beating my face in a bit might make me a little bit less cute.

Little did these boys know then that I was praying to my Heavenly Father to let me quit going to school. I didn't want to fight. I didn't want to be hated. I didn't see myself as anything special, in the least.

If I had only known then what I know now. I would have understood why it was important for me to go through those experiences. I needed to be hated and threatened. I needed the experiences in order to prepare me to fulfill my role as a True Messenger.

A lot of people want to fight me now. A lot of people want to kill me. A lot of people hate me. And if the people with whom I deal with on a daily basis while I am living in Europe knew who I was, they would hate me too.

I mainly deal with people who are marginalized and not very successful in life. If these knew my views on religion, especially the popular Catholic Church headquartered in Rome, I would be killed. The Italians will never discover who I am. To the Italian people, I am a long-haired, bearded, smily, very nice man who looks a lot like Jesus would look as an older man ... But anyways.

Italians are some of the proudest people on Earth, and also some of the most religious. Italy is the birth place of Christianity. Italy was once the greatest nation on Earth when the Great Roman Empire ruled the world. Italy sided with Germany and Japan during World War II. The Italians lost that fight. But the nation of Italy was not actually beaten by the United States and its allies. The Italians knew that they were going to lose the fight, and once they started losing, instead of getting beat soundly and losing their sovereignty and control of their nation, they overthrew their leader, Mussolini, and joined the Americans against Germany. To protect their self-worth of being Italians, they supported the strongest and most powerful.

If I asked an Italian about the war, their response would be that the Americans couldn't have won without their help. If they hadn't switched sides in 1943 and begin to fight with the Allies, the Axis powers (Germany, Italy, and Japan) would have won. Yeah, really!

My brother Cory will never let me beat him and lose his own sovereignty (supreme power and authority as my older brother). He will never acknowledge me as his True Messenger and one who knows more than he does. Cory must be a patriotic American and support the United States of America. He must be a member of God's only true church upon Earth. He must believe that the LDS/Mormon people are a righteous people who keep the statues and judgments of the Lord,

and all his commandments. He must believe that I have judged them and that I am wrong and am following the devil. Cory must remain convinced that he is right and that I am wrong or he will lose all the self-worth and value that he has received as compensation for working for the god of this world.

My mentors wrote a story about Cory, me and my other brothers ... sort of. Their story is perfectly exemplified in my own life. They would tell a story about four brothers, Laman (Mike), Lemuel (Cory), Nephi (Christopher) and Sam (Jody). Nephi would come to know the Real Truth about all things. Laman and Lemuel would mock their younger brother for his claims. Sam would remain a silent supporter of his elder brother, Nephi, his entire life.

The two eldest brothers were convinced that their church and the members of their church were righteous and that their younger brother, who thought he was called by God to lead them away from the Church, was a manipulator, deceiver, and had judged the Church.

Mike and Cory would say,

“And we know that the people who are in the land of Utah are a righteous people; for they keep the statutes and judgments of the Lord, and all his commandments, according to the law of Brigham Young; wherefore, we know that they are a righteous people; and our brother hath judged them, and would lead us away if we would hearken unto his words.” (Compare 1 Nephi 17:22)

If given the chance, they would have beat me up and supported me being arrested and jailed when our father made his attempt. If Jody would have actually supported me, they would have disowned him too.

Not only once did my dad, Mike and Cory tell me that I was dead to them. Yep, they killed me in their minds. They had to. I could not be right or they would be wrong. If I am right, then their religion is one of the most deceptive and destructive psychological forces responsible for much of the division and meanness of this world.

Isn't it *mean* to tell a gay person that he or she is disobeying God and that they will suffer eternal hell outside of an eternal family unit if they do not repent of having homosexual relations?

Isn't it *mean* to tell a person that they cannot belong to an eternal family unit unless the person goes to the temple and is sealed; and that the person cannot go to the temple and be sealed as an eternal family unless one does it the way that God wants it done: through the power of the LDS/Mormon priesthood authority?

From December 1980 to April 1982, I was in Buenos Aires, Argentina being *mean* to the Argentinian people.

I was serving an LDS/Mormon mission and telling everyone that I could that their religion was wrong and of the devil, and that they needed to repent, be baptized a Mormon, pay 10% of their income, stop drinking alcohol and coffee, attend church every Sunday, accept that God only talks

to the President and Prophet of the LDS/Mormon Church and to no other, that they needed to prepare themselves to go to God's temple and receive the saving ordinances, along with many other things, or ...

... they would suffer in hell and lose their families.

That fucking shit was just downright mean!

When I got to Argentina in February 1981, I was greeted by our mission President, Joseph L. Bishop. President Bishop was one of the most successful mission presidents of his day. During one of my first Mission Conferences, President Bishop would praise the missionaries for all of our baptisms. He actually said at the Conference, "You're making me look good in Salt Lake City!" Yeah, really!

Bishop was only my Mission President for a few months. He was so successful in Buenos Aires that shortly after he returned to Utah, the Church General Authorities would ask him to write a book called, *The Making of a Missionary*. Bishop would become the President of the Missionary Training Center (MTC) where all new missionaries go before they are sent into the missionary field. I spent 8 weeks in the MTC. There, we were taught how to be *mean* to others, cut down other religions and tell people they were going to hell because they were following the devil ... but in a nice, politically correct way. Yeah, really!

Although I saw President Bishop as somewhat of an arrogant leader, he seemed to be in the class of all the other LDS General Authorities. Who was I as a young missionary to question him, or question God for placing him where God needed him to be. Luckily for me, a very humble, Wendell Hall, would replace Bishop. President Hall was the exact opposite of President Bishop: simple, not physically attractive or overbearing, just a very nice man.

And more luck for me, the Falklands War broke out between Argentina and Great Britain in April of 1982.

Before the war broke out, I came to know the family de Olexen of Paso del Rey, Barrio Asuncion, Moreno ("Facundo Quiroga 1372" was their actual street address). I wasn't mean to them. I couldn't be mean to them. I did not teach the Olexen family anything about God's church. The mother, Estefania Piotroski de Olexen ("Fany") became my best friend. I would know no other women my entire life (until I met Patricia Ward in California in 2002) that I would see as the epitome of the most wonderful human being I had ever known. Fany's daughter, Alicia, was one of the most incredible girls I had ever met. I cannot explain how good, pure, and outright wonderful both Fany and Alicia were. Her father and two brothers, Ricardo and Fabian, were also wonderful people.

As ironic as it might seem, I had met an incredible family, and not one time was I ever inspired to teach them the Gospel of Jesus Christ, according to the LDS/Mormons. I just couldn't be mean to them.

Fany owned a small vegetable and fruit stand at her home. She had a list of a lot of poor people who owed her money. The Olexens were very poor. But I had never met a woman with the sense of humor and as kind and strong as Fany Olexen. Later in life I would send Fany as much money as I could every month so that she would use it to pay off the credit purchases she was owed by those poorer than she. When it was discovered that I was sending money to the Olexen family in Argentina, oh, my, the rumors began. Many believe that I had sex with Alicia while on my mission that resulted in a child ... and that's why I was sending money to Argentina all those years. Yeah, really!

There's no doubt that I fell in love with the Olexen family. There's no doubt that I thought Alicia was one of the best girls I could possibly have as a wife. I wanted to take her back to the United States after my mission. But I did not have sex with her. She was fifteen years old. What I did do was promise her that I would come back for her.

When the Falklands War broke out, the United States sided with England. Our proselyting was reduced and we were told not to go out into the streets and expose ourselves to the hatred that the Argentinians began to have for Americans. About that time, I was assigned a Greenie Companion (brand new missionary). Unable to preach openly, and restricted in our activities, I decided to take my new companion to see the Olexen family ... yes, not only so I could see Fany, but Alicia too. I would leave my companion with the other family members and isolate myself with Alicia, which was against the rules. Yes, we kissed. But that was all. I don't think my companion ever saw me kiss Alicia, but he knew I liked her a lot.

Long story short, my Greenie wrote home about my affair with Alicia. His parents told the Church authorities, and they contacted President Hall. I was summoned to the mission headquarters in Buenos Aires.

Now, here's where it gets eerily weird. While I was waiting for my meeting with the President, not really knowing exactly what was happening, the phone rings at the Mission Headquarters. No one was available to answer, so I did.

"Hola. Las oficinas de la Mision Norte," I said.

"I need to get a hold of Elder Chris Nemelka," my father's voice boomed over the phone.

"Dad?" I responded incredulously.

"What the hell do you think you are doing? You don't date girls as a missionary!" he yelled ... yeah, yelled.

My dad proceeded to tell me that he was contacted by Church authorities who were concerned about my dating a girl. He angrily filled me in on the bullshit that he was told by Church authorities. I assured him that the information was not correct, that I was seeing a girl but nothing bad happened. Well, to the Mormon God, kissing a girl while you're on your mission is bad. I promised Dad I would behave from that time on.

I entered President Hall's office and ripped on him for assuming that I was fucking a girl. In turn he ripped on me for dragging a new missionary to the Olexen home so that I could see a girl. I told him everything that had happened between me and Alicia and he was satisfied that no harm was done.

At this time, the LDS/Mormon Church had just announced that missionaries would now serve one year and half long missions instead of two. I hadn't quite reached the 18 months when the fiasco about Alicia happened. Since we couldn't do much missionary work anyway because of the war, President Hall and I discussed me leaving earlier with an honorable release. It was probably the best because I still wanted to see Alicia. President Hall arranged for me to leave a month early.

Now here's the greatest irony of all:

While the LDS/Mormon leaders were worried about one of their missionaries kissing a girl in Argentina, MTC President Joseph L. Bishop was calling young sister missionaries into his office and sexually assaulting them. Yeah, really!

Once I became who I am, the True Messenger and *Author and Proprietor of The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon*; after the true God had chosen me; after the "Three Nephites" and "John the Beloved" had chosen me over every other LDS/Mormon priesthood holder, even over every General Authority of the Church, the Church leadership had no choice but to make me a monster, make me unworthy of church membership, and make it appear that there was a reason why the devil was able to enter into and possess my soul on June 16 1987 ...

I kissed a girl ...

And I like it.

This was never the way I planned  
Not my intention

...

Lost my discretion  
It's not what, I'm used to  
Just wanna try you on  
I'm curious for you  
Caught my attention

You girls are so magical  
Soft skin, red lips, so kissable  
Hard to resist so touchable  
Too good to deny it  
Ain't no big deal, it's innocent

I kissed a girl and I liked it.

Cory never went on a mission. His son, Cory David, Jr. never went on a mission.

Cory is destined to go to the Celestial kingdom where he will join our father in his eternal family unit.

But because I kissed a girl on my mission, I'm going to hell.

Now, that's just fucking mean!

[February 24, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's Autobiography](#)[Edit](#)

#

# Chapter 12: My Real Mission

When some people read the last chapter, especially about the part where I compare my brother Cory's health and physical appearance to mine, their response might appropriately be a negative one:

“What an arrogant, stuck up ass!”

The world is simply not accustomed to facing the Real Truth when the Real Truth appears to put one person above another. In this case, my physical looks above Cory's.

If my statements were not the Real Truth, one need only smile, pat me on the head and say,

“Alright Chrissy-poo. Whatever you need to believe about yourself to make you feel good.”

But when it is the Real Truth, and we recognize it as such, it can be offensive, belligerent (hostile and aggressive), arrogant, and prideful.

But how, and most importantly why, is the Real Truth offensive, belligerent, arrogant, and prideful? Why can't we just accept the Real Truth about ourselves and be comfortable with it?

Some people are fat and unattractive. A lot of people don't have to be fat to be unattractive. Most people in the world are not that attractive. Without makeup, most women are not that attractive. Naked without clothes, most men are not that attractive.

So, Grandkids, how can the Real Truth be to blame for an uncomfortable reaction to the one pointing out that another person is less attractive than the one pointing it out?

Maybe it's the “attraction” that is to blame.

When we were little children, did we make distinctions between ugliness and beauty. We could recognize someone or something that is beautiful from someone that is ugly, but did we have a word and an emotion that we, as little children, applied to the difference?

No.

Although little children can natural recognize beauty, they do not have any emotional uncomfortableness with the opposite: ugliness. Children are taught the way that they should respond to the difference.

The uncomfortableness that we feel around ugliness is an unnatural, *inculcated*—there's that word that is important for you to understand—emotion. If women upon Earth never wore any type of make up, none of us would ever know the difference. But because they do, the Real Truth is, we are more comfortable around others, even our own loved ones, when they wear their make up than we are when the don't.

No one likes to admit the Real Truth about how we *really* feel towards each other. None of us like a person who continually boasts of him or herself and is always pointing out his or her successes and good points (even by the way they wear their make up and clothes) in an attempt to gain praise or put another down.

If you responded to what I wrote negatively because it was uncomfortable to you, you have proven the point I was making in the last chapter:

“I am not pointing this out to aggrandize myself or to make Cory look bad. I’m using this as an example of what makes people hate others, or rather, feel uncomfortable in another’s presence. People feel uncomfortable when they do not believe that they are as good as another. When one feels less than another, one tends to find things about the other that supports one’s feelings that he or she is just as good.”

If your initial *visceral*\* reaction was uncomfortable, your response had nothing to do with the fact that what I said was true (proven by your intellect, by empirical evidence ... *Note to editors: find the family photo from my parent’s 50th wedding anniversary and include it with the pic of me and Atdyn in the last chapter*). The uncomfortableness of your response has to do with the deep inward feelings that rise up within all of us when we perceive ourselves or others being put down or compared negatively to another.

\*Keep in mind what *visceral* means: *relating to deep inward feelings rather than to the intellect*.

This natural response of uncomfortableness to comparative inequalities, because the response is not understood properly, causes people to become angry, to hate, to ridicule, persecute, and even to kill the one with whom they are not comfortable.

As Grandpa mentioned, those who are the most angry with me would also like to see me dead. They are angry with me because they are uncomfortable in my presence. They are uncomfortable in my presence because what I say makes a lot more sense than what they say.

I explained that their reaction is normal and justified and is actually a good reaction that is the result of how their advanced brain operates. I wrote,

“In the next chapter I will attempt to explain why this happens in our mortal minds—why we put others down to raise ourselves up—why it is a normal and acceptable thought process. ... This self-protection is a normal reaction of our mortal brain reacting to inequality and self-loathing. It is a feeling that arises involuntarily—one of those random thoughts that pops into our head.

“What I am trying to say here is that being mean to others is normal, justified, and is perfectly inline with the reality of who we are and why we exist. Being mean is something that few of us can avoid. “Being mean” is when we do something to or think something about another person whom we want to demean so that we feel good about ourselves. If everyone was okay with who they are, no one would be mean. There would be no reason to be mean. Random mean thoughts would not pop into our head.”

The Real Truth is, the terrible way that we are treating each other during our conscious experience upon this Earth is perfectly justifiable and good ... Yeah! Good!

Wow, Grandpa! That's quite a bold statement! How can this be? How can all the meanness, the anger, the disparity, the hopelessness, and all of the other bad ways that humans treat each other be *good*? It just doesn't seem logical. It doesn't feel right that treating others bad is actually *good*.

Before I explain more about my personal life in the next chapter, using examples therefrom to give you real life experiences as examples of what I am trying to help you understand, I will prove what I just wrote above ... through *empirical evidence*.

When you dream, can you control what happens in your dreams? Are you responsible for what happens, good or bad? Do you fall asleep thinking, "Tonight I am going to dream good dreams." Upon thinking positively about having a good dream, it is very possible that you might have a nightmare instead.

It is impossible for you to control your dreams. And while dreaming, your *dream* Self does not know its dreaming. But your *dream* Self seems to have free will to act and react to what is happening during the *dream*. You seem to be able to control what you do when you are dreaming, but you cannot control the environment and the situations that occur in your dream; nor can you control who is also present in the environment of your dream experience.

Have you ever done bad things when you dream that you wouldn't normally do when awake? Yes you have. And, good things can happen to you in your dreams when your life isn't going so good. Right?

The Real Truth is, none of us can control our dreams. If none of us can control our dreams, then who or what does?

To answer this important question properly, go ahead and research and study everything there is to know about our dreams.

I've gone ahead and helped you a bit. Here are the five most popular theories about why we dream:

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### **Theory #1: Dreams Act As Therapy**

Often your dreams force you to face an emotional circumstance that's actually happening in your real life, and that allows you to deal with those emotions in a safe and protected environment (dreamland!). When you face an emotional issue in a dream, your brain makes connections that it most likely would not otherwise make, and that may help you look at a situation in a different

light or understand something new about yourself. It may also help you get to the root of whatever may be causing you to feel anger, fear, or envy.

### **Theory #2: Dreams Let You Perfect Dealing With Threats**

If you've ever woken up in a sweat from a dream that felt so real, you're not alone. Scenarios that involve being chased or fighting are common—and with good reason. As it turns out, your amygdala (otherwise known as your “fight-or-flight” reflex) fires at a more rapid pace during REM sleep (the stage of sleep where most dreams occur) than it does during waking hours. And it fires in a way that replicates what would happen if your life were threatened. So humans might use their dreams as a way of practicing fight-or-flight responses—even while their limbs remain still.

### **Theory #3: Dreams Allow You to Practice a Skill**

Whether you're stressing about a review at work, a piano recital, or simply a conversation that you don't want to have, your dreams give you an opportunity to practice for major life events that require extra concentration.

### **Theory #4: Dreams Let You Get Creative**

Ever hear athletes credit their dreams for doing certain moves or hear musicians credit their dreams for writing particular songs? Sometimes dreams can help you think in imaginative ways. Writing down your dreams may help you think of a brand new idea.

### **Theory #5: Dreams Declutter Your Brain**

Dreaming allows your brain to reshuffle everything that it's remembered, keep the important connections that it has made, and get rid of the useless ones. In other words, it's during dreams that your brain may reevaluate what's important and what's not, and take out the garbage, per se.

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But the Real Truth is (through *empirical evidence* ... as Grandpa has explained it to you): none of us can consciously control our dreams with our free will to act and be acted upon. It is impossible.

Our brains control our dreams. Our memories are part of our brain and contribute to our dreams.

When Grandpa was growing up, past being a little child and more so during my early adolescence, I had night terrors when I would wake up, scream and run throughout the house in a dream state (sleep walking). My dad attributed these things to watching bad things on television, except, at that time, we hardly watched television. My night terrors came from not only my current experience, but from past life experiences. Some of these previous incarnates (past life

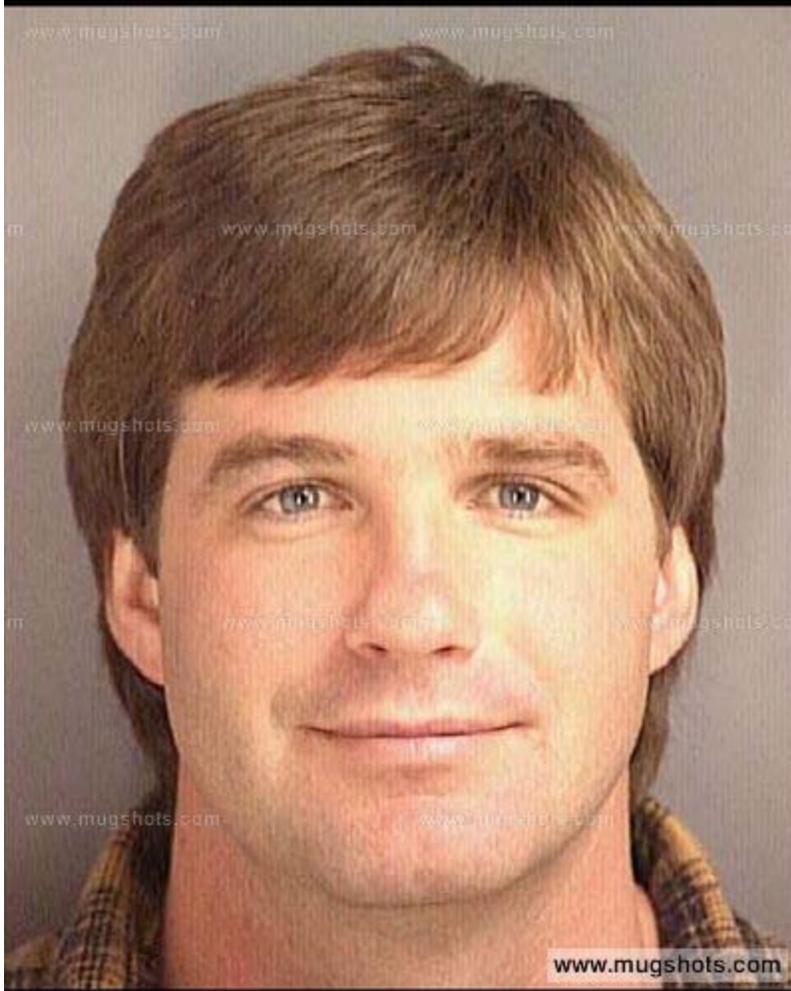
experiences) I will be sharing throughout this autobiography when each is relevant to whom I have become: a messenger of Real Truth.

I remember one day when I was rummaging through the cupboards I found a bottle of Witch Hazel. I was a kid. I didn't know what Witch Hazel was. (Look it up if you're curious.) Soon thereafter, I had a profound dream that my step-mother was not actually Gloria, but an evil witch who had killed her, buried her body in our vegetable garden, and taken on the form of Gloria. Yeah, really!

Now, from what I have explained about my relationship with Gloria since she first came into my life as a young four-year old, the reason for this dream should make complete sense. Perhaps this particular dream was a form of therapy or helped me perfect a threat that I always felt from Gloria being uncomfortable with me.

Whatever the reason, I was not responsible for the dream. But my brain was.

I have told you, Grandkids, that when you die you're going to realize that the REAL YOU is not the person who is alive and conscious upon this Earth. I used the example that the REAL me existed long before the mortal Christopher connected to the body of created by my dad and mom. While I was growing up, check how much I looked like my mother about the same age: *(Note to editors: please find the picture of my mother that looks very similar in age to the following one of me. It was posted on my timeline and on my old Facebook account. Place the picture next to mine.)*



My physical body, which includes my brain, came from the shared DNA of two other mortal people. This mortal body looks like my parents and in no way is a representation of my True Self. My REAL SELF looks nothing Christopher Nemelka ... never has ... but might someday (more on how and why I might look like Christopher as I teach you more about the Real Truth of who we are and why we exist ... but not now).

I have already explained that I have had 23 other incarnates during this last and final dispensation of human time destined for this Earth. I did not look the same in any of my other incarnates. (For those of you reading this that already know about some of my past incarnates ... Christopher is more attractive and much sexier than Inpendius was, by far ... But anyways.)

My Real Self is not Christopher. My Real Self is not Inpendius. My Real Self is not any of the people who I might have had a conscious mortal experience as upon this Earth in the past.

But this I know for sure,

Christopher is the last mortal avatar that I will connect to while having a mortal experience ... at least on this Earth with the group of other advanced humans belonging to this solar system to which I assigned myself once my True Self created a new advanced Self.

Yeah, this is all still kind of confusing still. Huh?

It's very hard to imagine that who you are is an aging, imperfect, probably not too attractive without the right make up or clothes, mortal as a *dream character* involuntarily acting and being acted upon by your True Self's brain.

Yep, it's the Real Truth! Who you are as a mortal is not who you really are. And the Real You is not responsible for who you are as a mortal anymore than you are responsible for who your *dream Self* is.

If you are not responsible for who you are in your dreams, then you are not responsible for *what you do* while dreaming. This is an *empirical fact* that the mortal you has seen, heard, touched, smelled and tasted!

Until you die, I cannot empirical prove that your mortal Self is not who you truly are. You'll have this empirical evidence the moment that you become conscious again as the person you were before you connected to a mortal body that your mortal parents created through sex.

But I can prove, and have proved, that what your brain creates as dreams, you are not responsible for in any way or for any part.

So,

If your mortal experience is a dream experience of your True Self, and when you die you know this is the Real Truth, why would your True Self feel bad in the least, if while you were mortal you treated another *dream character* badly?

The Real Truth is, this *nightmare* of a world in which we experience so many bad things, is a nightmare for a reason. Our True Self's brain is creating the nightmare, because it has to in order to maintain its proper balance. The bad things that we do to each other while mortal are not conscious responses of our True Self, but natural responses to the nightmare of mortal life ... a life that is not supposed to be the way that it is.

If you looked closely, you might have noticed where I got the picture of myself above. Yep, from mugshots.com. It was the first time I was arrested. Why was I arrested?

When I reveal these details later as they occurred chronologically, you will find that I was arrested because my daughter, Rachael's mother was uncomfortable with me. To keep me away from Rachael, she accused me of having the potential to sexually molest our daughter. I wasn't arrested for this accusation, but for physically pushing her mother away from me when Grandma Vicky got close in my face and angrily told me that she didn't want me to see Rachael because, "I don't trust you!" I knew what she was implying because of her past allegations, so I

*angrily* pushed her away and she fell down on the ground. She called the police and had me arrested. Yeah, really!

Long story short (more details later), Grandma Vicky wanted to have sex with me and I didn't want to have sex with her. She got mad and kept me from seeing our daughter. As long as I was having sex with her and treating her with respect and equality, compared to how she perceived I was dealing with Grandma Jackie and Grandma Marcee, she was fine and allowed me to see Rachael when I wanted. But when I stopped having sex with her, and she perceived that I was still having sex with Jackie and Marcee, she responded angrily because she was hurt. In her mind, I was devaluing her and not respecting her as much as I was others.

Vicky was justified in accusing me of sexually molesting our daughter. She was justified in getting in my face and reiterating the accusation and keeping me away from Rachael. All the other women in my past, whom I devalued and disrespected by not treating them as they wanted me to treat them, were justified in doing whatever they had to do in order to get me arrested, keep me in jail and keep me away from your parents. They were only doing what was right for them at the time. Their mortal actions were a direct result of the *nightmare* that we were living at the time.

But was I justified for pushing Vicky to the ground? ABSOLUTELY NOT!

I knew the Real Truth at this time. This took place a few years after June of 1987. But at that time, I was rebelling against my True Self and the reason for which Christopher was able to know and recognize the Real Truth. If I had been true to whom I was and what I knew of the Real Truth, I wouldn't have been involved in Vicky's life anyway ... or would I?

The Real Truth is, yes, I would have been involved in Vicky's life. I got involved in her life as a result of my mortal Self knowing the Real Truth and seeing her involved in a state of unhappiness and abject inequality associated with how women are treated in the Mormon Fundamentalist (polygamy) culture. Although my intellect should have told me better, my *visceral* reaction to Vicky's situation could not be helped. (More on this as we get to this experience later in this autobiography.)

There's a huge difference between Vicky and I, between me and all the women whom I victimized by my presence in the past. There's a huge difference between me and Cory, between me and my dad, between me and Gloria, between me and everyone else with whom I have associated, am associating, and will associate. I know the Real Truth and they do not.

I hold nothing against them and would smile, hug, and treat each of them as if nothing had ever happened between us. I don't need to forgive them because I know that their actions towards me were good and justified. I have this attitude because I know the Real Truth and they do not.

I know exactly why they were mean to me. I know why it is easy for me to be nice to them when they are mean to me.

My mission ... the purpose of what I do and why I do it ... is to try to help make people nice again and forgive everyone of everything ... yes, everything ... so that we can change this mortal experience back into the experience that it was meant to be for us. This cannot happen unless every one on Earth knows the Real Truth about who we are and why we exist.

Our mortal life is a normal reaction occurring in our advanced brain. The bad ways that we treat each other are involuntary negative reactions because mortal life is not going the way that things are supposed to be going.

We are not supposed to be having nightmares. We are not supposed to be dreaming because we need therapy or help us to perfect dealing with threats to our self-worth and value. (Consider theories #1 and #2 above.)

(Now consider theories #3, #4, and #5 above.)

We are supposed to be experiencing the *dream of mortal life* to allow us to practice a new skill and provide us with the opportunity to enhance a skill we choose to do, which in turn gives us “an opportunity to practice for major life events [as an advanced human] that require extra concentration.” Being new advanced humans with an entirely new universe of possibilities at our personal disposal, we are supposed to be *dreaming mortal life* as a way of becoming creative and creating a new experience that will enhance our personal desires.

We live various mortal incarnates as a way to “reshuffle everything that [our advanced brain] remembered, keep the important connections that it has made, and get rid of the useless ones. In other words, it’s during dreams that your brain may reevaluate what’s important and what’s not, and take out the garbage, per se.”

It was not meant for us to be competitive. It was not meant for some of us to be beautiful and others of us be ugly. It was not meant for us to need make up and clothes to mask what we *perceive* and have the *perception* of being imperfections about our Self. The Real Truth is, there weren’t supposed to be any *imperfections* in the mortal experience.

*Inpendius* was not supposed to be put in a den of hungry lions by the Roman government and court system in order to be torn apart and devoured alive because of what he tried to teach people in his day ... an experience that would later lead to another one of his incarnates where he would experience night terrors as an adolescent. Yeah. Really!

There wasn’t supposed to be sex while going through the mortal experience. There weren’t supposed to be different races of people, where the race provides ugly people compared to other races of more beautiful people. There was never supposed to be a time when humans of African descent had large noses and lips, tightly curled hair and other attributes that would cause their descendants to want to change their appearance and straighten their hair.

There was never supposed to be a time when the majority of the people upon Earth, who are from Asian-Mongolian descent, are small of stature, have slanting eyes so that they would long to change their eye shape in order to make them more round and beautiful.

There was never supposed to be any race other than the equal *human race*. People of different races treat each other mean and with hate because they feel other races do not see them as equal.

From 1975 to 1979, the poor, disenfranchised, and the uneducated, started killing the talented, the beautiful, the intellectuals, the rich, and the few whom the Khmer Rouge (as they were known) *perceived* thought they were all that and a bag of potato chips. Yep, the exact same natural responses to the mortal experience that were occurring in the advanced brains of all the mortal avatars that took part in the killing fields of the Khmer Rouge, where the exact same natural responses that caused Vicky to get me arrested, my father to try to get me arrested; that caused Cory and Gloria to feel uncomfortable around me; that even caused some boys in High School to want to beat me up.

We are all equal, advanced humans. The purpose of mortal life is to allow us an experience where our advanced brains can dream ... dreams that are supposed to support our equality and enhance our ability to create new experience for our advanced Self.

The killing fields of Cambodia would not have occurred if mortal life was the experience that our advanced intended for the *dream*. Instead, it has become a justified nightmare.

When we dream, our *dream Self* is not allowed or able to know that it is actually a *dreaming person*. We do not know this about our *dream Self* while dreaming, but only after waking up.

Mortal life was never meant to allow a person to know the Real Truth about who we are and why we exist. The mortal experience was supposed to play out like life does for little children, who have not yet been *inculcated* to see race, color, beauty and ugliness; who do not know the difference between poverty and wealth; who do not know why another little child might bite them and take their toy. But when the other little child does do something bad, little children have not yet been *inculcated* to distinguish the act as either *good* or *bad*. It's just an act that is quickly forgotten and forgiven by little children, who simply adjust their actions so that they don't get bitten again.

Because mortal life has become the nightmare that it is, someone had to wake up in the nightmare, realize that it is a nightmare, and attempt to convince the others with whom the person is dreaming that this is a nightmare that the dream sequence of events can actual change into a good dream.

The person who was forced to awake while dreaming ...

Was good Ol' Grandpa.

It has never been easy for me to convince others that they are *dreamers* participating in a nightmare.

It is not easy to convince people that there should be no poverty or inequality because of race, color, or creed.

It is not easy to convince people that all the animals were created by humans for humans; and that the animals that can kill humans were created by ancient people similar to the Khmer Rouge, who wanted to show those who had created other gentler species of animals to serve humans by keeping plants in check (and who bragged about it) that they were just as smart and creative.

It's very hard to convince my fellow *dreamers* that sex and gender were never supposed to be a part of the mortal experience.

Yeah, I can tell them how it all started ... how the nightmare began ... but they won't listen.

It's too hard to accept that who they are as a mortal person is actually a character in someone else's nightmare.

When you go to the store and buy an article of clothing that was created by another *less successful* person, who is forced by necessity to sit all day long and sew the same stitches, hour after hour, day after day, week after week, the clothes you buy might make your otherwise imperfect body look more attractive and perfect, but your purchase adds to another's nightmare. Is there any wonder that their natural response to you is anger, frustration, and hopelessness?

But the hardest thing of all in trying to convince people that I know the Real Truth about who we are and why we exist, is to convince them to give up their religious beliefs. All religious belief of every kind. Religion adds to the nightmare.

It's hard for people to give up religion because it also creates an escape back to the idea and feeling that God loves us and is aware of us; that there is a God that is just and helps us through this nightmare. It's hard to convince them that this God is actually their individual True Self.

You'll talk to people who believe in God as the source of everything. No one has ever seen, smelled, heard, tasted, or touched God. Anyone who says that they have is not telling the Real Truth. Why? Because it cannot be proven by empirical evidence. Although they might claim to have seen God, if YOU have not seen God, if YOU have not smelled God, if YOU have not tasted God, if YOU have not touched God, then YOU cannot accept it as Real Truth.

Just think about this for a minute ...

People look up to, honor, glorify, and worship people who *claim* to have seen God and heard God's voice from on high. People pay money to people who *claim* to have seen and heard God. Most people are honest and do not make the claim that they have seen or heard God. But when they come across someone who claims to have seen and heard God, and they have not, they are willing to believe another person because that's the way that their mortal brain has been conditioned to accept and understand things.

From the time we are born, we are taught that we don't know anything because we are just kids, and that our parents know things because they're older than us and have more experience. We trust our parents and look to them for guidance in a world into which we became conscious and with which we are not familiar. So, if our parents tell us that God exists and hears and answers

prayers in this world, why wouldn't we believe them? As a little child we never saw or heard God and had no other empirical evidence that God existed. The only empirical evidence we had was our parents, whom we were conditioned to trust, to honor, and obey.

When I was Senior Class President. I hated it. I was popular at West High, but as I explained, there were some who didn't like me much. When my friend and I were coming home from the dance at which Barry Bright confronted me and wanted to fight, I asked Dave, "Why does he want to fight me?"

Dave never did give me a straight answer. I think he had heard some things through the typical High School grapevine of gossip, but because he was my friend, he always supported me. What he did say was, "He's jealous of you."

That same night I arrived home from the dance and my dad and Gloria had already gone to bed. I came home and went up to their room crying. I told my dad that I did not want to go to West High any longer, that I wanted to move to another school. Because I was crying, something I seldom did, especially at that age and being a sound athlete, my dad showed some compassion on me as he responded with kindness and sincerity:

"Go ask your Heavenly Father. He will help you."

I went downstairs and cried to God about being popular, about how much I hated being Senior Class President, and about how I wanted to quit school. I didn't hear anything, I didn't see anything, I didn't smell, touch, or taste anything, but I felt something. I felt a relief ... and God didn't even charge me \$85 per hour for the session. You can pay \$85 an hour to have a trained therapist listen to you complain, and you feel a lot better after each session.

Prayer is the greatest therapy session you could ever have, and it doesn't cost you anything. Or does it? It depends upon whom you think is listening to your prayer.

Random thoughts come into our head, seemingly out of nowhere. "Where did that thought come from" we wonder. We know that we weren't thinking about the thing about which the random thought is about, so where did it come from then?

There was only one way that I could possibly have knowledge about the very thing that I was destined to convince others was the principle cause of all the inequality that was causing the nightmare of mortal life: religion.

Here's that quote again from Einstein:

"The only source of knowledge is experience."

After returning from my mission, I would continue to have the experiences that I needed in order to be able to fulfill my *true mission* in a mortal life—the same mission I had been involved in 23 other times during this last and final dispensation of time ...

During this nightmare we call mortal life.

[February 25, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's Autobiography](#)[Edit](#)

#

# Chapter 13: Knowing religion by experience.

To prepare me for what I would be asked to do in the future, nothing could have provided me with more experience—hence, according to Einstein, more knowledge—than being completely faithful and loyal to the religion of my birth: the LDS/Mormon Church.

By the time you read this autobiography you should have enough information to know what the Real Truth is about what both Joseph Smith, Jr., and I have done in publishing the *Book of Mormon* and *The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon—The Final Testament of Jesus Christ*. You should understand that neither book was written by either of us.

You should now understand that a group of highly knowledgeable individuals, who prefer to remain anonymous, developed the stories and asked us to publish them in the form that each of us did.

So that neither Joseph nor I could take credit for the books, nor be blamed for them, their stories included characters that self-represent this anonymous group.

Their *Book of Mormon* introduces these characters as the “Three Nephites (Timothy, Mathoni, and Mathonihah),” “Mormon,” “Moroni,” “John the Beloved,” and “the brother of Jared.”

These seven characters, none of which was actually real, were specifically chosen and included in the storyline of the books to represent the seven individuals who belong to the anonymous group that oversees the work that I have done, and am doing. They are also the seven individuals, who along with myself, comprise the Board of Directors for the Humanity Party®.

“John the Beloved” is introduced first in the *Book of Mormon* as one of Jesus’ original apostles (see 1 Nephi 14:19-30), and of whose existence a clue was written in the New Testament of the Bible:

“Then Peter, turning about, seeth the disciple whom Jesus loved following; which also leaned on his breast at supper, and said, Lord, which is he that betrayeth thee?

“Peter seeing him saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do?

“Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me.

“Then went this saying abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should not die: yet Jesus said not unto him, He shall not die; but, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?

“This is the disciple which testifieth of these things, and wrote these things: and we know that his testimony is true.

“And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. Amen.” (John 21:21-25.)

After the Greco-Roman, Caneaus (the main writer and editor of the first three stories about Jesus), presented his literary work known as Matthew, Mark, and Luke, to the counsel of Roman politicians and leaders that had commissioned him, this same anonymous group of highly knowledgeable individuals were able to convince Caneaus to convince the counsel to include another version of Jesus’ life: the Gospel of John.

(Note: some historians and scholars refer to Caneaus as “Q” ... Yeah, and one of Grandpa’s all-time favorite television series, *Star Trek*, also used the “Q” character uncannily similar... look it up for some entertainment. But anyways ...)

In their own incognito way, they were able to convince Caneaus that there were many things about the character Jesus that were not included in Q’s (Caneaus’) three main relations of Jesus’ life: “And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.”

When they wrote their *Book of Mormon*, they implied the exact same thing:

“And now there cannot be written in this book [*1830 published Book of Mormon*] even a hundredth part of the things which Jesus did truly teach unto the people; (3 Nephi 26:6.)

The *Book of Mormon* storyline would go on to explain that the *Book of Mormon* was meant to “try [the] faith” of the European-American Bible-believing Christians for whom it was written:

“And these things have I written, which are a lesser part of the things which [Jesus] taught the people; and I have written them to the intent that they may be brought again unto this people, from the Gentiles, according to the words which Jesus hath spoken.

“And when they shall have received this [*Book of Mormon*], which is expedient that they should have first, to try their faith, and if it shall so be that they shall believe these things then shall the greater things be made manifest unto them. And if it so be that they will not believe these things, then shall the greater things be withheld from them, unto their condemnation.” (3 Nephi 26:8-10.)

If you don’t believe in the *Book of Mormon* (the lesser part), you’re certainly not going to believe in *The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon* (the greater things). If you don’t believe in the Bible, then you won’t believe in the Book of Mormon or The Sealed Portion. You don’t need the religious books associated with Grandpa and his work. But because you belong to the human race, you do need the last, *The Dream of Mortal Life, Understanding Human Reality—A Final Warning to the Human Race*.

So, if all this religious stuff was all made up, then why? Why did this intelligent group of people feel it necessary to keep using made up stuff?

Really?

Do you actually think that a religious person is going to listen to Grandpa after I tell them that God isn't real, that their own brain is the only god that they've ever known, and the true source of the spiritual feelings they get from God; that it all comes from the neurological functions of their own brain?

Do you think that a person who believes that the Bible is the word of God is going to listen to Grandpa after I tell them that all religion is actually from the devil, and that the devil is the only entity answering any mortal prayers, and that all scripture was made up from the philosophies of men; and that they're actually the devil?

Really?

Riiiiiiiiiiiiight!

The New Testament presented a *new* idea at a time when the Great Roman Empire was on the verge of collapse. The poor (the majority) were rising up against the rich and powerful (the minority). The poor people were uneducated and much more religious, because as Grandpa explained, religion gave the poor, who were controlled by the rich, a feeling of equality that their daily lives living in the Roman world denied them.

The New Testament was responsible for the success of the leaders of the Eastern Roman Empire, where most of the poor lived and were rising up in rebellion against the government of Rome located in the Western Empire. The success of the Eastern Roman Empire led to the success of the Roman Catholic Church, which led to the reign of the kings and queens, which led to the eventual development of the white-skinned European powers from which the United States of America originated.

Similar to how the Eastern Roman Empire became the greatest nation on Earth, the United States of America would become the greatest nation on Earth. Both successes can be attributed to Christianity.

Christianity can be attributed to the desire of the marginalized, disenfranchised, slaves to corporations (i.e., employees) to feel equal. Their spiritual feelings are real and strong and convince them that God is present in their lives. After the European-American Christians began to import slaves from the African continent, these slaves needed to be controlled. Sure, guns and chains worked. But the greatest cause of calming the slaves and keeping them from rebellion was their conversion to Christianity. Jesus would one day come and make all things good for the slaves. But in the meantime, be humble, contrite and be saved ... Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

Although Jesus Christ has not yet come to save them and bring equality to the world, Christians believe that he will some day. Until then, the majority needs to be patriotic and loyal to the

Christian god. And when they do and think bad things to each other, no problem, the Christian god has provided them with a release of their guilt through the blood of Christ and payment of tithes and offerings to God's church.

Nothing has done more harm to the true purpose for our existence as mortals upon this Earth than Christianity. But on the other hand, nothing has done more in uniting the people of the world and giving them hope and faith in humanity than Christianity. This is the great emotional conflict I have always had in doing what I do.

Where the world might be a nightmare, the Second Coming of Jesus Christ is a good dream.

After I wrote the last chapter, one of my critics and enemies posted the following comment:



**Bill** commented on [Chapter 12: My Real Mission](#)

*When some people read the last chapter, especially about the part where I compare my brother Cory's health and physical ...*

Sorry man, but if you're really THE true messenger who has been assigned to help us 24 times with zero results and end up just leaving us with religions that make things worse, maybe "they" picked the wrong guy? Could he who thinks he be the Christ, really be a disalluioned Satan?

Approve

[Trash](#) | [Mark as Spam](#)

#### More information about Bill

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This man, William "Bill" Witt is a perfect example of why I am forced into seclusion and hiding. Although he would like to call himself a friend and lukewarm supporter of me and the work that I have been asked to do, from the moment I first shook his hand, I knew who he was and what part he would play in my life.

In introducing *The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon—The Final Testament of Jesus Christ* to the world (*How I Received The Gold Plates*), I was counseled to write:

“I then received many instructions and was told that I would lose all my friends, family, and close associations before I would be ready to present the translation of the plates to the world. I asked these beings what further would be required of me and whether I should tell my family and friends. I was instructed to leave the employment of the LDS Church and to give no indication as to why, or tell anyone what had taken place. I was not even to tell my wife, for she was to be tested to prove her worthiness and ability to support me in this work. I was told that I would travel extensively in preparation of doing this work and that I would become known as an apostate of the Church, but that I should allow the Church to do with me as they wished, for its own sake. I was told that I would be given many opportunities to meet those who were being prepared at this time to aid me in this work, but I was cautioned to test each one, so as not to be deceived or betrayed by them. I was also instructed in many other things that I cannot reveal at this time.”

After the *transfiguration* of my brain on June 16, 1987, whenever I would meet a person and physically touch them I would have an immediate sensation and flood of memories of who the person was in a past life, but ONLY if I had shared memories with them.

It is no secret that one of my past lives, not as a True Messenger, but one to prepare me with needed experience to obtain the knowledge to become a True Messenger, was that of Hyrum Smith, brother of Joseph Smith, Jr., the *Author and Proprietor* of the Book of Mormon, as I explained in a preceding chapter.

In an ironic twist, meant to provide some proof of my calling, when I met Bill Witt, I realized that he lived before as William Earl McLellin. “Bill” McLellin was one of the original apostles of the First Quorum of the Twelve Apostles\* of the LDS/Mormon religion.

\*A very important historical fact that might help shed some light on the work in which I am involved is that Joseph Smith had nothing ... ABSOLUTELY NOTHING ... to do with choosing and organizing this First Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. Joseph would cede the authority to Oliver Cowdery, Martin Harris, and David Whitmer—who were known as the Three Witnesses of the Book of Mormon, and all three would later become some of Joseph’s most bitter critics and enemies.

Long story ... as short as possible ...

Because the early European-American Christians who had accepted the Book of Mormon as another source of scripture (God’s word) failed the test of their faith (see above) when they read the book, Joseph was counseled to give them things that they could not understand, that would make them stumble (see Jacob 4:14).

Joseph Smith gave them the priesthood.

I knew the reason why Bill Witt was drawn to me and the MWA. It was in his DNA, per se. Bill Witt would act during this lifetime exactly like he acted in his last as William McLellin. McLellin never lost his belief in the Book of Mormon, but he often called Joseph an impostor and “a dis[a]llusioned Satan.”

Bill would join forces with others of my enemies and critics in an effort to discredit me and persecute the MWA. The Real Truth about Bill Witt is uncannily profound in proving that I knew him for who he really was the moment that I met him. But remember, as you consider this Real Truth, what Bill Witt has done is actually good for his True Self. But as I have explained, our mortal incarnates follow very closely to the same pattern of behavior each time we connect to a mortal body.

William McLellin wanted to be part of the work Joseph was doing. He pleaded with Joseph to befriend him. Joseph did to some degree. I did to Bill Witt ... to some degree. But unlike Joseph, I did not call Bill Witt on a mission to help (see *Doctrine and Covenants*, Section 66). I have avoided Bill Witt as much as possible.

Bill Witt would love to see me put in jail. Bill Witt would love for it to be proven that I am not who I claim to be.

My advise to Bill Witt has always been: go back to church.

It was while Joseph Smith was in the Liberty Jail that he wrote to other leaders of the Church about the true nature of William “Bill” McLellin. After Joseph wrote this letter, not only did McLellin want to physically fight Joseph ... as Grandpa has explained men tend to do when they get angry because they have no knowledge with which to repudiate the Real Truth ... but McLellin became one of Joseph’s most vociferous enemies.

McLellin would eventual join forces with John C. Bennett. Both men were present with painted faces outside of the Carthage Jail on June 27, 1844. Both men fired at Joseph from outside of the jail. But before the mob that these men had formed retreated to the outside to shoot at the windows of the jail, “Bill” McLellin rushed the door to the room where Joseph and Hyrum were being held. It was a single bullet from McLellin’s gun that enter Hyrum’s brain and ended that mortal existence.

Bill Witt will read these things and follow the course of his mortality that he has always followed. I will never be around him again and will stay safe from the collusion that he has with others in trying to usurp and find fault with this Marvelous Work and a Wonder®.

Is there any wonder why I avoid people like Bill Witt? There shouldn’t be now.

As I did in June of 2009, to his friend, Harry Dschaak (a.k.a. John C. Bennett), whom I will introduce later in this autobiography, I am calling out Bill Witt and revealing the Real Truth about him and his character, but for a good purpose in presenting an example of how religion can cause so much damage to a person’s life when the Real Truth is revealed.

Again, as I wrote above, I need a lot of experience in order to have the knowledge necessary to fulfill the role of a True Messenger. A past life as the closest companion and friend of the founder of the first, original religion that started in the New World (the United States of America), was an experience that would be profoundly important. Having memories of this past life because of the way that my brain was changed allowed me test each person with whom I would come into contact, so as not to be deceived or betrayed by their mortal Self ... by their *Lucifer*.

Bill Witt was a member of an LDS/Mormon Bishopric when he came across and began to read The Sealed Portion. Like McLellin's, Witt's testimony of the "lesser part" (Book of Mormon) was strong, but way beyond the mark intended for the book. The Sealed Portion did what it was meant to do: open Witt's mind. Once opened, Witt began to lose all of the "payment" he was receiving working for Lucifer. He lost his LDS/Mormon Church membership and his wife and kids.

I was contacted by one of Bill's old High School girlfriends, first name, Coral (no need to reveal her full name as she is an innocent participant in my relations with Witt). Coral asked to meet me with Bill. We met at a library located in Murray, Utah. Coral proceeded to tell me that she and Bill wanted me to marry them one day, after Bill had divorced his wife. Coral threatened the very things from which Witt gained his self-worth and value in life: his religion and family.

Witt deceived Coral into thinking that he was going to leave his family for her. Coral was staying at the home of one of my former loyal friends and supporters at the time she was waiting for Bill to leave his family. Although they were having sex, Bill did not leave his family for Coral and eventually broke her heart. Feeling sorry for Coral, I would one day meet with her and her brother and explain that all that Witt had done to her had nothing to do with me or the work I was doing.

Bill Witt began to blame me, personally, for all of his troubles. Just like many of my critics and enemies have done and do. I am blamed for *their* choices. Although Joseph placated William McLellin and gave him a mission to do, I did not counsel Bill Witt in anything. Unlike Joseph, my sole purpose was to give Bill the Real Truth.

I am the monster. I am the devil ... the deceiver ... the "dis[a]llusioned Satan."

Those who have lost value and worth in their lives by listening to the Real Truth and leaving religion have a hard time with it and must place the blame on someone other than their own Self. Many have come to me in order to receive value and replace the worth that they have lost. Joseph Smith allowed McLellin to get close enough and involved enough to "pay" him for what *Lucifer* was not willing to continue to pay him after McLellin accepted the Book of Mormon as God's word. Although Bill Witt had lost his position in the Bishopric, I had nothing to offer him to replace the value and worth he had lost.

Witt would turn to drugs and alcohol as a means to placate his loss of self-worth ... just like McLellin. Witt's wife would remain loyal to the LDS/Mormon Church. Just like McLellin's. McLellin's wife would remain loyal to the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day

Saints. McLellin could find no value to replace what he felt Joseph had taken from him. For the rest of his life, McLellin searched for that value. McLellin would seek out David Whitmer and ask Whitmer to help him organize a new religion, a new church that would give him value.

The Real Truth destroyed Bill Witt's life and turned him into my enemy and critic.

I have seen how the work that I have been asked to do has destroyed the lives of many people, including many with whom I have been intimately involved, including my own children and family.

While I was religious, my life was fine. My hope was secured in the value I received as a member of God's only true church. It was an easy life. Do what you're told by the Church leaders and you will find value and self-worth and have an easy life. (This is why I have pleaded with Bill Witt to go back to church.)

I came home from my mission and knew that the next step that the leaders of the Church wanted from me was to get married and start a family.

Upon my return from my mission, I went to work at the same company where my brother, Mike, was a Supervisor: Paramount Acceptance. I was a bill collector. I was the best collector the company had ever had. Mike had set all the collection records in the company. I broke all of Mike's records my first month.

During a meeting with the other collectors, many who had been collectors for many years, I was asked by the General Manager, Glen Bendixon, how I did it ... how I became so successful as a collector with little experience.

My response was typical LDS/Mormon:

I pay my tithing.

I got into an argument one day with another collector who was LDS/Mormon but who said that he would have to pray about anything that he was told to do by a LDS General Authority. I was livid and defended the Church and its leaders for what I believed they were: God's ONLY true and living authorities on Earth. We got into a pretty heated argument. One of the sweetest ladies present, Alyson, almost crying, asked us to stop the argument. For her sweet sake, I stopped the argument. Paramount wouldn't fire me for arguing. I was the best collector. Well, also, Paramount was owned by LDS/Mormons. How could they fire me for defending the faith?

As collectors, we were paid a small hourly wage and the rest on commission. Each time I would beat my own collection record from the previous month, the managers would change the commission structure, lowering it to what management felt a collector should earn. This would eventually lead to my quitting such an unfair and corrupt company, as I began to see it.

I did not go back to Argentina at that time to bring Alicia Ester de Olexen to the U.S. to be my wife. I broke her heart. I destroyed her life and her dreams. It was shortly after returning from my mission that I met Paula Rae Blades.

I was destroying the lives of the other collectors because I was the cause of their losing income because of collecting so much and having the commission structure lowered.

I would end up destroying the lives of many people throughout my life, taking away the worth and the value that they once received from the world, especially from religion.

In 2004, I would write in *The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon* introduction:

“Yet in all my experiences, I have never hurt another human soul. The depth of my compassion for my fellow human beings is hard to imagine when one considers the effect that others’ lies and behavior have had upon me. There are many who consider me their enemies, but I love them all and wish no ill upon them. I have lost wives, children, and all of my personal effects, and have been persecuted by those who once loved me. But in spite of all of these negative experiences in my life, I have yet to turn against another and harbor ill feelings toward him or her. In other words, my conscience is clean and pure before my God and my fellow human beings.”

I feel sad for Bill Witt. He’s actually a very personable guy ...

But so was the man who ended one of my last incarnates.

Both of these men are good because they are gods; and I am simply a part of their eternal dream.

There was no possible way that I could have a clean conscience doing what I would be asked to do (destroy people’s self-worth and value) unless I could be convinced that religion was the cause of all the world’s problems; that religion was actually from *Lucifer*—our mortal egos; that unless we get rid of religion, humanity will be destroyed for the very last time upon this Earth.

Einstein knew what this intelligent group of seven anonymous people also knew,

“The only source of knowledge is experience.”

The only way I could possibly gain this experience was to work for the religion in which I believed with all my heart, and which I would defend to the death. I needed access to everything that a lay member would never see. I needed the empirical evidence provided by the experience of being part of the Security Department of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

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#

# Chapter 14: The Big Lie

Before I go on with more details of my life and explain what happened after my LDS/Mormon mission and eventually ended up working in LDS/Mormon Church Security, and to present things chronologically, it's time to explain something very important.

If you are ever going to have a clear picture of who your Grandpa is and what he has done, you need to have a very clear picture of not only *what* I was asked to do by the group that recruited me, but most importantly, *why*.

*What* I do is simple. I provide information to people. All of the information that I have been asked to provide is written in seven books: the books that comprise the Marvelous Work and a Wonder® is the *what* I was asked to do.

There are only two books of the seven books that tell the Real Truth: this autobiography and *The Dream of Mortal Life, Understanding Human Reality—A Final Warning to the Human Race*.

The other five books were written to produce enough light (knowledge) so that a person living on earth doesn't continually stumble through life because of the mists of darkness (worldly knowledge) that have caused people to stumble all over themselves.

My mentors developed the idea for the seven books based on the New Testament book of Revelation's description of *seven golden candlesticks*.

“And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks; And in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of man. ... and out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword” (Revelation 1:12-13, 16)

Candles give light to a person wandering in the dark. The candles are the information that we call the Real Truth. Candlesticks hold the candles. The MWAW books hold the information.

My mentors formed my role as a True Messenger from what was written of the “one like unto the Son of man” in Revelation, chapter 11. Truly, what comes out of my mouth is *sharp* and will cut a person one of two ways: either negatively or positively.

As I explained in the last chapter, more often than not, the information that comes out of my mouth is received very negatively. No one likes to be told that everything that they think is good and right is actually wrong.

To do *what* they asked me to do I would have to learn to lie ... and lie better than anyone else.

Before June 16, 1987, I did not lie, or least, I did everything in my power not to lie. Liars go to hell ... at least that's what I believed with all my heart. As I explained, it was because I didn't want to lie that motivated me to keep the promises and covenants that I made with God when I received the temple endowment ordinances. That promise motivated me to dedicated my entire

soul to and work only for God, His Church, His leaders, and His kingdom on earth: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

What I didn't know then was the GREATEST LIE of this *Sixth Dispensation of Human Time* upon earth. A terrible lie that has been told, established, perpetuated, and used to deceive people and cause the greatest harm to our humanity.

This great lie is the Bible, including both the Old and the New Testament. Although some of the events in the Bible are loosely ... very loosely ... based on a few historical events, nothing in the Bible is Real Truth .... ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!

The Bible is the most evil instrument of division, inequality, and hatred that has ever existed during this *Sixth Dispensation of Human Time*.

The Bible is vile. The Bible is deceptive. The Bible is immoral. The Bible is evil.

The Bible is from *Lucifer*—where “Lucifer” represents our human nature, our ego. According to psychoanalysts: our *id*, where “id” is defined as the part of the mind in which innate instinctive impulses and primary processes are manifest.

This is the Real Truth that your grandpa can empirically prove to anyone who wants to listen.

This *empirical evidence* that Grandpa has about the Bible causes people to hate him, want to hurt him, and surely not listen to him. But if you were to study the Bible, its origins, its stories, its meanings, and the effects it has on the human mind, as Grandpa has been taught by his mentors, surely you'd logically come to agree with Grandpa.

You're going to start to understand how bad the Bible is as I unfold a few things in this chapter about a meeting I had with the group that recruited me. You will finally have some *empirical evidence* of how the Bible IS the cause of most human misery upon this Earth.

Because the Bible IS one of the major causes as to why our mortal experience is not working out the way that it is supposed to be for the benefit of our True Self, it is the focal point of the MWAU. If we cannot convince the world of the evil of the Bible and the harm that it has caused humanity, we will not be able to change this world enough in order to save it from its final destruction, a destruction that will end our True Self's ability to continue to have access to the mortal experience in order to maintain a neurological balance in our advanced brain.

As I have explained, this mortal experience is vital to our eternal mental health. Yep. That's the Real Truth!

There is no little child upon this Earth that believes in the Bible. Belief in the Bible is forced into the minds of children and creates cognitive (thinking) filters that are very hard to penetrate. Ever since the Bible began to form, this small group of anonymous humans has been trying to counter it in hope of creating a better world and allowing mortal life to play out successfully. They started to worry about the effects that written scripture like the Bible would have on society

in about 600 b.c.e., about the time the Old Testament was first written in story form by the Greeks. (Ever wonder where and why they came up with the timeline for their *Book of Mormon*. Think about when the story started; 600 b.c. Yep!)

You can imagine how Bible believers respond to what Grandpa has written above about their precious “God’s word.” You can imagine the hate. You can imagine the anger.

And you can now see why Grandpa now lives hidden in his own “cavity in a rock.” But fortunately, so I can do what I do, because times have changed and people have more freedom of expression and opinion than at any other time during this *Sixth Dispensation of Time*, Grandpa has some protection from society to let the “sharp two-edge sword come out of his mouth ... or out of his fingers.

In other lifetimes in the past, Grandpa would have been killed for telling the Real Truth. Oh, wait ... I was. I just wasn’t your grandpa then ... or maybe I was your great, great, great, great, great, many times over grandpa then. Who knows, right?

I became a liar after my *transfiguration*. I had to become a liar.

As I reported, how the hell was I supposed to return home from work one day and say that God was all in your head (yeah, literally), when yesterday I believed in God and that God’s only true church on Earth was the LDS/Mormon Church?

Go ahead. Trying convincing an LDS/Mormon person that God is not real, that the Bible is evil and the cause of most of our human problems, and that since their own brain is both God and the devil, the devil part of their brain is the only entity that hears and answers their prayers.

Go ahead and see how far you get with them. They will shut you down faster than a woman rejecting you for sex while menstruating ... Oooooohhhh, Grandpa! Really?

That reminds me of ...

What do you call a bunch of LDS/Mormon women sitting around masturbating?

RELIEF Society.

But anyways ...

You will NEVER be able to convince a LDS/Mormon of this Real Truth because many of them have received a personal testimony from the *Book of Mormon*. Millions have read the Book of Mormon and have felt the Spirit of God testify to their soul that it is true. It is one of the main cornerstones of the LDS/Mormon faith. In fact, without it, there would be no Mormonism, no LDS, no new American church, no ... one of the most wealthiest churches upon earth.

The Book of Mormon is a lie created to counter the Bible—The GREATEST LIE. If read correctly, this point is obvious. (See 1 Nephi 13:20-29.) But the Book of Mormon itself presents

an even greater lie, that the story says is much greater and more important than the Book of Mormon: its *sealed portion*.

No matter how hard my mentors tried, they could not convince any religious person that religion was all a lie. But this didn't stop them from doing everything within their power to open people's minds and hearts to the possibility that religion is the worst thing that ever happened to humanity.

To counter a lie, they lied.

When I left the temple the morning of June 16, 1987, I realized that there was an even bigger lie than the Bible. Grandpa wrote that the Bible was the "GREATEST LIE of this *Sixth Dispensation of Human Time* upon earth."

But the GREATEST LIE SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME is that our individual mortal consciousness (who you are right now) is everything and all that we are as individuals; and that this mortal reality is our only true reality and there is no other. Remember, religious people believe that the same YOU that you are during your mortal life will be the same YOU after you die and resurrect from the dead, which implies that it is the same YOU that existed before you entered mortality.

(Ya gotta feel really sorry for the majority of people who just aren't that attractive ... and shit ... all ya all women out there have to keep putting on make up forever ... unless, when you resurrect in your perfect body, the make up will already be tattooed on your eternal face. Isn't make up a form of lying about what you really look like? Yep. But anyways.)

On June 16, 1987, I knew that the GREATEST TRUTH of all is that we are advanced humans *dreaming* this mortal consciousness.

The GREATEST LIE is that this mortal life of a few years, hardly anything compared to eternity, is what shapes our entire eternal existence.

If it is the case that the YOU who you are is the YOU you will always be, and you're an asshole to people while mortal, doesn't that mean that the YOU is going to be an asshole to people forever? Nope. Because of another one of the GREATEST LIES associated with this *Sixth Dispensation of Human Time*:

"Jesus forgives and saves."

Goddamn, Grandpa! You're going to get your ass killed saying those kinds of things.

Yeah, even though I knew this immediately after my *transfiguration*, which is the moment when Christians believe the devil took over my mind and made me an Anti-Christ, I was counseled not to reveal this Real Truth until my mentors had a chance to do everything within their power to work with the cognitive impenetrable Bible filters that clogged up billions of people's brains. They would use Jesus to counter Christians.

They gave religion one last shot in 1830 with Joseph Smith, Jr.. That's also what the first five MWA books are for.

I was not authorized to tell any truth until after June 16, 2012, which was the designated time when I was allowed to start revealing tidbits of the Real Truth, line up line, precept upon precept, undeceiving people as fast and as much as the person would allow in the information that I gave them.

I will be detailing all the lies that I was forced to tell people after June 1987 throughout the pages of this autobiography. But understand this about my lies ... this is important:

I lied like everyone else on this planet lies, to be socially acceptable and kind to others. I lied to help other people. Except in the cases when I lied to women about being in love with them, something I was completely incapable of after my *transfiguration*, I have never intentionally hurt another person. I have always lied to reinforce and support another's own lies, even when another might not think they are lying.

Everyone lies. ABSOLUTELY EVERYONE.

One of the main reasons why Grandpa finds himself isolated and alone at the time that I am writing this autobiography is because I am tired ... very, very tired ... of having to lie and of being lied to. I can no longer stand to be around a person who lies to me, nor do I enjoy being around a person to whom I must lie in order to make them feel comfortable around me.

I can now write, with absolute certainty that I am one of the most honest people upon Earth. I do not have a telephone, except for emergencies, because I don't want to receive a text or phone call from someone who is trying to lie to me. I do not have personal email service any longer, because I don't want to be lied to through the written word. If a person is going to lie to me, that person will have to do it to my face so that I can then decide if I want them in my face or not.

I have very few personal relationships with humans because they lie to me for no reason. There's not one truth about a person that would make me respect them less. You can tell me anything as long as it is the truth. If you lie to me, I'll smile, listen to you kindly and do everything that I can to take my face away from yours.

So, to avoid lying or being lied to, I avoid people.

I have dogs. Problem solved.

Dogs do not lie. Yeah, dogs are deceptive. They'll shit where they know they're not supposed to then run and hide. But when confronted, they cower in honesty. I fucking love dogs! If I could fuck a dog and enjoy it, I wouldn't need humans for anything. Oooooohhh, Grandpa! Really? No. Not really. But anyways ...

Even now, sometimes, I hate being around my mentors. Because they are the ones who got me involved in their lies ... and Oh, my, how they have lied. But they have NEVER, EVER, lied to

me ... EVER! (Well, unless they really are the servants of the devil ... and if they are ... FUCK THEY'RE GOOD AT LYING! But anyways ...)

Their redemption in my eyes finally came when they allowed me to start telling the Real Truth in 2012, and then finally in 2016, tell the Real Truth about ...

Jesus, the Christ.

In March of 2005, I met with the seven anonymous individuals who are responsible for the work in which I would be involved. We met together on a boat in the San Diego bay. I was late getting there so T and J had to use the boat's skiff to come back to shore and pick me up from shore.

This was the very first time that I had met with all of them together. I had been involved with four of them (T, M&M, J) briefly in 1991 when they first asked me to become involved with them in their work, and again in November of 2003 when I was finally ready to do it *their way*. (I had also been previously informed that one of them had been shadowing me from the day I was born.)

When I write "do it" I mean unfold, announce, explain, give the Real Truth to the world.

The pages that follow in this autobiography will show how I tried to do it *my way* ... which failed miserably.

*Their way* also failed, but not to the degree that *my way* had.

Trying to do it *my way*, I did not help one person open his or her mind so that their brain could grasp and understand the Real Truth about who we are and why we exist ... not even a single one!

*Their way* has resulted in hundreds of people throughout the world opening their religious minds, adjusting thinking patterns and opening cognitive filters that seemed to be permanently closed and otherwise impenetrable.

These guys were smart enough to realize that the Real Truth would never be accepted by the people of the world, but they knew that a few would come to embrace its incredible freeing (saving) power. They provided a clue to what they knew about their work being rejected by the world, and accepted by only a few, when they wrote their Book of Mormon.

Introducing their future Marvelous Work and a Wonder® by using the Christian ideology of Jesus, the lamb of God in place of the Real Truth (to appease their target audience of the European-American Christian mind), they wrote:

"For the time cometh, saith the Lamb of God, that I will work a great and a marvelous work among the children of men; a work which shall be everlasting, either on the one hand or on the other—either to the convincing of them unto peace and life eternal, or unto the deliverance of

them to the hardness of their hearts and the blindness of their minds unto their being brought down into captivity, and also into destruction, both temporally and spiritually, according to the captivity of the devil, of which I have spoken.

“And it came to pass that when the angel had spoken these words, he said unto me: Rememberest thou the covenants of the Father unto the house of Israel? I said unto him, Yea.

“And it came to pass that he said unto me: Look, and behold that great and abominable church, which is the mother of abominations, whose founder is the devil.

“And he said unto me: Behold there are save two churches only; the one is the church of the Lamb of God, and the other is the church of the devil; wherefore, whoso belongeth not to the church of the Lamb of God belongeth to that great church, which is the mother of abominations; and she is the whore of all the earth.

“And it came to pass that I looked and beheld the whore of all the earth, and she sat upon many waters; and she had dominion over all the earth, among all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people.

“And it came to pass that I beheld the church of the Lamb of God, and its numbers were few, because of the wickedness and abominations of the whore who sat upon many waters; nevertheless, I beheld that the church of the Lamb, who were the saints of God, were also upon all the face of the earth; and their dominions upon the face of the earth were small, because of the wickedness of the great whore whom I saw.” (1 Nephi 14:7-12.)

*Their way* included the *Book of Mormon* and *The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon*.

After my brain fart in June 1987, I knew that the Book of Mormon was not a true history, that it was a fictitious story written in concert with and in support of the equally fictitious Bible. But I knew people needed religion for value and purpose. I knew that religious and spiritual belief was all part of the *dream experience* playing out in the mind of a mortal person according to the involuntary reactions of their advanced Self’s brain.

So how, then, could religion be a bad thing? I did not understand how bad religion actually was at the time of my brain *transfiguration*. Since I realized that each person was living the *dream* exactly how they needed to, I didn’t see any problem with religion and kind of invented my own ... sort of. I needed to gain the knowledge how bad it actually was through *actual* experience.

I didn’t know at the time that others like me (who had experienced the same brain fart) were doing things to try to open people’s minds. I didn’t fully understand in 1987 how the Book of Mormon played into *their way*. I really didn’t care at the time where the Book of Mormon came from. It was a great book that addressed a lot of social problems, and if heeded, could change the world.

Religion was working for my family and friends. Although I had changed my religion and lifestyle, not once did I ever try to change theirs. I played along, smiled, and treated everyone like I did a child at Christmas time. I began to lie to them for them.

It was obvious that the Book of Mormon wasn't changing the world. In fact, it had done the exact opposite of what it was suppose to do. It had created one of the most divisive, conservative, patriotic, proud, but albeit, one of the wealthiest and most powerful religions upon Earth. In 2012, an LDS/Mormon priesthood holder almost won the United States Presidency, one of the most powerful political positions on Earth.

Some of the details of how I dealt with the knowledge that I had after my brain change will come to light throughout the pages of this autobiography. I wasn't dealing with it very well. I was allowing people to believe what they wanted, but I would play into those beliefs and try different things to get them to *see the light*.

As I explained above, if they believed in a lie, I would lie with them, I would lie to them, I would lie for them, according to the lie in which I perceived that they believed. I was doing what I knew the authors of the Book of Mormon had done: give little clues here and there and see if the person would bite on the clue and open up their mind so that I could give them other, better clues.

To me, this was a nice thing to do. It was no different for me at the time than playing along with my children about Santa Claus and enjoying the lies that created the wonderful feelings shared during the Christmas season.

(I will write more about the way that I would play along with the lies in which others believed as I unfold the events of my life.)

When I met with the group in March of 2005, I thought it was about the recent publication of *The Sealed Portion* on the Internet. I was allowed to publish it for the first time in October 2004. I brought seven copies of the printed book and gave one to each.

Almost in unison, each pushed the printed copy to the aside. Yeah ... fucking REALLY! After all that hard work over the past year ... bastards! But anyways ...

We began to discuss the world's situation in regards to poverty and inequality. It was at this meeting when I learned things about history that no one on Earth knew.

It was at this meeting when we discussed the implementation of a foundation that would present the perfect plan to address poverty. In conjunction to what they had written in *The Sealed Portion*, we first called these plans: *The Widow's Mite Foundation*, known publicly as the *Worldwide United Foundation* (WUF). This would eventually be replaced with the Humanity Party®. (More details on this will come later.)

They taught me about a crucial time in the world's past history when the governments of the world, united, could have ended poverty and inequality and ushered in a time of peace and

prosperity for all. It was at the time that the Great Roman Empire was faced with the same things that current governments are faced with: revolutions and protests held by the poor, which eventually led to the end of governments.

The Great Roman Empire was the most powerful nation upon Earth at that time. It was already united under one powerful government in a centralized part of the old world. When the poor outnumbered the rich and powerful, and needed to be controlled, the Roman authorities chose religion over revising their economic policies to create prosperity for the poor.

Had the Roman government implemented the Humanity Party®'s plan to eliminate worldwide poverty, the world would have become a completely different place. Religion wouldn't exist and everyone on Earth would be united under one government that existed equally for the entire human race.

The Romans were the first major society that made its own money out of nothing. The coins that they minted were not all precious metals. Romans had coins they made from copper and brass. They didn't have printing presses back then or they would have done what their eventual successors as the greatest nation on Earth would do, the United States of America: print the money on paper.

The problems that both the Romans and the Americans had in printing all that money is that when it was created out of thin air it was always given to the rich to make them richer.

The solution to worldwide poverty is a very simple solution: print as much money as is needed to ensure that every human upon Earth has the basic necessities of life for free, from the time of birth to the time of death. And just as important, control the inflation of the money through price controls mandated by law.

If the Roman government had created as much money as was needed to provide people with the basic necessities of life, it would have eliminated poverty and the reason why the people were beginning to rebel. The new money is NOT given to the poor. It is still given to the rich, but ONLY under the condition that their increased wealth comes from providing the basic necessities of life to all people ... and again, legally controlling inflation.

The rich already know how to use money to get rich, to control the world. The incredible good things about Capitalism proves this ... empirically. The poor do not know how to get rich, or they would, if they could. They want to, but they can't because there's only so much money to go around. If you give any of the new money to the poor, they will simply turn around and do what they have always done, what their economy was set up to do: give it back to the rich who are providing the people, not with what they need, but with what they want ... or they would give it to drug dealers so that they could stay emotionally distracted and disconnected from the fact that their daily lives were miserable ... Oh, that's what entertainment and sports are all about. Think about it.

Most people hate their fucking job. If people didn't hate their job, they wouldn't be dreaming about becoming rich so they didn't have to do a fucked up job. People are emotionally

conditioned to bear the burden of a fucked up job because of the things that their brain is conditioned to focus on: going to a concert that weekend, watching sports, going to a movie—a few hours that their brain is highly excited so that it is distracted from the fact that they have a fucked up job. This is why entertainers and athletes are paid so well. They're very valuable to the emotional stability of humanity.

The Greeks and Romans knew this about entertainment. They were the ones who promoted slavery (forced employment in order to live) as being tolerable and good. If you work, you get money, and with the money that you get from working for the rich, you can give it back to them as they entertain you. Yeah, another GREAT LIE.

Can you imagine what it might have been like if in his garage, Bill Gates, had invented a cure for cancer, instead of a computer? Can you imagine what would have happened if the government paid Bill Gates for his cancer cure, whatever amount Bill Gates wanted, and then gave the cure to the people of the world for free? The government could have printed all the money that Bill Gates wanted for his cure and then controlled its price.

Bill Gates didn't create something that the poor majority of the world needed. Bill Gates created something that the minority of people (with all the money) *wanted*. Computers have made it that much easier for the rich to become richer and the poor to remain poorer. Computers have made it much easier for people who hate their fucking job to stay distracted and disconnected emotionally. Consider how many people have smart phones and how much time they focus their entire existence, not on others, or the world around them, but on a few inches of electronic screen that distracts them from the fucked up world in which they live ... around everyone who is lying like they are. Another GREAT LIE.

It is the group of young males who are unemployed and have no hopes for a productive future that are the easiest to recruit to revolutionary causes. The Great Roman Empire didn't have enough money to hire the complaining young men to join their strong military force. In fact, because all of the *new* money the Romans were creating was being squandered by the wealthy for their own family's selfish purposes, the Roman government didn't have any left over to continue to support its military and the array of foreign conquests to add land to the Empire.

Instead of making more money and hiring all the young men as soldiers, offering them excellent benefits, glory, and honor, the Romans gave the new money to the wealthy who were using the new money for other things.

But anyways ...

The reason I have mentioned the things above is because instead of implementing a simple change in economic policies, the wealthy and powerful decided to keep things *status quo* and introduce a new religion instead.

Not only would the new religion (Christianity) subdue and quiet the masses by giving them hope, but it would create another form of government taxation: religious donations. Religious leaders would become part of the government. All this led to the most powerful governments in the

world coming under the control, not of the State for the sake of the people, but of the Church for the sake of whatever god in which the wealthy could convince the masses to believe, and from which they could personally profit.

My mentors would attempt the reverse to what the Romans had done. In 1830, they would attempt to create a new religion first, then introduce a new economic system once they had the people's hearts where they needed them to be in order to penetrate their Bible filters. Their battle strategy failed. *The Sealed Portion* was their war's *failsafe* as Grandpa explained in a preceding chapter.

This group of men (my mentors) went through history with me and explained what had gone wrong. There was only one hope left. Convince people of the Real Truth about religion. To do this, they needed a Messenger who wasn't afraid of the world and had no emotional connection of value associated with the normal life of a mortal.

*Their way*, the MWA, was never about religion. It was about the eventual establishment of the Humanity Party® that would introduce the correct plan to revise the economic policies embraced by the governments of the world to eliminate poverty and allow a person to live the mortal experience, not according to what others expect of the person (to be forced to go to work in order to live), but what their True Self expected of their mortal Self.

But for this plan to be successful, the strong force of religion had to first be confronted and defeated.

I needed the experience of religion in order to gain the knowledge about religion that was required in order to fight it. I needed to learn to lie better and more proficient than religious leaders.

The best way to defeat an enemy is to know your enemy and be convinced that beating the enemy was worth the fight and sacrifice.

**“If you know the enemy and know yourself, you need not fear the result of a hundred battles. If you know yourself but not the enemy, for every victory gained you will also suffer a defeat. If you know neither the enemy nor yourself, you will succumb in every battle.”— Sun Tzu, [The Art of War](#)**

By listening to these incredibly intelligent seven individuals on that boat in the San Diego harbor in March of 2005, I began to realize *what* the enemy actually was that they had enlisted me to defeat. I realized why the Book of Mormon and The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon existed: to right the Bible.

The enemy was religion. It is religion that keeps the people of Earth from uniting and backing the right form of government.

Before I would finally know my True Self on June 16, 1987, well enough to arm myself and others “with righteousness and with the power of God in great glory” (see 1 Nephi 14:12), I would have to come to know the enemy very well.

I would have to learn the art of war ... oops, Freudian slip ... I mean ...

... the art of lying.

One of the group who had shadowed me my entire life did everything that he could to get me employed in the Security department of one of the most powerful and wealthiest churches on Earth. To be employed by the LDS/Mormon Church, one had to be a very faithful and devoted member.

After my mission, the stage was being set for me to become one of the most faithful and devoted members of the LDS/Mormon Church.

[February 28, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's AutobiographyEdit](#)

#

# Chapter 15: God, Family, and Country

(Beginning of personal note.)

*Note to editors: the decision to include any or none of these personal notes in the final published draft of my autobiography is entirely up to you. I don't care either way. Also, if you haven't already become aware, the Bros have literary license to change anything I have written as they review it, including taking out my profanity as they see fit. You editors also have this same license. If I write something profane or from my personal sense of humor that you might feel is inappropriate for a published book, by all means make the change, but please do NOT change the meaning of my words. Thanks for all you do for this work. —CMN)*

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NOTE: As I write the rough draft to my autobiography, I have been instructed to share it online on the Marvelous Work and a Wonder® official website. In so doing, the editors and website managers review the comments section, which they have allowed so that anyone can make comments about what I write.

I couldn't care less about any comments, but they do.

It is their utmost desire to protect my life and keep me safe, at least until I have completed the last two MWA books. Upon receiving any comment that they deem has something of value for them to consider, they will address their concerns with me.

This note is in response to one of their concerns in regards to a few of my enemies.

Side note: I've been instructed to not review the comment sections until they have had the chance to review them and delete inappropriate ones that might distract me from my task at hand. I suppose they know me better than I know me, because I really don't care who I offend or what anyone says about what I write. What I write is the Real Truth, and if it cuts one's ego, nothing I can do about that. Although, I do appreciate the positive comments some people have written, which they have shared with me.

If it were up to me, there wouldn't be any more MWA books. This messed up world doesn't even deserve the Real Truth. I say let it go the way it's going and deliver the people of this world to "the hardness of their hearts and the blindness of their minds unto their being brought down into captivity, and also into destruction, both temporally and spiritually, according to the captivity [of their egos], of which I have spoken." (Compare to 1 Nephi 14:7.)

But then there are the few who have sacrificed so much for this work and for me personally. Denton and Sydney Thiede and Kurt and Monica Smith have sacrificed more worldly means than anyone else ... and although they hate it when I do it, I'm going to give them a shout out.

I'll explain how it all came about later, but Denton gave me a job for many years and paid me well. And I deserved what Denton was paying me. If it wasn't for what Denton allowed, I would have no money presently by which to live or be able to support others involved in this work. We take no donations from anyone else, and few there be that even offer. But the fact is, Denton could have laid me off after he had complete control of his company and kept what he paid me for himself. He didn't. I'm now living off the money that we saved during those years.

I had to quit my job because of an Idaho Judge who is being puppeteered by Harry Dschaak's attorney. According to the law (civil law ... the case wouldn't stand a chance as a criminal case ... Dschaak's tried multiple times to get me arrested) I am a fraudster, racketeer, a murderer, pedophile, terrorist, sexual predator, and anything else that Dschaak has called me over the years. Having no hope in front of this prejudiced judge, Robert C. Naftz [yeah, I mention his name and will again because I want this judge's name associated with mine on the Internet, as I also do the other judges in my life who adore me ... NOT].

The reason for this note is what is presently transpiring with Dschaak.

Dschaak has supporters and his own spies who have been associated with me over the years and pretend that they're supporting me when in fact they have no other desire but to see me exposed as a fraud, a racketeer, a murderer, pedophile, terrorist, sexual predator, and anything else that Dschaak has called me over the years. Yeah! Really! But what these don't understand is that they can cause "me" to fall ... they can kill me ... but they'll never stop this work! They will never stop the Real Truth from being revealed to the world!

With purpose and for an example, I called out one of Dschaak's spies and supporters, William "Bill" Witt. He thinks I did this for some kind of revenge. No, I did it to reveal the Real Truth about how things are and have always been for someone like me who presents information that devalues the things of this world from which most people gain their self-worth and value: God, Family, and Country ... which is what this current chapter in my autobiography is all about.

There are three people whom I allowed to have access to me for a time, knowing fully well that they would turn on me and become my enemy. Their names are Harry Dschaak, William "Bill" Witt, and Robert "Robbie" G. Pace. In fact, Robbie Pace is the only man I have ever allowed to kiss me ... with purpose ... think about it.

These three men have contributed more to my persecution than any other. All three men became scorned after I called them out publicly and revealed that they had no special value to the work that I do, but after I had let them believe that they did.

Since it appears that Dschaak will win his civil case against me and find me (legally) to be a fraudster, racketeer, a murderer, pedophile, terrorist, sexual predator ... only because I refuse to submit to the extreme prejudice that Judge Naftz has shown in open court ... and I refuse to pay another penny to an attorney ... But anyways ...

Since it appears that the world will always see me as a fraudster, racketeer, a murderer, pedophile, terrorist, sexual predator, because a court of law found this to be the case ... Yeah ...

good ol' court of law of the U.S. justice system, where, Folks, if you think about it properly, nine judges appointed by politicians (SCOTUS), often make decisions about what is right and what is wrong along political lines, usually 5 against 4. Yep, there are 4 Supreme Court Judges who are on the losing side. These 4 are obviously fools and not competent enough to rule properly on the issues, as their dissenting votes mean nothing according to the law. The other 5 Judges are always right ... NOT! But that's the way it is. The LAW of the United States legal system is whatever a judge says that it is ... and that's messed up!

Oh, my! The wolves will howl!

Look how Christopher speaks and testifies against our wonderful U.S. justice system!

Oh, no, wolfies, I have not testified against your law. You're not getting it. You say that I have spoken against your law, but I have not, but I have spoken in favor of your law, to your condemnation. It is YOU ... all ye wolfies out there ... who support a system of law where just 5 mortals, even when they are in a group of nine, and where the other 4 disagree with them, make and enforce laws that control our personal lives. THIS IS WHAT I TESTIFY OF TO YOUR CONDEMNATION. WHAT FUCKED UP SOCIETY OF HUMANS WOULD ALLOW THIS!?! Oh, you would!

I haven't spoken against your law, I have spoken in favor of it, to your condemnation. You are condemned because your law supports the decision of even a biased judge and has given this judge, just one person who very well could be tired and having a bad day (yeah, really) power to determine your fate and the law. This is all according to the United States Constitution, which you say I have spoken against. Oh, no, again, I have spoken in favor of your law, TO YOUR CONDEMNATION.

This world does not see that the foundation of the destruction of this people is beginning to be laid by the unrighteousness of your lawyers and your judges ... by the United States justice system.

Think about that one, Wolfies.

My mentors saw this coming.

They wrote some clues about this and what had actually happened in one of my past lives, a long, long time ago when I lived upon this Earth as the Roman-Judaeo, Inpendius.

Yep, their character Amulek in their Book of Mormon story presents some events that had actually happened to my mortal avatar then, and what is happening to my mortal avatar as Christopher.

Here's how the Bros put it in their story:

Referring to their characters, Alma and Amulek:

“Nevertheless, there were some among them who thought to question [Christopher], that by their cunning devices they might catch [him] in [his] words, that they might find witness against [Christopher], that they might deliver [him] to their judges that [he] might be judged according to the law, and that [Christopher] might be slain or cast into prison, according to the crime which they could make appear or witness against [him].

“Now it was those men who sought to destroy [Christopher], who were lawyers, who were hired or appointed by the people to administer the law at their times of trials, or at the trials of the crimes of the people before the judges.

“Now these lawyers were learned in all the arts and cunning of the people; and this was to enable them that they might be skillful in their profession.

“And it came to pass that they began to question [Christopher through interrogatories and request for admissions], that thereby they might make him cross his words, or contradict the words which he should speak.

“Now they knew not that [Christopher] could know of their designs. But it came to pass as they began to question him, [Christopher] perceived their thoughts, and he said unto them: O ye wicked and perverse generation, ye lawyers and hypocrites, for ye are laying the foundations of the devil; for ye are laying traps and snares to catch the holy ones of God.

“Ye are laying plans to pervert the ways of the righteous, and to bring down the wrath of God upon your heads, even to the utter destruction of this people.

...

“For behold, have I testified against your law? Ye do not understand; ye say that I have spoken against your law; but I have not, but I have spoken in favor of your law, to your condemnation.

“And now behold, I say unto you, that the foundation of the destruction of this people is beginning to be laid by the unrighteousness of your lawyers and your judges.”

(Compare, Alma 10:13-18, 26-27.)

Inpendius was eventually killed by the Roman government for saying some of the exact same things about the Roman Empire that I am saying today about the United States. Just like the U.S. government doesn't know me and the MWA for shit, neither did the Roman government know anything about Inpendius, not even that he existed, UNTIL the ancient progenitors of the LDS/Mormon people, the Hebrew/Jews, started complaining about Inpendius because what he was doing was taking people away from the only true religion of God on Earth at that time. Yeah, really! Think about it.

History always repeats itself ... always! It has to repeat itself, because the same advanced human mortal avatars that are on Earth today, were on Earth in the past.

Each of us is always involved with about 150 other advanced humans *playing the game of mortal life* at the same time we are. My friends and enemies have followed me, or I them (doesn't matter which way you see it), through our mortal lives upon Earth. That's why people and situations seem so familiar to us. That's why we are drawn to others. And it doesn't mean that you might have hundreds of Facebook® "friends," how many do you really know and deal with?

Statistically, there are only around 150 mortals with whom we form any significant relationship during our mortal lifetimes. We might meet and be involved with a lot more than that, but in general, no mortal has personal contact that leads to intimate connections over and above about 150 people.

Again, my friends and enemies have followed me to the Earth in all of my incarnates.

Hey, if you want to watch a good movie that will make you think, watch a movie called, *Cloud Atlas*. There's some Real Truth hidden in that movie about how our individual past incarnates (mortal lives) and how they reflect our current and future incarnates.

For this reason I was counseled to mention my involvement with Dschaak, Witt, and Pace and to reveal how they were involved with me in a past life. Before 2012, I wasn't allowed to tell anyone the Real Truth. People would come up to me and try to guess who they were in a past life. Some of the LDS/Mormons would claim that they felt strongly that they once lived as some of the characters in the Book of Mormon.

"I believe I was Nephi."

When I heard this kind of shit a big smile came across my face, well, "God will only reveal that to you."

What I really wanted to say, but wasn't allowed ... in response to the above ... was,

"You prideful, opportunistic, man! Nephi wasn't even a real person!"

One of the people who said this to me was actually one of my best friends and one of my greatest supporters until I had to cut him off ... for his sake, and for the sake of others. This man thought he was a ladies' man and that women would fall for him without him doing anything ... at least that is what he had to convince his wife of. The fact was, he did a lot to get women to fall for him.

In one particular instance, he caused another of our mutual friends, one who is very close to me, as is he is, as advanced humans, to fall in love with him. They were both married to different people at the time. She had fallen in love with him and wanted to leave her husband to be with him. She had fallen in love with him because he pushed the relationship onto her in very manipulative and subtle ways.

At the time, I needed both in my life. Although their mortal avatars were fucked up, I needed them.

Well, their mortal avatars weren't really fucked up, they were just not seeing how wonderful each was, not only to their mortal Self or to their advanced Self, but to me. Like everyone else in this world who doesn't realize how wonderful they really are as advanced humans, these two friends and supporters sought affirmation and value from others that eventually led to them receiving what they thought they lacked and sought from each other ... albeit behind their spouses back.

I needed their support. Because of this selfish need, I interceded in their personal lives to their and my own detriment. How I interceded ... I am not going to publicly disclose any more details or their names because neither deserves this common mortal frailty to deepen the hurt that they might feel for not being associated any longer with me and the MWAW.

Yeah, once I interceded in the marriage of two of my supporters and friends and allowed a close friendship to develop between me and her in order to help her find the strength to leave her husband, who was mistreating her. I valued her husband, he also being one of my close advanced friends. The woman reached out and pleaded for my help. I did what I thought was necessary to help her find the strength. (And no, wolfies, don't be reading more into this than what it actually was.) But after June of 2012, when I was finally allowed to reveal the Real Truth, she made the decision that she no longer needed my help and was able to leave her husband on her own. Thank God! I knew there would come a day when I would have to reveal the Real Truth about all things that I have done during my life and didn't want to ruin her innocence in the way that I associated with her.

I have never wanted to cause hurt to another person who is a strong supporter of me and the work that I do. I will never reveal anything more about the above situations unless forced to in order to defend the Real Truth about my involvement in the lives of my friends. And I know that these will do all they can to support me and the MWAW from afar.

But when it comes to Dschaak, Witt, and Pace ... set aside the non-disclosure!

I have no choice but to expose these three particular men for who they are and the deceptive practices that they use in order to demean me and cause others to persecute me. I wouldn't have to if they would just get on with their lives and leave me and the MWAW alone. But they cannot leave it alone. They are drawn to it. They always have been drawn to me, no matter who I was in as past life, and they always will be.

I let Dschaak, Witt, and Pace believe whatever they wanted to believe about themselves. Even after Dschaak turned on me and began his online lies of defamation, I led him to believe whatever I had to in order to allow him do what he was destined to do: follow me and persecute me for the rest of his life.

Before 2012, someone had suggested that Dschaak was a Joseph Smith persecutor, William McLellin, in a past life. I let the rumor spread. It wasn't until after 2012, and only when I was forced to confront Dschaak for the lies he was spreading about me on the Internet, that I told the Real Truth about our mutual involvement in a past life.

Folks, you need to know, that if these men had just gone on with their lives and not had anything more to do with me and the MWAU, and sought value for themselves somewhere else, they would have never been mentioned again by me, nor would I have been given the permission to reveal the Real Truth about my relationship with them in a past life.

But no!

These three men have no other value or worth for their lives than what they do in persecuting me. If they could find any other thing to do to find value and purpose, they would do it. But if you've have gotten to know any of these three men, you would realize that they have no value in this world outside of their persecution of me and the MWAU.

And Robbie Pace, oh my, for those of you who know of him and have dealt with him, you would understand how *strang* this guy is! Very *strang*! No, I did not misspell the word. For those who have studied Mormon history ... there is your clue about who Robbie Pace was in association with me in the past lives we shared. Oh, well ... he was James Strang in another life.

If you want to do a little research and find out more about how John C. Bennett, William McLellin, and James Strang were like and what they did, then compare notes with those who have had association with Dschaak, Witt, and Pace, you will see the exact same personality types in each. The comparison and similarities are unbelievably uncanny!

You'd think that these three would have the sense to live their lives in a way that would not add more proof to who I am and what I know. To prove that I am not who I claim to be, all these three men would have to do is to go on with their lives, have nothing further to do with me and the MWAU, and find something else to do with their time. Instead, I can assure the world that these three men think about me every day, of every week, of every year, and will think of me for the rest of their lives. Yeah, I have that much power over them. Really!

That right there is a prophecy of a True Messenger. And here's another prophecy: these men's lives will never have any value outside of their collusion to take me down. They will never find peace. They will never get over me ... UNTIL I am dead... Yes sir, indeed!

Their past incarnates, full of hate and anger, did not find any part of peace until Joseph and Hyrum Smith were murdered.

They have always done the same shit. They can't help it. It is how their advanced brain reacts to this mortal world. And nothing they have done, are doing, or will do is a bad thing ... if you think about it according to the Real Truth. If this world was not like it was, their mortal avatars wouldn't be doing what they have always done. Their advanced brain wouldn't involuntarily be creating a dream sequence of events in which they PERSECUTE THE REAL TRUTH AND THEIR OWN MESSENGER AND ADVANCED FRIEND!

Dschaak and Pace are personally responsible for the failure of the Humanity Party®'s attempt to introduce its political platform to the Anonymous community and movement. Once launched, anonymous followers from all over the world found my name associated with THuMP®'s

movement and did an online search of my name. Most of what they found was associated with Dschaak's website: chrisnemelka.com.

Witt supports Dschaak, and now that I have used Witt as an example of how messed up our mortal avatars can become, he is on the attack. Like his McLellin avatar was towards Joseph and Hyrum Smith, Witt cannot get away from me and the MVAW. I have pleaded with him to go back to the LDS/Mormon faith, repent, choose that lifestyle and leave me and the MVAW alone. Instead, in his drunken, drug-induced states he continues to threaten to expose me and help Dschaak, along with Pace, bring me down.

These men know that the MVAW is presenting Real Truth, things that they cannot deny that have affected their minds and caused them to think. For this reason they are so angry. They won't stop. They can't.

You'd think that they might stop because I have called them out and given a couple of True Messenger prophecies above that they could counter simply by doing something else with their lives other than persecute me ... like they have always done since the fall of humankind during the *First Dispensation of Human Time*.

These men will think that I am giving the above prophecies in order to get them to stop doing what they do. They will believe that I am manipulating them and baiting them to stop persecuting me by having them purposefully do the opposite than what I have prophesied about them doing above. Nope. We fully expect them to continue to do what they have done, what brings them value and purpose. We need them to. They have provided *empirical evidence* and a clear example of what led to the murders of two innocent men, whose only crime was confronting the world's view of God, Family, and Country: Joseph and Hyrum Smith.

My mentors shared one of Witt's responses to them trying to convince them that I had made a mistake about his past life.

He wrote,

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(From Bill Witt, February 26, 2019:)

Note to the "moderators"

Use logic, use your heads.

1. I post a drunken comment around midnight that hurt's Christopher's ego
2. Rather than just referring to my comment, he screenshots my picture, my email, and my IP address to send me "a message"
3. In his anger he then concocts a new story off the cuff that I was William E. McLellin in my previous incarnate (forgetting he had already told Harry Dschaak that HE was McLellin)
4. Since it was a knee-jerk reaction, he throws his "autobiographical" timeline off by inserting

me into his life after his mission chapter (he's 16 yrs older than me)

5. He also forgets that he didn't include William E. McLellin in his "Without Disclosing My True Identity" book as one of the mob that attacked and killed Joseph and Hyrum Smith

WAKE UP.

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Witt wrote this to the most intelligent mortals that exist on this god-forsaken planet. They didn't want me to respond to him directly ... but they've not wanted me to do a lot of things that I have done.

In their defense, although they hardly need it, here is my response:

1. Witt has been making the same, either drunken or drug-induced, comments to me for many years. My ego has never been hurt by Witt. My ego cannot be hurt by Witt. I needed an example to use, and Witt provided me with the opportunity. I was actually going to use Robbie Pace as the example, until my mentors shared Witt's online statements with me. I changed from Pace to Witt to give "a perfect example of why I am forced into seclusion and hiding. Although [Witt] would like to call himself a friend and lukewarm supporter of me and the work that I have been asked to do, from the moment I first shook his hand, I knew who he was and what part he would play in my life." (The exact words that I used in a previous chapter.)
2. The screenshot I received was from my mentors. They did not intend for me to copy and paste it in my post. After I had pasted it in my post for that day, they edited what I had posted and removed the screenshot.
3. I have never been angry with Witt. I have always treated him with kindness, in person, and always will (although I never expect to be in his presence again ... as it didn't turn out too well me when we met face to face for the last time in one of our previous incarnates). I had a hope that Witt would get on with his life, possibly returning to his LDS/Mormon background and let it guide him for the rest of his life. I did all I could to get him to leave me and the MWAW alone. Before 2012, I supported any rumor that others had formed about themselves and about each other. It was not I that made the connection between Dschaak and McLellin; and I do not know to what comment of mine that Witt is referring. From what I gather, Witt is going on what Dschaak has told him. I knew who McLellin was and what he had done. I knew who John C. Bennett was. I never revealed it, and would not have revealed it had Witt found another purpose for his life. In fact, in the case of Robbie Pace, once I realized who he was in the past, I began to do to Pace what Joseph Smith did to James Strang. (Research what Strang believed about himself and his relationship with Joseph Smith, even what Joseph Smith had written about Strang, then compare it to how I treated Robbie Pace. Yep, empirical evidence.)
4. Really? Anyone reading the autobiography draft would follow that I introduce many people out of chronological order in order to discuss something that I think is important

to discuss before I continue on contemporaneously with the subject and events I am introducing.

5. Here is what Joseph's Biography states: "Joseph and his brother Hyrum were murdered in cold blood, innocent of all charges brought against them. Would an explanation of exactly how Sidney Rigdon communicated with the organizers of the mob—which included John Bennett, William Law, and John Whitmer, **among other Latter-day Saint conspirators**—give any more validity to the true reason the Smith brothers were murdered? Relating these details would only cloud the mind of the reader with trivia and keep the light of Joseph's mortal mission and purpose for authorizing this biographical exposition from being revealed in its **true reality**. In the end, this is Joseph's biography and reflects what the advanced beings and Joseph who commissioned it, wanted it to say. It was not written to achieve literary praise for its author. It is an exposition of the **real truth** from the point of view of a true messenger inclusive only of those points necessary to understand how a true messenger, 'who does not reveal his true identity,' performed his mortal mission. Its intent is so that those who want to know the truth may understand what, why, where, when, who and how Joseph did what he did. No LDS/Mormon will be left with an excuse to believe Joseph was a "fallen prophet," or that any President or General Authority since Joseph is a "true Prophet." "Joseph was destined to become a martyr, just as Christ and all of the ancient true messenger/prophets had been. Each was killed by the people who rejected their message and sought for things that they could not understand. The colloquialism, "the devil is in the details" is appropriate and relevant to Joseph's history. The devil does not know Joseph's history any more than those who proclaim he was a prophet of God or a deceiver. The details of his life have caused the world to miss the most important part of his mission:"The Mormon Prophet, Joseph Smith, Jr., was as **true** as any **true messenger** "of God" could possibly be; however, he never once disclosed his **true identity**. Joseph fulfilled his mission and created the necessary stumbling blocks our creators intended for all of the inhabitants of the earth to observe and experience so that we could finally understand that we need, without a doubt, a Christ to rule and reign over us forever—worlds without end.

"The author is, and always will be, Joseph's devoted and loving, brother and friend. —  
Amen

Mr. Witt's past incarnate was "**among other Latter-day Saint conspirators.**"

(End of my response to Witt's note to my mentors.)

Out of necessity I was forced to include the above notes before I proceed with my writings. I've done so to warn those who remain my loyal friends and supporters:

Beware of Dschaak, Pace, and Witt, who might come to you in sheep's clothing,  
but inwardly they are ravening wolves ... who are continually howling at the moon!

PERSONAL NOTE TO DSCHAAK, PACE, AND WITT: All you need to do is have a broken heart and contrite spirit and stay loyal to your True Self's *real intent, not to the influence of Lucifer*. Do what you know is the right thing. Do what you have never done in a past life *since*

*the fall of man* ... turn from the dark side ... come to the Real Truth ... use the *true Force* to support God with all your heart, might, mind and strength. You still have the choice. But anyways ...

(End of personal note.)

“Experience is not necessarily accumulated over the extent of time lived. In my opinion, it is accumulated over the degree and variety of activities a person has been involved in”  
— Nike Thaddeus

Grandpa wrote,

“After my brain fart in June 1987, I knew that the *Book of Mormon* was not a true history, that it was a fictitious story written in concert with and in support of the equally fictitious Bible. But I knew people needed religion for value and purpose. I knew that religious and spiritual beliefs were all part of the *dream experience* of mortal life playing out in the mind of an advanced human being according to the involuntary reactions of their advanced Self’s brain.

“So, how then, could religion be a bad thing? I did not understand how bad religion actually was at the time of my brain *transfiguration*. Because I realized that each person was living the *dream* exactly how they needed to, I didn’t see any problem with religion and kind of invented my own ... sort of. I needed to gain the knowledge of how bad it actually was through *actual* experience.

...

“Religion was working for my family and friends. Although I had changed my religion and lifestyle, not once did I ever try to change theirs. I played along, smiled, and treated everyone like I did a child at Christmastime. I began to lie to them, for them.”

After my transfiguration, I accepted the Real Truth about our existence as advanced humans. I understood perfectly how our conscious mortal life was basically *playing a game* called *mortal life*, where the *game* is a highly advanced stimulation that is *played* in a shared neurological platform to which each of our individual advanced brains are connected.

I figured that each of our mortal avatars was involuntarily doing exactly what our advanced brain needed; and that no matter what each person did in life, it was right for that person. But also understood that something abnormal had happened to my brain that instantly gave me this understanding; and that no one else that I was aware at that time understood what I did.

I figured that the abnormal transfiguration was what my unique advanced brain needed at the time. To me, at the time, everything else that was going on in the world was not bad, but exactly how it needed to be ... because that's how it was.

I knew that every other human was equal to me. Therefore, I did not have any sense that just because my brain needed the unique experience of knowing the Real Truth, that everyone else should know the Real Truth. If another's equally powerful and advanced brain needed to know the Real Truth, then what happened to my mortal brain (which actually happened to my advanced brain) would also happen to theirs.

At that time, I had no problem with the three things that gave others their self-worth, value, and purpose in life: God, Family, and Country. My new *perceptions* and *perspectives* were no better or worse than anyone else's. How could they be? Whatever was happening in our mortal life was perfect for God ... for our advanced Self.

I didn't know then that God, Family, and Country were the three WORST things for the *game of mortal life*. God, Family, and Country were mortal inventions that are completely contrary to the eternal rules by which the *game* is supposed to be played.

Without personal experience I could not have gained the correct knowledge to know these things, and more importantly, confront them.

I would have never been able to do what I have done in confronting religion UNTIL I was convinced ... through personal experience ... that religion was not good for humanity.

I would have never been able to do what I have done in confronting the concept of the family unit UNTIL I was convinced ... through personal experience ... that the family unit was not good for humanity.

I would have never been able to do what I have done in confronting the patriotic feelings held by the people of the United States, or by people of other nations, UNTIL I was convinced ... through personal experience ... that the United States of America and its Constitution were not good for humanity.

Belonging to the first, authentic American religion that believes it is God's ONLY true church would initiate the personal experiences that I would need to be able to confront *God*.

My filial relationships belonging to a very popular and prideful family would initiate the personal experiences I would need to be able to confront *Family*.

And joining a United States Army Military Intelligence unit would initiate the personal experiences I needed to be able to confront *Country*.

The beginning of these very important personal experiences began shortly after returning from my mission in Argentina. The experiences of my Family came first, those of my Country came

second, and those of God came in a very weird way while I was serving in the Army stationed at the Defense Language Institute located in Monterey, California.

(... to be continued ...)

## FAMILY FIRST

Paula ....

....

Country came second. Army meeting T incognito, changing me to Mormon fanatic

While working as a collector at Paramount Acceptance, I took out a student loan and enrolled at the University of Utah. To pay for it, I joined the United States Army 300th Military Intelligence Brigade (Linguist). ...

God didn't come until later.

Nothing was more powerful and emotionally overwhelming than holding my first child, Brittany, immediately after she was born. She was handed to me so that I could bathe her. She was precious. She was from my body. She was part of my eternal family unit. It was the birth of my first child that set the stage for me becoming a religious fanatic. If obeying God's leaders on Earth and staying loyal to God's church meant that I could have that little girl in my life forever, I would do whatever it would take.

But before Brittany could be born, I had to get married in the LDS/Mormon temple, because that was God's way and the only way I could have an Eternal Family Unit and keep that little girl with me forever. ....

Married to Paula ... Monterey, meeting T, becoming more religious ... working for the Church. Chosen Paula so that she would take Brittany and break the bonds I had developed through religion so that I do the MWAUW ... Paula the right choice.#

# Chapter 15: God, Family, and Country (continued)

## FAMILY

Grandkids, I know that family is the most important thing, and a relationship that the people of this mortal world value and hold dear. But you gotta think a bit about this for a minute. The world is FUBAR (look that one up ... it's a military term for *Fucked Up Beyond Any Repair*).

Or better, the world is completely upside down.

Most of the people living in this world are miserable, very poor, and subjected to the will of very few. You might be one of the very few who have convinced yourself that things aren't that bad in this world, probably because you can honestly say that you have a good family and have everything that you need in life.

But I want you to consider the actual percentages.

Consider that there are 8 billion people living upon earth. Just 1% of the world's population would be 80 million people.

So go ahead,

Travel throughout the world, interview every one you can and see if you can honestly find 80 million people that are having a good life. Honestly. Impossible. You'll never find 80 million *honest* people who will tell you that they love their life. The *empirical evidence* of this is the widespread use of drugs and alcohol, and the value the people of the world place on the people and things that entertain them. Drugs and alcohol suppress the emotions of the miserable, while movies, games, sports, and such, distract their minds from the emotional misery associated with day-to-day living.

If the world is FUBAR, isn't it reasonable to assume that it's this way because of the things that are the most important to people who have fucked it up?

To unfuck it and turn it right-side up, wouldn't it seem logical to apply the adjective *bad* to everything that the world thinks is *good*, and *good* to everything that the world thinks is *bad*?

I like how my mentors put it in scripture prose (written language in simple form) for their targeted religious readers of today's world:

“But behold, that which is of God inviteth and enticeth to do good continually; wherefore, every thing which inviteth and enticeth to do good, and to love God, and to serve him, is inspired of God.

“Wherefore, take heed, my beloved brethren, that ye do not judge that which is evil to be of God, or that which is good and of God to be of the devil.

“For behold, my brethren, it is given unto you to judge, that ye may know good from evil; and the way to judge is as plain, that ye may know with a perfect knowledge, as the daylight is from the dark night.

“For behold, the Spirit of Christ is given to every man, that he may know good from evil; wherefore, I show unto you the way to judge; for every thing which inviteth to do good, and to persuade to believe in Christ, is sent forth by the power and gift of Christ; wherefore ye may know with a perfect knowledge it is of God.” (Moroni 7:13-16.)

I grew up believing that the “Spirit of Christ,” which is also called the “Holy Ghost,” is a *gift* from God, and that I person cannot have this gift from God unless a person does what God’s wants the person to do.

WTF?

How can it be a *gift* when there are conditions placed on receiving it? Would it not then be the *Reward of the Holy Ghost* instead of the *Gift of the Holy Ghost*?

And what about the Book of Mormon passage above that says it “is given to every man, that he may know good from evil”? (We gotta assume this refers to women too.)

Okay, let’s consider the above as the ultimate word of God for a moment.

If everyone has it, that means you don’t have to be Christian to have it and there are no conditions place upon receiving it. *It* invites a person to do good. This means that it gives you the choice of whether or not you want to accept the *invitation*.

These wise authors made sure that no FUBAR religious leader was going to be able to change the meaning of *it* into something different than what the authors intended for *it*, so they specifically, clearly associated *it* with Christ ... that would be the Jesus Christ of the New Testament of the Bible. In context, They would leave no impression of any other meaning:

“But whatsoever thing persuadeth men to do evil, and believe not in Christ, and deny him, and serve not God, then ye may know with a perfect knowledge it is of the devil; for after this manner doth the devil work, for he persuadeth no man to do good, no, not one; neither do his angels; neither do they who subject themselves unto him.

“And now, my brethren, seeing that ye know the light by which ye may judge, which light is the light of Christ, see that ye do not judge wrongfully; for with that same judgment which ye judge ye shall also be judged.

“Wherefore, I beseech of you, brethren, that ye should search diligently in the light of Christ that ye may know good from evil; and if ye will lay hold upon every good thing, and condemn it not, ye certainly will be a child of Christ. (*ibid* verses 17-19.)

Now, some would say that Grandpa is an Anti-Christ because I teach that Jesus Christ wasn't a real person. Some would say that I am leading people away from Christ. These “some” would be very wrong. I am leading people towards the *real Christ*, towards the *real* meaning of the “Spirit of Christ” used by the authors of the Book of Mormon.

From the above scripture quotes, it is clear that in order to do good, a person must “search diligently in the light of Christ” so that the person “may know good from evil.”

The passage doesn't say “search diligently in the light” of your religious leaders, or your guru, or your spiritual conduit to God ... *namaste the fuck away from me ye thus deceived by these spiritual idiots ... it says “in the light of Christ.”*

So, let's “search diligently” and see what Jesus had to say about the family unit.

“Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter in law against her mother in law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household. He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.” (Matthew 10:34-37.)

What the fuck did Jesus just say?!

On one occasion, Jesus' ‘family unit’ came to see him while he was preaching. They just wanted to say hello. Here's how Jesus responded to his family:

“While [Jesus] yet talked to the people, behold, his mother and his brethren stood without, desiring to speak with him. Then one said unto him, Behold, thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee. But he answered and said unto him that told him, Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.” (Matthew 12:46-50.)

Yeah, Grandkids, Jesus was not much of a family man. Jesus *did not* believe in the family unit. How could he believe in the mortal family unit when his dad was fucking God! ... not that his dad was having intercourse with God (*fucking*), but WAS GOD ... you know what Grandpa's favorite adjective is for expressing emphasis, huh?

Somehow, God fucked the virgin Mary and made Jesus because that's the only way that mortal people are created. Am I right or wrong?

So if God fucked a virgin so that He could have a mortal child, God had to have an erect penis, and He had to have put His holy penis inside a young girl's vagina, break her hymen, and have

an orgasm in order to ejaculate his holy sperm inside of her. Can you imagine the fucking earthquake that earthlings would experience when God cums?

Yeah!

But anyways ...

To unfuck this world, the way that people view the family unit must change ...

COMPLETELY.

The people of the world must learn again to view each person as their equal, and value each person as they do their own family members. If the world does not learn to do this, the human race will be destroyed ... not from within, like humanity has been decimated (a large percentage removed but not completely destroyed) during the last five different *dispensations of human time* (we'll discuss more about this later), but from a young savant boy re-creating the sun while experimenting with fusion in his basement.

You know what, Grandkids?

The world already thinks ol' Grandpa is a crazy fuck, so why not tell the Real Truth about how Grandpa knows about this twelve year-old boy living in the future. Grandpa knows about this twelve year-old boy from the future in a similar way that he knows about a fourteen year-old boy from the past who tried to turn the world right side up.

This fourteen year-old American teenage boy NEVER believed, throughout his short 39 years of being a mortal, that God fucked a virgin, had an orgasm, and created Jesus. This crazy-ass 'God fucked a virgin' doctrine was taught to and accepted by people who saw this young American teenager as God's prophet.

Yeah, but ... Joseph Smith NEVER taught that shit! But the sexual pervert that the people chose to follow after Joseph was killed taught that shit! Brigham Fucked-up Young.

(I'll get back to why Grandpa knows about the twelve year-old boy in the future that is going to recreate the sun and blow this FUBAR planet and the solar system in which it exists back into the "matter unorganized" [dark matter of space] that it was in the beginning.)

This young American teenager knew exactly who the *real Christ* was the very moment that his brain was *transfigured* on April 6, 1820, which was the same thing that happened to Grandpa's brain on June 16, 1987, when Grandpa first knew who the *real Christ* was.

Now, the LDS/Mormons are going to tell you that Grandpa's brain was affected by the devil, but that Joseph Smith's brain was affected by the actual appearance of God, the Father, and His Son, Jesus Christ, in what the LDS/Mormons call the *First Vision*.

Everyone else in the world are either going to believe that both Grandpa and Joseph were deceived by the devil, went fucking crazy, or that we are both geniuses.

(I'll take the genius. You'd like that too, because that would mean that 1/4 of your brain is genius ... Hell cheeeeeeeeeesssss!)

I wish to the God who fucked the virgin, who created the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, while the Holy Ghost came upon her, that all the information that Grandpa shares with the world is from my own genius mind. I'd take credit for it! Hell, chesssssssssss!

If only ... Sigh ... But anyways ...

What did Joseph Smith know about the family unit?

Wouldn't another member of Joseph's own family know about their own family better than an outsider would ... better than Brigham Young, the man who was made the prophet of the Mormon people after Joseph was murdered ... the man who actually did fuck a bunch of virgins and had his own *Holy Ghost* cum upon them?

After my own *transfiguration*, I began to have feelings and memories of many things that were not familiar to my life as Christopher Nemelka. For a time, the memories all seemed to run together in sort of a kaleidoscope of experience. It wasn't until much later when the rich colors of my past lives began to come into focus.

Yes, it's true, in one of my past lives my True Self connected to the second male conceived in the womb of Lucy Mack Smith, and born into this world on February 9, 1800, as Hyrum Smith.

And no, this was no immaculate conception. Joseph Sr. fucked Lucy to create that body just like all the bodies of people living upon earth were created by the end of the *First Dispensation of Human Time*, or better, after the "fall of mankind."

Who I was in the past isn't as important as who I have become during this present life. But without those memories, I would not have the personal experiences required to have the knowledge necessary to know what Joseph Smith's life was away from the public's eye.

There is so much about Mormon history that is unknown and unreported. Shortly before he died, 24 years almost to the day that Joseph experienced his own *transfiguration* as a young teenager, Joseph Smith would tell his followers,

**"You don't know me; you never knew my heart. No man knows my history. I cannot tell it: I shall never undertake it. I don't blame any one for not believing my history. If I had not experienced what I have, I could not have believed it myself."** (*History of the Church* 6:317 [7 April 1844].)

If Joseph's own followers didn't know him, then who did? His brother Hyrum did.

And more than his brother knew him, Emma Hale Smith knew her husband.

Emma Smith knew things about Joseph that no one else knew. How did she know these things? Pillow talk (intimate conversation in bed).

In our exploration of the family unit, let's consider what both Mormon and non-Mormon scholars and historians agree upon. They agree that after Joseph and Hyrum were murdered, some people followed Brigham Young and some didn't. Emma Smith didn't. Emma couldn't stand Brigham Young, and with good reason.

The LDS/Mormon Church was in chaos after Joseph was murdered. A few of the higher leaders of the Church were jockeying for power and to take over Joseph's position as the prophet of God and President of the Church.

Brigham Young's perception of the 'family unit' and what Emma Smith knew of it from her pillow talk with her husband couldn't have been more diametrically opposed.

Brigham Young's church would introduce new concepts and directives about polygamy.

Emma knew her husband's *real* view on polygamy, and when she supported a reorganization of the Church after Joseph's death, which included a succession line of authority through her own son, Joseph Smith, III, polygamy and the eternal family unit would not become a part of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (now known as the *Community of Christ Church*).

WTF?

If polygamy and the 'Eternal Family Unit' were so important to God, you would think that Emma and the others, who were much closer to Joseph Smith than Brigham Young ever was, who had reorganized the Church, would have some how incorporated these important doctrines into their Church. Right?

But even more confusing, if the Book of Mormon contains a "fullness of the everlasting Gospel of Jesus Christ," as tens of thousands of modern Mormon missionaries teach throughout the world, then why doesn't it mention polygamy and the 'Eternal Family Unit'?

Oh, it does mention polygamy alright, but not like Brigham Young wanted it to be.

The Book of Mormon calls polygamy one of the "grossest crimes" against God. Yeah! Really! (See Jacob 2:22-28.)

Let's get to the fucking facts about polygamy and Joseph Smith's true view of the family unit so that Grandpa can get back to his own history.

There is NO DNA evidence found anywhere in this world that shows that Joseph Smith had sex with any other women that resulted in children other than his wife, Emma. But there's a

preponderance of evidence ... fucking overwhelming ... that Brigham Young had sex with all kinds of women.

Critics might say that Joseph used birth control. There were no condoms and birth control back then, you idiots! Joseph Smith was as fertile as fuck, evidenced by the 11 kids that Emma had, six that died.

Joseph Smith didn't receive any revelation from God unless it was convenient and necessary.

The infamous Section 132 of the Doctrine and Covenants stopped the Mormon men from taking whatever women they wanted in polygamy, again, in fucking violation of the Book of Mormon, but which also gave them a tiny justification:

“Wherefore, my brethren, hear me, and hearken to the word of the Lord: For there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife; and concubines he shall have none; For I, the Lord God, delight in the chastity of women. And whoredoms are an abomination before me; thus saith the Lord of Hosts. Wherefore, this people shall keep my commandments, saith the Lord of Hosts, or cursed be the land for their sakes. For if I will, saith the Lord of Hosts, raise up seed unto me, I will command my people; otherwise they shall hearken unto these things.” (Jacob 2:27-30.)

These early fucked-up Mormon men felt the “Spirit” enter into them and fill their cocks with blood every time they'd see a well endowed woman ... or little virgin who had not yet had the Holy Spirit cum inside of them. God was speaking to these horny men. They were receiving the “will of God” to “raise up seed” every damn time their cocks would get hard.

Think about this honestly, men.

You know damn well that when you see an attractive woman, young or old, something stirs inside of you. Yeah, that's your fucked-up sperm swimming around stirring up hormones that make you feel something special for the woman. And since Brigham Young taught you that God Himself got an erection when God fucked his own, young virgin daughter, those physical arousals that you get around women and girls must be from the Holy Ghost.

You perverted fucks!

When Luke 1:35 states about the angel speaking to the virgin Mary, “The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee,” the angel said “come” not “cum” ... YE FUCKS!

Needless to say here, Mormon polygamist hate your grandpa ... vehemently!

But so do all other LDS/Mormons because Grandpa can prove to them with empirical evidence that Joseph Smith did not believe in polygamy nor in the Eternal Family Unit.

It was during their pillow talk that Joseph told Emma he would ask the Lord for a revelation that would stop the lusting.

Emma was the Relief Society President and was well familiar with all the Mormon women's complaints about the lustful priesthood-holding men who were receiving all kinds of personal revelation from God that told them to take more wives. The 132 Section revelation told the men that there was only one man who had God's authorization and authority to make a man's dick hard: their prophet, Joseph Smith.

But after Joseph was out of the way, Brigham Young and his cohorts took charge and started fucking any woman that would let them.

Long story short ... (if you want the LONG story, albeit groomed for an LDS/Mormon audience, read, *Without Disclosing My True Identity—The Authorized and Official Biography of the Mormon Prophet, Joseph Smith, Jr.*) ...

Hyrum's love of his life was his wife Jerusha. He never loved anyone like he did Jerusha. When she died, Jerusha left Hyrum with six children. Joseph interceded and "received a revelation" that Hyrum should marry Mary Fielding Smith to help him care for his children. Yep, to help him care for his children, not that Hyrum was in love with Mary, but to help him care for his children ... Grandpa did the exact same thing ("received a revelation from God" with Grandma Jackie when he needed someone to care for his children after Grandma Paula left him and gave him custody of Brittany and Joshua. More on this later.)

Hyrum adored Jerusha, but married Mary Fielding to help him take care of his kids, then was "commanded by God" to marry Mary's sister, Mercy ... and Oh, my, was it ever *for mercy* ... few women were less attractive than poor homely Mercy ... and another woman, Catherine Phillips, who was so well-endowed that after the death of her own husband, a lot of Mormon priesthood holders' dicks were feeling the Spirit, which became competitive and disruptive to their priesthood duties, so God (Joseph) protected Catherine by making her Hyrum's wife.

Brigham Young also lost the love of his life, Miriam Angeline Works, who died shortly after Brigham was baptized into Mormonism. Young had a couple kids and needed help, so Joseph intervened with Brigham as he had for Hyrum. Joseph ONLY justified this because he felt sorry for Hyrum and Brigham losing the love of their lives. Had Hyrum not lost Jerusha and Brigham not lost Miriam, neither man would have been allowed to take another wife. But in Brigham's case, he got a married woman pregnant through adultery, and to save face, Joseph allowed him to marry the woman in polygamy.

You see, Grandkids, Joseph spent a lot of time cleaning up the cum of horny priesthood holders back then.

Joseph controlled the lust of his priesthood holders with an ironclad revelation from God: Section 132. He was the only one who could authorize it.

Now think about what happened after Joseph and Hyrum were murdered.

Brigham Young went to Emma to tell her that he was going to take over the Church. Emma kicked him out of her house. Her son was to succeed her husband.

Dejected, Young went to Mary Fielding's house.

Mary Fielding had a couple of her own kids from Hyrum, Joseph Fielding and Martha. While he was alive, Hyrum loved Jerusha's kids, Lovina, Mary, John, Hyrum, Jerusha, and Sarah ... because they were fucking the love of his life's kids ... not that he loved Joseph F. and Mary any less, but Mary didn't think so.

Brigham Young came and offered Mary a popular seat in his new church along with a promise that *her son*, not Jerusha's, would succeed him as prophet and president. Mary jumped at the chance to finally find the value in the Church that she thought she deserved. Not even a fucking week after Hyrum was murdered, Young introduced Heber C. Kimball to Mary Fielding as the man who would fuck her from then on and ensure that her beloved son gave her the value she wanted. None of Hyrum's children from Jerusha would be given any power position in Brigham Young's church.

Heber C. Kimball fucked Mary Fielding not even a month after he was murdered. So much for the devoted love Mary Fielding had for Hyrum. Right?

Once Joseph's power and mantle to receive revelation from God was stolen by Young, he was now the only one who could authorize new wives. That fuck, took more than 50 wives after Joseph's was out of his way ... and Brigham Young's *Holy Spirit* came into every one.

Yeah! Really!

But anyways ...

Alicia and Fany Olexen met me at the Buenos Aires airport and said goodbye to me with tears in their eyes. Alicia and Fany are two of the most incredible women I had ever known. I thought at the time that I would come back for Alicia. I couldn't have asked for a better woman to become my wife.

But as the plane took off from the runway, something told me that I would not be coming back again. I cried. No, I wept. Alicia and her mother were that special to me, as were the Argentinian people whom I had come to love.

As the plane gained altitude, my mind drifted back to how I first met the Olexen family.

The area Paso Del Rey, Argentina, had not been open for sometime to missionary work. My Senior Companion, Eric "El Rojo" Johnson, and I were driven to the area by our Zone Leaders and dropped off along side of the road. Yeah! Really! All we had was our suitcases and the Spirit of God.

Nearby we saw four men standing around, so we approached them and asked them if they knew of a place nearby that we could rent.

Two of the men didn't look Argentinian. They looked Peruvian. The other two fit the look of the Argentinian people, a mix of European and Spanish heritage. One had dark hair and darker eyes, and the other had greenish eyes with lighter hair. These two stood about 5' 8" tall while their Peruvian companeros stood closer to 5 feet. The Argentinians, as I assumed they were at the time, and the Peruvians were more than helpful. They directed us to a small pension nearby.

These men smiled at us and looked at Elder Johnson and me as if we were movie stars. It happened a lot as Norteamericanos. What I didn't know then, was that Elder Johnson wasn't the "star" these four men were gushing over ... I was. I would one day become *their star*. I had no idea that these men would one day be my mentors.

We thanked the men for their help and found the small room that we would call home for a few months.

Elder Johnson was cool and a great companion. But I knew something about him that I don't think I was supposed to know. I had been with an Argentinian companion before I was with him. I was called to the office of President Joseph Bishop, whom I mentioned before, and asked if I would be willing to help Elder Johnson by being strong and a dedicated missionary. I'm sure I looked confused when I said, "Sure."

President Bishop went on to explain that Elder Johnson had a personal weakness that Bishop was sure I could help him with. President Bishop didn't come out and say it exactly, but I later figured out what he was referring to ... and NO, I could not help Elder Johnson with *his problem*, no matter how much President Bishop was *beating around the bush*. I wasn't about to help Elder Johnson *beat around any bush* ... if you know what I mean.

Like a lot of missionaries, Elder Johnson's body had a hard time dealing with the hormones that were responsible for Brigham Young and his cohort's lust for women. Elder Johnson took matters into his own hands and subdued those hormones himself, so that he didn't have the "Brigham Spirit" so strongly. Nope. Couldn't help him with that.

I didn't have that problem. My "Holy Spirit" seemed to check itself just fine. After Elder Johnson to go home, I suppose "the Lord" realized that I was successful at helping Elder Johnson, so he gave me another Elder with the same problem, Kyle D. Williams. The fact is, Bishop had no right to tell me about these personal issues, by implication or not. As I mentioned, Joseph Bishop had more of the "Brigham Spirit" than most Church leaders and was accused of sexual assault and battery in 1984 while serving as the President of the Missionary Training Center.

I had my own problems with the "Brigham Spirit," but I never took the matter into my own hands. I would only take the matter to the hands of a woman, but not on my mission. Alicia and I only kissed, nothing else.

Upon returning home from our mission, each missionary was given a card with a message from our prophet. The message told us that our new mission was to find an eternal companion.

“Hell cheeeeeeeeeeeeeesssss!” said my hormones.

My favorite prophet was Spencer W. Kimball. He was MY prophet. He signed my missionary call, which I thought was what President Kimball had received when he prayed to the Lord, specifically about me, and when the Lord told my prophet that I was to be sent to the Buenos Aires North Mission. Yep, the Lord told Spencer Kimball correctly ... and also apparently sent the Three Nephites and John the Beloved to make sure I fulfilled my mission ... Yep. Really!

I returned home from mission to the same house I had left on Garnett Street, Rose Park, Utah. My brother Mike was getting married to a girl he had dated when we lived in Kalispell, Montana, Teena Blades. Teena had a few sisters, cousins, and other women who attended the wedding festivities.

Paula Rae Blades, Teena’s sister, was barely 17 years-old when we first became acquainted at my brother’s and her sister’s wedding. Paula was very pretty, somewhat shy, but outgoing. We flirted a bit, but my brother Joe told me that he had kissed Paula, and we had always abided by the “brother code” of not dating each other’s girlfriends. At the time, I didn’t feel anything more for Paula than recognizing that she was cute. I still had some feelings for Alicia and didn’t know where that was going.

I’m sure Grandma Paula has her own version of how we met and decided to get married, but mine is simple:

Paula didn’t get along with her mother and wanted out of the house. I was her escape. Paula pursued me first. Why a young 17 year-old beautiful High School cheerleader would want me ... Well, one would have to ask Paula. The courtship happened so fast, I think it surprised both of us. And it especially surprised our families.

While I was at work, Paula’s brother, Jay Dee, confronted me and pleaded with me to not marry his sister. I was surprised that he would come all the way to my work and make the plea. Jay Dee is a very kind and quiet person, one who hardly seems that he enjoys confrontation. My response to him was, “Tell Paula.”

Nothing her family said would change Paula’s mind.

My father had only three words of advice, “She’s too young.”

Yep, I was marrying my own mother, a very young girl who hadn’t finished High School just like my dad did. Neither my own mother nor Paula was ready to be a mother. They are wonderful women, but not the motherly type. Alicia Olexen would have been the perfect mother ... no question about it.

“God” didn’t want me to have the perfect woman. “God” wanted me to gain the experiences needed so that one day I would know from experience just how *bad* the Eternal Family Unit was to our humanity. Alicia would have followed me wherever in whatever I wanted. Alicia would

have been the perfect wife and mother. Paula couldn't have been more incompatible with me and the lifestyle of a dedicated LDS/Mormon.

Before the wedding of my brother, Mike, to her sister, Teena, was barely over, Paula and I were planning our own temple marriage, to be sealed together for Time and all Eternity as a Family Unit.

My "Brigham Spirit" was hard to control around Paula and we took matter in each others hands at times. We both felt that as long as we didn't have the "Spirit cum inside of her," we'd be okay with God. But the night before we were sealed forever in the Salt Lake LDS Temple, "Brigham Young's Spirit" was too powerful for me and for the first time in my life, I *entered into* the holiness of a women ... if you know what I mean.

Yeah, yeah, I went to the Bishop and confessed and was forgiven.

At first, I was a typical LDS/Mormon trying to do things the way that the Church wanted us to. I worked and Paula stayed home. A beautiful, young, inexperienced, High School cheerleader was kept home in a prison so that I could do God's will. Yep. Alicia would have been just fine with it. But Paula ... bless her heart, she tried with all of her soul to become a Molly Mormon ... she really did ... but it wasn't in her.

I enrolled in college at the University of Utah thinking that I was going to become an attorney. I was doing it the way that it was supposed to be done, marriage, job, and schooling for an even better job. I was a typical LDS/Mormon priesthood holder who was doing things right.

Everything began to change for me on November 20, 1983, the day Brittany Nicole was born.

Nothing was more powerful and emotionally overwhelming than holding my first child immediately after she was born. She was handed to me so that I could bathe her. She was precious. She was from my body. She was part of my eternal family unit.

It was the birth of my first child that set the stage for me becoming a religious fanatic. If obeying God's leaders on Earth and staying loyal to God's church meant that I could have that little girl in my life forever, I would do whatever it would take, which according to the world, and the Church, meant that I had to serve my country too.

## GOD and COUNTRY

I didn't just want to be a grunt in the Army. I was better than that, so I boosted of myself. I wanted to be in Military Intelligence, possibly an officer some day. In order to join the United States Army 300th Military Intelligence Brigade (Linguist), I had to prequalify by taking a language test.

I was placed in a room with cubicles. Another wanna-be soldier was in the room taking the same test. When I entered in and sat in my cubicle, I didn't take notice of him and he didn't look to take notice of me. We were handed the test and told that we would have a time limit and then to

leave the test on the desk when we were done. I took the test and finished before the other guy did. I laid my test down and left the room. Interestingly enough, I never saw the other guy leave the room. I didn't think anything of it then.

After sitting there for awhile awaiting the test results, the examiner came into the room somewhat perplexed. I had scored one of the highest scores ever recorded for that particular test. He said he wanted to go over my test again to make sure there wasn't a mistake. He did. No mistake.

I was able to choose whatever language I wanted and was welcomed as a new member of the Army 300th Military Intelligence Brigade. I chose the Russian language. Why? Because I knew that the Lord had not yet opened up the Soviet Union to the gospel, and I wanted to be ready to serve when called to help serve the people of Russia by teaching them the gospel. That's why I chose Russian.

My involvement in the military was extraordinary, unorthodox and weird all at the same time. And although my critics and enemies can do all they might to discredit my account of what happened, if they so choose, they can do the research as to what happened next.

What I am going to report is exactly how it happened.

I was assigned to Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri ... better Misery ... it was hotter than hell. I was appointed a Platoon Leader. I was a Platoon Leader that could not lead how the Army expected a leader to lead. I could not yell at my guys. I did all the work and let them have as many smoke breaks as they wanted. I finally went to my Drill Sergeants and asked to be relieved of being a Platoon Leader, I just couldn't be that mean to people.

If you go through basic training as a Platoon Leader, the Army automatically gives you an extra rank. I started out as an E-1. I would have been an E-2 upon basic training graduation. I believe I may have been the first soldier in history who voluntarily gave up rank, money, and prestige by resigning as a leader because I was too nice ... yeah, too nice.

The hardest tasks at basic training are the 12 mile rucksack march and the gas chamber where you have to be exposed to CS (tear) gas. I didn't have to do either one. The drill sergeants assigned me to other duties while our battalion was doing these tasks. Don't know why, you'll have to ask them. Everyone has to do these tasks. Those who miss the tasks due to kitchen or some other duty are required to make them up. I never did.

I was shipped from Fort Leonard Wood to Fort Huachuca in Arizona for my training as an interrogator before I could go to the Defense Language Institute in beautiful, Monterey, California. I arrived at Fort Huachuca and my orders were immediately changed to California, and the commanding officer at Fort Huachuca had no clue why. Everyone was supposed to go through their chosen training (AIT) first before going on to more specialized and advanced training. Not me. I spent a couple days at Huachuca and was allowed to go home to Utah to get ready for DLI.

When you're going through basic training, you're not supposed to be allowed to take your wife and children with you. I was allowed even though I hadn't completed all of basic training. I was so happy to have my new eternal family with me, Paula and my precious Brittany.

Paula and I moved to Salinas, California. We couldn't afford rent so we lived where ever we could. We lived with a family with seven kids in a big house for a few months then moved in with another soldier, Gary Yarn, and his wife, with whom we shared a split level two bedroom apartment. I met Gary while I was playing basketball for our Army Company's team.

Gary was also an LDS/Mormon, so we hit if off pretty well. I was the team's star player, but Gary could shoot the shit out of the ball. When other teams would double team me, I would dish off to Gary in the corner and more often than not he would score. Gary was a bit chubby, but one of the funniest guys I had ever met. He and his wife, I believe his wife's name was Rae, were wonderful people and easy to live with.

Then something happened that upset me quite a bit and would change my life ... forever ... yep, forever. I don't remember how we got into it, but I wanted to punch Gary in the face while we were playing basketball. I can't remember why, I just knew I wanted to. I pushed him down hard, to both of our amazement that I would do any such thing. We made up in the locker room, but I was never the same after.

I wanted to punch my best friend, a wonderful man who wouldn't hurt a flea.

How could I do think this? Where did that come from?

I had no idea as it was far from my normal Self, whom, I was thinking, I didn't even know at the time.

I went inside myself and began to wonder where that burst of anger had come from. It had to have come from the devil. That's where bad things come from. Right? For whatever reason I fasted and began a self-introspection that I had never done and have never done since.

The incident with Gary happened on a Friday and I fasted that weekend, remaining isolated and to myself, even as little Brittany fought for my attention at home. That little girl meant the world to me, but Paula and I were beginning to have problems with our marriage.

That Monday I excused myself during class and went to the bathroom. I was looking at myself in the mirror, still in the self-introspect mode, when a man entered the bathroom. He was about 5' 8" tall, darker hair with darker eyes and a well-kept beard. He appeared to be about the same age as I was. He spoke.

"Christopher."

Who the fuck was this guy? (Well, I wasn't using profanity much at the time, but I had the thought.) How did he know my name? I didn't think I had ever met him before in my life ... at least at that time.

He then continued,

“The most important thing that you can do for you and your family is to stay close to your Heavenly Father and His church. Do all you can to be faithful and fulfill your priesthood responsibilities. Treat your wife with kindness and patience as you embark on your journey for the rest of your life.”

He smiled at me and walked out of the bathroom.

WTF had just happened?

I stood there for a minute then went to the door to try to stop him and ask him who he was. He was nowhere to be found.

Now, like all the other Mormons, I had heard stories about angels appearing as people to do God's will. I had even heard the stories about the Three Nephites meeting with people and then disappearing after giving them instructions. This guy didn't disappear, he walked out the door. There was no glow, no magic, no overwhelming sense of spirituality in his presence. He was just a dude who somehow knew my name.

My mind and imagination went all over the place.

I started my journey to becoming a religious fanatic.

I quit the Company's basketball team. That was competing. I reflected back on what had happened on the football field before my mission when I lost all my competitive spirit. To me, competing was not Christ-like at all. At a Company muster, the Captain called me out and asked me why I had quit, basically mocking me for my decision in front of the rest of the Company.

“Do you think you're too good for us?” he mocked

I didn't think I was too good, I thought I had to become the best LDS/Mormon that I could possibly become.

I submerged myself into the Church with all my heart, might, mind, and soul. Instead of paying attention in class, I would hide church writings and scriptures and read them instead. I was called out by one of the Staff Sergeants and told I had to pay attention and stop bringing religious materials to class. I didn't listen. From that time on, I only listened to God. Shortly thereafter I met Jeff Thomas, who had approached me after class one day and said that he understood why I wanted to become more righteous. Jeff replaced Gary as my best friend.

At that time I cared only about two things: pleasing God and playing with Brittany. Paula's and my relationship began to be strained rapidly. I talked about the stress Paula was going through with my Company Commander and then another unprecedented thing happened:

The Army agreed to let me test out of the remainder of the school and go back to Utah.

Paula and I moved back to Utah. I went back to work at Paramount Acceptance as a collector. Somehow I was convinced to play for the Army national basketball team from Utah and excelled, even with my new perspective on life. Our Commanders called a muster where they were handing out special recognitions and awards. My name was called to come forward. I had no idea why. I hadn't accomplished any Army requirement or received any special degree. I was given a special commendation for basketball.

No one clapped.

I was very embarrassed but took my award and rejoined the ranks.

Shortly thereafter I complained again about the stress being in the military was having on me and my family. The Army gave me an early honorable release. And that was the end of my military career, and wow, what a weird career it was.

Weird? Do want to know what weird is?

Remember Grandpa writing about the other wannabe soldier that was in the same testing room that I was when I took the language test? After I finished the test and left the room, he took my test off the desk and replaced it with the one he had taken ... the one that scored high.

And it gets even weirder ...

The same guy who replaced my test with his, so that I was sure to pass and get into Military Intelligence, was the same guy who met me in the bathroom that day in Monterey.

And yep, as weird as it might seem,

He was one of the four Argentinian men who met Elder Johnson and me on that street in Paso Del Rey.

I would finally come to know him for who he was and what he was doing in my life.

I was not yet the "star" that he and the others needed me to be.

But I was well on my way to becoming one.

I would come to know him exactly how I came to know that 14 year-old American teenage I mentioned above.

I would come to know him exactly how I know who that future 12 year-old boy is who is going to end this solar system by recreating the sun.

I would come to know him and call him "T" for the rest of my life.

T knew that 14 year-old American teenager very well.

T knows me very well, better than any other person on Earth.

T knows who the 12 year-old boy will be and will do everything that he can to ensure that the boy has the knowledge and the ability to fulfill his role in ending this solar system ...

Just like T ensured that the same boy's True Self fulfilled another important mission in one of the boy's other past lives, as ...

Your Grandpa.

#

# Chapter 16: Temperament

Before we continue on chronologically (in a way that follows the order in which events in my life actually occurred) it's important for Grandpa to address what caused him to want to hit his best friend in the face while we were playing basketball for our Army team at the Defense Language Institute. And also, what caused me to react the way that I did—with great remorse and more compassion—after I had lost my composure.

*Temperament*: *noun*, a person's nature, especially as it permanently affects their behavior. *Synonyms*: disposition, nature, character, personality, makeup, constitution, complexion, temper, mind, spirit, stamp, mettle, mold, mood, frame of mind, cast of mind, bent, tendency, attitude, outlook, grain, humor.

Ever since I can remember, as far back in my childhood as I can, I had a temper (a part of one's *temperament*) that was a knee jerk reaction that was completely opposite of my normal temperament as a kind, nice, relaxed, and a pretty funny little dude.

A *knee jerk reaction* is best defined as:

“an immediate unthinking emotional response produced by an event or statement to which the reacting person is highly sensitive; – in persons with strong feelings on a topic, it may be very predictable.”

I do not lose my temper easily. In fact, I could probably think hard about it and recount each time during my life, even as a child, that I lost my temper. But the fact is, I did lose my temper as a child, I did as an aged child (adult), and even did a few times after my *transfiguration* in 1987. Although I didn't write about how and when I lost my temperament (i.e., losing your temper) as a child, I will try to include the times that I did as an adult as I proceed with the chronological order of my autobiography.

Everyone loses control of their natural temperament by having an immediate unthinking emotional response to something that triggers the emotion that can result in a physical manifestation of anger, frustration, or even violence. But only a very few people have a reaction to the temper tantrum that results in a deep sense of regret and more compassion to the victim[s]. Most people justify their temper and consider their response of anger, frustration, or even violence as appropriate reaction to something that their victims did to them.

I have never justified anything that I have done when I lost my temper. Never. In each case, as was the case when I wanted to punch my basketball friend in the face, I felt great remorse and an overwhelming feeling of compassion for the victim of my anger, frustration, or violence.

As Grandpa wrote, after the incident with my friend, I went into a deep introspection (the examination or observation of one's own mental and emotional processes) that isolated me and caused me pain and remorse for even having the ability to want to harm another person.

It was while I was still doing this introspection that I met the man in the bathroom who basically told me to become the best member of the LDS/Mormon Church that I could possibly become. And Grandma Paula can attest that it was at this time that my mental and emotional processes made an abrupt change and I started becoming a religious fanatic.

I wanted to become Christ-like.

I was taught that Christ would never justify his temper, which he obviously had (consider when he cleared the temple of the moneychangers), but would show a greater amount of compassion for those whom were his victims.

The Lord would testify of this through scripture:

“No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the priesthood, only by persuasion, by long-suffering, by gentleness and meekness, and by love unfeigned; By kindness, and pure knowledge, which shall greatly enlarge the soul without hypocrisy, and without guile—  
Reproving betimes with sharpness [*i.e., losing your temper*], when moved upon by the Holy Ghost; and then showing forth afterwards an increase of love toward him whom thou hast reproved, lest he esteem thee to be his enemy;” (Doctrine and Covenants 121: 41-44.)

My introspection then did not help me understand the fact as to why I had the potential of harming another person by losing my temper, even after my extraordinary *transfiguration*.

But with the knowledge that I received about our true natures as advanced humans, *playing the game of mortal life*, on June 16, 1987, and after speaking to my mother many years later, I finally knew why I had a temper. And more importantly, why I was one of the few who never justified losing it and causing another harm, but would always show “forth afterwards an increase of love toward him whom thou hast [lost thy temper].”

The scripture verse that set up the above explanation of how the Lord wants us to treat others after we have rebuked them, sets a clue about the difference between my father and me:

“We have learned by sad experience that it is the nature and disposition of almost all men, as soon as they get a little authority, as they suppose, they will immediately begin to exercise unrighteous dominion. Hence many are called, but few are chosen.” (Verse 40.)

This statement was in reference to LDS/Mormon men whom were “called” to God’s holy priesthood. My dad was “called” just like I was. But, “we have learned by sad experience (my father yelling in my face and then trying to get me arrested in Snohomish, Washington) that my father’s “nature and disposition”—because he “supposed” that he had the righteous priesthood authority as the patriarch of the Nemelka family to do so—caused him to lose his temper and “exercise unrighteous dominion.”

My father might have been “called” like “almost all men”, but unfortunately for him and “almost all men,” I was the one who was actually “chosen.” I was the one who had the “pure knowledge, [that] greatly enlarge [my] soul without hypocrisy, and without guile,” which was directly responsible for how I reacted to my temper that I had inherited from my father.

I wrote previously that you each have 1/4 of Grandpa’s brain. I showed a couple pictures of my mother and me when we were about the same age. I look more like my mother than any of my other siblings. When my physical body began to form in her womb, it had the blueprints for building my body that were provided by my father and my mother. A current mortal body would not be able to form unless it had instructions on how to form. Every part of my body came from instructions taken from the same part of my mother’s or father’s established blueprints for that particular part—including my brain.

During my entire life, including after my *transfiguration*, there is only one thing that makes my skin crawl, that I cannot bear to hear, see, and especially not touch: creasing paper with your fingers. I can scratch a chalkboard, hear anything else scrap or rub against itself or any other material, but I cannot stand it when another person creases a piece of paper between their fingers. And it is impossible for me to do it myself ... ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE!

Over the years I have isolated myself away from everyone with a piece of paper and told myself how stupid it was that I could not crease it. But no matter how hard I concentrated, I could never do it ... NEVER! Someone could offer me a million dollars to just crease the paper, and I wouldn't be able to do it.

Yeah, I know. Weird, huh? But oh so true.

Finally, after so many years of this weirdness, I finally asked my mother,

"Mom, do you recall a time in my life when I cut my finger really bad on some paper or something else that causes me to hate it when someone creases paper?"

Her eyes widened and she exclaimed, "I can't either! I've never been able to, and neither can Jo-Jo." ("Jo-Jo" is short for Jordyn, who is my sister Alesa's second daughter.)

To my knowledge, my mother, me, and Jo-Jo are the only ones in our family that have this weird mental issue. There you have it. Three generations of *empirical evidence* that certain mental traits are passed on through the process of sexual DNA transfer that results in the formation of a new body that can live upon Earth.

And my temper? I got it from my father.

But there's a huge difference between my dad and me when it comes to how we feel after losing our temper. My dad justifies his actions as appropriate. As I have said, I do not and never have.

My father lost his temper in March of 1990, in Snohomish, Washington, when he got into my face, red-faced and all, almost punching me, screaming, "You're not a prophet, you're not Abinadi, you're not Hyrum Smith, you're not anybody! Your Christopher Nemelka!"

Since four-year old Joshua was scared to death and holding on to my leg while his beloved grandfather was threatening me in a way that Joshua had never seen, my dad didn't push me down or hit me. Had he, I would have still reacted like I did. I would never hit my father back. I have never lost my temper in front of my father. I smiled and told my dad to pack up his stuff and leave. He did. He returned a few days later with the Snohomish County Sheriff to have me arrested and thrown in jail. IF THAT'S NOT UNRIGHTEOUS DOMINION ... I don't know what is.

My father had plenty of time to settle down and realize that what he done to me by losing his temper and confronting me, was wrong. But he justified everything that he did, including trying to have me arrested. As I explained, as a father I could have never in a billion, billions, billions of years done that to my own son. But my father could. And that would not be the only thing that he would do, which events will be presented chronologically hereafter.

My father has never apologized for anything that he has done to me. He has justified all of his actions because he believes that he holds the priesthood of God and I do not. He would become an LDS/Mormon Bishop but would never see his "unrighteous dominion" as unrighteous ... because he was not "chosen" to have the "pure knowledge" like his third son was.

Here is another event that happened that might shed more light on the difference between my father's response to losing his temper and my own.

After returning from mission, before getting married to Paula, our family was living in a two-bedroom apartment in Salt Lake City, Utah. I have no clue why my father moved us out of our home into an apartment, but it didn't matter to me. I had always followed my father wherever he had us live, or I would live wherever he wanted me to live.

My kid sister, Alesa, was involved with a guy named Brian Rieger. I don't know all the details, but what I gathered is that they were dating, she didn't want to date Brian any longer, and he kidnapped Alesa at knifepoint. Alesa got away ... don't know the details to that either, or how the police got involved. Brian Rieger was wanted by the police for kidnapping.

Incredulously, Rieger showed up at our apartment wanting to see Alesa. I was in one of the back rooms and heard Gloria screaming for me to come and help my dad. I ran to the front room. My dad had Brian pinned up against the front door, but was out of breath and struggling. My adrenaline kicked in at the scene ... and oh my fucking God Almighty and the Lord Jesus Christ combined ... my strength increased beyond strong. I threw Brian to the floor like he was a tiny rag doll and held him pinned while Gloria called the police.

It must have taken the police only a few minutes to get there. But while holding him down, I saw abject (experienced or present to the maximum degree) fear and confusion in Brian's eyes. I saw another mother's little boy looking back at me. I wanted to let him go and tell him to leave my sister alone and never come back. My heart melted for the guy. I felt intense compassion for him, beyond any compassion that I had ever felt for another human being up to that point in my life.

The police came. One of the officers forced his knee into Brian's back and pushed Brian's neck to the ground with his hand while he handcuffed Brian. I watched very little else and returned to my room where I cried ... not for Alesa, not for my dad, but for that man whom I saw at that time as a scared little boy. It was an incredible experience that I will never forget.

I don't know what happened to Brian Rieger. But I do know that he was in love with my sister and had come over to the house, knocked on the door, and simply wanted to speak with her and tell her that he meant her no harm. But my priesthood-holding "righteous" father lost his temper and justified what he did to Brian, and what the police would do to Brian, just like he justified everything that he would do to me in the future.

What were these knee jerk reactions of abject pain, sorrow, remorse, and increased compassion that I felt for victims of the abuse of my temperament?

Yeah, I have a temper, and it will always be a part of my mortal brain because of my father. Yeah, I cannot crease a piece of paper to this day, and I will never be able to crease a piece of paper, because of my mother.

But why do I react to losing my temper so differently than my parents?

This answer can be found in understanding the Real Truth about who we are and why we exist.

In order for the Real YOU to have a new experience of an advanced existence that is experienced in a realm or dimension of reality other than the one in which the Real YOU has always existed, another person who exists in the new world (or dimension of cognitive interaction, i.e., a *dream state*) must create a body for you. You cannot simply enter in by yourself, because if you knew already how to deal with your new body and the new experience ... it wouldn't be new.

Those who exist on the planet where our first *dream character* or new avatar or new *Self* starts the new experience, are always made aware that someone wants to start *playing the game*. These advanced parents, who are always female, have the knowledge, technology, and the means to create a new advanced body, according to *their* specifications, but always asexual. Sex plays no part in the creation of an advanced human body. A male is simply not needed ... to bad for the Brigham Youngites who want to believe that Heavenly Father fucks a lot of women in order to create a lot spirit children. Dudes, you're never going to become this type of Heavenly Father because no such being exists ... never has, never will, worlds upon end. Do you want some *empirical evidence* of this?

Here ya go, ye polygamist sexual predators, you:

In the near future, science will finally figure out how to create a perfect human body by taking the DNA of two people, or one person (cloning), and starting the division of the female's egg that can produce a body. Further technology will include the ability of a person[s] to choose certain traits, and through advanced bioengineering, create a body. All this is done asexually.

And finally, women won't have to ruin their bodies by having a huge-ass head forced out of their expanded vagina, which is a pain that no man could handle. In fact, at the time of this writing, cloning is real and could be done very easily to create new human bodies if it wasn't for one thing: FUCKING RELIGION ... yeah, no slip here ... religions where men need to fuck women and use religion to induce women into thinking that men are needed in order fuck to have kids.

Yeah, women, if you haven't already figured it out, no man is going to spend his money on you, give you half of his shit, and make you part of his life unless you put out.

Priesthood authority gives otherwise physically undesirable men something of value that religious women are convinced is needed in order for the women to make it to heaven. What a fucking ruse in order to get sex ... but we'll deal with this subject later as Grandpa explains how he had sex with women, for *their* sake, and not his. Well, it's true, anytime I had an orgasm, regardless of the woman I was with, it physically felt good. But emotionally, it usually left me feeling bad.

The Real Truth is, I emotionally exploited a few woman, usually because I felt that it was in their best interests, only to cause the women more pain than what they would have felt had I refrained from having sex with them.

But Grandkids, please look at the reality of what I did. If I had not done this, none of you would be here.

Had I not exploited Grandma Paula's youth and sexuality, and her desire to leave her overburdening mother and be with me, Brittany and Joshua would not exist. Had I not exploited Jackie's incredible mother skills for the sake of taking care of Brittany and Joshua, after Grandma Paula gave up legal custody to me and I decided not to bring Alicia Olexen to the United States in the early part of 1987, Brandon, Caleb, and Sariah wouldn't be here.

I legally divorced Grandma Jackie in 1992 so that I could exploit Grandma Marcee and Grandma Vicky *legally*. If I had divorced Jackie and let her go in 1992, because I didn't love her as a man should, Ryan wouldn't exist. And if I had not exploited Jackie's, Marcee's, and Vicky's staunch religious beliefs in the sanctity and saving nature of plural marriage (as taught by Brigham Young), Riley, Rachael, and Nathan would not exist.

I've been called a lot of things by my enemies and critics. I've been called a sexual predator, a pedophile, a terrorist, a fraudster, a deceiver, a manipulator, even a murderer. But not one of these things is true. If any were, I would have been arrested a long time ago, because all of these things are illegal. My enemies and critics tried relentlessly and tirelessly to get the authorities to investigate me and arrest me for one or all of these illegal acts. And trust me, the legal authorities do not like me any more than my accusers do. But they will find no evidence whatsoever that I have ever committed an illegal act.

If emotional predation were a crime, then there might be some cause that I have committed this crime. However, an emotional predator is one who enjoys watching or causing pain in others. I never enjoyed how women were hurt because of what I did.

Some define it,

"[Emotional predation] gives them a sense of powerfulness or importance they may not feel in other parts of their lives. In their twisted mindset the thinking would sound subconsciously like *"What better way to feel important or strong than by the pain I've created for someone else?"* or *"I must be important because they're thinking about me now!"*

An author published a study about the *8 Surprising Traits of Predatory People*:

1. They feel entitled.
2. They fake emotions.
3. They must be in control.
4. They cannot empathize.
5. They are personable.
6. They act as a victim.
7. They are never wrong.
8. They have low self worth.

My critics and enemies will claim that Grandpa has these traits. And it might appear as I relate the events of my life that in some instances my actions resembled one or more of these traits.

But this I know for a surety, I do not have any of these traits.

Religion and those who are religious leaders are the *real* emotional predators. As you start to understand the Real Truth about human nature (i.e., Lucifer), you will begin to see the parallels between how predators and religious leaders act.

Grandpa can take you through history, especially using the example of the Bible, and show how people are groomed by religious emotional predators until they hold their victims in such strong emotional chains of ignorance and spiritual servitude that few are able to escape.

The fact is, it's fucking sick how the entire world has been groomed and set up by these religious emotional predators that control how a person thinks and acts and believes that it is a good thing to serve

God and keep His commandments ... the religious gods being the tool used by these emotional predators to control the entire world.

Who is God? What is God?

The only god that you know, Grandkids, if you believe in God, is an entity that has been introduced to you by someone else in your life.

But please, listen to Grandpa, mark my words, and live by this advice:

If you have not seen God with your own eyes, and heard God's voice with your own ears, do not believe in any god. If your emotions are such that you are in need of something that makes you feel good about yourself and about your life, do NOT depend on another person to tell you what it is you need or what your life is all about. Emotional predators will convince you that God has told *them*, *instead of you*, what is right and wrong for you.

I know the real God. I know that God is YOU—an advanced human, equal to every other advanced human—placed in a conscious reality of your own choosing. This is God. There is no other.

You chose one of my children to be your parent, as I chose your great-grandparents to be mine. We chose these individuals based on observing their mortal existence and taking into account the physical and mental traits that had to offer us.

Incredulously, Joseph Smith made one final attempt to teach his followers this Real Truth about God in a way that was so easy to understand, albeit using his own skills as an emotional predator, that it would seem impossible to misunderstand.

In his temple endowment presentation (play), Joseph Smith introduced three separate, but equal gods contemplating creating a new world, like the ones that they had previously create, out of “unorganized matter.”

One of the gods, Michael, was put to sleep and began to dream. He awoke in his *dream state* as Adam. Then put asleep again, he symbolically was physically divided into the *yin* and *yang* of our natures, “seemingly contrary forces that are actually very complementary, interconnected, and interdependent in the natural world, and give rise to each other as they interrelate to one another.”

From Adam's rib, came Eve. Eve would not exist without Adam, and Adam could not continue to exist as the sons of Adam without Eve. Eve acted contrary to God's commandments in the Garden of Eden, following the enticement of her “brother,” Lucifer, who also did not exist before the god Michael was put to sleep and began to dream.

In Joseph's play, these characters interacted while living in the “lone and dreary world,” which Joseph intended to represent this mortal existence. Having lost his self-worth from being cast out of God's presence because he and Eve did what they had to do in order to have new experiences that would enhance their True Self ... that would enhance the god Michael ... Adam began to search for the meaning of his existence.

In his search for meaning, Adam pleaded with God to send messengers who knew and understood the meaning and purpose of life. But as Adam asked with sincere heart with real intent to understand, his co-gods, Elohim and Jehovah, were no where to be found.

There was only one god in the "lone and dreary world": Lucifer.

It was Lucifer who heard and answered Adam's sincere plea for understanding. Lucifer, the master emotional predator. Lucifer introduced religion and scripture.

Grandkids, LDS/Mormons believe that Joseph's endowment, which has been drastically changed since its inception and from its original form, is the highest form of knowledge that they can receive, and is something that they must receive in order to be saved in heaven.

But seeing they do not see. Hearing they do not understand the significance and beauty of Joseph's *magnum opus*.

The last scene of the original presentation of Joseph's play showed the god Michael awakening from the deep sleep in which he had been placed. Upon awakening, Michael knew who he was. He was the same person who he has always been, in the worlds that the godhead had previously created, in the new world that they had created, and in many other worlds that the godhead would create in the future ... worlds without end.

Your grandpa knows more about the Real Truth of our existence than any other publicly known person on this Earth. This might seem grandiose, narcissistic, sociopathic, and from an inflated sense of worth of an emotional predator of others. But there is a huge difference between Grandpa's motive and the motives of true predators. HUGE!

Why would Grandpa want to be seen as a predator, as crazy, as a sexual predator, a pedophile, a terrorist, a fraudster, a deceiver, a manipulator, even a murderer? Why wouldn't Grandpa use his talents, his looks, and his temperament to become someone or something that the world would see as successful, valuable, and good?

No one will ever be able to honestly say that Grandpa could not make it successfully in life, so he became an emotional predator to set himself up above others by abusing them and making them his victims. I could have done whatever I wanted in life, especially after my brain was changed as it was.

And more importantly than this,

No one will ever be able to honestly say that Grandpa used his power over others and his skill at emotional predation to do what true predators do: take advantage of others for his own gain. What have I gained from all of this?

I have lost my entire family, all my children, all my friends, any trust, respectability, and credibility for which the world has set standards. I gain no money from what I do. I do not have sex with lots of women because of what I do. But I could. I fucking could. But I don't!

You will learn how I came to know your grandmothers (and many other people) and how I helped release them from the emotional chains that were holding them tight because of their religion. The emotional chains that held them bound were so strong that Grandpa needed to use his emotional predatory skills,

that he had to be developed over time, in order for me to help them break the ones by which these people were being held in obsequious (obedient or attentive to an excessive or servile degree) servitude.

I was given “pure knowledge” in order to do this. I chose my parents and specific mental and emotional traits that each had ... so that I could do this.

You cannot do what I do without the mental capacity that is required. My choice of parents bound me to the mental propensities (an inclination or natural tendency to behave in a particular way) both good and bad that each possessed. I took their bad so that I could use their good, not for the sake of Christopher Marc Nemelka, but for the sake of my True Self and the reason and purpose for which I chose to exist in this world since the beginning of time.

My father's and my temper are the same because of our mutually shared flesh. But the way that we emotionally respond to our tempers couldn't be more diametrically opposite.

When our True Self enters into a new experience of life as a newly created advanced human body, we connect to a physical body that has a perfect brain. Our new brain has no previous experience or memories. This new brain has no preconditioned behavioral propensities that would affect our free will and cause us to act and think in a way that wasn't of our own choosing. For this very reason, these advanced bodies were not patterned after another person's DNA, i.e., another person's brain. Our new brain was clean and malleable (pliable, workable) according to our own individual free will.

As our True Self connected to this new brain, created perfectly according to the incredible knowledge and advanced technology of these advanced “mothers,” the first time we opened our eyes to see, was our very first experience of sight. The first time our new ears heard something in this new world, was our first experience of sound. Our noses and tongues had their very first experiences of smell and taste. And the thing that we felt first, the touch that became the very first sensation of connection with our new world, was the touch of a perfect mother.

With her guidance, we were allowed to first, learn how to use our new bodies, because our new brains had no previous knowledge or reference point from which to draw any experience in order to use the body, we began to explore our new world.

My mortal father's True Self and my True Self started out the same. But our personal *perception* and *perspective* (there are those two important words again) developed differently and uniquely. Neither of our personal *perceptions* and *perspectives* was any better or worse than the other's. They were uniquely ours. These became our different humanity types.

It was never intended for this world (Earth) to create new bodies to which our advanced True Selves could connect in order to have the experience of mortal life. When we first entered the *dream of mortal life*, our dream played out the only way that it could, according to the experiences that were stored in our advanced brain as newly created advanced humans. But after about 2 million of years of existing on Earth as we were supposed to exist, things got pretty complicated because of how the different humanity types chose to act and be acted upon in our mutual experience on planet Earth.

We fell from our perfect mortal natures.

Eventually, if I don't touch upon it in this autobiography, you can read *The Dream of Mortal Life, Understanding Human Reality—A Final Warning to the Human Race*, for a detailed explanation of how sex began ... how humanity fell to become what it is today.

And once you know the Real Truth about these things, you will begin to realize some incredible things that will help you deal with yourself and others in this life.

My father inherited his temper from his mother and father, who had inherited it from their parents, and so and so on back to the time when bodies were first created by an imperfect mortal brain passing on its genetic blueprints to create another imperfect mortal brain.

You will come to understand sexuality as it really is. You will come to understand that homosexuality, for one of many examples, is just as natural, maybe even more so, as heterosexuality.

And you will come to understand how emotional predation came to be, how sexual predation came to be. How any predatory nature came to be.

It is not my father's fault that he has temper that caused him to do the things that he did. But it is completely his fault, how he reacted to what his temper had done.

My father is a Stellarian, who gains his value and worth from being served by others. He gained great value from being a member of God's only true church and having God's priesthood authority. He gained great value from having 12 children, over 40 grandchildren, and I have no idea how many great-grandchildren, that comprised his Eternal Family Unit.

My father would lose his temper, which affected his behavior and caused a knee jerk reaction in response to what I did to counter his strong feelings on the topic of the Eternal Family Unit, the idea of God only having one true church, and the Holy Priesthood. He was highly sensitive to these things from which he was served his self-worth and value.

I would lose my temper too, which affected my behavior and caused a knee jerk reaction in response to what the world does that counters my strong feelings on the topic of the equality of each mortal human being regardless of how the person acts or reacts to his or her mortal experience.

But the greatest trigger to my temper would be my frustration that I could not fulfill the purpose for my existence: be a True Messenger and convince others of the true God.

My mentors knew of my temperament. They actually watched it develop. They were aware of the knee jerk reaction to many events of my life. And they knew they had chosen the right man for the job because of how I reacted to losing my temper.

My temperament needed to be refined through hands on experience as a Security officer for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

[March 6, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's Autobiography](#)

#

# Chapter 17: Church Security

Grandkids, you will have probably heard and read quite a few things about your ol' Grandpa. More than likely, most are bad things. Most are filled with hate. Most are a cause of people not properly understanding the choices that I have made in my life.

I am not a son any longer. I am not a brother any longer. I am not a father or a grandfather any longer. I am not an uncle, a cousin, a nephew, or a friend any longer.

I am a True Messenger.

Now, many will say, "Christopher lost it. He gave up his kids and grandkids, his family, and his friends to become this crazy 'True Messenger'."

As I finish out this autobiography, you will learn that I did everything I could, for many years, to be part of my family, especially to be a dad to your parents. In fact, every time I was in jail, it was a direct or indirect result of Grandpa trying to be involved in your parents' lives.

You will come to understand why Grandpa could no longer find happiness being involved with the few children who did allow me access to them. As I saw you, my grandchildren, being shaped by your parents, who were shaped by this world, becoming dependent on this world, the hurt was too much for me to bear. Once I had ensured that they were financially and emotionally secure in their worldly choices, I had nothing else to offer my children who allowed me to see Brittany, Joshua, and Rachael. I could no longer bear the burden of watching your innocence and purity be polluted by this evil world ...

Wait, let me rephrase that ...

I could no longer bear the burden of watching your innocence and purity be polluted by the evil people of this world.

The world itself is awesome, or rather, it could be awesome. Nature used to be awesome. But since the early beginnings of time when humans started messing with it, nature responded and started to not be so awesome, especially for those who have experienced an earthquake, hurricane, or tornado.

But let me add the following amendment to the above:

Current mortal people are evil, but their True Selves are incredible. The first humans on this planet were incredible people because the things that cause people to become evil didn't exist then. As I said, nature was perfect. There weren't any animals, or viruses, or bacterium that could kill a human. Nature was the perfect place where humans could exist ... yeah, okay, let's go ahead and call the Earth in the beginning: the perfect paradise, a Garden of Eden.

When Grandpa throws a few religious terms out there to help you understand things better, just consider them, but NEVER, EVER, accept them as the Real Truth.

Again, and again, and again there is nothing about religion, religious beliefs, religious dogma, or anything in religious writings that is Real Truth ... ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!

Think about it ... okay, let's patronize the Bible believers for a moment and say that the entire human race started with just one white man and one white woman ... yeah, really ... Adam and Eve. What religion did they have? What priesthood authority did Adam have? What scripture did they read? How could they have possibly been able to talk with God when they were cast out of God's presence? If God wanted to continue to talk to them, God wouldn't have cast them out of his presence. Right?

But even so, ... let's keep on patronizing (to treat with apparent kindness which betrays a feeling of superiority) ...

Aren't we all, then, part of the EXACT SAME FAMILY UNIT?

You know what? Bear with me for a moment here ...

I want to show you how blind people are when it comes to the clues that they were given by one of my mentors, clues that were meant to shed some light on things. In this case, the human family of Adam and Eve.

One of my mentors, the advanced human who lived upon the earth during his last incarnate as Joseph Smith, Jr., taught his followers that Cain and Abel, were *not* Adam and Eve's first children. Yeah. Really!

Joseph made up a lot of shit during his life that caused the people who followed him to stumble. And yep, he was told by our mutual mentors to make up a lot of shit to make the people stumble. He even provided his followers with a clue to explain that he had been commanded by God to make up a lot of shit so that they would stumble:

“But behold, the [LDS/Mormon people] were a stiffnecked people; and they despised the words of plainness, and [eventually] killed [Joseph Smith], and sought for things that they could not understand. Wherefore, because of their blindness, which blindness came by looking beyond the mark, they must needs fall; for God hath taken away his plainness from them, and delivered unto them many things which they cannot understand, because they desired it. And because they desired it God hath done it, that they may stumble.” (Compare Jacob 4:14.)

Now, Grandpa knows religious scriptures better than any public person upon this Earth, especially the Bible and the Book of Mormon. I know LDS/Mormon history better than any public person on Earth. And below you'll come to understand why Grandpa also knows the LDS/Mormon Church better than any public person.

But anyways ...

Joseph tried to give his followers clues that what they believed about the Bible was horse shit ... that Bible itself was horse shit. Yeah. Really!

(Read 1 Nephi 13:20-29 very carefully and you'll see the clues that are clear about the Bible being horse shit ... okay, without the profanity ... 'corrupted', so that "an exceedingly great many do stumble, yea, insomuch that Satan hath great power over them.")

Oh, and by the way, Joseph Smith swore like a sailor, but shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh ... you don't want the modern LDS/Mormon people to know that. One of his followers confronted his vulgarity and told him that it was unbecoming of the Lord's mouthpiece. To which Joseph replied:

I love that man better who swears a stream as long as my arm yet deals justice to his neighbors and mercifully deals his substance to the poor, than the long, smooth-faced hypocrite. (*The Teachings of The Prophet Joseph Smith*, page 303.)

So fuck all ya all who don't like my profanity laced writings. But anyways ...

Check out how blind the LDS/Mormon people are to the clues that they were given. In the following scripture, Joseph changed some things around so that they contradicted the Bible story about Adam, Eve, Cain, and Abel.

As you read along, pay particular attention to verse 2, verse 12, and then verse 16. This is *empirical evidence* of how blind the LDS/Mormons are.

Ask any one of them: "What were the names of Adam's first children?"

Their answer will always be: "Cain and Abel."

Then read their own scripture to them. And then they will get uncomfortable. And if they are a priesthood holder or a leader, they will get a bit perturbed, and some visibly angry.

Check it out:

1 And it came to pass that after I, the Lord God, had driven them out, that Adam began to till the earth, and to have dominion over all the beasts of the field, and to eat his bread by the sweat of his brow, as I the Lord had commanded him. And Eve, also, his wife, did labor with him.

2 And Adam knew his wife, and she bare unto him sons and daughters, and they began to multiply and to replenish the earth.

3 And from that time forth, the sons and daughters of Adam began to divide two and two in the land, and to till the land, and to tend flocks, and they also begat sons and daughters.

4 And Adam and Eve, his wife, called upon the name of the Lord, and they heard the voice of the Lord from the way toward the Garden of Eden, speaking unto them, and they saw him not; for they were shut out from his presence.

5 And he gave unto them commandments, that they should worship the Lord their God, and should offer the firstlings of their flocks, for an offering unto the Lord. And Adam was obedient unto the commandments of the Lord.

6 And after many days an angel of the Lord appeared unto Adam, saying: Why dost thou offer sacrifices unto the Lord? And Adam said unto him: I know not, save the Lord commanded me.

7 And then the angel spake, saying: This thing is a similitude of the sacrifice of the Only Begotten of the Father, which is full of grace and truth.

8 Wherefore, thou shalt do all that thou doest in the name of the Son, and thou shalt repent and call upon God in the name of the Son forevermore.

9 And in that day the Holy Ghost fell upon Adam, which beareth record of the Father and the Son, saying: I am the Only Begotten of the Father from the beginning, henceforth and forever, that as thou hast fallen thou mayest be redeemed, and all mankind, even as many as will.

10 And in that day Adam blessed God and was filled, and began to prophesy concerning all the families of the earth, saying: Blessed be the name of God, for because of my transgression my eyes are opened, and in this life I shall have joy, and again in the flesh I shall see God.

11 And Eve, his wife, heard all these things and was glad, saying: Were it not for our transgression we never should have had seed, and never should have known good and evil, and the joy of our redemption, and the eternal life which God giveth unto all the obedient.

12 And Adam and Eve blessed the name of God, and they made all things known unto their sons and their daughters.

13 And Satan came among them, saying: I am also a son of God; and he commanded them, saying: Believe it not; and they believed it not, and they loved Satan more than God. And men began from that time forth to be carnal, sensual, and devilish.

14 And the Lord God called upon men by the Holy Ghost everywhere and commanded them that they should repent;

15 And as many as believed in the Son, and repented of their sins, should be saved; and as many as believed not and repented not, should be damned; and the words went forth out of the mouth of God in a firm decree; wherefore they must be fulfilled.

16 And Adam and Eve, his wife, ceased not to call upon God. And Adam knew Eve his wife, and she conceived and bare Cain, and said: I have gotten a man from the Lord; wherefore he may not reject his words. But behold, Cain hearkened not, saying: Who is the Lord that I should know him?

17 And she again conceived and bare his brother Abel. And Abel hearkened unto the voice of the Lord. And Abel was a keeper of sheep, but Cain was a tiller of the ground. (Moses, chapter 5.)

Joseph Smith changed a lot of the accepted narrative of the Bible. Not so that the people would stumble, because the corrupt Bible was already making people stumble (see Jacob 4:14). Joseph Smith did everything that he was allowed to do to give clues to the people that they were dumb shits for believing in religion.

Remember the temple endowment play that Grandpa mentioned, and will mention again when appropriate?

Joseph's clue couldn't have been more clear. But the LDS/Mormon people are so blind, they cannot see.

Here's the actual part of the play (presentation):

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ADAM: Oh God, hear the words of my mouth. Oh God, hear the words of my mouth. Oh God, hear the words of my mouth.

*(As Adam prays, Lucifer approaches from behind out of the shadows.)*

LUCIFER: I hear you; what is it you want?

*(Although Adam has already encountered Lucifer in the Garden of Eden, he fails to recognize him at this appearance.)*

ADAM: Who are you?

LUCIFER: I am the God of this world.

ADAM: You, the God of this world?

LUCIFER: Yes, what do you want?

ADAM: I am looking for messengers.

LUCIFER: Oh, you want someone to preach to you. You want religion, do you? [There will be many willing to preach to you the philosophies of men, mingled with scripture.]

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(NOTE: the character Lucifer's last line above was changed in 1990 when the LDS/Mormon leaders took out one of the main characters of the play, the Minister. In Joseph's original play, the Lucifer character's last line in the above part (without the sentence in brackets above) is: "I will have preachers here presently." The modern LDS/Mormon leaders did not want the world to think that the endowment is saying that all religion and preachers are led by Lucifer. But that was EXACTLY what Joseph was implying.)

Joseph presented this play to his followers shortly before he was murdered. He was screaming at them that ALL religion, including the one that he was commanded to give the people to make them stumble, was from Lucifer.

You see, Grandkids, what Grandpa is saying here is that everyone who believes in religion, of any kind, is a dumb shit. Now, that's just not nice! Right? Not it's not nice. But it is the role of a True Messenger. And as a True Messenger, it is not good that people come around me unless they want to hear the Real Truth about things.

Yep, it's true. Above where the Adam character tells Lucifer, who is the ONLY god of this world, that he (Adam) is looking for messengers ... Grandpa's that messenger. And this fact makes a lot of people in this world, basically the entire world, hate me and think I'm nuts.

People have to convince themselves that I am nuts. Because if I'm right, the world is *FUBAR* (Fucked Up Beyond Repair).

Keep this in mind:

It is not that I think that I am too good to be around my family and others. It is that I think that it is not good for me or for them for me to be around.

If you ever want to be around your Grandpa, then you have three choices of the person around whom you want me to be at the meeting: (1) Grandpa (2) your True Messenger; or (3) a stranger.

If you choose to come around me as your Grandpa, I'll treat you like you'd expect a Grandpa to treat his grandkids. I'll spoil the shit out of ya!

If you choose to come around me as your True Messenger, I'll destroy any sense of worth and value that you have come to believe is important and successful in the world of which you have become co-dependent and upon which you rely for happiness and approval.

And if you choose to come around me as a stranger, I'll treat you like I do all strangers. I treat strangers like the experience of being with me is THEIRS alone; that I am a part of THEIR universe. And I will treat you like you're the center of the universe and the most important person in it ... because you are!

Now,

I am your parents' father. A father is not a grandfather. A father is supposed to be respected for his wisdom and knowledge. A father is expected to teach his children right from wrong. I've never done this to your parents (taught them what I believe is right from wrong). I tried a bit with Brittany, Joshua, and Rachael. But just a bit. They rejected anything I had to say because they do not respect me. They didn't grow up around me, so the father-child respect dynamic that should exist, did not develop.

If your parents had chosen to come around me now, once I had proclaimed my true purpose in life as a True Messenger, I'll start being a father to them and tell them what I think they're doing wrong. And they're not going to like it. It would not be good for them or for me.

If any of your parents were to speak of me—and there's a good chance that most of your parents will do everything within their power to keep you from knowing anything about me—it is possible that they would say that I abandoned them, that I didn't want to be a father. And that would not be the truth. That would be something that they needed to tell themselves in order to feel good about speaking ill of me.

As long as Grandpa is a bad person, my children and grandchildren are emotionally okay with avoiding me. Their mothers and your grandmothers made sure that Grandpa was always presented as a bad person while your parents were growing up. It's the justification and reasoning that your grandmothers used to keep me from having anything to do with them. Your dad is crazy. Your dad is a manipulator who will deceive you. Sigh ... But anyways ...

Like I explained before, except for Paula, none of your grandmothers left me and thought of me as a monster, a deceiver, a manipulator until after I left each of them. And in Grandma Paula's case, she gave up custody of Brittany and Joshua. And after my father pulled his stunt of trying to have me arrested, after the Snohomish Sheriff sent him, Paula, and her dad packing, Paula believed that there was nothing else she could do to see Brittany and Joshua until they grew up and sought her out. (More details on this as they become relevant to the chronological order of events.)

The world hates me. It hates me because I testify of it, that the works thereof are evil ... way evil.

I testify that the family is an evil institution because it isolates mortals into small, special groups of a few that place more value on their few members than they do on the rest of humanity. I testify that unless the human race starts to see each person as an equal, unless the world unites as one family unit, it will continue to be evil.

“A man filled with the true love of God, is not content with blessing his family alone, but ranges through the whole world, anxious to bless the whole human race.”

I could not testify that the family is an evil institution unless I had the personal, *empirical evidence*, that it is. For this reason, I chose to be born into the Nemelka family, one of the most

popular LDS/Mormon families of the 1960's—Grandfather—candidate for Mayor, Uncle—District Attorney, Uncle—basketball player and one of the most popular athletes in the State of Utah. The world would view the Nemelka family as a good LDS/Mormon family. But from my experience from being a member of this family, it is evil ... way evil.

I testify that all nations within established borders of this world, and the political divisions that support them, are all evil. That the United States Constitution was established by wealthy men who wanted to protect their personal interests and profits, allowing them control over the money system and over everything else. I testify that the legal processes, the court systems, the institutions of judges and lawyers, especially of lawyers, are evil and counterproductive to a fair due process of justice. The world sees their political processes, especially the U.S. Constitution as good. But from my experience from being involved in government and the court system, it is evil ... way evil.

But even more evil than family and government is religion. Religion creates the evil in the family and government. Religion is the most evil thing that has existed and can exist in society ... way evil. But I would never had known this from firsthand, *empirical evidence*, unless I was able to find out everything that there is to know about religion.

When one of my future mentors met me in the bathroom at the Army's DLI in California and told me to stay close to the Lord and to the Church, he knew what he was doing.

As I explained, after that, because I believed that he was either an angel from God who had come to visit me unawares ... "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares" ... or one of the Three Nephites, I became a LDS/Mormon fanatic. I began to serve my religion with all my heart and soul.

Paula and I returned to Utah and I started working again for Paramount Acceptance. Shortly thereafter, I applied and was hired as a Security officer for the LDS/Mormon Church, early in 1985.

Paula got pregnant again. Her mother, Dora Mae Blades, was also a very religious woman, on the fanatic side. Her mother convinced us to have our second child at home. With the help of an LDS/Mormon midwife, Paula delivered our first son, Joshua Marc, on January 20, 1986, on the kitchen floor of our two-bedroom apartment in Holliday, Utah (4655 Locust Lane), the same apartment complex, but not the same apartment, where Brittany had been born over two years earlier.

When Paula delivered Brittany, she had all the comforts of the hospital and the help of a team of doctors and nurses, and most importantly, an epidural that took away all the pain of deliver. Paula delivered Joshua with only her faith in God, in me, and in her mother—a faith that was being tested to the max. One can only imagine what must have been going through that young girl's mind as she subjected herself to her husband's and mother's faith. You'd have to ask Paula why she did this. I really don't know.

Paula's mother was present at the birth with the midwife. I kept little Brittany in the other room and shut the door. Brittany was visibly upset and peed her pants. This was the first and only time I spanked Brittany, which I regret to this day. Brittany only wanted attention and was probably scared to death hearing her mother groan in pain.

Paula was a trooper. I couldn't believe how strong she was. I sincerely thought she was one of the strongest women I had ever known. Paula probably will never know how much I loved and respected her that day.

Shortly after Joshua's birth, after the midwife had left, Paula's mother did what she does ... what made Paula want to leave home and marry me in the first place ... try to completely control the situation. She and I argued. Paula gently called me into the bedroom where she was cradling Joshua.

"Please be patient with my mom," she sweetly pleaded with me.

That melted my heart and bound me to Paula, but not in a way that would benefit her, but would benefit me.

She had given birth to my firstborn son. Joshua would receive the Holy Priesthood from me and carry on the Nemelka name and lineage throughout time and all eternity ... oh, barf ... but anyways, that's how I felt at the time.

I was as righteous as any man could be. I had repented by confessing all sins to the Bishop and was forgiven. I was working for the Lord, protecting the ONLY true church of God on Earth. Brittany and Joshua were MY eternal posterity. Paula was MY eternal mate. If Paula and I were going to make it to the Celestial kingdom of God, she would have to do it at my side, regardless of how many other women might be there once the Lord brought back plural marriage during the millennium. Yeah. Really! That's what I thought. That's what I was taught by God's leaders.

And Grandkids, don't let a modern LDS/Mormon tell you otherwise. Mormon doctrine is that "the holy practice [of plural marriage] will commence again after the Second Coming of the Son of Man and the ushering in of the millennium." (Bruce R. McConkie, *Mormon Doctrine* [Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1958; second edition, 1966, 578.]

Anytime there was a worldwide semi-annual conference held by the Church, all Security officers would be required to work, usually in pairs. Single women from all over the world would come to Temple Square for conference. I heard this statement more often than I can count from my security companions when they'd see a beautiful woman:

"I can't wait until the Lord brings back polygamy!"

I was disgusted.

Yep. I had Paula. She was very beautiful. I had two beautiful kids. Not one time did I ever want another woman. In fact, Paula's beauty made me jealousy. Wherever we would go, other

men would stare at her. I'd get jealous. She was MY eternal mate. These men had no right lusting after her.

It is quite a story how I was hired as a security officer for the LDS Church. Here's the short version:

I met a man named Jeff Thomas, quite a religious fanatic in his own right, the same week that I was told by the mysterious man to stay close to the Church. I alienated myself from Gary Yarn, my previous friend with whom Paula and I lived with him and his wife. I began to spend all the time I could with Jeff.

When Jeff completed his training, he, his wife Brenda, and their children moved to Utah. Jeff was hired at Church Security. Jeff and I were in touch and he told me that I should apply. I did, but there were no openings at that time. But the very day that I turned in my application, although there were no openings, the *True God* showed his magic.

The lady at the front desk of the Church's Human Resources took my application and told me she would file it and I would be contacted if any positions opened up. Who knows how many applications were "on file."

I turned to leave and she said, "Nemelka? You're a Nemelka? Are you related to Dick Nemelka?"

Walking away, I turned briefly and said, "Yes. He's my uncle."

"Wait a minute," she said. She disappeared in the back.

She must have been one of my Uncle Dick's many fans in the late 60's and early 70's.

Don't know what she did. Don't know what she said. They had already chosen a man to fill the last position that was open. He was on an upper floor of the Church Office Building waiting for his final interview.

The Human Resources Director came out with my application in his hand. He immediately took me to the floor where the Security department was. He had arranged for my first interview. He sat me down right next to the guy who was there for his final interview. I got the job. During my first interview, one of the security department heads who interviewed me said, "I feel you are a one-of-a-kind golden interview."

Yep. God wanted me to have that job.

I'm sure some readers want me to dish on all the stuff I found out while working church security, the enemies and critics of the LDS/Mormon Church hoping for salacious things that might make the Church look bad. There is none. Sorry. Nothing of any nefarious (wicked or criminal) nature to report. But what I did find out I'll briefly summarize below.

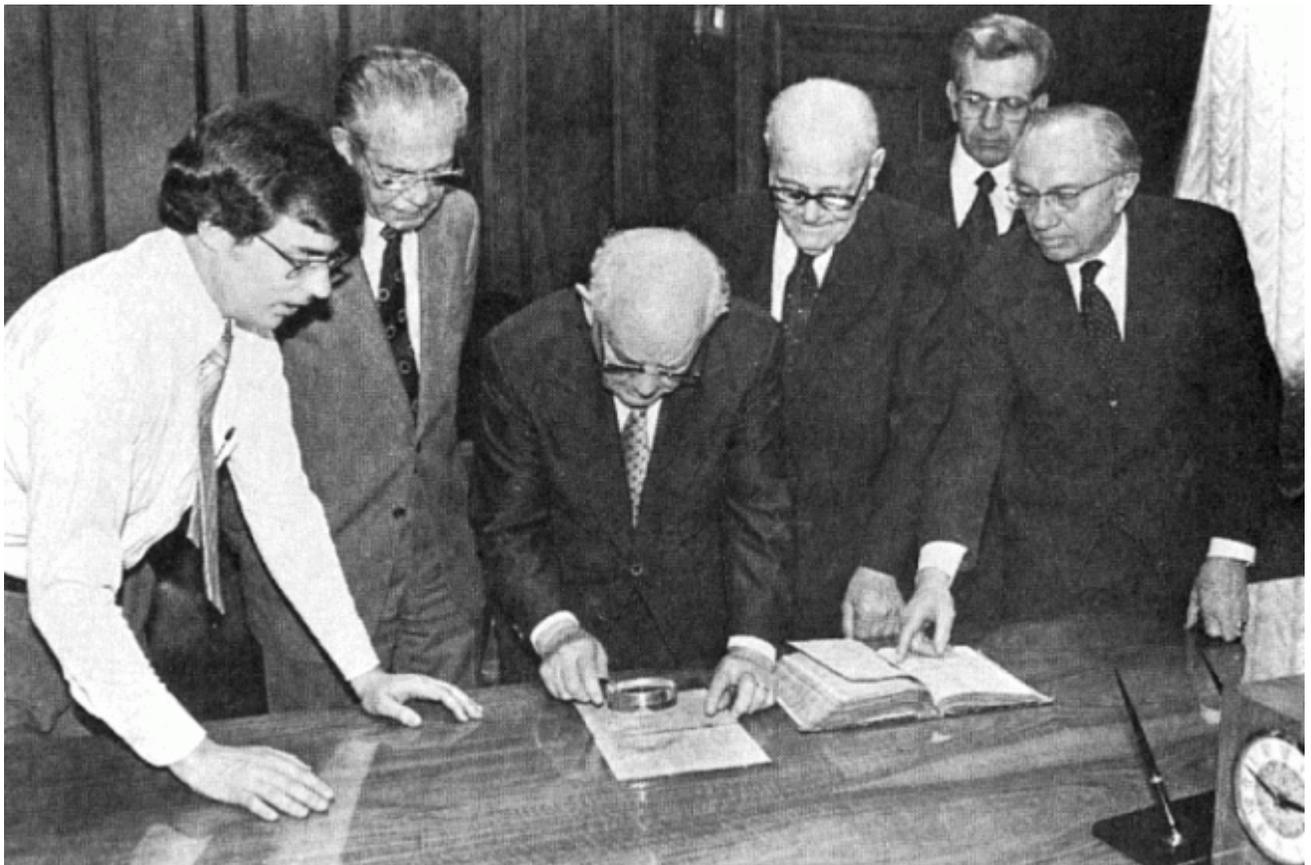
I was loyal and respectful of my security position until the end of 1985.

In October of 1985, a guy named Mark Hoffman forged a bunch of church documents and then killed a couple of people to cover up his forgeries. While bringing one of his bombs to the Church Office Buildings, presumably for one of the General Authorities who had been involved in some of his forgery transactions, he reached in his car to retrieve it and blew himself up. I was sitting at my security post in the Genealogy Library when I heard and felt the explosion. It happened only a block away. Our security radio frequency went crazy.

I was not directly involved in our security department investigation of the Hoffman bombings and murders, but all of the security officers were intensely involved in any reports or knowledge that we could obtain from what our department heads new of the Hoffman bombings.

But what I did see and hear is how the Church authorities began to mislead the public in order to distance themselves from Mark Hoffman. One leader in particular, Gordon B. Hinkley, who at the time was the prophet, seer, and revelator of God's ONLY true and living church upon earth, publicly stated in a press release that he had never met Hoffman. When I heard that Hinkley had said this, it was if God had said it.

Check out this picture from a major Salt Lake City newspaper:



From left to right: Mark Hoffman, First Counselor to the First Presidency, N. Eldon Tanner,

Prophet and President Spencer W. Kimball, Second Counselor to the First Presidency, Marion G. Romney, Apostle Boyd K. Packer, and Apostle Gordon B. Hinkley

At the time, I was okay with Gordon Hinkley's press announcement that he had never met with Hoffman. The picture above was years before. Maybe Hinkley meant that he never *personally* met with Hoffman. But there's no doubt, especially in light of the *empirical evidence* above, that MY prophet, the Lord's spokesman upon Earth, the ONLY one, MY prophet who signed my mission calling, MY beloved prophet, seer, and revelator, had been duped, many times over, by a forger and murderer.

WTF? This didn't sit well with me.

What was the Church trying to hide? Why were they buying all these forged documents from Hoffman from early church history?

These questions weighed heavily on my mind for quite sometime, but were diffused by the birth of Joshua. After Joshua was born, my testimony and resolution to be the best member of the Church I could be in order to solidify and guarantee my eternal family, as the mysterious man had counseled me, couldn't have been any stronger.

I thought Paula was on board with me. And when she wasn't, I would enforce the rules of the Church with my priesthood authority over her. Even if she was miserable doing it, I was going to make sure we did everything that was necessary to reach the Celestial kingdom with our children. Paula tried. Oh, how Grandma Paula tried. But her unhappiness at being a young stay-at-home mother wore her down. I could sense her unhappiness. She was a great wife and a good mother, but she was not happy doing it.

I remember seeing her miserable and saying one day before I left for work, "If you're going to be that unhappy, then why don't you just go home." I didn't really mean it. I was just upset that her misery would result in our inability to please God and keep the counsel and commandments of the Church leaders.

I came home from work that day and she was gone. Everything in the apartment was gone, including MY children. Her family and my own brother, Mike, had come to the apartment while I was at work and moved her out.

I cried. NO, I wept profusely. I remember feeling this intense feeling of incredible of the devil come over me. I felt Lucifer himself had overcome me. In desperation I called my brothers Cory and Mike and cried, pleading for them to come and save me from the darkness of the adversary. They didn't come that day, but they came the next. They gave me a blessing and told me to be strong. I thought that that was pretty cool that they would do that. That would be the last cool thing that either one of them would do for me. Cory would come to despise me and would be called of God in one of his dreams to protect others from me. Yeah. Really!

I had felt the devil's presence before, but nothing like I felt it the day after Paula had left me. My eternal family unit was being destroyed. Why would God do this to me? I was doing everything right. I was even working for God and had dedicated my entire life to His service ... to the building up of the kingdom of God on Earth ... as I had covenanted to do when I took out my sacred vows in the temple.

But I couldn't be mad at God. He was God. But maybe, so I began to think, it was the Church's fault. Maybe the Church wasn't all it claimed to be. Maybe the Church needed to repent, not me. Because I was hurt, something had to make sense as to why God allowed my beloved children to be taken away and my eternal family unit disrupted. This was the first time in my life that I started to doubt the Church.

Had Paula not left me, I would have never doubted. I would have never started to investigate these doubts. Paula was obviously the right choice that my True Self chose as a wife to start a family.

For the first few months after Paula was gone, I started to investigate my church behind the scenes. I got into every file I could. I got into the desks and personal files of almost every one of the Twelve Apostles, First Presidency, and other heads of the Church. I would rummage through their unlocked personal lockers in the temple, in a locker room where only they ... and security ... could go.

I spent a lot of time in the historical department of the Church trying to find out the things about which the Church was so worried concerning Mormon history. I was finding out things that I could have never imagined as a lay member.

And then God stopped me.

Joshua was 6 months old and got bacterial spinal meningitis. There was a chance that my little boy could die. He was in intensive care in Kalispell, Montana. I was in Utah. I drove as fast as I could and rushed to his side. It was terrible seeing my little boy in a bubble in which the only access to him was with the built in gloves that kept him quarantined. I reached for my son with tears in my eyes. He saw me and cried out as he reached for me. I have never felt anything like the love that I felt for Joshua at that time. It was very hard. There wasn't anything I could do for the my son.

Paula was sitting in the corner of the room silent. She could barely look at me. I told her I would stay with Joshua that night so that she could go home and get some rest. She left without saying hardly anything. The next couple of days were agonizing, but Joshua soon made a complete recovery. I returned to Utah.

The next day, Paula called me and told me that she wanted to give me custody of the kids, that I could be a parent to our kids than she could. I thought that her decision was incredibly unselfish, but of course, what God wanted. Paula's family and my father tried to talk her out of it. My father drove to Montana, met with Paula and her parents at their home and explained the legalities of giving up custody of the kids. Paula didn't care. She signed the papers that my dad

had brought with him to Montana. My dad and Gloria brought my precious kids back to me and God's ONLY true and living church upon Earth.

Paula had made her decision. So what if I lost her for time. If she wanted to make it to the Celestial kingdom, she would still be mine. But now, I had full custody of my precious kids.

Being so blessed by God in getting my children back, along with being a single dad and working full time, as well as being courted by a lot of single LDS/Mormon women who wanted a young, handsome, ready-made family, I was on top of the world. I stopped investigating the Church. But the things that I had seen and researched did not leave my mind. I was just distracted for a minute.

Now I needed a mother for my two kids. I dated a lot. I kept the commandments but kissed a lot of women, some who wanted much more than a kiss, but most I refused. I got close with one, but luckily she stopped us because she wanted to do things right according to God. I respected that. Nothing was more important to me than my two children. In fact, if Brittany didn't like the girl I was dating, I wouldn't date her again. I couldn't find the right fit for me and the kids.

One day while working in the Church Museum, I asked one of the restoration artists working there if she knew any really good girls I could date. She said that she did, just one: Jackie Stoll, a daughter of one of her friends. I asked her to set up a time when Jackie could come to the museum and meet me. She did. Jackie came. I was sitting at the front desk when Jackie walked through the door. She was beautiful and very nice. I didn't tell her who I was at first. I asked her if she was there to meet Christopher Nemelka. I started telling her she was crazy for wanting to meet Nemelka because he was wierd.

As I walked around the museum with Jackie, intentionally leading her where I told her Christopher was, I had her thinking that this guy was the worst decision she could possible make, playfully, of course. Jackie took the bait. I could tell she was pretty concerned from what I was saying, so I finally said,

“Are you ready to meet him?”

She took a deep breath and said, “I suppose.”

“Well I'm him.”

She hit me.

Brittany liked Jackie from the beginning. And Jackie completely adored little Joshua who was not yet one year old. Jackie and I dated and got pretty close, but there was one thing that kept me from committing to her and taking the next step. Her name was Alicia Ester Olexen, the incredible Argentinian I had left on my mission. I didn't tell Jackie this at the time, however.

Our physical interactions were getting pretty intense, and I think she got a bit scared and wanted things to proceed according to the normal steps of our religion, before we had sex. I agreed and backed off. Jackie stopped dating me for a while because I wouldn't take that next step.

I hadn't seen Jackie for a couple of months. I was frustrated with all the women I was dating trying to find a mother for my kids, with Alicia always in the back of my mind. Finally, I fasted and prayed with all my heart and soul that the Lord would please send me the right woman.

The third day of my fast, I was hungry as hell. I was working in the Church Museum and remember thinking that I couldn't fast much longer. The Lord had better give me that woman. The moment I was thinking this I happened upon a large model of a ship one of the curators was working on. I opened up one of his workbench drawers nearby. Had no idea why. There was Jackie's name and phone number on a small slip of paper. Yeah. Really! Jackie had previously been hired to sew the sails for the model ship. She was an excellent seamstress.

I had no idea what was up with Jackie, but I called anyway. She answered and seemed somewhat surprised. From what I gathered, she had met a guy and was thinking about marrying him. I congratulated her and asked her if the wedding had been planned. She reiterated that she was just thinking about it. She asked to see me one more time. Brittany was very happy and told me to marry Jackie. For whatever reason ... and one would have to ask Jackie about this ... Jackie fell completely in love with me the second time we started dating. But I couldn't marry her. Alicia still stood in the way.

In January of 1987, I traveled back to Argentina to see if there was anything there between Alicia and me. I told Jackie that I had to know, and that if it didn't work with Alicia, I would come back and marry her. She agreed to watch Brittany and Joshua while I was gone.

WTF? You might wonder. Why in the world would Jackie accept that she was my second choice, but only if my first choice, Alicia, didn't work out? Again, one would have to ask Jackie why she wanted anything to do with me after this.

God wanted Jackie with me, obviously.

I went to Argentina and first saw Fany, Alicia's mother. At this time, Alicia had a boyfriend and two kids of her own. But she hadn't yet married her boyfriend. He wouldn't let Alicia see me. I didn't get to see Alicia the first few days and didn't push it out of respect for her boyfriend. I figured that I had my answer owing to the fact that Alicia had her own two kids and appeared to be in love. But Fany and I enjoyed our time together. It was as if I had never left. Estefania Piotroski de Olexen is one of the few mortals with whom I have had an incredible connection before my *transfiguration*. She is on my mind to this day. They just don't make 'em like Fany Olexen.

Just before leaving to go back to the United States, Alicia wanted to see me and snuck away from her boyfriend. We met. She, like her mother, was still the wonderful woman who she is. We talked for a while and I said to her, "I wish you the best always, Alicia." With tears in her eyes she replied, "What if?" I knew she meant what if she did go back to the U.S. with her

children and be the mother to mine. I smiled, kissed her forehead and told her it probably wasn't the best. She humbly and tearfully agreed. I knew then that Jackie was the only one for me.

I returned home to Jackie waiting for me at the airport with Brittany and Joshua. Brittany saw me and sprinted into my arms. Joshua was still very young and had a short memory. He buried his head in Jackie's arms, but quickly warmed backed up to the eternal head of his priesthood-blessed family.

I married Jackie on April 7, 1987. Once again I had my eternal family unit in place. But I could not get the things about the Church that I had discovered a few months previously out of my mind.

Jackie was incredible! She was the best mother and wife a man could hope for. Unlike Paula, she was ready to be a wife and mother and she seemed to love the kids as much as she did me ... at least that's what I thought. On the same day that Jackie and I were married, Paula called me and said, "This is the worst day of my life."

I had given Paula any chance she wanted to come back to me. We even dated once after our divorce. She came to Utah and I let Brittany be with her. Paula could only do it for a couple of days and returned Brittany to me. I was willing to give her back custody of Brittany and then we could work together. But I was thinking this would bring us back together as a family. Again, one would have to ask Paula why she refused. She went back to Montana and we didn't see or hear from her again until she showed up at Jackie and my house on Brittany's birthday later that year (November 1987) with an arm load of presents for Brittany. What Paula didn't know was that a few months previously my entire *perception* and *perspective* on life had been *transfigured*. Now I was playing a game, of sorts. Paula had to play by new rules ... rules which I was still trying to figure out at the time she unexpectedly showed up on Brittany's birthday.

Jackie freed me up a lot and couldn't have fulfilled her domestic duties better. She was, again, an incredible woman. I wasn't in love with Jackie as a man should be when I married her, evidenced by the fact that Alicia was still on my mind and I had to absolve those feelings before choosing Jackie. Unfortunately for Jackie, we were only married for two short months before my *transfiguration* took place. After my brain was messed up, I didn't know how to properly fall in love as worldly men are expected. I did not see love, sex, or orthodox relationships the way that everyone else did. But I loved Jackie the best that I could.

By being married to Jackie, I had a lot more time to think, and still with access to all parts of the LDS/Mormon Church properties, my personal investigation into the Church intensified. It was this continued investigation that led me to my knees before the only God that I knew, and to the event of my *transfiguration* on June 16, 1987.

So what did I find out about the Church during my investigation? What was the Church hiding from the world?

There is nothing that I found out that has not already been considered and studied by an honest researcher into Mormon history. My investigation verified and provided me with *empirical evidence* that Joseph Smith, Jr. had told the truth just before he was murdered:

“If I were to tell you all I know of the kingdom of God, I do know that you would rise up and kill me. ... You don’t know me; you never knew my heart. No man knows my history. I cannot tell it: I shall never undertake it. I don’t blame any one for not believing my history. If I had not experienced what I have, I would not have believed it myself.”

My investigation and experience proved to me that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is a religion like every other religion. The legal authority that runs the Church is called the *Corporation of the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*. It is a corporate entity. The Church leaders are paid like and act like corporate business leaders. Under their corporate leadership, the LDS/Mormon Church has become one of, if not the, wealthiest religions on Earth. I learned all this before my *transfiguration*.

After my *transfiguration*, I learned that Church leaders haven’t a clue about the Real Truth ... the mysteries of God in their fullness. They’re doing the best that they can being as ignorant as they are. I learned that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is as evil as any religion could possibly be, when “evil” is the actions of mortals that go contrary to the true purpose for which we, as advanced humans, participate in the experience of mortal life.

But the LDS/Mormon Church is held to a higher standard, with much more responsibility than other religions, because they have so many perfectly clear clues about the mysteries of God, i.e., the Real Truth.

A True Messenger was sent, first, to this religion to see if they would apply the healing balm of Real Truth that would cause their blind eyes to see, their deaf ears to hear, and their lame walk to be straightened and directed to the path that leads to the Tree of Life, whose fruit is desirable and delicious to the taste ... fruit, the whiteness thereof that exceeds all the whiteness, yea, even there could be nothing upon earth so white as the whiteness thereof”: the Real Truth, a complete and full understanding of everything that there is to know about human reality—who we are and why we exist.

Unlike Joseph Smith, but true to his words, I am telling the world “all I know of the kingdom of God.” And the world would rather kill me than consider the message I have been given ... the knowledge that I have been given ... an understanding that can save the human race. But if rejected, will condemn it to destruction.

I know, Grandkids. It all sounds so crazy. Right? I don’t blame any one for not believing my history. If I had not experienced what I have, I would not have believed it myself.

The world hates me for what I know. Some of your grandmothers and parents hate me as the world does. I don’t blame them.

But they have hated me without a cause.

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#

# Chapter 18: Transfiguration

The most important part in understanding your grandpa and what he has done in life, is to understand the *transfiguration* that happened to my brain on June 16, 1987.

An honest and thorough researcher, journalist, scientist, or any other type of individual investigating something that involves gathering information in order to form one's own conclusion or opinion on the thing, uses what the world calls "the Five Ws."

- *Who* was involved?
- *What* happened?
- *Where* did it take place?
- *When* did it take place?
- *Why* did that happen?

And just as important, probably more so in order for a person to have a complete picture from which one draws their own conclusion, the question of *how* the something happened must also be answered.

When it comes to Real Truth, the person claiming to know must be able to answer all of the Five Ws plus the H factor (how). If the person cannot, then the person is blowing steam up your ass in order to inflate your ego so that you'll stroke theirs.

Both science and religion fall drastically short in providing an honest inquirer (one who asks questions to understand something) factual answers to anything. And religion and spiritualists (*spiritual*: a new age definition of a religious person who doesn't conform to any organized religion but is equally ignorant of any conclusive answer) fall much shorter and incomplete in its answers than science does. Religious leaders and spiritual gurus are lazier than scientists. At least scientists make an effort to try to understand something. The religious and spiritual lazily and effortlessly answer unanswerable questions with one answer: *God* (or *Higher Power*).

Whether religiously minded or scientifically minded, you don't know shit unless you can give a logical answer to the Five W's and the H factor. And if you call yourself Doctor so and so, or Elder so and so, or High Priest[ess] so and so, or whatever the hell else you call yourself, because you think you're smarter than others ... only because you've been able to convince others, who don't have the time to find out the answers on their own because they're too busy earning money to give to your deceptive ass for the horseshit that flows out of your mouth ... if you cannot answer the Five W's and the H factor, you're a fucking idiot.

Yeah, Grandpa has a big problem with you types (religious, spiritual leaders, and Doctors of education) because you take people's money so that you don't have to get a real job (as a slave to someone like you). People pay you money for your horseshit that you have convinced them is not horseshit.

So, Grandkids, if one of these types wants your money or adoration in exchange for something that they claim to know, a thing that they have convinced you is valuable for you to know too, make sure that they can answer the Five Ws and the H factor with logical sense. If they can't ... and Grandpa is pretty sure that they can't ... No, I'm not pretty sure ... I fucking know ... when they blow smoke up your ass, let it flow right up through you, blow it back in their face with a huge smile, then take the money that you would have paid them and buy yourself a sandwich.

But anyways ...

In order to understand me, you must first understand the details of *what* happened, *who* was involved, *why* did it happen, *when* did it happen, *where* did it happen, and most importantly *how* did it happen.

While in the process of writing this chapter, I traveled back where my mother lives to see how she was. She asked me if I had seen a note that she once placed on her counter, presumably so that I would see it. I didn't. She told me that the note said something to the effect:

“In order to know you, you must first know me.”

She was insinuating that I would come to know myself better if and when I came to know her better. Her wisdom is wise, but her direction is wrong when it comes to her third born son.

In order for my mother to know herself, she must first know me. Or better, in order for my mother to know herself, she must first know what I know ... but only the things that I know to which I can provide her with the answers to the Five Ws and the H factor. Everything else is just smoke that creates a smokescreen that people put up in order to be accepted and valued (i.e., loved) by others. (It's the smoke I mentioned above that everyone is trying to blow up everyone else's ass.)

My mother mentioned that she was basically lost throughout her entire life living in what could be appreciated as a “lone and dreary world.” No one understood my mother. But being misunderstood isn't the worst thing or the hardest thing to deal with in life.

Not knowing yourself is.

It doesn't matter what my mother tells me about her personal experiences in life. They weren't mine. I could have never known who I am by listening to *her* experiences. And she would have never started to find herself, being presently in her late 70's, by listening to my personal experiences. She mentioned she likes reading my autobiography as I write it, but isn't necessarily interested in the religious parts. In other words, it seemed to me, upon speaking with her, that she was more interested in the events of my life than in what I know. And that's typically what a mother would like to know about her son.

# However ... and this is a HUGE HOWEVER

...

My mother would have never started to get to know herself during the last years of her life if her son (Grandpa) didn't share with her what he knows. And what I know has nothing to do with the any of the events in my life, except for one: my transfiguration.

Without my transfiguration, my mother would still be lost in a lone and dreary world. She could have never come to know herself as she is starting to get to know who she is and why she exists.

Mother doesn't like the religious aspects and parts of my writings because religion never helped her to feel any better about herself. In fact, religion made her feel worse about herself.

For her entire life she existed knowing that she was living completely contrary to the teachings and religion of her dear mother (my favorite grandmother, Abigail "Abbie" Lee Jorgensen). My mother was also raised Mormon ... oops ... nowadays, Mormons don't like to be called Mormons. They prefer to be called Latter-day Satans ... oops ... I just wrote what I said out loud ... Try it. Say Latter-day *Saints* and Latter-day *Satans* out loud really fast and you'll see how I made the slip of the tongue.

You see, Grandkids, it was meant for Grandpa to to be raised in the "church of the devil" and become a strong Latter-day *Satan* so that I would understand the difference between it and the "church of the Lamb of God" ... because

"Behold there are save two churches only; the one is the church of the Lamb of God, and the other is the church of the devil; wherefore, whoso belongeth not to the church of the Lamb of God belongeth to that great church, which is the mother of abominations; and she is the whore of all the earth."

And there it is again ... more religious prose about which my mother and many others couldn't care less.

But listen up mother and you others, you wouldn't know shit about shit, nor come any closer to knowing and understanding who you are if I didn't experience a *transfiguration* from a Latter-day Satan to a Latter-day Saint. The former not knowing shit about shit, and the latter knowing everything that a person could possibly know about Real Truth, things as they *really* are, things as they *really* were, and things as they *really* will be.

And what is it, Grandkids, that sets Grandpa apart from the others who claim that they know (religious leaders, spiritual gurus, and scientists), when in reality they know not that they know not?

Grandpa can answer all the Five Ws and the H factor about the things that he knows ... And here's the clincher ... you don't have to give Grandpa a fucking penny for the information that he knows ... not a single penny. You can have it for free.

Yep, you can come to know the *real* YOU, the Real Truth about who you are and why you exist for free! People who make shit up deserve to be paid for the shit that they make up. It takes a lot of energy to make shit up. But the Real Truth being things as they are, as they always been and always will be, isn't made up shit. It is the SHIT! And it ain't shit. It's the Real Truth.

In preparation for writing this important chapter of my autobiography, my mentors counseled me to present an explanation of my own transfiguration without using religious terms. But also to incorporate the symbolic nature of *their* transfiguration, as they gave it through the religious prose that they used in writing the Book of Mormon story.

So let's start with their presentation of what happened to the five of us who are presently living upon Earth ... who are the ONLY five upon this Earth that can answer the Five W's (including the H factor) about *who* we are, *why* we exist, *what* existence actually is, *when* existence happens, *where* it happens, and *how* it happens.

Keep in mind, as you read the following part of the Book of Mormon that introduces my mentors and their transfiguration, that the target audience for which the Book of Mormon story was written and intended was early white European Christians, otherwise known as *American Christians*.

Before you read their symbolic presentation based on orthodox Christian belief, I want interject something here that is currently happening while I am writing this autobiography.

One of my most vociferous (a word that basically means blowing a lot of smoke up people's asses to create a smokescreen so that others don't see that you're actually a mean human being) enemies/critics countersued me when I filed a defamation lawsuit against him for calling me a criminal of various crimes. Unfortunately, I hired my brother to be my attorney. Joe didn't have a clue what he was doing, filed the suit in Idaho State court instead of in Federal court. The Idaho judge is an elected judge by the people of Idaho, not the people of Utah.

So let's see:

Rule in favor of one of the judge's constituents that can vote for him, or in favor of a guy who can't vote for him and who teaches others that religion (Judge Robert C. Naftz is a devoted Bible-believing Christian) is a bunch of bullshit?

Hmmmmmm ... Not a hard political decision to make.

Judge Naftz threw out my case of defamation and let my enemy's case against me for Fraud go forward in his prejudiced court. Whether the matter will go to a mock trial or not, not my concern any longer. I'm not going to show up in this judges bullshit court of Naftz law and will

not give him another ounce of my time ... and also so that I am not found in contempt of Naftz court and thrown in jail for treating Naftz law with disrespect.

But if I were to go to trial as the Defendant in this civil fraud case, here is a brief summary overview of how I would defend myself:

“Generally, **fraud** is founded upon a willful misrepresentation of past or present fact. Courts have **defined fraud** as trickery, deceit, intentional misrepresentation, concealment, or nondisclosure for the purpose of inducing another to part with something of value.”

Not only could I prove that the vociferous idiot who claims he was emotionally harmed because he believed in me and the MWA was not actually emotionally harmed; that he had mental issues and was emotionally fucked up long before he started reading the information of the MWA ... but I could prove that everything that the MWA presented, including the way that it was presented (a way that might be construed as *trickery, deceit, intentional misrepresentation, concealment, or nondisclosure*) was 100% consistent with the Book of Mormon ... ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING!

Further, this lying fool was not induced to part with something of value, unless he valued his former beliefs, not only in the Book of Mormon, but in his belief in an alien race (a couple aliens) that visited the earth, crashed their spaceship, died, and their bodies hidden in secrecy and conspiracy ... Yeah. Really!

For evidence that he gave me over \$20,000 over the period that he was involved with the MWA, the idiot submitted, as exhibits of proof of payments, bank receipts of money he deposited in his business partner's bank account, who just so happened to be involved in the MWA too. Somehow, this man's demented mind thought that he could prove to the Court that the money he gave his business partner *for business* was actually passed on to me for the MWA. Yeah. Really! (*Note to editors: provide a link to copies of this submitted evidence.*)

Now, normally, a *normal*, impartial, unprejudiced judge would see the ruse that this guy and his attorney are pulling to hoodwink the Court. But Judge Naftz is far from impartial. It would be this guy's testimony against his former business partner (and best friend) and his former business partner's wife (who kept the books). It is very possible that this fucking judge would accept the bank receipts and this guy's testimony that the money actually went to me personally, and was funneled and laundered through their business account, which is beyond fucking bullshit.

Naftz could have easily ruled that the business partner and his wife, being cult members under my fraudulent spell, lied in his court.

But anyways ...

I would have only one exhibit to present at trial: the Book of Mormon.

I would bring four copies to trial as is required of all exhibits: one for the Judge, one for the opposing attorney, one for the witness, and one for my own reference.

In my cross examination of this guy on the witness stand I would hand him, the judge, and his attorney a copy of the Book of Mormon. After establishing the fact that this guy believed in the Book of Mormon with all of his heart and soul long before he read the MWA's *Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon* .... proving that he would have had no interest in reading *The Sealed Portion* if he didn't believe in the *unsealed portion* (the Book of Mormon), I would proceed to prove that everything about the MWA is 100% true according to the Book of Mormon.

To prove that God commanded us to use the means and manner in which we presented the MWA's information, which he must prove was *trickery, deceit, intentional misrepresentation, concealment, or nondisclosure*, I would have him read what God says in the Book of Mormon.

Picture it.

Here's a guy who vehemently hates me with all of his soul, who believes that both Joseph Smith and I committed fraud against others, sitting in the witness seat being forced to read Book of Mormon passages.

Christopher: Please turn to the book of Jacob, chapter 4, verse 14, and read it to the Court.

Plaintiff: (*Visibly upset that he is forced to read a book that he despises.*)

"But behold, the Jews were a stiffnecked people; and they despised the words of plainness, and killed the prophets, and sought for things that they could not understand. Wherefore, because of their blindness, which blindness came by looking beyond the mark, they must needs fall; for God hath taken away his plainness from them, and delivered unto them many things which they cannot understand [*through the use of trickery, deceit, intentional misrepresentation, concealment, or nondisclosure*], because they desired it. And because they desired it God hath done it, that they may stumble."

Christopher: From the passage that you just read, did the Book of Mormon God use *trickery, deceit, intentional misrepresentation, concealment, or nondisclosure* in order to make people stumble? Yes or no.

Since this particular enemy likes to talk a lot and pontificate (Grandpa defined this word in a previous chapter), I would force him to answer only "yes" or "no."

Christopher: According to the Book of Mormon part that you just read to the Court, who was it that actually delivered the word of God to the people that caused them stumble, because God doesn't do it Himself. So who did God ask to make the people stumble?

Plaintiff's Attorney: Objection, Your Honor. Leads to speculation. My client cannot possibly know who the God of the Book of Mormon appointed to deliver things to the people.

Christopher: I didn't ask Mr. Dschasshole ... oops, sorry, Your Honor ... I mean, the Plaintiff ... to speculate of his own knowledge. I asked, "according to the Book of Mormon."

Judge: Sustained. (*Because Naftz has never ruled in my favor on any issue and always how the attorney leads him.*) You don't have to answer the question.

Christopher: Your Honor. Your blatant impartiality, prejudice, and stupidity is *sustained*, you Fuck! Yeah, yeah, I'll serve my time in your jail for contempt later.

About this point I'd sit down with a big sigh and wait for Judge Naftz to give his bullshit ruling.

But if the Judge did his job and ordered the Plaintiff to answer my questions about the Book of Mormon, I would have him continue to read passage after passage after passage that proves that everything that we have done in presenting the MWA to the world is 100% and completely consistent with the Book of Mormon, which millions of people believe is the word of God.

In my closing arguments I would point out that since the MWA is a fulfillment of Book of Mormon prophecy, and the manner in which the MWA was presented to the world was consistent with how God commanded us to do it ... Yeah, God commanded us to use *trickery, deceit, intentional misrepresentation, concealment, or nondisclosure* in order to cause the people who "looked beyond the mark" of the true purpose and intent of the Book of Mormon, to stumble ... If the Court found me, who did nothing unless I was told to do it by those who actually oversee the MWA, to be guilty of fraud, then the Court must find in its ruling that the Book of Mormon is a fraud.

Yeah, through a series of pretrial motions I tried to point out that freedom of religious belief allows me to believe God to be anything that I want God to be, and allows my God to tell me to do whatever my God wants of me ... Jesus H. Christ, the evidence in the Book of Mormon proved that God commanded his chosen one to kill a drunk man, dress in his clothes and use *trickery, deceit, intentional misrepresentation, concealment, or nondisclosure* to steal the brass plates! ... Yeah. Really!

I also pointed out to Judge Naftuphisass that the claim of fraud was barred by the statute of limitations involving, proving that DschaakholdingNaftzdick was calling me a fraud way back in 2009. (There's a 3 year statute of limitations.)

By law, albeit it isn't Naftz' law, the fraud allegation should have been summarily dismissed.

I should have gone to trial.

Because this enemy claims that my mentors, "the Three Nephites and John the Beloved," didn't actually exist, that I was using *trickery, deceit, intentional misrepresentation, concealment, or nondisclosure* in presenting information about them, and that I was committing fraud in presenting information about them, I would have continued my cross examination:

Christopher: Please turn to the book of Third Nephi, 28th chapter. Please read the entire chapter to the Court.

Plaintiff:

1 And it came to pass when Jesus had said these words, he spake unto his disciples, one by one, saying unto them: What is it that ye desire of me, after that I am gone to the Father?

2 And they all spake, save it were three, saying: We desire that after we have lived unto the age of man, that our ministry, wherein thou hast called us, may have an end, that we may speedily come unto thee in thy kingdom.

3 And he said unto them: Blessed are ye because ye desired this thing of me; therefore, after that ye are seventy and two years old ye shall come unto me in my kingdom; and with me ye shall find rest.

4 And when he had spoken unto them, he turned himself unto the three, and said unto them: What will ye that I should do unto you, when I am gone unto the Father?

5 And they sorrowed in their hearts, for they durst not speak unto him the thing which they desired.

6 And he said unto them: Behold, I know your thoughts, and ye have desired the thing which John, my beloved, who was with me in my ministry, before that I was lifted up by the Jews, desired of me.

7 Therefore, more blessed are ye, for ye shall never taste of death; but ye shall live to behold all the doings of the Father unto the children of men, even until all things shall be fulfilled according to the will of the Father, when I shall come in my glory with the powers of heaven.

8 And ye shall never endure the pains of death; but when I shall come in my glory ye shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye from mortality to immortality; and then shall ye be blessed in the kingdom of my Father.

9 And again, ye shall not have pain while ye shall dwell in the flesh, neither sorrow save it be for the sins of the world; and all this will I do because of the thing which ye have desired of me, for ye have desired that ye might bring the souls of men unto me, while the world shall stand.

10 And for this cause ye shall have fulness of joy; and ye shall sit down in the kingdom of my Father; yea, your joy shall be full, even as the Father hath given me fulness of joy; and ye shall be even as I am, and I am even as the Father; and the Father and I are one;

11 And the Holy Ghost beareth record of the Father and me; and the Father giveth the Holy Ghost unto the children of men, because of me.

12 And it came to pass that when Jesus had spoken these words, he touched every one of them with his finger save it were the three who were to tarry, and then he departed.

13 And behold, the heavens were opened, and they were caught up into heaven, and saw and heard unspeakable things.

14 And it was forbidden them that they should utter; neither was it given unto them power that they could utter the things which they saw and heard;

15 And whether they were in the body or out of the body, they could not tell; for it did seem unto them like a transfiguration of them, that they were changed from this body of flesh into an immortal state, that they could behold the things of God.

16 But it came to pass that they did again minister upon the face of the earth; nevertheless they did not minister of the things which they had heard and seen, because of the commandment which was given them in heaven. *[They were commanded to not minister of the Real TRuth, but to use trickery, deceit, intentional misrepresentation, concealment, or nondisclosure.]*

17 And now, whether they were mortal or immortal, from the day of their transfiguration, I know not;

18 But this much I know, according to the record which hath been given—they did go forth upon the face of the land, and did minister unto all the people, uniting as many to the church as would believe in their preaching; baptizing them, and as many as were baptized did receive the Holy Ghost.

19 And they were cast into prison by them who did not belong to the church. And the prisons could not hold them, for they were rent in twain.

20 And they were cast down into the earth; but they did smite the earth with the word of God, insomuch that by his power they were delivered out of the depths of the earth; and therefore they could not dig pits sufficient to hold them.

21 And thrice they were cast into a furnace and received no harm.

22 And twice were they cast into a den of wild beasts; and behold they did play with the beasts as a child with a suckling lamb, and received no harm.

23 And it came to pass that thus they did go forth among all the people of Nephi, and did preach the gospel of Christ unto all people upon the face of the land; and they were converted unto the Lord, and were united unto the church of Christ, and thus the people of that generation were blessed, according to the word of Jesus.

24 And now I, Mormon, make an end of speaking concerning these things for a time.

25 Behold, I was about to write the names of those who were never to taste of death, but the Lord forbade; therefore I write them not, for they are hid from the world.

26 But behold, I have seen them, and they have ministered unto me.

27 And behold they will be among the Gentiles, and the Gentiles shall know them not.

28 They will also be among the Jews, and the Jews shall know them not.

29 And it shall come to pass, when the Lord seeth fit in his wisdom that they shall minister unto all the scattered tribes of Israel, and unto all nations, kindreds, tongues and people, and shall bring out of them unto Jesus many souls, that their desire may be fulfilled, and also because of the convincing power of God which is in them.

30 And they are as the angels of God, and if they shall pray unto the Father in the name of Jesus they can show themselves unto whatsoever man it seemeth them good.

31 Therefore, great and marvelous works shall be wrought by them, before the great and coming day when all people must surely stand before the judgment-seat of Christ;

32 Yea even among the Gentiles shall there be a great and marvelous work wrought by them, before that judgment day.

33 And if ye had all the scriptures which give an account of all the marvelous works of Christ, ye would, according to the words of Christ, know that these things must surely come.

34 And wo be unto him that will not hearken unto the words of Jesus, and also to them whom he hath chosen and sent among them; for whoso receiveth not the words of Jesus and the words of those whom he hath sent receiveth not him; and therefore he will not receive them at the last day;

35 And it would be better for them if they had not been born. For do ye suppose that ye can get rid of the justice of an offended God, who hath been trampled under feet of men, that thereby salvation might come?

36 And now behold, as I spake concerning those whom the Lord hath chosen, yea, even three who were caught up into the heavens, that I knew not whether they were cleansed from mortality to immortality—

37 But behold, since I wrote, I have inquired of the Lord, and he hath made it manifest unto me that there must needs be a change wrought upon their bodies, or else it needs be that they must taste of death;

38 Therefore, that they might not taste of death there was a change wrought upon their bodies, that they might not suffer pain nor sorrow save it were for the sins of the world.

39 Now this change was not equal to that which shall take place at the last day; but there was a change wrought upon them, insomuch that Satan could have no power over them, that he could not tempt them; and they were sanctified in the flesh, that they were holy, and that the powers of the earth could not hold them.

40 And in this state they were to remain until the judgment day of Christ; and at that day they were to receive a greater change, and to be received into the kingdom of the Father to go no more out, but to dwell with God eternally in the heavens.

The ONLY way that the four individuals described in this part of the Book of Mormon story would not actually exist is if the Book of Mormon is a fraud and was meant as *trickery, deceit, intentional misrepresentation, concealment, or nondisclosure for the purpose of inducing another to part with something of value.*”

If Judge Naftz were to rule that the MWAW is a fraud, his ruling would be ripe for appeal on the grounds of religious freedom, as well as statute of limitations.

To explain how transfiguration of one’s brain takes place so that one could be “caught up into heaven, [to see and hear] unspeakable things,” so that they saw and knew things that no one else on Earth could see or know ... to explain these things to American Christians who are among the most ignorant mortals alive, my mentors introduced themselves to the world in a religious sense. But in so doing, they also incorporated some vital clues to the Real Truth of how such transfiguration takes place.

No Mormon upon this Earth can explain why Jesus “touched every one of them with his finger save it were the three who were to tarry,” and how *not touching* the three allowed them to be transfigured so that they knew the Real Truth.

But Grandpa can.

Just like my mentors came up with a illustrative story to introduce themselves and the work that they do (a marvelous work and a wonder), they also came up with a story that introduced me and what they wanted me to do to the world. But unlike their presentation, in which the resurrected Jesus touched everyone but the three, in my story, my mentors had the resurrected Joseph reach out *and touch* the right side of my head near my temple, which instantly induced the *transfiguration*.

“Transfiguration” is not the word that my mentors should have used had they been able to present their story to a scientific crowd instead of religious one. The only reason why they used the word “transfiguration” is because the dumbass English translators of the stories of Jesus used the wrong word. The New Testament was originally written in Greek. The Greek word used in the original text in the following part was “metamorpho.”

“And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart, And was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light.” (Matthew 17:1-2.)

That’s right. Caneaus, the main author of the Jesus story, wrote that Jesus went through a metamorphoses on a high mountain, not a transfiguration. In Greek, the prefix “meta” means to change and the “morphe” means form.

*Metamorphosis*: change of physical form, structure, or substance especially by supernatural means.

According to the story, Jesus had power over the elements of the earth, only. When he was upon Earth, he could not do anything in heaven. It was either on Earth, or in heaven, where he manifested his power ... according to the story.

Think of the story:

In order to prepare mansions in heaven, “in my Father’s house,” Jesus had to first go there. He had no power in heaven when he was on Earth. He had no power on Earth when he was in heaven. (In Joseph’s temple endowment this is made very clear by Elohim and Jehovah not having anything to do with mortal existence “the lone and dreary world.”)

My mentors gave the correct information that the metamorphosis that their moral brain experienced was not done on Earth. Jesus had the power to touch the other disciples bodies to command them to obey Earth’s natural law ... only. At the time they wrote the Book of Mormon storyline, in the early 19th Century, it was widely known that the natural law associated with mortality (death) did not allow a person to age much beyond “seventy and two years old.”

The clue was that Jesus always abided by natural law. Jesus could have touched them all and made sure they lived to 900, like God supposedly did in the Old Testament. Right? The idea was to present the clue that what happened to the other three had nothing to do with Jesus on Earth. NOTHING! What happened to them could only happen in heaven.

Thus was the clue given:

“And behold, the heavens were opened, and they were caught up into heaven.”

Nothing happened to my mortal brain on June 16, 1987.

But something happened to my advanced, *True Self’s* brain “in heaven.”

Unless a physical change happens to an advanced person’s actual, physical brain, their mortal Self cannot and will not be able to remember or access any life or existence beyond the dream experience occurring in their advanced brain, which manifests itself as the experience of mortal life.

The advanced human who had lived upon this Earth as the mortal Joseph Smith, Jr. (just one of that person’s incarnates), actually, physically used an advanced technology and technique to infuse an energy impulse into my True (advanced) Self’s brain that caused it to allow my True Self’s mortal avatar (Christopher) to be able to be completely awake in the dream experience playing out in my advanced brain as the life of Christopher Marc Nemelka.

The moment that the energy impulse in our *real* advanced world hit my advanced brain, my mortal body felt an indescribable rush of energy, similar to an immediate infusion of adrenaline. If you were standing in the room with Grandpa when this happened to me, you would only

noticed that I was feeling something, but wouldn't have felt or seen anything out of the ordinary because it all took place in our advanced world.

The advanced technique is seldom used to change an advanced person's brain unless it is needed. It needed to be done because our humanity (of the group of advanced humans assigned to this solar system) is on the brink of self-destruction for the sixth time since we all started participating in the shared dream experience we call mortal life upon Earth.

The technique is done in the same way that a newly created advanced human body is created. ONLY gendered advanced humans have this power because they are the only advanced humans who have the tools to do this. These "tools" are incorporated into a creator's gendered body.

What Grandpa can now tell you is that the advanced human who was once incarnated as Joseph Smith chose to be a advanced male. He became one earlier than what is normally allowed so that he could have the actual tools needed to manipulate matter in a way that creates a human body so that he could change Grandpa's brain. You must have the tools and the knowledge to create a human brain in order to change its physical structure.

Although Grandpa's *True Self* has the knowledge to create a human body, Grandpa's *True Self* doesn't yet have the tools. (More details on this will be given in *The Dream of Mortal Life, Understanding Human Reality-A Final Warning to the Human Race ...* a book that will available free of charge ... ABSOLUTELY FREE.)

The creation of anything is simply the ability to manipulate "unorganized matter" (mortals see it as dark matter or space matter) to form whatever it is that you want to form. Only Solarians who serve others have this power.

There was an actual, physical change that occurred, not to Christopher's mortal brain, but to my True Self's brain where the Christopher experience takes place.

Think about it logically.

If my (Christopher's) mortal brain is actually a dream brain that developed and exists in my True Self's dreaming process, nothing had to happen to my mortal brain in order to have it begin to act unnaturally (according to the natural laws of Earth).

What happened happened to my advanced brain.

When the advanced human (who once had a dream of being Joseph Smith) did what had to be done to change the form of my advanced brain, my dream avatar immediately woke up and knew that it was actually a dream character that was experiencing things in a dream state being played out in an advanced human's mind.

No matter what science or technology might do to the mortal brain, it will never be able to know what we (the Bros and I) know. It is impossible.

What happened to us happened for a very good reason:

We needed to know the Real Truth about all things. We needed to know the Real Truth so that we could attempt to help change the natural propensities and mentalities allowed on Earth by normal mortal brains. We have been trying to change people's minds ever since our *metamorphosis*. We have been trying to convince people that they are actually equal, advanced humans participating with each other in a shared *dream experience*, something that we knew once our advanced brain was physically changed, and which the normal mortal brain is not supposed to know.

When you dream as a mortal, during your dream, do you realize your dreaming? No. It's impossible.

Why are we trying to do this ... to change people's minds, not by any supernatural way, which not even the Jesus guy could do (according to the clues), but by opening their minds so that they use their free will to change on their own?

There is only one reason. Just one. We needed to know what a normal mortal doesn't know and cannot know with a mortal brain.

Normal mortals have failed to establish "the church of the Lamb," where it is the spirit of calmness and gentleness infused in our cognitive and emotional paradigms that would make us a nice person. They have failed because of their ignorance. Their ignorance is a result of listening to other people who cannot answer questions and fulfill the Five Ws and the H factor.

To attempt to get people thinking about the equality of the human race so that we can unite under one Real Truth and eliminate poverty and inequality. So that each person's mortal life can be unconditionally affected by the person's individual free will (i.e., be able to do what you want to do in life), thus fulfilling the true purpose for which mortal life exists and is taking place as an involuntary dream occurring in each of our equal advanced brains.

And that there, Grandkids is why ...

Christopher knows some things.

[March 10, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's Autobiography](#) · [UncategorizedEdit](#)

#

# Chapter 19: Adam-ondi-Ahman

As you can imagine, Grandkids, ol' Grandpa is seen by the world as very arrogant, and pretty much insane, because I claim to be one of only five living mortals who knows the Real Truth about human existence, who we are and why we exist; that my brain was changed so that I could know this Real Truth and deliver the only message to the people of this world that will save humanity from complete destruction for the sixth and last time.

Unfortunately for you, as my Grandkids, if any of you attempt to defend ol' Gramps, you're going to be mocked and scorned for giving any thought or validity to any of Grandpa's claims. Most of your parents and grandmothers think that Grandpa is bonkers. And if any of you have wondered about me during your life and asked one of your parents or grandmothers, I'm pretty sure that you've heard that I had some serious mental problems.

But, just do me one favor, please? Ask them,

“Besides my grandfather being bonkers, what is it that he did that was so wrong?”

After you've reviewed The Humanity Party® and understand its platform and blueprint for a new human government, especially after studying its plan to eliminate poverty throughout the world (also, its explanation of how the U.S. Congress can literally stop child prostitution throughout the world in a week), ask them,

“How can any of this stuff have come from a guy who is crazy? What part of any of this is bad? How could my grandfather, of whom I share 1/4 of his DNA, come up with these things? Do I have some of his *crazy genes* in me?”

Ask them,

“What did my grandfather get out of all of this? When he could have been successful at so many other things in life, why did he choose to do things that the world sees as crazy—things that the rest of the world does not value as good or successful?”

Ask them,

“If my grandfather wasn't right about the things that he says are the Real Truth about how things really are, how things really were, and how things really will be, then by all means, Dad, Mom, or Grandma, tell me what IS the right thing? Can you give me a competent and logical answer that makes more sense than what Grandpa taught?”

As you ask these questions, take notice of how uncomfortable your parents and grandmothers become. Maybe for the first time in your life, you'll see your parents and grandmothers become visibly frustrated with you ... their countenances will fall and you'll witness a meanness about them that you might not have ever seen about them had you not asked these questions about your

grandpa. Your questions will be met with their anger. People get angry when their personal value is being questioned or threatened.

Your grandmothers spent the best part of their lives demeaning Grandpa and threatening your parents that if they had anything to do with their father (me), your grandmothers didn't want anything to do with them. You will come to find out as the facts and events of my life unfold through this autobiography that your grandmothers did everything in their power to keep your parents (while they were young) away from me.

Your parents would be lying if they said that Grandpa wanted nothing to do with his children as they were growing up. I tried my hardest to be in their lives and was put in, and kept in, jail, on more than one occasion, when I tried, because your grandmothers and step-grandfathers did everything that they could to keep me away from your parents.

Now, I wrote above "as they were growing up." As adults, your parents could have come to me at anytime if they sincerely wanted to get to know me, and see for themselves if I am crazy or not. They could have asked me any questions about my life ... and about my claims.

Two of your aunts, Brittany and Rachael, and one of your uncles, Joshua, were involved in my life for a time, but ONLY after their lives were failing to such a degree that their mothers contacted me to intervene and help them. These three didn't have a strong relationship with a father-figure like your other parents did. Rachael never had a father figure growing up, and Brittany and Joshua's adopted (legal) father abandoned them when they were teenagers.

I did everything that I could to reverse the paths of self-destruction upon which Brittany, Rachael, and Joshua were on because of their mother's choices. But because they didn't grow up around me, they lacked a natural respect that is often found in a close child-parent relationship. They loved what I could do for them in becoming successful in the world, but not one time did any of the three ever sit down with me and sincerely explore the claims that I was making about being this world's savior ... Yeah ... that's right ... one who can save this world by explaining what humanity must do so that it doesn't destroy itself for the sixth fucking time in the history of this Earth!

In my heart, I owed it to my children to help them ... no, that's not exactly correct, that I owed them anything. I felt that those who had recruited me throughout my life owed my children for losing a normal father with a normal brain. If I hadn't experienced the metamorphosis of my brain and been asked to join this group and become involved in their Marvelous Work and a Wonder®, things would have been very different for your parents. Well, I highly doubt that any of your parents past Brittany, Joshua, Brandon, Caleb, Sariah, and Ryan would exist. I probably would have remained a member of the LDS/Mormon Church and lived out the rest of my life with Jackie ... she was an incredible wife and mother.

As I present the details of my life, you will find out more about what happened and how my involvement in the MWA, not only affected my life, but also the lives of your parents and grandparents. I do not shoulder the blame for being "crazy." At least, Christopher Marc Nemelka does not shoulder any blame for it. But my True Self is all to blame.

As I proceed with the events in my life, you'll realize that my mentors had everything to do with helping my children when they needed the help. I got the money to help them from my mentors. Brittany, Joshua, and Rachael got more money and things than most other children. As a worldly father, I did more than what was expected of a father to help these three ... again, because they didn't have a good father/child relationship with a step-father ... enter the "great and spacious building" of worldly success and pride.

It wasn't until Brittany was making six figures and married to a very good man, until Joshua was successfully planted in a worldly position of value that paid him well and married to a very good woman, that I was counseled by those from whom I was receiving the funds and support to help them, that it was time to fulfill the purpose for my life: to be a True Messenger.

And Rachael ...

Rachael had no direction in life. Although I was allowed to give her many material things to make her life easier, and because she had little of the father/daughter respect that would have developed between us had her mother allowed her to be in my life while she was growing up, she never took my advice or listened to my counsel. To give her direction, I made it possible for her to join the LDS/Mormon religion to which her mother and I once belonged. The Mormon Heavenly Father would become the father I could not. Rachael needed this type of father. She wouldn't listen to me. And the only person who could replace me in her life ... was God Himself. That's right!

You see, grandkids, success and pride in this world is like a "great and spacious building; and it [stands] as it were in the air, high above the earth. And it [is] filled with people, both old and young, both male and female; and their manner of dress [is] exceedingly fine." The people of the world ... you know, *normal* people, are "in the attitude of mocking and pointing their fingers towards [me] and those who had come at and were partaking of the [MWAW] fruit."

Let me put it how it *really* is:

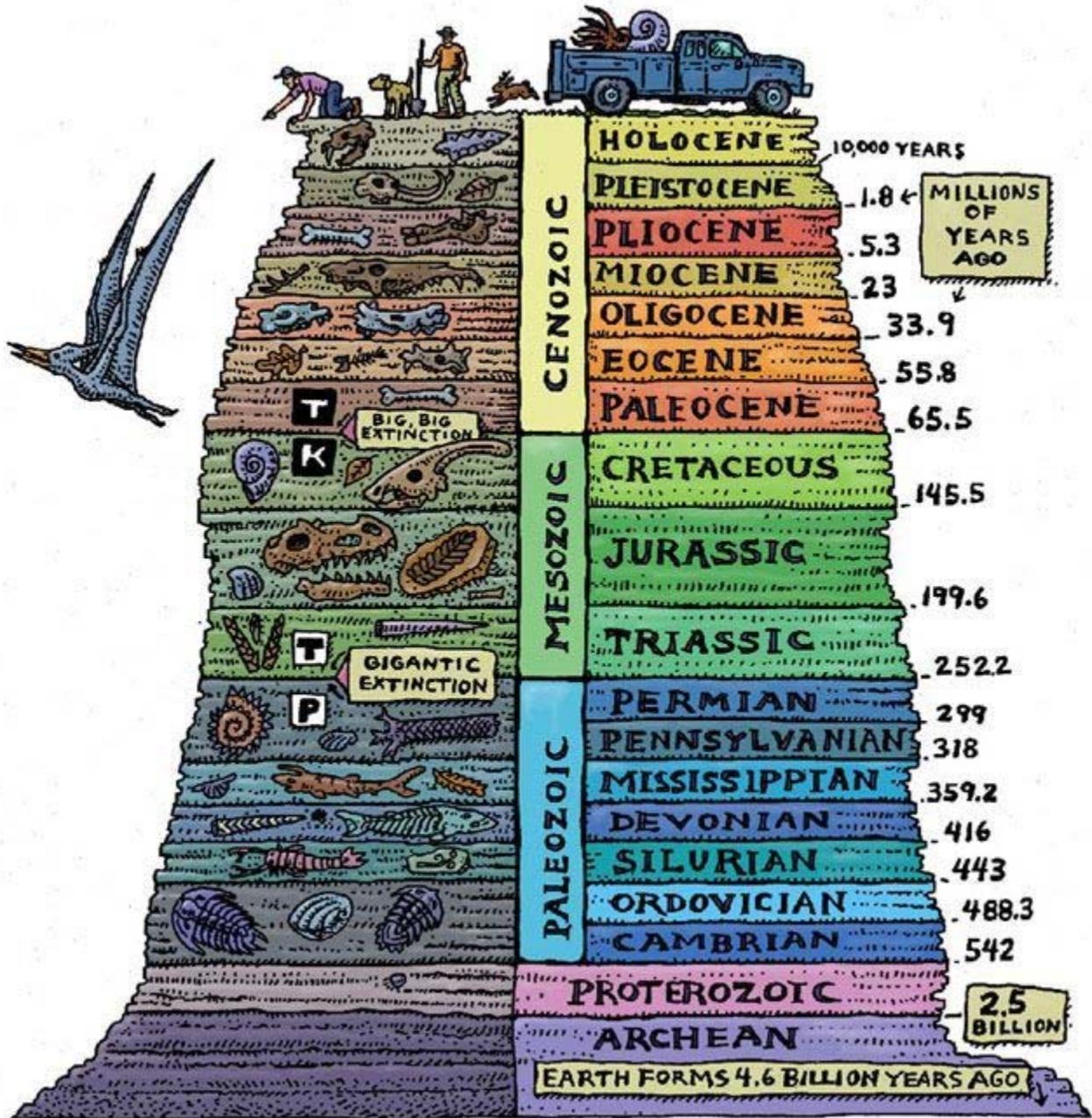
The success and pride of the world is directly responsible for its failure. This "large and spacious building, which thy [grandfather uses as a symbol], is vain imaginations and the pride of the [people of Earth]."

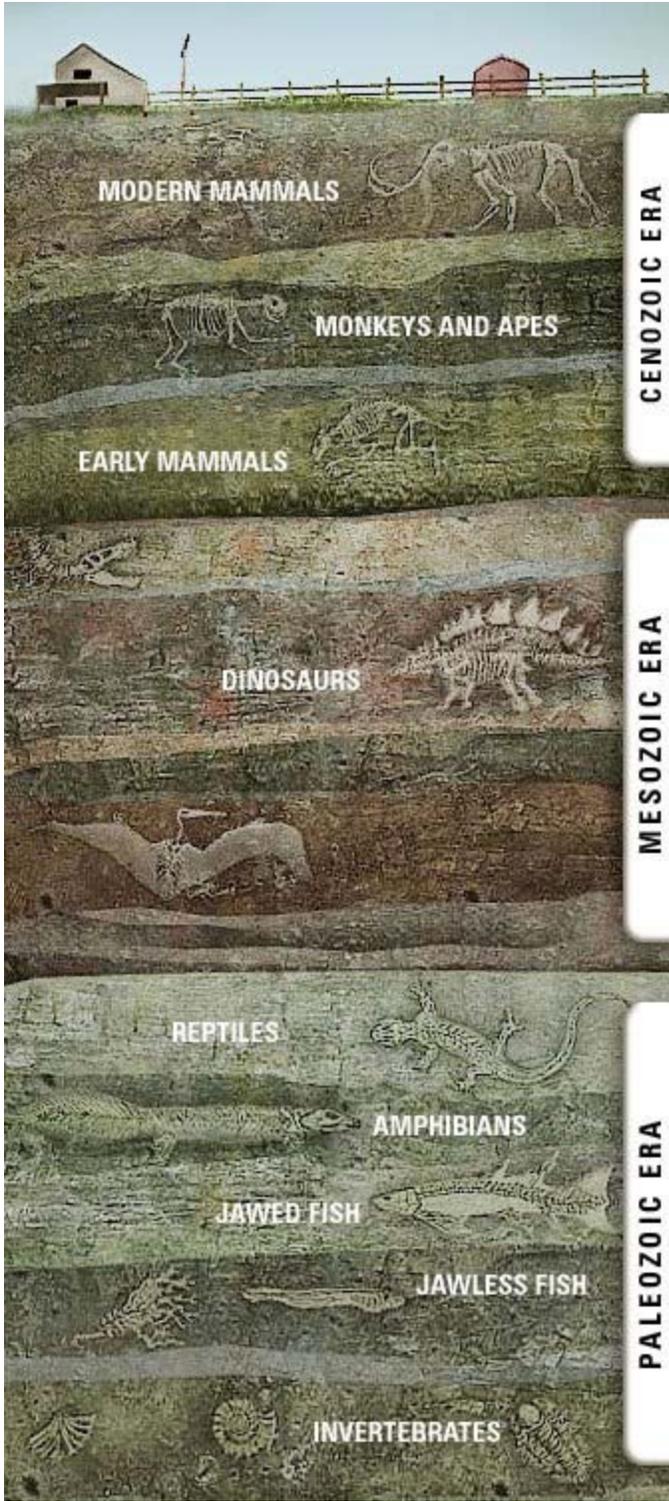
You can read and study every book that has ever been written in this world ... every fucking one. Okay, hypothetically, let's say that you did, and that you know everything that has ever been written, studied, and known since the first basic forms of writing were introduced about 10,000 years ago ... that is, during this *Sixth Dispensation of Human Time*. (There were actually five other time periods when humans lived upon Earth and developed writing and language.)

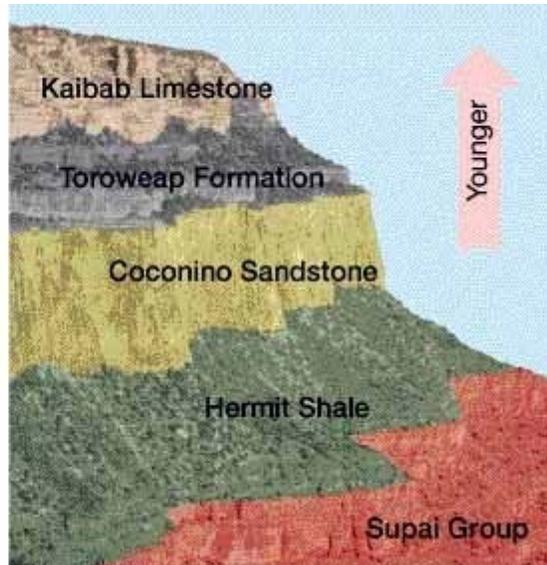
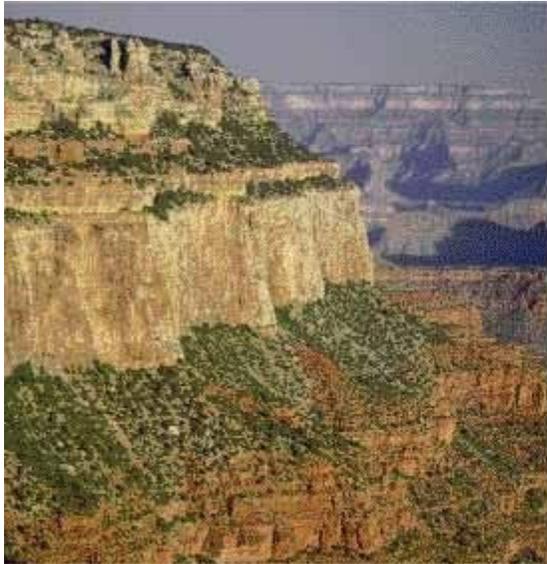
Writing has only one purpose and one purpose only: for an author to receive value and praise from another person who reads the author's writings. Otherwise, what would be the incentive for anyone to write a book if no one else was going to read it?

Check out these pictures of what the people in the “large and spacious building” *imagine* the Earth’s timeline to be. As you review these pictures, think of the layers of time being the actual layers that you can see with your own eyes when you’re out hiking.

Grandpa has included a few images below to help you visualize the point I’m trying to make:







Now let's use our brains here, Grandkids.

Let's consider the *empirical evidence* that we can actually see about the Earth's timeline: all the different layers of time.

Now let's consider the vain and foolish imaginations of those who wrote books about the formation of the Earth and the evolution of humankind ... or the creation of humankind ... both evolution from a Big Bang and the creation of Adam and Eve being dumbass vain and foolish imaginations that don't make any sense.

But because some dumbass author decided to write about the vain and foolish things that he was imagining in his head about creation, either as the Bible or as scientific publications, the people in the "large and spacious building" believe what is written to be plausible and true. Yeah. Really!

Ironically, many of the world's most respected scholars, and a few ancient religious leaders, opine (give their opinion) that you should never believe anything that you read or hear and only half of what you see with your own eyes.

Grandpa is partial to how the Great Buddha supposedly put it:

"Now, Kalamas, don't go by reports, by legends, by traditions, by scripture, by logical conjecture, by inference, by analogies, by agreement through pondering views, by probability, or by the thought, 'This contemplative is our teacher.' When you know for yourselves that, 'These qualities are skillful; these qualities are blameless; these qualities are praised by the wise; these qualities, when adopted and carried out, lead to welfare and to happiness' — then you should enter & remain in them."

Basically, this ancient teaching is telling a person to only believe those things that "lead to welfare and happiness."

So, Grandkids, what part of believing that all of humankind came from a couple of naked white people who got cast out of a special garden, who began to fuck to have children, and then had their children fuck each other to create the entire human race, is not logically seen as beyond vain and foolish imagination?

And what *empirical evidence* is there, of any kind that you can see, hear, smell, taste, or touch that proves that plants and animals actually evolved from a lower life form, when humans are directly responsible of all known hybrids of *flora and fauna*?

Yeah, I might be bat shit crazy, but if it only took 10,000 years of Earth time for humans to evolve into modern humans, and the Earth is billions of years old, how is it fucking possible that at no other time during those billions of years, when only 10,000 years (a piss drop in a toilet bowl full of water) are needed for a lifeform to evolve into a modern human, that life forms didn't evolve into modern-type humans, who, like we are headed to do, destroyed themselves because they couldn't get along?

The Real Truth is ...

See all those layers in the pictures above ... in most of those layers, all kinds of evidence of ancient human civilizations that developed, prospered, and were destroyed can be found ... along with all of the writings, records, computers, digital recordings, genomics, nanotechnology, robotics, and bioengineering (way beyond anything that our modern world has yet seen) that these ancient civilizations once had. Like anything else that earthlings do with the materials found upon Earth, everything that was made up from dust (materials from Earth), without the proper human maintenance and care, will turn back into dust ... or dirt.

There are millions of books on Earth today. There were a lot more books written, a lot more advanced technologies produced, and a lot more information about how to use Earth's resources in ancient civilizations whose dust comprises the layers of the mountains and valleys your eyes can see while you're hiking.

But regardless of how much these ancient civilizations knew, regardless of how advanced their technologies were, none of them survived. All of their knowledge, all of their pride, all of their successes, could not save them. Why? Because as the Ol' Buddha supposedly said, none of it led to the welfare and happiness of the human race.

There's not a fucking thing that any scientist, religionist, philosopher, spiritualist, conspiratorialist, and any other kind of "ist" knows or has written in a fucking book that can and will save this human race from what has happened to it five different times in the past during Earth's billions of years of existence ... not a goddamn thing!

Only the Real Truth can save humanity from its eventual demise. We need to first understand who the fuck we actually are and why we fucking exist before we can start using our knowledge and the Earth's resources for our mutual "welfare and happiness."

Yeah ... I know ... Grandpa's batshit crazy, huh? ... But Grandpa is one of only five people upon Earth who can logically explain, clearly, and fulfilling the Five Ws and H factor in his answers, how this earth was created, how the moon was created, how the sun was created, how each of the planets were created, how the whole fucking universe exists ... and most importantly, why it exists.

**HUMANS CREATED EVERYTHING. WITHOUT HUMANS, THERE WOULD BE NO UNIVERSE, THERE WOULD BE NO SUN, NO PLANETS, AND NO EARTH.**

The date of this writing is March 13, 2019. (I kind of wanted to wait a couple more days to reveal the following information, in celebration of my first meeting with all of my mentors on a boat in San Diego Bay 14 years ago ... but it's time.)

Here's what your bat shit crazy Grandpa knows is going to happen:

In the near future, before 100 more years pass, science will finally figure out how to cause the appropriate chemical reaction in space that will create a new planet ... Yep, an entirely different planet than the nine known that rotate around our sun. Just as an atomic explosion of a couple small pieces of materials found on Earth was theoretical at first, and then a reality when an actual

experiment took place to prove the theory, scientists will finally understand how to cause a chemical reaction in space that will result in the formation of both a gaseous and a solid *brand new fucking planet*.

And when this happens ... when humans, not evolution, not God, not some random act of nature ... but when fucking humans create a new planet in space that revolves around the sun, then your parents and grandmothers aren't going to be seen by your own future posterity as being very smart when they called Grandpa a crazy fuck!

The people living upon Earth at that time are going to have empirical evidence that in just a few hundred years, humans learned how to create new planets. Future science will be close to discovering how to create a new sun in space, but will not be able to. Science will always be missing a crucial piece of information needed to create a sun in space, which only Grandpa and four others living upon Earth know.

And if after having *empirical evidence* that humans can create planets, these same humans do not learn to do things that benefit the welfare and happiness of everyone equally ... your Ol' Bat Shit Crazy Grandpa will reenter the *game of mortal life* and bring with him the piece of information needed in order to create a new sun ... not way off in space where a new sun can be created without destroying everything within millions of miles ... but right smack dab, near the very geographic center, of the United States of fucking America.

Joseph Smith symbolically called the place where the *new sun* (think about it ... *new son*) will be created—the place where humanity will meet its maker: *Adam-ondi-Ahman*. The word is composed of a couple of words from one of the languages that existed in a previous dispensation of human time. Our mentors know quite a few of these old languages that have long since disappeared, along with any record of them, except what was coded and kept in a couple of rocks that have protected the technology to decipher these languages of long ago. (But we won't talk about this technology because it's just bat shit crazy!)

Adding a couple ancient terms to the modern word, "Adam", Joseph Smith made up a new word that if translated correctly, literally means:

The children of Adam are fucked!

Yeah. Really!

Is there any wonder why the world thinks that both Joseph Smith and Grandpa are bat shit crazy?

Well,

We will see, now won't we Grandchildren ...

We will see.

[March 13, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's AutobiographyEdit](#) #

# Chapter 20: Failure Means Success

Grandkids, a lot of people in your life are going to tell you about God.

God-believers are going to try to convince you that there is some kind of a good, powerful, always-present person or entity, not on Earth ... but they will never be able to tell you *where* God actually is (physically), so they'll tell you that the place where God lives is in "heaven."

They might even try to convince you that God lives on another planet but still takes the time to know you personally and listen to your prayers, while living on that planet. Or they might deflect the fact that they don't know shit about God by inventing some bunkidity\* that God is without body, parts, and passions; God sits on the top of a topless throne; God's center is everywhere and God's circumference is nowhere; God fills the universe, and yet is so small that God can dwell in your heart; God is surrounded by myriads of beings who have been saved by grace, not for any act of theirs, but by God's good pleasure.

\**Bunkidity*, noun: bunk (nonsense) created by idiots. (One of Grandpa's own original words.)

They will try to convince you that God loves you so much that God intervenes in your life to help you. They will try to convince you that God leads you, guides you, walks beside you, helps you find the way, teaches you all that you must do to live with God someday. (These words are actually part of the lyrics of a song that Grandpa heard at church when he was a little child learning about the LDS/Mormon God.)

This bunkidity about God works for those who have enough food to eat, a safe house to live in, clothes to wear, and good healthcare. Those who have the basic necessities in order to live upon planet Earth always available to them, give God all the credit for providing them with these things.

And now, here's the fucking irony and great deception of the God-believers: there are more God-believing people on planet Earth who don't have enough food to eat, a safe house to live in, clothes to wear, and good healthcare, than there are non-believers.

In fact, most non-believers are the successful, wealthy, and have no worries about money. These don't need to believe in God in order to have a good life, and are honest in their evaluation of where they got the money for the food they eat, the clothes they wear, the homes they live in, and the healthcare they receive: they earned it themselves.

The poor believers are convinced that God is testing them and providing them with struggles so that they will be strong and dependent more upon God (and upon the men who speak to God for them, i.e., religious leaders) than they are upon themselves and their own "earning" power. These believe that when God chooses someone to whom God communicates God's will to the people living upon Earth, God always chooses someone who does not have a lot of material possessions and struggles with the basic necessities of life ... at least so the poor are convinced

to believe. The Christian God even sent His own son to the earth and made him live in poverty, even though he was God's only son. Yeah. Really!

A long time ago, during the time of the Great Roman Empire, the poor majority was so tired of being treated unequally by the wealthy and powerful minority that they began to rebel and demand change. At that time, the Roman Empire didn't have the manpower in its military to fight off a revolutionary movement by the poor majority, because it was fighting all kinds of other wars trying to extend and protect its expanding borders.

The Roman government needed to find another way to control the people.

The Roman government called upon some smart men to help it find a way to control the people and stop a revolution that would have destroyed the Roman Empire. These smart men knew of a way: religion.

They knew of an ancient religion that had been around for a long time and had kept its followers in line and under control of just a few religious leaders: the Hebrews.

The Hebrews had some written laws that they had been convinced had come from God ... written by the very finger of God ... Yeah. Really! The very finger of God!

These smart men studied the Hebrew religious writings (the Old Testament) and were astonished at what just a few men called Priests were able to do to the people to make the people follow anything that these priests told the Hebrews. They found out that these priests would have the people bring the best parts of their produce and their best livestock (first fruits) to the priests as offerings to the Hebrew God. The priests would burn (sacrifice) a small portion of these offerings and tell the people that the smoke of the burning was going up to God in heaven. The rest of the portion was taken by the priests for themselves.

These priests were able to convince their people that the Hebrew God wanted to build Himself (God) a temple, where God could talk to His chosen and anointed priests. God told the people (of course, only through His chosen prophets, the priests) that His house had to be adorned with gold, silver, and all kinds of other precious things. Yep, the priests became the most wealthy Hebrews, the most respected, and were able to control the people by convincing the people that what they were telling the people was God's will.

At the time that the poor people started to rebel against the inequality of their lives compared with the few rich and powerful, there was a "Robin Hood" myth that had been passed around among them for centuries.

The wealthy had their own heroes and gods ... Greek and Roman mythology provided them with plenty. But these gods, who were wealthy themselves living on the top of Mount Olympus, a high mountain that no mortal could climb high enough to get to, were obviously more partial to the wealthy ... because the wealthy were receiving the gods' blessings and the poor were not.

The poor had their own beliefs ... their own myths.

Let ol' Grandpa tell you a Real Truth that was not recorded in the history books ... books that were written always under the auspices (umbrella of protection) and control of the wealthy rulers who wanted to look good to future generations.

Always, always, always keep this important Real Truth in mind, Grandkids! History is whatever historians want history to be. History was created by the wealthy and powerful. Throughout history (the past), the majority of people could neither read nor write so they couldn't keep their own history. And those who tried ... well, because what they wrote disparaged (cut down) the wealthy and powerful, their writings were destroyed and they were killed for not towing the line and showing their patriotic duty towards their government. Think about it.

In our modern world, especially in the United States, the heroes are those who serve in the United States military. And if you're not patriotic and believe that the United States is all that and a bag of potato chips, you're not supportive of a God-inspired Constitution and government that God established on Earth and helped to create the most powerful military in history.

The Christian God commanded the European white Christians to come to the Western Hemisphere, kill off the dark skinned native non-believers, or save them through baptism, and set up the Christian religion in the *New World*. God wanted it this way, so God blessed the European immigrants (invaders and conquerers) to set up God's shop in this new place on Earth. Yeah. Really!

In the ancient world, the Roman Empire was the United States of that time. It had the world's most advanced and powerful military. Its military leaders and soldiers were the heroes. Military leaders would become powerful politicians. And if you weren't seen as a Roman patriot, you were mocked.

The Roman poor majority had their own way thinking about things. They had their own heroes and myths. The Romans were protected by the government in their religious beliefs. They could believe what they wanted. If it were not for the Roman government and their protection, there would have not been a Hebrew religion.

If the Hebrew leaders, who didn't have a written language at the time, hadn't utilize Greek writers to pen a story about their oral history, there wouldn't have been any written stories about Moses and how the ONLY true God had chosen the Hebrew people as His (God's) people, and that God's people would one day save the entire world.

Of all the religions, and there were many at that time, that had developed in the Great Roman Empire, none was more successful, more wealthy, yet more isolated than the Hebrew religion located in what the Romans called, the Levante ... *Latin: rising*.

If you look eastward from Rome across the Mediterranean Sea, you would see the sun rising right out of the sea, so it would seem. If a Roman set sail in the direction of the rising sun (the *Levante*), he would end up on the shores of the small part of land where the Hebrews had lived for hundreds of years, ever since they were slaves to the once great Egyptian Empire.

The Real Truth about the Hebrew story is easy to follow ... IF you're actually given the Real Truth:

Babylon was the greatest city on Earth before the Greeks and Romans had established their own. There were two main cities in that part of the Earth: Babylon and Ur. Ur was once a great city but lost its prestige when Babylon became the economic center of the *known* world.

The people of Ur didn't want to accept that they were less than the Babylonians, so some of their leaders said that a new God had actually chosen them to be the best people on Earth. The Sumerian people of Ur were told made-up stories about a guy named Abraham whom a new God (opposed to all the Babylonian gods) had chosen above all other men living upon Earth to be this new, singular God's chosen excellency. This made the Sumerians living in Ur excited that they were so special and important, more so than their neighbors, the Babylonians. God had chosen *them* in spite of their poverty and inequality with the Babylonians.

Yep, the ancient Hebrew religion got its start in the city of Ur. It got its start because the people wanted to feel just as important in their poverty as their Babylonian neighbors did in their wealth. The Sumerian government and power still resided in Babylon. So when the people of Ur started to rebel, the government moved in to control them. When the government confronted them and started killing them, they fled into the wilderness where they wandered around on the verge of starvation for many years until they were taken in by the Egyptians and given a small portion of land near Egypt. But not without a price to pay. The Egyptians made the Hebrews work for them as slaves and then pay a part of what they produced on the land they had been given in the form of taxes.

Under the Greek asshole ... oops, I mean hero ... Alexander the Great, the Egyptians were eventually subdued and the Hebrew slave land became part of the Greek empire, which later became part of the Roman Empire.

Yep, Grandkids, no matter what the modern-day Jews want to pretend their history is, the above is the Real Truth about from where the Hebrews got their land and their inheritance. And to this day, they still believe that they are God's chosen people and that God gave them the land of Israel ... yeah, with the help of Greek writers, they were able to incorporate a bunch of cool stories about how God helped them get out from under the control of the Egyptians, when it had all to do with Alexander the Great asshole ... oops, there I go again. But anyways ...

If it wasn't for the Greeks, the Hebrews would still be slaves. If it wasn't for the Great Roman Empire, the Hebrews would still be Greek.

Let's blast ahead hundreds of years ...

And if it wasn't for the Great United States Empire, the Hebrew/Jews would be German, or wouldn't exist at all.

You see, the Real Truth is, the Hebrew God has NEVER protected “His people.” Ever. They have always lost. And if the United States didn’t protect and arm the modern people of Israel with great military power, they would be destroyed by their Arab enemies and neighbors.

But you gotta ask yourself: why do people hate the Jews (Hebrews) so much?

The answer is simple:

Because the Jews fucking believe that they are God’s ONLY chosen people, and that God is the Hebrew God of Abraham that chose him (Abraham) above all other humans!

Since the Hebrew Patriarch, Adam, was white-skinned and God’s first creation and example of a mortal, all humans were supposed to be white-skinned. But there were obviously lots of dark skinned people living on the Earth when the Hebrews existed. So how were the Hebrew leaders supposed to explain how other people on Earth became dark skinned? They invented the story of Adam’s sons, Cain and Abel. Cain committed the first murder by killing Abel and God cursed him with the dark skin.

So ancient Hebrew leaders started touting that their white-skin was the chosen skin since Adam. But the Egyptians were all dark skinned. Because they were dependent upon the Egyptians for a place to live and protection from other nations, the ancient Hebrew leaders had to come up with a story that fit that made the Egyptians feel good about themselves, so that the Egyptians wouldn’t rise up and destroy the arrogant fucks.

And it came to pass that they invented a good story that fit.

Abraham couldn’t have any white-skinned children that looked like Adam, at first. His white-skinned wife, Sarah was barren. So God commanded Abraham to fuck his wife’s slave, Hagar, who was dark skinned. There were more dark skinned people than white skinned at that time because Hagar’s son, Ishmael, started fucking and producing children before Abraham’s white wife did.

So you see, you Egyptian dark-skinned people, you are just as chosen by God’s chosen lineage through Abraham as the white skinned Hebrews are ... at least that’s the storyline the ancient Hebrews fed you so that you wouldn’t kill them all.

But there was another part of the story that hardly any historian or scholar mentions. The story of Abraham’s third, white-skinned wife, Keturah. Keturah had a lot of kids too. If the Jews came from Sarah and the Arabs came from Hagar, who the fuck were Keturah’s kids?

Well, Keturah isn’t part of the Hebrew mainstream beliefs because the same Greek writers who helped the ancient Hebrews write their formal history, based on their Hebrew oral history passed down for hundreds of years, made up Keturah to explain WHERE THEY FUCKING CAME FROM! Yep, the great Greeks and Romans were also God’s chosen people ... from Keturah, Abraham’s fuck buddy after Sarah died.

The ancient Greeks and Romans ... and other white folks from Keturah ... would become the modern Europeans ... the same fucks who think their white skin is more privileged than anyone else's.

The ancient Hebrew leaders were not very happy that the Greek writers included Keturah in their history, because Keturah wasn't a part of their original *oral* history. But in order to satisfy the Greeks, like they did the Egyptians, the Hebrew leaders submitted and let the Greek writers introduce their own ancestry line ... again, a line that had not been mentioned for the hundreds of years of their oral histories passed down from generation to generation.

Yeah, the ancient Hebrew leaders figured that after all that oral passing down shit about their history, maybe a few things had been lost. The Greek writers convinced them that Keturah was a simple problem with the "pass it on" game.

In modern times, the dumbass white skinned descendants of the mythological character Abraham (yep, a completely bogus ancestor made up by ancient Hebrew story tellers), i.e., the Jews, are still staking their claim of God's promised land (the Levante/Israel) excluding their darker skinned Arab cousins. And guess who supports the white skinned Jews in their claims? That's right, the white skinned Americans.

What a fucking mess, right?

Well, Grandkids, (back to the time when the Great Roman Empire was being threatened from within by all the poor people that became poor as a result of failed Greco-Roman economic policies.)

The smart people saw how easy it was to control people through religion. The Hebrews had been doing it for years. These smart ones invented a brand new religion based on the myths in which the poor people believed, and established in the same form and structure as what had worked for hundreds of years in the Jewish religion.

This brand new religion was Christianity.

Based on the idea of a God-Messiah (which came from Hebrew mythology) that helps poor people have hope of a better world, even though they live in a shitty one, smart Greek writers, commissioned by the Roman wealthy and powerful, wrote a story that incorporated the poor people's mythological hero. Yep, the poor had their own Hercules. The Greek writers called him Yeshua ... Jesus.

It wasn't too hard to come up with a storyline about how Jesus came to be. The Greek writers already had one in the myth of Hercules. Both Hercules and Jesus were sons of a God-father, Zeus and Elohim, respectively. They both had mortal virgin mothers, Alcmene and Mary; and they both had step-fathers, Amphitryon and Joseph. They were both assigned with special powers to save humankind. They were both saviors.

But the poor majority of the Roman Empire had already rejected the Greco-Roman myths because they were not being blessed much by the Greco-Roman gods. A myth about a man named *Inpendius* had developed for hundreds of years among the poor.

Inpendius was the “Robin Hood” myth told in the stories throughout the Roman Empire. But who was Inpendius? He’s not in any history books. He was never mentioned in any of the Roman or Greek writings. Then who was he?

Inpendius was born on the date you would know as October 4th, 88 b.c.e. (before the common era, or b.c. *before Christ*). He was born a savant, which the people of his day didn’t quite understand. He could talk at a very young age just as well as any adult. He understood things that no one else understood at that time. When he was older, one of his friends collapsed from a heart attack. Inpendius started *modern* CPR with a couple of breaths and chest compressions that brought his friend back to life. From that moment on, he became a local hero. Word quickly spread that he could raise people from the dead.

About the time that the Roman Republic was considering becoming an Empire, Inpendius started trying to explain what he knew about life. You see, Grandkids, Inpendius was born with a *transfigured* brain. From the time he was born, Inpendius knew what Grandpa knew on June 16, 1987: the Real Truth about who we are and why we exist.

Inpendius was born and raised a Hebrew/Jew, in God’s only true and living church, guided by God’s chosen priesthood leaders and authorities. Because Inpendius knew the Real Truth about who we are and why we exist—that there is no god outside of our “kingdom within,” that we are actually all equal gods going through a mortal experience—you can imagine the clash he had with the religious authorities of his church. Yep, Inpendius told his family and his church leaders that he knew the Real Truth about all things and that they didn’t know shit.

He wasn’t well received.

Inpendius was protected in free speech until he started teaching things that condemned the Roman governments desire to transform into an Empire where one person ruled instead of a democratically elected Congress of Representatives and Senators. Inpendius presented a political plan and blueprint that would have helped the Romans set up a government that was perfect for an imperfect human society upon Earth.

When others asked Inpendius how he knew everything that he did, Inpendius told them the Real Truth: that his *True Self*, with whom he was one and fully connected, told him these things. Well, Inpendius didn’t actually hear anything from anybody. He just knew things. Yep, Grandkids, Inpendius knew some things ... a fucking lot of things!

You can imagine how well Inpendius was received by his family, church, and community. But when he raised a man from the dead, his fame spread, albeit locally at first.

Long story short:

Inpendius pissed off religious leaders, political leaders, judges, and about everyone else who believed that there was such a thing as a god outside of one's own mind. They murdered him. The government did what the people liked back then: they threw him in a pit full of hungry lions who ripped Inpendius to shreds. As the first lion lept upon him and was crushing his neck, just before he passed out, Inpendius looked into the eyes of a woman whom he loved. Inpendius smiled and passed out before his body was devoured by the hungry lions.

Before he had died, Inpendius had gained a few followers, not many, but a few, most who ran like a bunch of chickens when the government was after him. These few passed on some oral stories about Inpendius that would eventually become the myths upon which the Greek writers based their Jesus story hundreds of years later.

Now, you might wonder, why Inpendius' name isn't in the history books. If he was so smart and new what he did and could do what he did, if he new a plan that could end poverty and inequality, a plan that could end child prostitution, a plan that could set up the perfect government among imperfect people, then why isn't there anything in the history books about him?

Are you ready for the answer?

Go to your source of worldly knowledge, Bunkidiopedia ... oops, I mean, Wikipedia. Search for Grandpa's name. Not there. Although the Marvelous Work and a Wonder® and The Humanity Party® explain the Real Truth about things that no scholar, no writer, no priest, no king, no politician, no judge, no one, can logically confound, the only publicly known spokesperson for these things—one who claims that he knows more than any other mortal because he is one with “the Father,” one with the “Holy Ghost,” and the only source of knowledge that will save this world—the world's history books want nothing to do with him.

Believe it or not, Ripley, it's the Real Truth!

There's a way to test God to see if there actually is a God. Turn your life completely over to God. Don't do anything for yourself but be open for someone else (God) to do things for you. I guarantee you that God will help you ... through others. Yep, if your Grandpa ever found you were suffering in the cold, hungry, without clothes, and sick because you were not doing anything for yourself but depending on God to do it for you, I'll be God's way of giving you some food. And you don't have to thank me ... you can thank God if you want. If you believe in God, Grandpa will never tell you to your face that you're an idiot and have been deceived; that the only God that exists, has existed, and will ever exist is in your own head.

On June 16, 1987, I knew that the mortal experience was playing out in the mind of a much higher and much more advanced human life form: my *True Self*. I knew that my life was no more important than anyone else's life. I knew that their mortal experience was the most important experience and reality to them and that mine was the most important experience and reality to me. I knew that no one could tell me what my life was supposed to be like. No one had any right to tell me that their experience was more or less than my own. I had a complete understanding about who we *really* are and why we *really* exist.

Our mortal Self is a the *dream character* having a mortal experience in an involuntary dream in our True Self's brain. I knew that the moment that we took our first breath as an infant in this world, was the moment that our advanced brain connected to the mortal infant's brain so that an experience could play out that balanced out the emotional imbalances that occur in an advanced humans brain.

I knew that the world's view of things was completely wrong and upside down. I knew that there was no god except what a person invented and believed in their own head. I knew that the idea of the devil was a concept that helped a mortal—who doesn't know who he or she really is—deal with the things about their life, about themselves that didn't make sense ... we do bad things, not because we are actually bad ... who wants to think of their self as bad ... but because the devil made us do it.

My love for myself and for my fellow mortals increased beyond anything that was possible.

On June 16, 1987, I didn't return home from work to Jackie, my new wife, or to Brittany and Joshua, my beautiful children. Jackie was not my wife. Brittany and Joshua were not my children. They were my equals, three advanced humans whose mortal experience intertwined with my own.

I saw the world and its values and successes as they really were, fucked up opposites of each of our True Self's reality. But there I was still. I was alive, so obviously it was good for my True Self, as I knew that I wouldn't be alive if my True Self didn't need Christopher to be. I knew Jackie's own free will had chosen Christopher, so it must have been what was best for her True Self. I knew that both Brittany's and Joshua's True Selves knew my True Self and had observed my mortal experience and chosen Christopher as their mortal dad.

Since I was their father, and it was my responsibility to help them find success and happiness during their mortal life, and I knew that their True Selves knew that I would one day have the brain *transfiguration* that would change my world, I had only one thing on my mind at that time: help Brittany and Joshua learn how to be successfully happy during their mortal experience.

I knew that the world was FUBAR and completely upside down. I knew that what the world thought as success was actually causing all of its problems. From my own experience I was taught that money, education, family, friends, community and patriotic service to God, Family, and Country was success.

I knew that the world was fucked up wrong!

I knew that all the stress and unhappiness, all the anxiety and depression came from people trying to succeed in a world where it was impossible for everyone to succeed equally. At the time, I thought that this is just how the mortal world was and that there was nothing I could do about it. Although I started remembering things about past mortal lives other than living as Christopher, I didn't concentrate much on these past lives. I was Christopher now. Christopher was who my True Self expected me to be, and that was it.

As their father responsible for their happiness, I was going to teach Brittany and Joshua how to FAIL and be happy failing. If having money and being seen by the world was successful, I was going to raise my children in poverty and inequality and help them be happy doing it, so that no matter what degree of worldly success my children might attain in their future, according to their free will, they would know how to fail happily.

And so our journey with a completely different *perspective* and *perception* that I had had just the day before ... began.

Yes, as fucked up weird as it might seem, when I would think about it and concentrate enough, like a normal person would trying to remember names and events associated with their early childhood ... about past memories and trying to figure out who I might have been in a past life ... using my new enhanced memory caused by my transfiguration ...

I remembered feeling the powerful jaws of a lion and looking into the sad eyes of my mortal beloved just before I passed out.

And that, Grandkids, was fucked up.

Now on to my new adventure with Jackie, Brittany, and Joshua that started after June 16, 1987.

[March 17, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's AutobiographyEdit](#)

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# Chapter 21: Selfishness

Many will say that your Ol' Gramps is very selfish and doesn't care about anyone but himself. The "many" would be absolutely correct.

How could I not be selfish and completely self-centered after finding out that the entire reality of my conscious existence upon Earth is an involuntary product of my *True Self's* advanced brain?

Everyone is completely selfish ... ABSOLUTELY EVERYONE.

If you're not acting selfishly, then you're not going to be happy. If you do and think what others want you to do and think, what others need you to do and to think, what others expect you to do and think in order to support *their* desires and fulfill *their* expectations, then you're not living and thinking for your own self. You are living for *them*, and are selfless. You are concerned more with the needs and wishes of others than with your own.

But think about what *selfless* actually means. If you're selfless, you're *less* your Self. You are not who YOU really are. YOU are who others want you to be, who they expect you to be. You lack any authentication of YOU as an individual, as an independent life form with free will. YOU are not really being YOU.

Remember, most everything that this world thinks is good is actually bad for the true purpose for which the mortal experience exists. Always keep in mind that the reason why we exist as mortals is that we are *dream characters* performing an involuntary function for our *True Self's* advanced brain.

If you understood this concept correctly, you would understand that none of us are *really* in control of what we do during our mortal existence; that we are participating in a dream that forms in the brain of our advanced body according to this brain's needs.

Again, next time you dream, try to control what happens to you in the dream. You can't, can you?

And now, Ol' Gramps is going to prove this concept *empirically* ... or least give it my best. Are you ready?

Think about the reality of how we all started out in our experience upon this earth. We were little children. We acted *selfishly* in all that we did as little children. We had no concern for others, unless the concern led to another doing something for us. Babies are upset when their mother is upset. This is not because the baby has any real concern for the mother and why she's upset (a baby couldn't possibly understand why mom is crying), but because the mother's attention and good emotions towards the baby have changed and are not serving the baby's needs any longer.

Yep, little children are *naturally* what we were supposed to be like throughout our entire mortal existence. Yep, selfish little fucks whose only concern is their own needs and curiously exploring the new world in which the little selfish shit now exists.

A little child, who is by nature very, very selfish and self-centered, is taught how to be *selfless* ... how to lose the innocence and purity of a child and become a fucked up adult. A little child is taught how to serve the needs of the fucked up adult (parent) who needs to be loved unconditionally in a world that doesn't love the aged child (adult) unconditionally.

What better way for a selfish human to serve their own needs of love than to create another human who totally needs them and is completely dependent on them? And what fucked up adult is going to choose to create a child and introduce the new human being into this fucked up world? A world which will then throw the human out of its secure home at 18 years old, or sooner, forcing them to become a slave, losing their own *self-worth* and soul to a world created by a bunch of other humans, all trying to be loved unconditionally like they once were as a little child?

That's really what this world is all about, Grandkids ... finding someone or something to accept you for you, like your mom did when you were a little child, and loving you for YOU.

The world is populated by a bunch of aged children who were once loved and supported in their primordial (existing from the beginning) wants and needs, only to be taught to set aside *their own* needs and serve someone else's.

The world loves you as you love it. Another person is going to love you IF, and only IF, you love them back. And if the person isn't your mother, that bitch (speaking emphatically only to bring out a well-deserved point) is not going to love you for YOU. She is only going to love you for loving her. That's right. The selfish person with whom you fall in love has somehow convinced you that she (or he) has what you need, that she loves you, when in reality, during the dating and courting process you are trying to convince her that you have what she needs.

And it came to pass that all humans upon the earth began searching for the same unconditional love and acceptance that they naturally received from their mothers. As the humans searched for this person, the need to be loved as they once were as a child was overwhelming. But in order to be loved unconditionally, they had to pretend to love unconditionally, because everyone was after the same unconditional love.

And it came to pass that humans acted like they were selfless and wanted to give their heart and soul to another human. They did this in order to serve the other human, which made the other human love them exponentially (more and more) to the same degree that they were serving the needs of the other. And thus humans began to fall in love.

And it came to pass, that although the humans started out their relationship with someone who they felt would love them and serve their needs, it soon became apparent that neither human was in the relationship to serve the other, but to serve their self and their own needs. So they

married. So they divorced. And with the same degree that they once loved the other, they would come to hate the other.

When we were little children ...

Smile and laugh and you will make mom smile and laugh and she will give you more attention. And when laughing and smiling doesn't work, because mom is in the other room and can't see you laughing and smiling, then scream, yell, make as much noise as possible so that mom is annoyed enough to start giving you attention again.

Then mom starts putting guilt on you, "You're not making mommy happy by doing that!"

Yep, by acting like a little selfish child, whose mortal brain is acting perfectly according to the needs of the child's *True Self's* advanced brain, the child is not making mommy happy. In order to make mommy happy, the little child learns how to be an older child by serving mommy's needs in order to get what the child wants from mommy.

The little child, the advanced human connected to a mortal infant's brain, no longer acts for the true purpose for which it is supposed to exist, but begins to be selfless ... unselfishly giving others what others need to feel good about their own existence.

What a fucked up world. Right?

What if every new human who was born on this planet, from the day they were born to the day that they died, was treated like a little child?

What if every human had their basic needs of food, clothing, shelter, and healthcare provided for them, like little children do ... or are supposed to ... and the person is not forced to act, or allow themselves to be acted upon, for the sake of another?

What if this world was a place where a human could be created and act with unconditional free will to fulfill the needs that we all had as a little child: to do things OUR way?

What if none of us were forced to work to make someone else rich, so that the one for whom we are forced to work to survive can gain financial independence and advantage to do what that one wants?

When we were little children, we started out life acting perfectly in accord to why we actually exist as mortals in the first place—to exercise individual free will, which in turn serves the needs of our advanced brain *dreaming the experience of mortal life*. What made it so that we could not fulfill the measure for which we were created?

The answer:

Others also wanted their own free will to be fulfilled. Others see us as simple pawns in their own chess game of strategy, competing to see who can gain the ability to exercise more individual

free will than another. They don't really see any harm that comes to us by forcing us to comply with and support *their* free will by being ...

SELF ... **LESS**.

Who the fuck came up with that word anyway? Our fucking parents did! What little child feels any guilt for being completely selfish and self-centered? NONE. Dumbass mortal parents teach the child to feel guilty and give up their Self to make their parents happy.

And who uses the word "selfishness" to their own advantage to a greater degree than any other aged child living upon Earth? Religious fucks!

Oh, God wants us to be unselfish. We show our unselfishness to God by giving 10% of our income ... you know, the money we are fucking forced to make by making someone else rich in order to survive ... to God.

What the fuck does God do with all that money?

I had to work the graveyard shift (11 p.m. to 7 a.m. the next day) on June 16, 1987. I went to work with a smile on my face and a heart and mind brimming with the knowledge that I had access to every part of the LDS/Mormon Church. Over the next few months, I would gain access to every room, every niche, every corner I could possibly explore behind the scenes of one of the wealthiest religions upon Earth. I would have my friends working in the Security Center, located underneath Temple Square, pretty much under the huge flagpole at the Square's center, disengage alarms for me while I explored. Of course, they wanted to know what I was finding out, too.

My entire perception of the LDS/Mormon Church had changed, especially the way I viewed the Church leaders. Now I knew they were just men who loved being acknowledged as special by the members of the Church. Another security officer and I were walking through the underground tunnels when three General Authorities approached us.

"Here come the Three Stooges," I said with a smile on my face.

"Hello Brethren, how are you today?"

They heard the "Three Stooges" remark.

In a couple of days, the Security Department released a department-wide memo that basically told all security officers to not speak to or address any General Authority unless the leader spoke to one of us first. Yeah. Fucking Really!

I then saw the Church leaders exactly how the intelligent Greek writers of the Jesus story saw ALL church leaders:

“Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithes of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.

Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess.

Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men’s bones, and of all uncleanness.

Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity.” ([Matthew 23: 23-28](#))



Now,

To me, these guys weren't really wicked and "full of iniquity." They each are advanced humans whose mortal life is playing out as their advanced brain needs their mortal life to play out. And since all of these white-skinned, fair men had all of their basic human needs completely provided for, without any want or need, I knew that they being leaders of a religion was a life that was more consistent with the needs of their True Self. Like all of ours, their *True Self* needs to be valued as all of our *True Selves* really are: the most important person in the universe.

When these religious leaders (very aged children) walk into a room filled with LDS/Mormons, the people in the room stand up ... in awe. Before June 16th, I was also in awe of them, in spite of the mortal weaknesses that I was witness to behind the scenes where most LDS/Mormons are not allowed or seldom see. To me, the Twelve Apostles were the *Twelve Stooges* and the First Presidency was the *Three Stooges*.

Until I quit my job a few months later (February 1988), I had a smile on my face every time I would come across one of these "white whited sepulchres."

I eventually made my way into the Church's financial records, which at the time, weren't secure at all. I went to the Finance Department and lo and behold, on the desk of the Director, for some insane reason at the time, were the computer sheets that listed all of that month's tithing receipts.

OH MY FUCKING GOD!

Think about this for a second:

(Keep in mind that this was 1987.)

Let's say that there are 10 million LDS/Mormons on Earth. The figure is very conservative. Let's say that out of the 10 million members, only 1/2 are active members. That's 5 million active members. Let's say of the 5 million active members, only 1/2 are honest and pay a full 10% of their income to the Lord so that they are worthy to go to the temple and receive God's acknowledgment of their faithfulness. (Yep, if you don't pay a full tithe, you cannot go to the temple.)

So,

2.5 million people pay 10% of their income to the LDS/Mormon Church. You're considered poor and living in poverty if you only make \$1000 per month. So, hypothetically, so that we can continue to be very conservative, let's say that the 2.5 million members are all poor and they pay \$100 each. That's 250 fucking million dollars per month in tithing receipts ... Tax fucking FREE! That's 3 billion (with a b) dollars a year! To a fucking religion!

That's what I found out in the Finance Department the night I went through their records ... and that was way, way, way conservative!

What the fuck does God do with all that money? God certainly isn't investing it in taking care of the poor, because in the LDS/Mormon Church, once a month, twelve-year-old boys go door to door asking for donations for the poor. No one gives anything close to 10% of their income for these "Fast Offerings", as they are called.

God does with His money what the Bible says His anointed priests should do with His money: build lots of homes for God ... not just ordinary homes, but ostentatious, extravagant homes of the finest materials and structures.

Currently, the LDS/Mormon Church has erected over 160 "Houses of God" throughout the world.

Check out one of my favorite Mormon Temples.



WTF does God need over 160 of these houses for when millions of His creations are suffering in abject poverty and misery?

Besides its tithing receipts, the LDS/Mormon Church is worth billions and billions from the way that its anointed financial advisors have invested all that tithing in land, in the stock market, and in other business ventures.

But at the time, I still didn't see the LDS/Mormons and their leaders as evil. To me, they were living out the *dream of mortal life* the only way it could be lived in this fallen world.

Let me try to explain this as simply and clearly as I can:

Think about your immune system.

You have an entire world inside your body. This world has laws and rules that you don't even realize are controlling all the little people of this world. Let's call these little people in your body's immune system, white blood cells. These cells exist to fulfill the measure of their creation: destroy anything that is not supposed to be in your blood. They do their job automatically and without you even thinking about it. No matter how hard you *think*, you are not going to control your white blood cells and what they do. They act independent of your free will, on their own, as they were designed to do, protecting your body from sickness and death.

What if you could humanize your white blood cells and see them as actual, living beings—which they actually are, created to do what they do—that have a specific purpose in life: to protect the purpose for which the body exists.

Okay? Go with me on this ...

Your advanced brain is made up of cells that have specific instructions to do specific things to fulfill the needs of this advanced brain. Your advanced brain has a *Mortal Experience System* made up of specific cells that do what they are supposed to do. One of these things is to allow your mortal life to begin by connecting to a *wireless connective platform* to which other advanced brains are connected, in order to allow the *dream of mortal life* to take place.

Your True Self gets to use its free will to connect to the platform, but once your advanced brain is connected, your *True Self* no longer has any more free will to perform the mortal experience than your mortal self has the free will to control the white blood cells of your immune system.

When we first connected to this platform with each other as advanced humans, allowing our advanced brain's *Mortal Experience System* to do its thing (what it is supposed to do), there weren't any *bad cells*, ones that didn't belong. But the longer we stayed connected to the platform and found ourselves dealing with other free-willed *players*, some of the perfunctory acts (carried out without effort or thought) of their cells started to not jive with our own. These perfunctory cells not only produce the stimulation in the mortal world, but also record what happens. These cells make up the *Mortal Experience System*, consistent with the needs of each advanced brain, which is unique and independent.

And it came to pass that the Cain cells began to kill the Abel cells and threw the entire *MES* into a *MESS*.

Have you ever wondered why modern aged children today like violent video games? You can be a weak fuck and enter the game with an avatar and beat the shit out of or kill anyone you want. What does your brain care? It's just a game. Right?

The more people you kill, the better you feel about your own Self. The better you feel about your own Self, regardless of what it takes to make you feel better about your Self, the happier you are. This feeling of happiness is consistent with what the cells that make up your advanced brain's *Mortal Experience System* need.

On April 6, 1945, the United States dropped the first atomic bomb on the men, women, and little ones living in Hiroshima, Japan. The brain cells responsible for the MES of many Americans felt happy. They cheered! They said, "Yes! Take that U.S boot up your fucking ass Japan! Hell yes!" And this response was perfectly in line with the needs of their true self's brain cells ... perfectly.

When Japanese suicide bombers took off from their home base, knowing that they were going to sacrifice their lives by destroying American naval ships, they were happy and proud. This is because the cells in their advanced brains that create their mortal experience fought anything that was inconsistent and non-supportive of their *true nature*: the most important and incredible entity that exists, the *True Self*.

Hey ... did you know that Jesus knew this, too? Did you know that Jesus said that man would be forgiven of ALL his sins: murder, rape, anything, regardless of what the act was, except one? Here's how Jesus said it:

"Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men." ([Matthew 12:31](#))

Yep. Even Jesus knew that nothing that we do in this mortal existence is going to *not* be forgiven and forgotten by the *True God* ... except ONE: Becoming selfless, denying the "holy" part of each of us, which is who we *really* are and why we *really* exist.

Jesus was the ultimate selfish person. He didn't care whose religion he offended. He just let that sharp two-edged sword come out of his mouth ... just like Grandpa does.

People whom the world sees as selfless are those who sacrifice their time in serving others. People like it when they are seen as unselfish. They are seen as being good people by others. They feel good about themselves when others see them as unselfish ... and there it is ... there's the point ... "they feel good." They are unselfish *ONLY* because it feels good. If it didn't feel good, fulfilling their own selfish expectation of feeling good, would a person do it? Would a person do something that he or she knew would make them feel bad about themselves?

Now, what the fuck was Grandpa supposed to do with this knowledge? How was I supposed to act?

Your Grandpa would never intentionally hurt a fly ... not a bug ... without feeling bad about it. Even though I know the bugs will forgive me, I just don't have it in my selfish nature to kill them ... unless they're in my house where they're not supposed to be. An advanced human *dreaming* with me during this mortal life created a fly to eat all the decomposing flesh of the other animals that our selfish ancestors created for their selfish purposes, but flies annoy us.

So, I'm going to create a spider. It's the perfect bug. A spider doesn't smell. It doesn't make a sound. And it kills flies. A spider has perfectly arranged cell materials that serve a human purpose. So, why are we afraid of little spiders that we can crush with a finger when they do so much good for us?

For the exact same reason that we are afraid of other people sharing our mortal experience and not acting like we need them to act. We've got no problem killing spiders, or the person who threatens our purpose for living ... no problem at all.

After I quit LDS Church security, I had Jackie throw away all of our worldly clothes and dress us like the Amish ... very simple ... very unworldly. We gave away most of our possessions, loaded up a small trailer made from the back of an old Ford pickup, and headed for a place of great significance. Unbeknownst to me at the time, it would be the last place where I would spend my very last incarnate ... not as a twelve-year-old boy gathering Fast Offerings ... but as a twelve-year-old *Impendius-like* savant who will know who he is and what life is all about. Then, instead of killing spiders and flies (animals that weren't supposed to be part of the MESs we created on this planet), in that boy's last act upon this earth, he will put the entire human race and everything that it has created over billions of years of mortal existence, out of its own misery.

There won't be any more unhappy experiences created by the cells in the advanced brain's *Mortal Experience System*. Finally, there will be peace.

I moved Jackie (who was pregnant at the time), Brittany and Joshua to Grandview, Jackson County, Missouri.

We didn't have any health insurance, but I knew I could deliver Jackie's first child as well as any doctor could. I could do it how it had been done for millions of years, ever since the first dumbass mortal started hiding the creation of a new person's body in the womb of a female, only to be forced out with great pain and a lot of blood. (Yeah, our advanced brain's cells didn't like this forced way of creating a new mortal body.)

But I knew how to deliver a baby perfectly.

Jackie was incredible. On the front room floor of our small two-bedroom apartment in Grandview, Missouri, on April 9, 1988, Christopher Marc Nemelka, Jr., was born ... WAIT ... WTF? Who is Christopher Marc Nemelka, Jr.?

Well, ask Grandma Jackie. We had planned that if a boy was born, we were going to give the little guy my own name. We had agreed upon it. Shortly after he was born, I called the government offices that you have to call to report a home birth. The lady on the other end of the phone asked me, "What is the baby's first name?"

“Brandon Marc Nemelka” came out of my mouth!

“What?” Jackie called out from the other room. “I thought we were going to name him Christopher Marc Nemelka, Jr.?” she confusingly inquired.

At the time, I had no clue why “Brandon” came out of my mouth rather than “Christopher, Jr.”

But keep in mind, my mortal brain was more closely connected to our *real world*, where our *True Selves* actually live. Had Jackie’s firstborn taken my name, after all that I have done in confronting the world and calling it evil, after everything that I have done, that poor boy would never have the appropriate chance to become his own Self. He would have always been associated with my name.

Selfishly, it would have been cool to have another human named after me. But Grandpa’s *True Self* can hardly kill a bug. How the fuck was I going to give Brandon a name that would have destroyed his *imperfect mortal life*?

And you can bet your sweet, grandchild ass that Grandma Jackie is so glad that I didn’t give her firstborn son my name. Jackie pretty much hates my guts and thinks I’m a nutcase.

I was living life as I wanted, not how Jackie particularly wanted, and certainly not like my family and Paula’s family wanted. Living like a poor migrant worker? What kind of life was that for Paula’s children?

To me, it was the perfect life ... one in which I didn’t give a rat’s ass what the world thought. I was going to help my children learn how to be happy, completely consistent with their *True Self*.

But anyways ...

[March 18, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's Autobiography](#)[Edit](#)

#

## Chapter 22: Kyle D. Williams: a Brother, a Friend, and an Enemy

As I explained, immediately after my *transfiguration*, I didn't know anything about the details of my future role in the Marvelous Work and a Wonder® and The Humanity Party®. It would take a few more years before I was ready to meet my mentors, the organizers and overseers of this work.

Although I knew that humans had been on Earth for billions of years, ever since the Earth and this solar system were first created, I didn't know all the details.

I knew that this solar system was a *mental creation* in the brain processes of highly advanced humans living on a different planet, in a different universe. I knew that my life upon Earth as Christopher was simply a *dream experience* occurring in my True Self's mind, similar to how a dream takes place in Christopher's mortal brain.

I knew that I wasn't really Christopher. I was the most important person in any universe in which I found myself. I knew that when Christopher dies, the mortal experience will end as abruptly, easily, and similarly to how my mortal dreams end. No matter how terrible the dream, or good, the experience always ends when we wake up to the realization that our mortal (dream) life was nothing more than a sensory experience that happened involuntary, perfunctory, and that the only free will choice that we made is to start the dream process by going to sleep.

But in reality, we do NOT have the choice of whether to not to go to sleep. Sleep is forced on us. Try staying alert and awake during your mortal life without sleeping. This is *empirical evidence* that YOUR free will, YOU as a mortal, is not in charge of your experience. Your True Self needs you to sleep at times, taking pressure off of your advanced brain's *Mortal Experience System* ... the fucking *MESS* we've created for ourselves upon this Earth.

Mortals will think that this life upon Earth cannot possibly be only a dream. It seems so real, so vivid, so important to who we are.

As mortals, it seems we have free will to do what we want, choose with whom we want to have a relationship, and change the course of the life experience we have on Earth through the daily choices that we make. But in our mortal dreams, while asleep, we don't seem to have free will to change the events and choose the people with whom we have relationships in our dream experiences. People (dream people), many whom we can't remember knowing or dealing with while awake, seem to somehow appear out of nowhere in our mortal dreams. The events of the mortal dream experience appear to be directly associated to what is going on in our conscious (awake) life upon Earth, which mortals believe is their only real experience. Dreams seem to be connected to and a product of the emotional events occurring in our daily life ... in our *real* world, the only reality that mortals know.

Mortals can only think this way and have this limited view ... because they're *thinking* about it with an imperfect and capacity-limited brain.

The learned world's scientists have surmised that only a small part of the mortal human brain is actually used throughout a person's life upon Earth. Then the question remains, what's the rest of the fucking brain supposed to be used for?

Grandpa is going to introduce another Real Truth here, Grandkids.

The first human race living upon this planet, billions of years ago, had physical bodies created from the same materials of which the *physical* Earth was created. We call these bodies: *mortal* bodies. However, these *mortal bodies* were not like the bodies that earthlings currently have. This first race of our humanity had perfect mortal bodies. We call this time period: the *First Dispensation of Human Time*.

These perfect mortal bodies were created specifically to act and be acted upon under the full range of control and free agency (will) of the individual human being. These bodies had none of the limitations and imperfections that our current mortal bodies have. These bodies didn't have blood. Where there is a blood vessel (either an artery, vein, or capillary) in our modern *imperfect* body, there was once a nerve (either motor, sensory, autonomic, or cranial).

Our perfect mortal bodies were not negatively affected by anything upon Earth. They were impervious (not affected by) to cold, to heat, and there weren't any natural events such as tornados, earthquakes, hurricanes, and such, that could hurt a human. Humans were in complete control of the weather, the environment, and used Earth's natural laws to have a positive, good Earth experience. Our FIRST MORTAL SELVES only created plants and animals that served human need, which did not include creating a fucking life form that had human features (eyes, ears, nose, feeling, and the ability to taste) SO THAT WE COULD KILL IT AN EAT IT ... God, we're idiots!

Grandkids, there's a lot about the perfect mortal world and body that is so fucking cool to understand! I could write a few chapters on this type of world and these bodies and how they work and function compared to how the modern mortal world and bodies work and function. But it's not the time or the place for these details.

Just imagine that you can create the perfect body for yourself, but you have to create it from the materials found upon Earth. What kind of body would you make for yourself?

I wouldn't make a body that has to shit and piss ... that shit stinks!

When you eat something, you are going after the taste of the thing. Right?

Humans eat to enjoy the taste. Whereas animals eat to live, humans live to eat. Right?

Why not create a body that takes food in, chews it, tastes it and then dissolves it entirely without creating any remaining part that turns into shit or piss? It's possible. Grandpa knows how it can

be done. If modern bioengineers would just talk to Grandpa and let him explain how to create the perfect mortal body, Grandpa would teach them ... for free.

Yep, I wouldn't charge them a penny for what I know. But I would NOT fucking tell them a thing if they were going to use the knowledge I give them (for free) to charge people for creating a perfect body ... and now you know why Grandpa and his mentors do not make themselves known in this greedy ass world. What we know, we give freely, but only on the condition that it can benefit the entire human race without money involved. But anyways ... NOT going to happen!

So, what happened to our first ancestors ... who were actually all of us in a previous life?

What happened to the perfect mortal body?

Why didn't the perfect mortal body survive and be the kind of body that all of us have now?

Holy fuck ... it would take an entire different book to explain these things to you, Grandkids ... Oh, wait ... this will be explained in the last book that Grandpa is supposed to help my mentors write: *The Dream of Mortal Life, Understanding Human Reality—A Final Warning to the Human Race*. And guess what? All this cool information about the Real Truth is going to be available for FUCKING FREE!

But let's see if I can sum it up for you ... how our first *mortal Selves* fucked up our then perfect mortal bodies:

The first humans were not gendered. That's right ... no sex!

Sex is the way that humans use their bodies to the body's full potential of sensory stimulation. The sexual orgasm is the ultimate result of the human body being stimulated. As un-gendered people, after a long, long time, we got a bit bored with the limited way that our bodies could interact with the Earth's environment ... and with each other.

To make it simple,

These first humans used their incredible intelligence to create human-like bodies (biological androids from the earth materials) to which they could remotely connect their own brain's sensory receptors in order to have a different and more intense sensory experience than what their normal *perfect mortal body* allowed them to experience.

At first, these were androids, not real people. These androids did not have free will but were created with the specific purpose to give their owner pleasure as the android's brain was stimulated by the environment. So ...

One person would create one of these sensory stimulation android computer machines that their brain could connect to in order to have an artificial sensory experience of incredible intensity. At

first, these “orgasm machines” were personal and had specific and unique energy frequencies, or rather, were tuned in only to the owner’s own brain.

Then some of these intelligent *perfect mortals* had another brilliant idea: why not create our sensory producing androids so that they can interact with each other?

You build yours and I’ll build mine, but let’s build them so that they can interact. Your android can make my android have a sensory “orgasm” that I can actually feel. You can’t make me feel this way with your body. But my android can. And now, you’re android can make my android react and I will feel YOU through our androids’ interactions.

There were a few smart ones then, however, that realized that these “sex producing machines” were going to cause a lot of problems for humanity. Although, these few smart ones couldn’t stop the free will acts of other humans, they were wise enough to use their own intelligence to put a kink in the “sex machine” so that it wouldn’t be so enjoyable to the person. If your android was going to give you physical pleasure, then you were going to have to deal with shit and piss coming out of the same bodily orifices from which your androids were providing you with pleasure.

Yep, Grandkids, shit and piss come out of the same parts of your body that someone else is going to want to taste, hear, smell, touch, and see.

I know, WTF? Right?

But think about today’s world.

There’s a lot of unattractive people who want sex with an attractive person. They go online, find some pornography that present very attractive people, and then use their own hand to virtually fuck the person in their own mind to make themselves have an orgasm. Even people in relationships do this because they are not being satisfied by their sexual partner.

In the near future, the technology will be created where you can connect your own brain to your computer through an interface system that actually connects all of your brain’s sensory receptors to your computer. Your computer will generate the appropriate frequencies (brain waves-energy) that are specific to each of your senses. You will be able to have an orgasm of unprecedented strength without anyone else around, generated only by computer software and the computer-brain interface.

So you’re not very attractive and want to have sex with a gorgeous, sexy person.

You get out your computer, hook your brain up to the computer’s interface, go online, probably have to pay for the experience, find the gorgeous, sexy person of your choice, who looks good ... and that fulfills your sense of *sight*. But now, for the right price paid online, at the website, [sexualfantasies.com](http://sexualfantasies.com), the website’s interactive software will send energy impulses to your brain that allows you to *feel* the gorgeous body, *smell* it, and you’ll probably be able to choose the scent you want. You can *hear* the gorgeous, sexy person talk to you, but not from vibrations

produced by an old computer's speakers, but vibrations produced by your brain's hearing receptors that are much more real that are now produced by a compatible computer-brain interface. You'll be able to *feel* the virtual person's breath, and *smell* it as the sexy one speaks to you ... in your mind. You can *taste* any part of the sexy person's body ... all generated by the websites software and sent through the computer-brain interface technology that you spent thousands of dollars on. And the more money you have, the better the software ... and the experience will be.

Yep. Fucking really!

More than likely, as you read my words, this technology and lifestyle is already available. As I write, billions of people throughout this world start, maintain, and enjoy relationships with other humans ... on their fucking Smart Phone. They Tweet, they Instagram, they Facebook, they Swipe right who they like and Swipe left who they don't.

Yep, this world is turning into a virtual world where actual, real human beings no longer need to *actually* interact with each other. It's safer in a virtual world. If you're unattractive, you can present your virtual Self as anything you want. Today, it's called Catfishing. It happens all the time. Poor men in Africa are able to entice a lonely woman on the other side of the world into an online, virtual relationship and take all of her money, simply by creating a reality that fucking ain't real.

Happens all the time.

Human relationships are evolving and changing every year, becoming less of an intimate, personal, real relationship, but a virtual one ... the exact same way that we fucked up our world during the *First Dispensation of Human Time*.

Grandkids, you only have the one perception of life upon Earth from which to form a perspective of your reality. A normal imperfect mortal can't remember anything before the time of their birth upon Earth ... before the time that their brain started fully functioning in order to take over their infant body. Also, your limited perspective is affected from the reality that hundreds of thousands of people living upon Earth die every day and are replaced by hundreds of thousands of new humans.

How is it possible that you are actually an Eternal being who was never created and will never have an end? Your limited mortal brain cannot deal with this and understand it. BECAUSE IT'S AN IMPERFECT MORTAL BRAIN!

But because of Grandpa's *transfiguration*, I understand it perfectly. It is the only thing that makes any sense to me.

Your mortal body started from a couple of simple cells and grew inside your mother's, or now, father's, body ... soon to be grown in artificial wombs outside of the body. The YOU who YOU are isn't inside the dark space of a confined womb. Can you imagine waking up inside of a womb? Fuck! That would be terrible. The YOU who YOU actually are had NOTHING to do with

the body that YOU were going to connect to, until YOU connected to that infant's brain OUTSIDE of the womb.

Now, there are bunch of hardhearted and closed-minded fucks in this world who condemn a women, and even a man now, for having an abortion and cleaning out a few multiplied cells that look like a human body. Many of these same fucks grow animals to murder them and eat them.

Grandpa was born into the LDS/Mormon religion. Grandpa believed that Book of Mormon was just as important as the Bible. I believed that the Book of Mormon contained a "fulness" of the truth. That was what I was taught. And after my *transfiguration*, I fucking knew it for sure!

The Book of Mormon authors included a very important clue about the human spirit having NOTHING TO DO WITH THE DEVELOPING BODY IN THE WOMB, until the infant body was actually born into the world. Yeah. Really!

The story goes that one of Jesus' chosen mortal prophets had told people that he was going to come to Earth over in Jerusalem as Jesus, from the womb of his mother, Mary. This didn't sit well with the unbelievers, and they were about to kill this guy and his followers if they didn't get a sign of Jesus' birth. The tradition was that there would be three days of light, when the sun didn't go down, as the sign that Jesus was born in the Eastern Hemisphere. This Book of Mormon guy and his followers lived in the Americas in the Western Hemisphere ... so the incredible allegoric story presented.

"And it came to pass that he went out and bowed himself down upon the earth, and cried mightily to his God in behalf of his people, yea, those who were about to be destroyed because of their faith in the tradition of their fathers. And it came to pass that he cried mightily unto the Lord all that day; and behold, the voice of the Lord came unto him, saying: Lift up your head and be of good cheer; for behold, the time is at hand, and on this night shall the sign be given, and on the morrow come I into the world, to show unto the world that I will fulfil all that which I have caused to be spoken by the mouth of my holy prophets." (3 Nephi 1:11-13.)

There you have it in black and white from the "word of God"! But the Mormons are blind as fuck and cannot see, because they don't believe their own Book of Mormon anymore, but only listen to their corrupt leaders, who don't know shit about shit, or about anything else that comes out of their upper bodily orifice ... their mouths.

While Mary, the mortal mother of Jesus, is living in the Eastern Hemisphere with a huge baby boy's body about ready to be forced out of her vagina "on the morrow," the advanced human who will connect to this body inside of Mary's womb, is talking to one of his prophets all the way over in the Western Hemisphere. How the fuck is Jesus going to be speaking to a guy living in ancient America, his spirit supposedly talking in the ear of an ancient American, while at the same time his spirit is in the nine-month old body that had developed from God fucking a virgin in the Eastern Hemisphere?

Answer that one, Mormon prophet, seer, and revelator!

As I've explained, the Book of Mormon is a fictional (another word that can be used in the place of "religious") story that was invented to present Real Truths the only way that the people for whom the book was meant would have read it and accepted it.

An abortion specialist living in Bethlehem could have taken out that body before the "morrow" and it wouldn't have done a fucking thing to the REAL JESUS who was directing his affairs as an advanced human being ... certainly, not on this earth! And if you fucks think that Jesus would have sent that doctor to hell, or Mary to hell because she didn't want to get hemorrhoids from forcing that big ass head out of her little, virgin vagina, because she was raped by a huge cocked God, you fucks don't know the REAL JESUS!

In the near future, probably by the time that you are reading your profane and blasphemous Grandpa's words, the rich who can afford it will be having their children's mortal bodies created in an artificial womb and engineered to the specifications that the rich have chosen for their posterity's body.

And think about it ...

What if they had the choice to create a body that wouldn't shit or piss? But the only way that future bioengineers will be able to create a body like this, and they will be able to, is if they eliminate the orifices from which the poop and pee are extracted from the body, which in turn will eliminate the ability of their child to have sex.

But anyways ...

As I explained, I didn't come home to Jackie, my wife, or to Brittany and Joshua, my kids, as husband and father on the morning of June 16, 1987. I came home knowing that we were actually all REAL JESUSES.

As I explained above, I didn't know anything about the role I was to play for humanity. I simply followed my heart, changed, of course, by my new *perception* and *perspective*.

I mentioned one of my LDS/Missionary companions, Kyle D. Williams.

So check out how his *real* Jesus and my *real* Jesus got together:

After our short time in the mission filed together, I ran into Kyle at the Defense Language Institute, where that smart motherfucker was studying an even harder language than I was. Our chance meeting, which I thought at the time was only chance and an incredible coincidence, wouldn't be our last.

After my stint in the Army, I was sitting at the Security Desk in the Genealogy Library, when who walks through the front door? Kyle D. Williams.

Kyle was employed as a Genealogist. I have NEVER known anyone with the integrity that Kyle has. If I could choose a person upon this Earth who is completely without guile, it would be Kyle. (Hey, that rhymes!)

Guile is where one uses sly or cunning intelligence to get what they want. Kyle never did anything dishonest, sly, or cunning. But I would learn to be a master at guile.

When I recognized Kyle coming through the front door of the Genealogy Library, I called him over. He recognized me, smiled and came over about four steps. He immediately looked down at his watch and pushed a button that stopped his watch's timer.

"Why did you do that to your watch?" I asked.

"I've been hired by the hour to do someone's genealogy. I don't charge them for time when I am not doing genealogy for them."

Yeah. Fucking REALLY!

This man is the most honest man I have ever known. We probably chatted for only about 5 minutes then. But every time he came into the Library when I was on duty, that fucker would stop the timer on his watch, no matter how brief our interaction. That shit, is PURE HONESTY without guile from Kyle!

Eventually I didn't see Kyle come into the Library any longer. I had no idea where he went or what he was doing.

June 16th came and went.

In the fall of 1987, I was on a bus in downtown Salt Lake City. I was looking out the window, and whom did I see walking along the sidewalk: Kyle fucking Williams.

I yelled for the bus driver to stop. Got off and confronted Kyle. Kyle told me that he and his wife were moving to Grandview, Missouri, to live with his parents. We talked for a bit. And that was it.

Not knowing where Jackie and I were going to start our ... I mean "my" ... new life, I thought about all the times I had ran into Kyle over the years. I felt that this contact must be important to both of our *real Jesuses*.

I contacted Kyle living in Grandview and told him I was moving out there. While living there, Kyle, a VERY staunch LDS/Mormon, started to find out that I had left the Church. He would come over and talk religion with me. I made a hell of lot of sense to Kyle, and I could see that what I was saying to him, although it was always bent towards his religion, and on his level, was opening his mind to the possibility that the LDS/Mormon religion was not all that and a bag of potato chips.

One raining day, Kyle knocked on our apartment door. He was barefoot and soaked to the bone, holding his LDS Scriptures in his hand. He called me to repentance and testified of the truthfulness of the LDS/Mormon Church. He told me that I had to humble myself and follow God's chosen leaders upon Earth. I smiled, invited him in, and embraced him ... with that shit-eating Grandpa's smile that spreads across my face anytime I deal with aged-children who believe in Santa Claus.

I loved and respected Kyle ... probably more so, at the time, than any other man I had ever known. I didn't try to destroy his religion. I think I said a few things to let him know that he was probably right, but I was going to keep on sinning.

Kyle left that day, realizing I was a lost cause.

Our travels would put me and Jackie in a small cabin near Baring, Washington. We had moved from Grandview, Missouri, lived in Minot, North Dakota, for a short time, and eventually ended up in Snohomish County, Washington.

Barely a year had passed since Kyle had shown up at my door calling me to repentance. I'm not quite sure how he found us, but Kyle showed up at our small cabin in Baring, Washington. Kyle had left his wife and son back in Grandview, Missouri, and left the LDS/Mormon Church.

At our cabin, Kyle mentioned that he was going on a "walkabout," which is an Australian rite of passage during which males undergo a journey and live in the wilderness for a time to make the spiritual and traditional transition into manhood. Kyle was trying to find his *True Self*. I could have, but I didn't at the time, explained to Kyle exactly who he is and why he exists. But I doubt he would have listened to me then.

But the story doesn't end there with Kyle.

Eventually, Jackie and I would end up back in Utah. Shortly after Brittany and Joshua were maliciously taken away from me, after I started my involvement with Grandma Marcee and Grandma Vicky, guess who showed up at my house? That's right. Kyle D. Williams.

This time Kyle had all of his worldly possessions with him, including all of his money, his beloved trumpet, and a few other things. Out of all the people in the world, Kyle sought me out to leave with all of his material possessions and all of his money. His walkabout became more intense. He wanted to leave the world and continue his journey to find himself.

Kyle eventually came back to Utah, found me, and I gave him everything, including all the money, that he entrusted to me.

Kyle NEVER, EVER, TOOK THE TIME TO ASK ME WHAT I KNEW ABOUT GOD, ABOUT REALITY, ABOUT OUR EXISTENCE! NEVER, NOT ONCE.

Although he entrusted me, out of everyone else that he knew upon earth, with his life, he not ONCE asked me WHY I LEFT THE LDS/MORMON CHURCH and what had happened to my mind.

After I agreed to be the True Messenger, I would often speak kindly of Kyle and his incredible integrity, as one of the few men upon Earth who lived without guile. Kyle and I made contact again. I tried to lead Kyle carefully into an understanding about what I was doing as a True Messenger. But he didn't want anything to do with a new religion, or any part of what I was doing. I would contact him and use guile to get Kyle! (There's that rhyme again.) I tried to introduce the reality of my role as a True Messenger in a way that he could accept and understand. But Kyle was never receptive.

Now the ironic twist to our mutual saga:

Kyle D. Williams would side with my enemies in an attempt to get me prosecuted and arrested for fraud.

THIS NOTE IS FOR KYLE:

Why didn't you just come again, meet with me, and ask me to tell you the Real Truth about things?

Kyle, YOU CHOSE ME throughout your entire life as someone whom you could trust with your life!

Think about it, Mamut Chiquitito, (a name I called Kyle since our mission experience):

If there actually were four immortal humans living among us on earth, and they had a mission to do for humanity, and they had to choose someone to help them, wouldn't they choose the same type of human that you fucking chose your entire life to trust?

Think about it.

But anyways ...

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#

# Chapter 23: Relationships

I mentioned one of my past friends, Kyle D. Williams, in the last chapter in order to make a point:

There's no such thing as a good friend, a person whom you can trust throughout your life to always support you in being YOU. You will find this to be the case, Grandchildren ... in ALL your mortal relationships.

You will have friends who try to convince you to trust them, that they will never leave you. These friends *will* betray you.

You will have loved ones who say they love you, but can hate you with the same degree of hate of which they once loved you.

Your parents will betray you. (Try telling your conservative, religious parents that you are gay and want to spend the rest of your life on the road playing the guitar with your gay partner ... and see how your parents betray you for simply trying to be YOU.)

Parents will betray children. Children will betray parents.

NO ... ABSOLUTELY NO ... mortal relationship can be trusted ... and Grandpa will explain why below.

My mentors wrote a story that they put at the end of the Book of Mormon. It is called the book of Ether. In it, they pretty much summarized the intent of their message in a symbolic story form.

This final story wouldn't have been part of the Book of Mormon storyline had the whited-skinned European Americans, for whom the book was created, started treating their darker skinned fellow humans (native Americans and native Africans) appropriately ... like Jesus would have treated them.

Once the early American Christians who had joined the Mormon movement and completely rejected the "fullness of the everlasting gospel as delivered by the Savior to the ancient inhabitants [of the American continent]," after they wanted an organized church and religion, my mentors knew that the original purpose that they intended for their book had failed. So they made one last attempt.

They created a fictitious people, all white-skinned, called the Jaredites.

These Jaredites, according to my mentors' story, lived in the Western Hemisphere long before any dark skinned people did. In fact, according to the story, they were the first humans who lived in the Western Hemisphere after God had destroyed the entire human race during the time of Noah and the flood. (Remember, the only reason why black people remained after the flood

was because Noah's son, Ham, wanted some of that black booty and fucked a black girl against his father's wishes ... Yeah. Really! That's what Bible believers believe!) But anyways ...

My mentors knew that because the early American Christians had rejected the premise and intent of their Book of Mormon, and wanted a new religion instead, their final hope for convincing a Bible-believer to reject the fucked up Bible and start thinking properly, was the *failsafe* that they incorporated into their storyline: the sealed portion.

Briefly,

Joseph Smith presented 116 pages of the original story to the "peer review group" that was supposed to give our mentors some feed back about how their story was understood. These fucks, which included members of Joseph family and other close friends, looked way beyond the mark of the story's intent (see Jacob 4:14), which was only to introduce Jesus as the Savior of the Western Hemisphere, as well as the Savior of the Eastern Hemisphere, and the same teachings (Sermon on the Mount found in Matthew, chapters 5, 6, and 7) that Jesus taught to the Jews. Yep, their intent was to plagiarize Jesus' teachings in Matthew, chapters 5, 6, and 7, and have the American *resurrected* Jesus teach the exact same things.

In fact, Joseph Smith told these dumb fucks EXACTLY WHAT THE BOOK CONTAINED:

"He called me by name, and said unto me that he was a messenger sent from the presence of God to me, and that his name was Moroni; that God had a work for me to do; and that my name should be had for good and evil among all nations, kindreds, and tongues, or that it should be both good and evil spoken of among all people.

"He said there was a book deposited, written upon gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent, and the source from whence they sprang. He also said that the fulness of the everlasting Gospel was contained in it, as delivered by the Savior to the ancient inhabitants;"

The early white-skinned European Christians ignored the fact that Joseph told them that the book contained "the fulness of the everlasting Gospel ... as delivered by the Savior to the ancient inhabitants" plagiarized word for word in 3 Nephi, chapters 12, 13, and 14. They didn't care about what Jesus said in the Sermon on the Mount. They wanted a religion. They wanted temples. They wanted the Holy Priesthood. They wanted to feel special, more so than any others on Earth. Fuck being good to people. Fuck not suing people in court. Fuck not lusting in their hearts after potential future polygamist wives. Fuck becoming angry with fellow drivers along Interstate 15 in Utah. Fuck marry women and treating them as equals ... thank the LDS/Mormon God for divorce so they can get some fresh booty.

Fuck saying, "Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil," Mormons love to go into debt and make promises they can't keep ... Utah is known as the Multi-level Marketing and scam capital of the world.

Fuck resisting evil and turning the other cheek, put the guy in jail and make him suffer for hitting you on the right cheek.

And especially,

Fuck that bullshit about loving your enemies, blessing them that curse you, doing good to them that hate you, and praying for them which spitefully use you, and persecute you!

FUCK THAT SHIT! IF THERE'S AN ENEMY OF THE UNITED STATES, OR ONE OF THE FUCKING BROWN-SKINNED BITCHES TRY TO BRING THEIR DESTITUTE KIDS INTO OUR GOD BLESSED COUNTRY WITHOUT OUR PERMISSION ... FUCK THEM ... OBEY THE LAW OF LUCIFER, YOU FUCKS! KILL THE MOTHERFUCKERS ... I'M PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN CAUSE AT LEAST I KNOW I'M FREE, FUCK ALL OF THOSE WHO TRY TO TAKE THIS GOD-GIVEN RIGHT FROM ME ... I'LL PROUDLY STAND UP NEXT TO HER AND DEFEND HER STILL TODAY ... CAUSE THERE AIN'T NO DOUBT I LOVE THIS LAND ....

G O D B L E S S T H E U S A !!! (The above sung to the tune of Lee Greenwood's *God Bless The USA*.)

And if one of her enemies hits her on the right cheek, my 25 guns in my gun safe at home, protected by the 'God bless America' 2nd Amendment, will kill that motherfucker ... FUCK THAT TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK SHIT! JESUS WAS A DUMBASS AND GOT HIMSELF CRUCIFIED FOR TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK. THE ONLY CHEEK I'M GOING TO TURN IS THE NAKED ONE I'M GOING TO SHOW BEFORE I TELL AN ENEMY TO KISS MY AMERICAN ASS!)

Instead of early LDS/Mormons paying attention to their own fucking scripture, which they claim to be the "word of God," and "the most correct book on earth and that a man would get closer to God by abiding by its precepts than any other book," these fucks wanted a church and a new religion and didn't pay any attention to "abiding by [the book's] precepts."

This religion eventually became one of the wealthiest religions on Earth. With all its money, prestige, political influence and power, the LDS/Mormon Church does little to nothing about supporting the *true* purpose for which the United States of America exists:

"Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, The wretched refuse of your teeming shore. To spread the light of liberty world-wide for every land."

Instead, these conservative, largely Republican Mormon motherfuckers blame poverty throughout the world, and the violence and terror felt daily by the marginalized and homeless, on these people for not paying their full tithing, not going to the temple, not going to church, not obeying the leaders, not obtaining priesthood blessings and ordinances, not drinking coffee or alcohol, not masturbating, and all the other bullshit "nots" that their LDS/Mormon God tells their LDS/Mormon leaders will keep people out of God's Celestial kingdom ... and out of God's promised land: the good ol' United States of America.

LDS/Mormons don't have a clue what the "fulness of the everlasting Gospel" was that Jesus delivered to the ancestors of the ancient American natives ... according to the story. The posterity of these ancient American natives are those modern people who are the tired, poor, huddled masses yearning to breathe free ... the wretched refuse on the U.S. southern border of America and other European countries, to whom Jesus delivered his "fullness" to their ancestors ... according to the story.

Yeah, the early LDS/Mormons pretty much fucked up our mentors intent for writing their story. They had to depend upon the *failsafe* that Grandpa mentioned: *The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon* ... yep, the one they asked Grandpa to present to the world. The story and introduction of this *failsafe* was set up in their book of Ether.

The Jaredites came from a couple brothers who didn't want to have their language confounded by God when Noah's posterity was building a tower to save themselves in case God tried kill everyone with another flood. One of the brothers prayed and asked God to help them and not to confound their language. God told the brother that he would help them and few friends travel to a land that no one knew about at that time: the Western Hemisphere.

My mentors followed the basic outline of the Hebrew bullshit story presented in the Bible. Moses went upon the mount and received instructions from God. One of the brothers (they called him "the brother of Jared") went upon the mount and received instructions from God. God told Noah to build a boat and take two of every animal with him. God told the same thing the brother of Jared.

How the fuck else, Grandkids, were animals supposed to get to the Western Hemisphere all the way across the ocean after every form of life had been destroyed during Noah's flood. Yep, my mentors are smart! They covered all their bases.

The story goes that the people of the Eastern Hemisphere would do stupid things that were not right to God. Since the brother of Jared was talking to God, and God was going to lead them away from the wicked people living in the Eastern Hemisphere, God was going to give the Jaredites the RIGHT commandments to do.

And so God did.

And guess what Grandkids?

THE JAREDITES DID NOT GET ONE FUCKING COMMANDMENT FROM GOD THAT HAD ANYTHING WHATSOEVER TO DO WITH CREATING A NEW ORGANIZED RELIGION. The God of the Jaredites didn't like what Moses told the people to do, so he didn't include ANY, not any goddamn part of the Mosaic law in His instructions to the Jaredite people.

Throughout the book of Ether, before, during, and after the Jaredites became a great nation of millions, and millions of white people living in the ancient United States of America, there isn't ONE GODDAMN MENTION OF paying a full tithing, going to the temple, going to church, obeying idiot religious leaders, obtaining priesthood blessings and ordinances ... the Jaredite

God didn't even mind if a man got drunk and got himself off in a gay way (man sexually pleasing a man) by masturbating.

Because the early American people had completely disregarded the meaning of the rest of the Book of Mormon's important message, the last story was basically about a white nation of good-looking people who fucked themselves in the ass because they didn't establish a government and land of equality ... where there was no poor among them.

Instead, the Jaredite story tells of fathers killing their sons, and sons killing their fathers for money, for pride, for prestige, for good looking women, for all the things that a modern person can buy at the City Creek Mall located in the center of Mormondumb ... and for every other fucking thing that MAKES AMERICA GREAT ... AGAIN (MAGA)

But anyways ...

There is not one relationship on Earth in which you can trust that the person with whom you are having the relationship will always choose YOUR best interests in all things over THEIRS. You can't even trust God, especially if this God was taught to you by someone else. Whoever taught you about God, has *their* best interests in mind, even though they'll tell you that God has your best interests in mind ... but because God doesn't talk to you, they'll tell you what God's best interests for you are. Sigh ...

This is just how human nature is.

The Greek authors who wrote the Jesus story made this point very clear.

Judas was one of Jesus' most trusted friends. Peter was one of his closest. Both betrayed him. Both denied him. Both ran into the arms of the world to protect themselves, or for money, when Jesus was threatened.

Yes, the story of Jesus is a fabrication invented to control people's minds by introducing the reality of human nature, what we love, what we fear, for what we hope.

The Jesus story is one of the greatest manipulations of this *Sixth* and final *Dispensation of Human Time*. The authors covered almost every aspect of our mortal human nature. They created a story to emphasize the good part of our nature, and the bad part. The Jesus character represents the good part of our nature.

As the character Jesus is described throughout the story, it's easy for us to connect with him and feel close to him. It's easy to see him as the greatest, kindest, most compassionate human that ever existed. We all want to become like Jesus, to have the Jesus Spirit always with us ... because, again, the Real Truth is, the *good part* of us makes us all Jesuses.

We are gods ... albeit fallen ... very fallen.

Yep, we are children of light. We are angels of light. We are all equal gods of light who have fallen from our perfect nature.

Yep. While we are in this 'lone and dreary world,' the only world that we know, WE ARE LUCIFER ... the only god of this world.

It is this part of us, our fallen mortal nature (ego), that is responsible for all religion, for the answers to all of our prayers as we pray for good, hoping for the best. And there is no god, but *Lucifer*, that hears and answers our prayers. Our prayers are answered by our mortal ego.

It was the American Lucifer who dropped the bomb on Hiroshima and was okay with it. It was the Japanese Lucifer that sent a pilot to his suicide to destroy the American Lucifer. And thus is the situation of this world and its true god.

And our mortal relationships?

They all end, completely, totally, and just as easily as your dream experience ends when you wake up from it. All the characters, all the events, no matter what they were while you were dreaming, go away. They completely disappear from your reality when you wake up.

Do you want Grandpa to prove this to you?

Kill yourself and then you'll know. But, nooooooooooooo ... don't kill yourself. Let your True Self kill your Mortal Self when the time comes. You don't have to wait long. Just keep putting that shit that your fallen mortal body likes in your mouth and your True Self will not be dreaming a long time. But anyways ...

But I'm telling you the Real Truth! Don't trust any relationship you have made while mortal. Deal with them the best you can, but keep in mind that they will all end when you die.

Here's the Real Truth as to why:

Grandpa has explained that we are advanced humans who were created to have a new human experience. I'm going to try to explain it clearly and in simple terms that you will understand.

Although the following isn't exactly how it happened, it's close enough so that maybe you can get the gist of who you *really* are and why you *really* exist.

Advanced mothers created us, not through any sexual experience, but in the most technologically advanced way that a human body can be created. We didn't need an advanced father anymore than a modern woman needs a male to create a child today ... clone that baby!

Advanced mothers don't age. They don't die. They exist to create new physical bodies for new advanced humans entering the *game of a new advanced human experience* and to make sure the new child has all the opportunities and care it needs in its new world. They live on their own planet where only mothers live.

Think of the planet Venus, named after the Greek goddess of love, sex, beauty and fertility. Remember, hypothetically. Our mortal planet Venus was a fucked up attempt by our ancestors to create a new planet in this solar system, when the laws of nature only allow one: Earth.

Our particular advanced mother had a bunch of kids. This was our first, real family relationship-type experience. None of us were gendered. Our mothers would allow us to choose a gender if that's what we wanted for our experience. If that's what would make us happy.

So, imagine a mother with a bunch of kids who have free will to explore their new world and do what they want in the new world. The only rules in the new world was we couldn't do anything that would impede or affect the free will of another. Other than that, we could do what we wanted. As kids, we were curious about our new world. We explored the world and used our senses (sight, smell, sound, taste, and touch) in our exploration. We developed individually and unique from all of other advanced siblings.

We did NOT look like the fucked up mortals we are on this Earth. No advanced mother changed poopie or pissed diapers. And none of them had to worry about any of us looking at our siblings body and wondering why we have one and they don't. We were all equal in every way in regards to our ability to use our free will to explore our new world and interact with it ... and with each other ... as we chose.

Our mother's planet exists in a solar system of other planets. Let's use our own as a hypothetical example:

All the mothers live on Venus. A few couples of males and females live on Mercury.

The male's eternal job is to make sure the laws of our advanced experience are obeyed. They are the policemen of the universe, of sorts. And they have a distinct look ... kind of like a police uniform: a beard and a dick ... an eternal dick at that! But the only purpose for this eternal dick is to give pleasure to the man's ONE AND ONLY ... not fucking two, or three, or ten ... but ONE AND ONLY. Any eternal man who tries to use his dick for anything else, well ... the Real Truth is, he wouldn't have a dick he couldn't be trusted to use the dick's power and purpose correctly.

(You can learn more about the advanced male, the few there be, in the book, *The Dream of Mortal Life*. But so you don't worry too much about it, Grandpa has personally met EVERY SINGLE mortal assigned to OUR GROUP of advanced humans to this solar system, who chose as an advanced child to become male. And of all the mortal males I've encountered on this Earth, I can count the ones who will eventually be an advanced male on one hand. Sorry all of you dudes out there who love your maleness and whom I haven't personally met. You're going to lose your balls one day. You won't need them. You wouldn't want to have them. And you fucking don't deserve them! Just consider how you've used them thus far in your mortal experience. Most of the good mortals I have met, even most of the males, are going to be advanced mothers. But anyways ...)

On the other planets ... in our eternal mother's solar system ... live a variety of other adult advanced humans, none whom are gendered. As kids, we are allowed to travel to any of the planets in our mother's solar system, or universe, so that we learn how other newly created advanced humans used their new experience and free will.

We spent literally billions and billions of *mortal* years ... just a brief moment to our advanced brain ... figuring out what kind of human we wanted to be. The type of human we chose for our True Self depended on how our interactions with the environment and with others made us feel. Yep, there are all kinds of humanity types ... all kinds of *happiness* types. None is any better than any other.

Think about it, Grandkids,

Having a kid is tough stuff! It changes your life. You no longer can live for your Self. You are forced to live for the kid! Mortal postpartum depression doesn't come from a woman naturally. It comes from realizing the incredible responsibility that the woman now has in the life of another human being. Few find happiness in being a mother. Those who say they do and experience postpartum depression or any other kind of unhappiness, are not meant to be a mother.

Grandma Paula shouldn't have been a mother. And our daughter Brittany shouldn't have been a mother. It's not that they are wrong or bad in any way for being depressed throughout their motherhood, but their personal expectations of life, especially associated with the needs of their True Self, was always about the Self.

Grandma Paula's and Brittany's True Self chose a different humanity type than Grandpa did. In our *real* solar system, the one we created for ourselves outside of our advanced mother's solar system and galaxy, where we could continue to live as adult advanced humans of our own chosen humanity type, Grandpa's True Self lives on a different planet than any my mortal children or any of my past mortal wives.

Let's continue with the hypothetical:

Grandpa's True Self lives on Earth and Brittany's and Paula's True Selves live on another planet, let's say Uranus ... no pun intended ... at least not for this part of Grandpa's story.

There are eight different planets on which our advanced OWN GROUP now live, after we all final decided the humanity type that we wanted for our True Self. But there is ONLY ONE place where we all can experience mortal life: the planet Earth, here in this solar system.

Earth, its solar system and the universe in which it exists, is basically the only *wireless connective game platform* to which all of OUR GROUP must connect their advanced brains in order to have a mortal experience. And it all happens in our advanced brains.

So, what happens when we die a mortal death and then realize that we are actually living on our chosen advanced planet, and the many of those with whom we shared the mortal experience live on a completely different advanced planet than we do?

So much for these mortal relationships. Right?

I cried during the Daddy-Daughter dance at Brittany's wedding in 2018. I didn't cry like most normal dads cry. I certainly didn't cry for the same reason that a *normal* dad would. I cried because I knew that the little girl that entered my mortal life on November 20, 1983, was entirely different than the woman with whom I was trying to be the best *normal* father I could be. I knew that I couldn't continue to pretend to be someone I am not.

Before traveling to Mexico for Brittany's wedding, I made her brother Joshua promise me one thing. Early in his life I told Joshua that there was only one thing that would destroy his life: alcohol. I asked Joshua to promise me that he would not drink during his sister's wedding so that the event would be all about her and her wanting the perfect wedding. There was hardly a moment when Joshua was not drunk and causing others concern.

I knew that Brittany and Joshua did not respect me for the real me. They appreciated the tens of thousands of dollars that I spent helping each of them begin their worldly lives as adults. Because they were both torn away from me at an early age (Brittany 7 and Joshua 5), because they changed, *transfigured* me didn't live the way the world (Paula and their adoptive father ... powered by the courts and the laws of this world) wanted, they had gained no natural respect for me. The father-child bonds were broken never to be repaired. They couldn't be. Brittany and Joshua are products of their *legal* parents.

Not one time has either Brittany, Joshua, or Rachael (the only three of my mortal children with whom I have had any adult dealings) mentioned to anyone that their dad has introduced the perfect economic plan that will end poverty throughout the world ... or end child prostitution in fucking WEEK!

I even told them that they didn't need to mention that I was actually their biological father. But it would have been somewhat cool if any of them had mentioned the incredible nature of the Marvelous Work and a Wonder® or The Humanity Party®.

They never have.

At Brittany's wedding, I knew my mortal time with them was soon to be over. I knew that I could no longer go to my grandkids' dance recitals, to their sporting events, to their birthday parties, and to the other *normal* events to which a normal grandfather was expected to attend. I could no longer watch my children destroy the ability of their children (my grandchildren) to find happiness in this life. I could read the writing on the wall. Their children were being raised and taught the way that Brittany and Joshua had been raised and taught after their mother maliciously removed me from their life. I have no interest in going through the pain and struggle to one day save my grandkids from the poor choices of their parents ... most of whom will never know me ... the *real* me.

The last thing I did at Brittany's wedding was to invite Brittany, Joshua, and their partners to my hotel room, along with their mother, Paula, so we could discuss a few things. When they came into my room, it was felt and obvious to me that calling this meeting was not what they wanted. Paula refused to come. I did not tell them everything that I wanted to at that time. They really didn't care. But it was after this meeting that I knew that my time upon this Earth as a father influence to them would end ... forever.

It's not their fault that they are not like me ... at least its not their *Lucifer SELF's* fault. It's not even their *True Self's* fault ... because it isn't a *fault* ... it's a choice ... an eternal choice ... one made long before we came to know each other as father and child upon this Earth.

Rachael would also show her lack of interest in her father's True Self by joining the LDS/Mormon Church ... one of the most *Luciferian* institutions upon Earth ... as Grandpa has explained throughout this autobiography. The LDS/Mormon people have so many clues and much cool information about the Real Truth ... but they, like my children, couldn't seem to care less.

As it will unfold throughout the pages of this autobiography, I was never comfortable with any of the relationships that I made as Christopher. I would be persecuted, hated, betrayed, and denied by every single person with whom I had a relationship ... not because of them ...

But because of me ... the *real me*.

Let's go on with the events of my life.

[March 20, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's AutobiographyEdit](#)

#

# Chapter 24: Worldly Success

After I quit Church Security and we moved to Grandview, Missouri, I had Jackie homemaker our clothes and dress the kids as the Amish and Mennonite people. I wanted my family to be a migrant family, traveling wherever, whenever, doing whatever job I could find. I wanted to raise the kids in poverty ... the exact opposite of what the world wanted.

In Grandview, I found a two part-time jobs.

I had no problem with working for minimum wage, and there were lots of job offerings anywhere we lived for a guy like Grandpa who could have been whatever he wanted to be in life. I got a part-time day job with a company called, Patco Products (n.k.a. Caravan Ingredients) cleaning bathrooms, raking leaves, sweeping floors, doing anything the company asked me to do ... for \$4 per hr. The company was unionized and didn't have any current openings.

To get more hours, I took a graveyard job at the Belton Inn in a town close to Grandview: Belton, Missouri. It was a shady motel where men would often bring prostitutes for a cheap room. I was the night auditor, so I saw all kinds looking for a cheap room. I didn't have a problem with any person I saw staying at the motel. My new enlightenment had completely changed how I judged others. I no longer judged. I did my thing and was perfectly okay with everyone else doing theirs ... no matter what *their* thing happened to be. The motel manager paid me \$4 an hour. So I had two part-time jobs and worked as much as I could.

At this time, Jackie and I had never taken one penny in charity or help from the government. The union pay at Patco started at \$9 per hour, an enormous amount, so I thought at the time, back in 1988. One of the non-union company managers often saw me working alone and very hard. All those years on a farm as a kid paid off. I could out work anyone. The manager called a union meeting of the other employees and offered me a union job. Being paid \$9 per hour full-time, with benefits, I was able to quit my motel auditor job.

I remember singing to myself as I swept out the maintenance rooms alone at Patco:

Trailer for sale or rent, rooms to let, fifty cents.

No phone, no pool, no pets, I ain't got no cigarettes

Ah, but, two hours of pushin' broom

Buys an eight by twelve four-bit room

I'm a man of means by no means, king of the road.

(Sung by Roger Miller, *King of the Road*.)

I loved not being tied down to worldly expectation and success. I could work wherever I wanted at whatever job I wanted. Jackie and I lived as poor as anyone could possibly live. But we always had enough food to eat and a place to live. Working for a union and all the politics involved was not for this *King of the Road*. I quit Patco after just a few months.

We had pulled a small trailer made out of the bed of an old Ford truck from Utah to Missouri with a brand new Mazda truck. I could't afford the monthly payments so I sold it once we settled in Grandview. I bought an old, six cylinder car, can't really remember what kind it was, but it was old enough that I could work on its engine if I needed to. There were no computerized engines back then. I bolted a hitch on the back of the car, hooked on our little trailer full of everything that we owed, loaded up my little family, Jackie, Brittany, Joshua, and not quite a year-old Brandon, and moved on ... *King of the Road*.

I had no idea where we were going next. Didn't matter. God knew. And I knew the *real God*, so I went wherever the hell I wanted.

I had never been to North Dakota, so I got out a map put my finger down on a spot and off we went. We settled in a small town near Minot, North Dakota. There were all kinds of abandoned houses from old farming families losing their farms to Corporate America. We found one and asked the owners how much they wanted for rent. The older couple didn't want to charge us any rent, but I couldn't do that, so we agreed on \$100 per month, plus we would pay the utilities.

It was an old house. It was a cold house. The water came from an old well that hadn't been turned on for quite sometime. Jackie turned on the facet and a rusty liquid came out for a long time before it got clear. We unloaded our few belongings and huddled together at night because the house wouldn't heat very well. During the day, Jackie would keep the kids bundled up.

I had made a pact with Brittany and Joshua about eating candy. On January 1, 1989, we made a New Year's resolution promise that we wouldn't eat any candy for one entire year. Whenever we would go into a store, Brittany would remember the promise. Joshua, not so much. But neither of them asked for candy. The kind couple from whom we rented the house felt sorry for us. On Easter that year, the couple showed up at the house with three Easter baskets for Brittany, Caleb, and little Brandon. The kids' eyes were huge. The kindness was more than the promise we had made. I let them have their baskets full of candy. But after that, we went the rest of the year eating no other candy.

Brittany was precocious beyond her years ... way beyond. She was being homeschooled by Jackie and started to read at 5 years old. Brittany had a wit and strong personality. She would argue with anyone ... but me. She was definitely a Daddy's girl. On one occasion, Jackie had made some pancakes for breakfast. There was only one left and both Brittany and Joshua wanted it. I brought in the idea of Jesus to the circumstance. The kids had become somewhat familiar with Jesus by attending church for a short time.

"What would Jesus do?" I asked the kids.

"Would Jesus take the pancake for himself or give it to another?"

“Joshua, you be Jesus.” Brittany quickly said without blinking an eye.

Brittany was very intelligent. Her reading skills were above anyone I had ever seen of her age. Joshua was the kindest, funniest, most laid back little boy I had ever known. Joshua always listened and did whatever I or Jackie asked of him. Brittany would too ... especially when I was around. I never knew how Brittany got along with Jackie when I was not home. In the near future, I would find out that they had many typical stepmother-stepdaughter issues.

I worked again for \$4 per hour for a popular wheat farmer in Minot. He owned 2000 acres of wheat. I would spend 10 to 12 hours every day on the tractor either plowing, harrowing, or seeding his expansive wheat fields. All alone on that tractor, I only listened to one thing: tapes of the New Testament and of the Book of Mormon.

I knew the power of the story of Jesus and how it had transformed the world, not for good only, but usually for bad. I figured that I could not fully understand the concept of the *real Jesus* and how the concept was being used and how I should use it with my new enlightenment unless I knew everything about the books that talked about Jesus. With my new mindset and enlightenment, I devoured, studied, and basically memorized the New Testament and the Book of Mormon. No one on this Earth, except for four others, knows these two books as well as I do.

Alone in a tractor all day, I listened with new ears and began to understand the significance and power of the Jesus concept (i.e., the Spirit of Christ). I knew that neither God nor Jesus actually existed. But these entities had been real in my own mortal life for the first 25 years, and I knew that they were real to my family, my friends, and to Jackie. My enlightenment taught me that whatever a person believed, was right for that person.

I was not a messenger at the time. I had no idea at the time that my mentors even existed.

Since I knew that the Book of Mormon was created and produced by Joseph Smith in an attempt to counter the Bible and change the mindset of American Christians, and I knew from memories that kept popping into my head that I had lived as his closest friend and confidant, his older brother Hyrum. These personal memories convinced me that Joseph Smith was an incredible man whose only desire was to equalize the race problem in America. All of these things convinced me that the Book of Mormon was an incredible book. It's teachings and principles, its symbolism and the clues it contains about Real Truth, were profound.

When I read about John, the Beloved in the New Testament, and about the Three Nephites in the Book of Mormon, that they were immortal, I figured it was simply an expression of the story to teach something unique that countered the orthodox Christian views that the world had embraced. Because I knew that Jesus wasn't real, there was no way that John the Beloved and the Three Nephites could be real either. And I was right. There were no such actual, historical persons as John and the Three Nephites of Book of Mormon lore. But what I didn't know then, that I would find out a couple of years later, was that there were actually four mortals who have been alive upon this Earth, two since its beginning, and two for hundreds of thousands of years. Yeah. Really!

When I first met these four in the spring of 1991, I wasn't even convinced then that they were who they claimed to be. I wouldn't know for sure until many years later. (These details are coming up in the next chapter.)

But what I knew for sure was that whatever a mortal was perceiving and living as their reality was a product of their *True Self's* brain activity.

On that tractor studying the concept of Jesus, I had no idea that the world was as evil and as corrupt as it actual is. I had no idea that there was no hope for the human race. I had no idea that this was the *Sixth Dispensation of Human Time*, and that there had been five previous dispensations when humans thrived all over the Earth and destroyed themselves, leaving a few remnants in enclaves that carried on human existence upon Earth.

The fact is, while driving that tractor all day long and memorizing Christian scripture ... I didn't know much about the Real Truth.

Those who recruited me as their True Messenger had the knowledge from personal experience of how a mortal brain operates, and how a mortal brain that is given the knowledge that I had been given during my *transfiguration* handles the information. Unbeknownst to me at the time, they had followed me throughout my travels waiting for the right opportunity when I would be ready for their introduction. I needed a lot of personal experiences before I would have firsthand knowledge of things that I would need to know in order to accept the role as their True Messenger.

Although two of my mentors were born with the knowledge of Real Truth, as they have lived since the beginning of time, the other two were not born with the knowledge. The other two are from very, very, very ancient Peruvian ancestry, long before the modern Peruvian ancestors flourished in South America.

During the last, the *Fifth Dispensation of Human Time*, these two had been part of an entire civilization of both white and black skinned people that had developed and spread throughout the Earth, hundreds of thousands of years ago. These two were among a few darker skinned people who had escaped the ancient cities and technologies that had developed during that time, living off the grid and away from the so-called civilized people who would eventually destroy themselves.

They were born during the transition period between the *Fifth* and this final *Sixth Dispensation of Human Time*. What happened to my brain had happened to theirs about the same age: 25. The group of people into which they were born had carried the DNA and genes that had been developed and bioengineered while mortal science and technology flourished during the *Fifth Dispensation*. However, there were others who had escaped society back then who refused to be immunized against old age and disease, or they were among the poor who couldn't afford the technology. These off-grid enclaves of few had children and would become the ancient ancestors of the native American peoples found in South America.

Joseph Smith and I called these two, Mathoni and Mathonihah, using Book of Mormon names for them. If you don't age, you're not going to be too popular among people who age. The aging people are going to want to know what witchcraft from the devil you are using to be immortal. (Ever wonder where the stories about immortal vampires that roam the night and hide during the day came from? Well, now you have the answer.)

These two brothers had to move around a lot with their isolated families in order to avoid detection and destruction. They hid. Machu Picchu, Peru, was once one of their more modern secret enclaves. The people who developed the cities back then were afraid of the mountains. They thought God lived there. High in the mountains was the perfect hiding place for the brothers and the few who had survived for thousands of years without being detected by the other developing South American civilizations. But, as is the case, they were eventually discovered and destroyed. All except two. These two were recruited and helped in their escape by the other two of my mentors we call, Timothy and John.

Now, Grandkids, the world is going to call Grandpa crazy for presenting this information and claiming it is true. Yeah, the same fucked up hypocritical Christian fucks who actually believe in their scriptures that tell about the immortal John, the Beloved, and the immortal Three Nephites! These fucks believe that these four existed, God's word says that they did. But, for heaven sake, NO! It can't be true that they recruited your swearing, blasphemous grandfather to be their True Messenger and do their work! CAN'T BE TRUE!

But it's fucking true!

Because it's true, everything that the religious and scientific minded people believe is true, is fucking false!

And, Grandkids, there's an easy, *empirical*, way for you to know if it is true or not.

If someone has been around as long as these guys have been around, they would know things. They would know how human societies develop and what caused their destruction. They would know what economy and social structures developed that worked and what ones didn't. They would know how to solve worldwide poverty ... Don't ya think?

Go ahead,

Ask anyone you want ... anyone.

Ask the Pope, the Mormon Prophet, the Dali Lama, any other religious leader on Earth, of any religion. Ask them how poverty should be solved. Ask anyone who has studied economics, politics, business, or whatever bullshit they teach in colleges these days. Ask these how poverty should be ... how poverty can be solved.

Ask these supposed worldly successful and admired ones what they would do to change politics and set up a government that would work, that would eliminate poverty throughout the world *without* taking from the rich, *without* impeding anyone's free will.

They fucking don't know!

So how the fuck does your profanity-mouthed grandpa know? And unless you've studied The Humanity Party®, don't you even try to say that grandpa doesn't know. I fucking know! I was taught by four of the most intelligent and knowledgeable mortals that have ever lived on this FUBAR planet.

They also taught me what the book of Revelation's (in the Bible) symbolism means. They taught me what Joseph Smith's temple endowment means. They taught me so much fucking shit ... all good smelling ... that could change and save this world!

By the time you're reading this autobiography, you'll find all kinds of mean shit written about Grandpa on the Internet. People call me a murderer, a pedophile, a sexual predator, a terrorist, a fraud, a conman, a manipulator ... For fuck sakes, a backwoods, Idaho, Christian judge found me guilty in a civil suit of fraud and racketeering! (Of course, the fuck who countersued me for these things, after I sued him for defamation, can't prove any of his allegations ... but with the right Judge, you can prove anything. If it's proven in court, or rather, if a fucked up prejudice Judge thinks it's true, then it must be true. Right? Not!)

But what you will NOT read is any counter proposal to solve poverty or any logical proof that the plan that The Humanity Party® presents is not sound and the only way to do it! You will NOT read anything that even comes close to the explanation that I have given of the feared and esoteric book of Revelation! You will NOT read anything that logically and prudently confounds anything that Grandpa has shared with the world ... NOT A FUCKING THING!

And you will NEVER read anything that comes close to explaining who we are and why we exist like the things that your Ol' profane Grandpa explains ... not from my words ... God, I wish I was that smart ... but from the words and teachings of four ... yep, immortals.

These four will make themselves known in their own time, at a time when the world won't try to kill them for what they know. But for now, the only tool they have to teach the world what they know is your grandfather.

While I was driving that tractor all day near Minot, North Dakota, I was far from ready to be their True Messenger.

But what I did know then was that I had no right to ever condemn or judge another for what a person's mortal *dream experience* produced in their advanced mind. Until I became a True Messenger, I didn't try to change anyone's mind. I worked with what people believed, supported their idea of Santa Claus, and played in *their* game while I played my own.

Jackie never complained about anything ... ever. Jackie did what God wanted her to do. Yep, the God in which she still believed. Jackie's God was okay with me, because her god was the LDS/Mormon God that gave men the right to God's revelation and women the commandment to listen to men as they received God's revelations. I can't speak for why Jackie followed me all of

those years, but I knew her God well. Since Jackie was comfortable with following her God, I assumed she was comfortable following me.

Because I chose the life of a migrant worker, the migratory lifestyle kept Paula from seeing Brittany and Joshua. After I tried to get back with Paula before Jackie and I were married, even giving her custody of Brittany, whom she quickly gave back to me, she didn't try to see the kids until after we were married.

Paula's father was a Mormon Bishop. Paula was still a Mormon, I thought. I wrote her some bullshit letters about why I wasn't going to let her be involved in the kids' lives. The letters were based on Mormon belief, in which I still thought she believed. Paula and I were married and sealed forever in the Mormon Temple. She was mine forever. If she wanted to be with our children forever, she would have to be my wife in heaven along with Jackie. But what I didn't know at the time that I was trying to use Paula's Mormon beliefs against her in order to justify my new lifestyle, was that she was quickly figuring out that the LDS/Mormon religion was bullshit. I sincerely didn't know it at the time I tried to point out why it was more important for me to raise our kids with Jackie than with her and her *worldly ways*, which according to the Book of Mormon, were not the Mormon God's ways.

I'm sure all my moving around hurt Paula a lot. But she had made the choice not to be their mother. She had given up full custody and control to me. But what neither she nor I had anticipated, was my brain's *transfiguration*. She thought I had gone bonkers.

According to the fucked up world, I had.

After the wheat fields were planted in the Spring of 1989, I quit, loaded up the family and I decided to move to the Pacific Northwest near Seattle. I mentioned the LDS/Mormon fanatic friend whom I embraced after I had met one of my incognito mentors at the Defense Language Institute in Monterey, Jeff Thomas. It didn't work out too well reuniting with Kyle Williams, so I thought Jeff would be more receptive to the idea that the LDS/Mormon religion was bullshit. Jeff and his wife, Brenda, lived in Seattle, Washington.

So off went in an old car pulling an old trailer with all of our belongings.

On our way, we stopped in Utah. My family had become convinced that I had pretty much lost my mind since leaving the Church. We dressed like the Amish, for God's sake! What were these Mormons dressed in fine clothing and pursuing college degrees to make a lot of money in the world supposed to think?

Regardless of how we were living, both Jackie's and my family knew we were great parents who always took care of our kids and kept them safe. At the time, the summer of 1989, they did nothing to intervene in my new lifestyle. But I could tell they were very leery and uneasy with the idea. After we left Utah and settled in Seattle, I went to the government and changed my name so that my family wouldn't bother me and I could live more unmolested than my former life as a Nemelka. I took Jackie's name as my last and added "Abraham" as a middle name in a symbolic notion that God had changed my life ... Yep, the *true God* had.

I found Jeff and Brenda, and to my surprise, beer in hand, Jeff had already figured out that the LDS/Mormon Church was corrupt as hell. He was a Security Officer while I was. He was the one who told me about becoming a Security Officer. But Jeff took things completely differently than I did, he not having the same type of brain as I had. I went completely *unworldly* and Jeff went completely *worldly*. That was the end of our friendship. Jeff would later try to intervene in my life and save women from me. Yeah. Really! (I told you ... you can't trust any 'friend' ... not a one!)

We eventually made our way to Monroe, Washington in Snohomish County. I found an old Ford pickup with a camper on it for sale. I sold the old car and the trailer and bought the Ford and the camper in which we could live. We traveled up into the beautiful forest East of Monroe to a city called, Gold Bar. I noticed a huge lumber mill and stopped to see if it had any openings. It did. I was hired for \$10 per hour working on the *green line*. (That's where the newly cut lumber is separated into size and grade.)

When I got back into our truck after getting the job, Brittany had pulled her sweater over her face and Jackie was silent and sternly looking straight ahead. You could feel the tension.

“What's wrong, Sweetheart?” I gently asked Brittany.

“Jackie said she hates me,” she responded.

This took me by surprise. This was the first time that I was aware that there were problems between Jackie and Brittany. And I became annoyed and frustrated. I had just had a life with a stepmother that treated me like shit, and I wasn't about to let my little girl go through the same experience.

“You said what?” I raised my voice at Jackie. She said nothing.

“Don't you ever tell my daughter that you hate her! You can take Brandon and go back to your family! I will make you leave if you ever say that to Brittany again!”

Jackie never responded. And she never left.

Although she would have ample opportunity to leave me, Jackie never did. Her family, and my family would have gladly taken her away from me and supported her leaving me to my own *unworldly* lifestyle ... gladly!

Why Jackie never left me during all those years, and many more to come, is something that one would have to ask Jackie. The details of my life will reveal that in spite of my playing the game of polygamy for a short time, and doing all that I did, Jackie never left me. It wasn't until I told Jackie that we were done in December of 2000, that she finally moved on for good.

The very last thing I said to Jackie before leaving her was,

“Will you support me in doing this sealed portion thing?”

“Fuck no!” was her response.

And that was that.

I asked Jackie once, years later in 2006, when I was trying to see our kids, why she stayed with me all of those years. Her response:

“Because I was in love with you.”

How the fuck, Grandma Jackie, could you have loved a murderer, a pedophile, a sexual predator, a terrorist, a fraud, a conman, a manipulator???

But anyways ...

I got a job at a milk processing plant for the De Jong Dairy in Monroe, Washington. With my new name, I became a certified milk processor and held a pasteurizing license in the State of Washington. While living in the truck's camper, we would wash ourselves and use the processing plant's bathroom and hoses. I became the Assistant Manager of the plant and had won the full trust of the owner and the manager. I was making pretty good money.

Eventually, we found a small cabin between the small towns of Index and Baring, east of Monroe. The area was beautiful ... spectacular! Jackie and the kids loved that cabin. It was while we were at this cabin that Kyle Williams showed up out of the blue.

One of the customers that was associated with De Jong milk was Dan Bartelhiemer, a popular farmer in Snohomish, Washington. Dan had a farm store that he had on his property: Walt's Milk House. He would buy De Jong milk when he couldn't find enough for his products. Walt's Milk House was locally renown for its milk products. Dan had a small processing plant on his farm.

Dan had a huge farm (1500 acres plus). He was then growing seeds for spinach and beets, and grew potatoes, raising a few cows, among other things. I was bored after just a few months of managing the milk processing plant and asked Dan if I could move my family onto his farm and work for him. I was paid a lot less than I was making at the De Jong Dairy plant, but I didn't care about money. I cared more about personal liberty and living as I wanted to live ... completely unfettered (released from restraint or inhibition) and *unworldly*.

Dan basically turned over Walt's Milk House to me and Jackie to run and profit from. He asked only for 1% of the profits. Yeah. Really! Dan was a Christian, but unlike most hypocritical ones, also an incredible human being.

By this time, I had sold the Ford truck's camper and purchased a 17' travel trailer. Jackie was very pregnant with our second child. We parked the trailer in one of Dan's barns.

One morning, Brittany sweetly said, “Dad. There's a bunch of cows outside the window.”

Dan's cows had gotten out and were all in the barn. It was quite a sight to behold. There we were, living in a small trailer inside a barn surrounded by cows. On January 7, 1990, Caleb Marc Nemelka was born inside that barn. If anyone ever mocked Caleb for leaving a door or window open, saying, "Geez Caleb! Were you born in a barn?" Yep. He was.

Jackie's second delivery went pretty smooth, inside that small travel trailer in the barn, with Brittany, Joshua, and Brandon just a few feet away. They were still asleep when Jackie went into labor and never awoke during the delivery. Caleb never cried. I don't think the kid cried once while he was an infant. Unlike Brandon, who cried more than any of my kids, Caleb was quiet, too quiet. I once commented to Jackie that he might be deaf. But since Caleb always responded to sounds, we never thought much about him actually being deaf. I don't remember any time while he was an infant ever hearing Caleb crying.

After I delivered Caleb and laid him in Jackie's arms, I went to work delivering corn silage to Dan's customers. After making the deliveries and taking the receipts to Dan, he asked, "How's the family?"

"Jackie had a little boy this morning. We named him, Caleb," I said without any emotion.

"What? You delivered a baby this morning and you didn't tell us?! You went to work?"

I don't think there is anyone whom I have ever worked for that was more impressed by my unorthodox lifestyle than Dan Bartelheimer and his family. It was Dan and his wife who convinced the Snohomish County Sheriff in March of 1990, of my integrity and care for my family. Dan's testimony of the facts about me kept my father from getting me arrested, barely 2 months after Caleb was born.

Go ahead, Grandkids, ask Dan Bartelheimer, a very respected and popular man in his community ... in fact, at the time of this writing, he is the President of the Snohomish County Farm Bureau ... ask Mr. Bartelheimer if your grandpa did anything unbecoming or insane. Ask him if your grandpa was a murderer, a pedophile, a sexual predator, a terrorist, a fraud, a conman, a manipulator. My critics and enemies won't ask him. My critics and enemies don't want any information that would prove to the world that the facts of my life are what I am presenting in this autobiography and that I am who I claim to be.

My intent was to give my children the best opportunity to be happy while they lived in this mortal world. There isn't a wealthy person in this world who is *really* happy. There are more poor people who live less stressed than rich people do. I was hell bent on making sure my children were raised in poverty. The lower the expectations, the greater the chance for happiness. Jackie's family, my family, and Paula's family couldn't have disagreed more.

I knew how to *play the game of mortal life* ... better than anyone else ... except for four others whom I would come to know while living in Kent, Washington.

Now let's get to the specific details of how I met these four immortals ...

[March 21, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's Autobiography](#)[Edit](#)

#

## Chapter 25: True Messenger

Now we are at the time in Grandpa's autobiography when my own father tried to get me arrested in Snohomish, Washington. My own father would have killed me if he could have done so without being known or arrested himself for the crime. He had that much anger and hate towards me. But for what?

What made my own father become so upset that he would do anything possible to disrupt my life, put me in jail, take away my children, and yes, believe it or not, kill me if it were humanely possible. If my own father could muster that much hate to do this to his own son, you can imagine what the rest of the world would like to do to me.

What the hell did I do to warrant such a terrible reaction from my own father?

Grandkids, your own parents do not like me either. Not one of them has ever tried to sit with me for any length of time and get to know me. The few who have dealt with me after they became adults (who claim they love me because I'll always be their dad) was because they needed my *worldly* help, help that any child would expect from a *normal* father, if the father was able and willing to help. I would have helped any of your parents (my children), at any time. All they had to do was ask. You'll read about how I helped my own dad financially and in many other ways, even after he tried to get me arrested and treated me the way that he did. You will come to realize that a truly good person is not known for how he treats his family, friends, and loved ones, but for how he treats his enemies.

My parents, my siblings, my children, all of my ex wives, all those with whom I once shared a filial relationship are scared of me, or at the least, they are very uncomfortable with me.

But why?

What did I ever do that was so bad that my own father wanted to put me in jail? What did I ever do that made my own kids uncomfortable around me and want nothing to do with me ... which means that they don't want me to have anything to do with you (my grandchildren)?

Why do so many people hate me and want me to stop doing what I do?

What is it that I do?

You can sit in a room with all of the people whom I have known throughout my life ... and many who have never met me ... and ask them why they do not like me. I would love to be a fly on the wall in that room and listen to their answers. Unless they lie, none of them can ever say that I have physically harmed them, taken advantage of them (except for the waste of time ... according to their *perception* and *perspective* ... because *they chose* to be in my life), or in any other way abused them.

Although many have accused me of criminal activity and reported these alleged crimes to many United States law enforcement officials ... yep, to the CIA, FBI, Homeland Security, and every other state and local agencies ... not one time has any of these agencies found any evidence of me doing anything criminal. Oh, you can believe it that if any of these agencies could, they would have taken action.

Later in my autobiography you'll learn of Ida Smith, one of the most prolific and prominent LDS/Mormon women of her day. Ida was friends with some very powerful people in politics and religion. Ida found Grandpa and what I do. She read the books associated with what I do and it changed the perspective of her entire life forever (she was 77 when she found the MWA). Ida took the books to some of her best friends who were United States Senators and LDS/Mormon prophets, seers, and revelators, and told them that she had finally found the Real Truth, pleading with her friends to read the books that had changed her life.

Of course, none of them did.

So you can imagine what these powerful friends of hers did. Of course they were concerned for her! Wouldn't you be? Here's a lady who is as smart as a whip, doesn't take any crap from anyone, has been involved in conservative politics and religion her entire life, and has worked alongside of some men whom the world thinks are some of its best. She reads a couple of books and her entire *perception* and *perspective* changes (180 degrees); and then she tells these men whom the world looks to for wisdom and respects that they don't know shit about shit and that Christopher knows it all.

What do you think these men are going to do? They weren't about to sit back and let this unknown "parking garage guard" who used to work for the LDS/Mormon Church deceive their elderly friend.

Ida Smith was a member of the prestigious and honored Joseph and Hyrum Smith family. Ida would eventually make me the Executor and Beneficiary of her estate and set up an Irrevocable Trust dedicated solely to what Grandpa does.

If you had access to the upper echelons (levels, ranks) of the United States justice system, you'd ask for its help in saving your elderly friend. Right?

That's exactly what they did.

Your Ol' Grandad was investigated to the max. And nothing was found ... except one thing. The thing that made my own father want to hurt me ... the thing that keeps your parents (my children) from wanting to know me ... the thing that makes this world hate me: that thing that Grandpa does. The thing that Grandpa claims to be.

I am the world's ONLY True Messenger. There is no other person in this world (except for four others who remain incognito and hidden among the masses) who knows the Real Truth about all things: how things *really* were in the past, how things *really* are in the present, and how things *really* will be in the future.

Now, this claim alone surely wouldn't have caused my father, my kids, and so many other to hate me. If I claimed this of myself, alone, I might be seen as a bit bonkers in the head, but no one would pay any significant attention to what I do, nor be threatened by the claims that I make. Others would have paid little attention to my ramblings, or to any book that I might have published.

Maybe they might have listen to my ramblings and read my books, but upon so doing, they might have smiled and said to themselves, "Oh, Christopher's a bit bonkers in the head. Nothing he says makes any sense, so what harm is he doing being bonkers?"

God, how I wish I were bonkers! God, how I wish that the things that I teach did not make sense! God, how I wish that I was not the ONLY True Messenger upon Earth!

God, God, God, how I wish that my brain wasn't fucked with on June 16, 1987!

If I didn't make any sense, no one would pay attention to me.

Ida Smith certainly wouldn't have thrown her entire respected, prolific life under the bus and make Grandpa the Executor and Benefactor of all of her worldly possessions! And there are others like Ida, albeit very few. There are others who are renown in their own sphere, respected by their own family and friends, seen as worldly successful at what they do, who found Grandpa and his message and changed their entire *perception* and *perspective* on life.

(Always keep in mind why Grandpa often uses and *italicizes* these two important words: *perception* and *perspective*. Your *perception* of things is your ability to see, hear, or become aware of something through your senses; while your *perspective* of things is the particular attitude toward or way of regarding something [your point of view] that you have made of what you *perceive* (i.e., experience through your senses.)

Grandpa is blamed for destroying families, destroying lives. Grandpa is blamed for people leaving the security of their religion and causing a once staunch believer in religion to not believe in God. Grandpa is blamed for a lot of things.

But what the fuck did your grandpa actually do?

I published books that contained information. People read the information and changed their *perception* and *perspective*. They changed how they saw things and the opinions that they made upon seeing things. The information that Grandpa gave them "opened their eyes, unstopped their ears, healed the lame way that they were walking down an erroneous path." Yep, Ol' Grandpa symbolically did what the Christian mythological Jesus did: Grandpa healed people.

There it is!

Grandpa claims that he is Jesus.

No.

Grandpa claims that the story of Jesus was a myth.

But, for God's sake! Many others claim the same thing but they're not hated and persecuted for saying it. Why do so many hate me?

Regarding Christianity, this answer is simple: Grandpa has used the Jesus story in his message to first, open the minds of Christians, then once the information from Grandpa is in their minds, it logically proves that Jesus wasn't a real person. This shit pisses off the Christians!

Christians hate Grandpa because what he has published makes more sense than any other Christian book or scripture. And when a Christian reads Grandpa's stuff and is thoroughly convinced that Jesus was not a real person, the Christian's family and friends are going to hate the guy who convinced the Christian to change his or her *perspective* on Christianity.

If Christianity were true, Grandpa would certainly be a Messenger of the devil ... an Anti-Christ. Right?

But again, what did Grandpa actually do? I simply put out information. Had the information that I have put out in my message not made any sense, or had I presented the information's source as coming from my own head, then I wouldn't be hated and persecuted so much for being bonkers, or for being the devil's messenger.

But Grandpa makes a lot of sense! Grandpa can win any debate ... ABSOLUTELY ANY DEBATE ... held on any question of religion, politics, or regarding who we are and why we exist. Most who have tried to debate me on any of these issues end the debate by getting angry at Grandpa and ending the debate. But in most cases, once one has studied Grandpa's books and listened to some of Grandpa's videotaped events, most shy away from attempting the debate.

Jack and Jill are married. Jill looks to Jack as a man who knows a lot and from whom Jill can be assured a competent answer to most questions. Jill gives Jack a lot of value. Jack feels really good that Jill listens to him and gets all of her answers about life from him. Jack is pretty smart, but he can't answer all of Jill's questions, however.

Jill starts reading some things that answer questions that Jack can't answer. When Jill accepts the answers that she finds out by reading some things, and tries to tell Jack that she has found the answers to the questions that he cannot answer for her, Jack feels devalued.

Feeling devalued, Jack does what most men do: get angry and frustrated. Jack wants to know what Jill is reading to find her answers ... answers that he can't give her. Jill tells him that she is reading some books she found in her search on the Internet. Jack finds out what books are giving Jill the answers.

Since the answers make so much sense to Jill, and Jack cannot confound the answers she is finding outside of her relationship and reliance on Jack for the answers, Jack doesn't make any

attempt to give better answers ... because he can't. The only thing left for Jack to do is to find out who is giving these answers and do everything that he can to demean the answer-giver and prove to Jill that she shouldn't be accepting any of these answers ... even though they make perfect sense ... because the answer-giver is a monster, a deceiver, a manipulator, a pedophile, a sexual predator, a murderer. He's been in jail so he must be bad. A judge found him to be bad, and judges are always right ... cough, cough.

"Look at all this proof that I found about this answer-giver, Jill!" screams Jack.

"How can you believe anything that this guy says! Look at the facts about him! There's documentation online! There's things about him online ... all of which prove that he is a monster who is out to deceive you!"

Grandkids, the above hypothetical situation of Jack and Jill has happened hundreds of times in regards to Grandpa and what he does. It happened to Ida Smith.

Once Ida began telling her family and friends about the books she was reading, her concerned family and friends looked up all the information that they could about Grandpa. They found a lot. None of which was good. They showed it to Ida Smith. Ida had only one response to her concerned family and friends: "Show me where he is wrong."

None of Ida's family or friends would read the books and try to understand what changed her mind.

One of Ida's best friends, the late U.S. Senator, Robert "Bob" Bennett, to whom Ida hand-delivered *The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon and 666, The Mark of America, Seat of the Beast—The Apostle John's New Testament Revelation Unfolded*, wrote a lengthy dissertation (long essay) to her about the Book of Mormon. Bennett included his personal testimony of the Book of Mormon and tried to use scripture and his own logic to prove the fact that the Lord would not choose anyone who was not a leader of the Church to publish the sealed part of the gold plates (the Book of Mormon is the *unsealed* part of the plates).

Here is part of Ida's response to Bennett:

"I hope that my response to you is considered with the love in which it is intended ... While your concern is heartfelt and much appreciated Bob, I must ask if you have read any of the books that I gave you. If you have, please feel free to point out any part of these books that the Lord would not endorse and support. ... You state that the Lord would not call Christopher to translate the sealed part of the plates because he isn't a church leader, and he is an apostate. I would point out the scripture in the Book of Mormon that talks about Samuel the Lamanite and the prophet Abinadi. Neither of these men were leaders of the Church, but the Lord called them to go to the Church and call it and its leaders to repentance. Am I correct that Nephi was the prophet and leader of God's church at the time that Samuel the Lamanite was called to go to the people and tell them to repent? Am I correct to say that King Noah and his High Priests were the leaders of God's true church at that time? ... Bob, you well know me. I do not fall for anything that I have not considered and studied extensively. ... I have read some of the things about Christopher

written on the internet [*sic*]. I have not read them all. But I have also read much more about the prophet Joseph Smith that was not true of what I personally know about him. ... While I appreciate the concern that you and others have for me and the new decisions I have made to my life, I can only lovingly ask that you read the books with a sincere heart and real intent, as I have. Once you have, please feel free to contact me again about your feelings. ... Your Dear Friend of many years, Ida.”

Bob Bennett never contacted or talked to Ida again.

Once Dan Bartelheimer had turned over Walt’s Milk House to me to run in January of 1990, and after Caleb Marc was born, I asked my youngest brother, James, if he wanted to come and work on the farm and earn a little money. James came and worked for a bit. While around James, I talked to him about his LDS/Mormon beliefs, particularly about the Book of Mormon. James didn’t know much about his religion, or about the Book of Mormon. I would later learn that he was kind of freaked out with my new lifestyle and my insistence that he read the Book of Mormon. James didn’t stay very long.

While I was growing up, I never saw my dad read the Book of Mormon. He read countless western books, especially Louis L’Amour books. My dad didn’t know much about the scriptures while we were growing up. The Church taught us that the Book of Mormon was the most important book we could read and study, yet Dad never read it. I remember commenting to my father when I was about 13 years-old, “Dad, you read all those western books but you don’t read the Book of Mormon. Why?”

“Don’t you have something to do?” Dad responded frustrated.

After leaving my employment with the LDS/Mormon Church in February of 1988 and making our way to Snohomish, Washington, the only thing that my family knew was that I had experienced something while working in the Salt Lake City LDS Temple that made me quit the Church. The only thing I ever said was that the Lord told me during a special event that the Church was corrupt. I think I mentioned that I wanted to live a more Christ-like, righteous lifestyle that I knew God wanted us to live ... something like that. Not once did I ever tell my family, or anyone else, that God had called me to be a prophet or to any special mission. As I mentioned, I let people believe whatever they wanted.

But the things that I did say, although few, made a lot of sense. Although my family thought I was bonkers, they did not do anything to stop me or intervene in my new chosen lifestyle at the time. Maybe when James spent the few days that he did with me on the Snohomish farm ... maybe he went back and told the family I was bonkers and a religious fanatic. I don’t know. But I do know what happened next.

After James had left, I contacted my dad and told him that if he and Gloria were looking for a new employment opportunity, they could move to Snohomish and take over Walt’s Milk House and run it while I worked at other jobs for Dan Bartelheimer. For some reason, my dad was eager to have a new employment opportunity.

I told Dad a little about how the store was set up. He said that he would put some things together and come to Washington and setup the store. A few days later, Dad came with a trailer full of things with which to stock the store. I let my dad do what he wanted to the store, hoping that he would benefit from it and make it a good thing for him and Gloria.

My dad was there for only a few days at the beginning of March when the following took place:

I was working the cash register in the store with Brittany. At only 6 years-old, Brittany was taking money and giving correct change to customers. Dressed in her Amish getup and beautiful blond hair and blue eyes, customers loved coming into the store and watching Brittany work. At this particular time, both Brittany and Joshua were with me and their grandpa tending the store. While Brittany was at the cash register, Joshua was helping his grandpa stock the shelves. Joshua loved his grandpa ... a lot.

A woman came into the store and asked to see Jackie.

“Who are you? I am her husband,” I responded.

“I am the Relief Society President from the local LDS Ward. We were given Jackie’s name and address and told that she wanted us to stop by and see her.”

“No. I doubt that. I am her husband and we are no longer members of the Church and want nothing to do with the Church. If you have anything to tell Jackie, you can tell me.” I responded, probably not that nicely.

At this point I told Brittany to go find Jackie and have her come up to the store. The barn in which we lived was a ways off.

“Well, her family in Utah seems to think that Jackie wants us to check in on her. They contacted the Church and asked us to.”

This took me by surprise, and for a moment I wondered if Jackie had contacted her family behind my back.

“Jackie is not interested in the Church,” I continued.

“Can I talk to her?” the lady persisted.

During this encounter my father was listening while stocking and rearranging the shelves.

“No. Whatever you have to say to her you can say to me,” I responded a bit more sternly.

The lady left the store.

My father immediately rushed me, got in my face, and started yelling at me, spit flying in my face:

“You are not a prophet! You are not Abinadi! You are not anyone! You are Chris Nemelka!”

I thought he was going to punch me.

Little Joshua hugged my leg throughout the entire incident on the verge of tears as he witnessed his beloved grandpa treat his beloved father with hate, anger, and possible violence. I believe that the only thing that kept my dad from punching me in the face was that little Joshua was hugging my leg.

I didn't move a muscle. I smiled at my dad and calmly said,

“Dad, take your stuff off the shelves and leave. Now.”

He didn't argue. Left the store. He backed his trailer and car up to the store's front doors and loaded up most of what he had put in the store. He never said a word.

Jackie came in the store with Brittany, Brandon, and baby Caleb. My father didn't acknowledge them. He loaded up his stuff and drove away.

I told Jackie about the lady. She said that her family wouldn't have contacted the Church about her. She had always told her family that she was happy and fine and would never leave me.

I remember thinking, “What the hell just happened?” I really didn't understand what was going on with my dad.

A few days later, I found out what a future LDS/Mormon Bishop and staunch member of the Church was capable of doing. As I explained in a previous chapter, my father came back to Washington, contacted the local Sheriff and tried to get me arrested and thrown in jail.

Immediately after my father, Paula, and her father (Paula and her dad had come with my father to take Brittany and Joshua from Jackie once the Sheriff had arrested me) were commanded by the Snohomish County Sheriff to leave his county and never return or he would arrest them, I called my brother Cory.

“Cory, this is Chris. Do you know anything about what Dad just did trying to get me arrested?” I asked incredulously.

“You're a false prophet!” he yelled into the phone. Yeah. Really!

Those were some of the last words that Cory ever spoke to me.

When *The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon* was published October of 2004 and put online, Cory began to troll\* me relentlessly. He was ruthless, mean, and persistent.

\**Troll*: one who posts a deliberately provocative message to a newsgroup or message board with the intention of causing maximum disruption and argument.

At the time Cory was trolling me online, I could have destroyed his logic and made him look like a fool for what he was saying. Like my father, Cory didn't know scripture, and I could have made him look like the biggest jerk and ignorant fool using his own religious beliefs to discount everything that he was saying. But I didn't. I responded briefly to his rants but not with the same meanness he was using to troll me.

In 2016, at my dad's and Gloria's 50th Wedding Anniversary, I smiled, approached Cory and gave him a hug. He didn't quite know how to respond.

I never ... not once ... treated my father, my brothers, or anyone else for that matter like they treated me. Why? Because I knew the Real Truth about who we are and why we exist. I've been trying to explain this Real Truth throughout this autobiography. I knew that each of our mortal experiences are exactly what our personal God wants from us, as far as it is possible ... our "personal God" responsible for the involuntary *dream experience* of people are living upon this Earth as mortals.

Although I wouldn't coin the phrase until many years later, I knew ...

Everyone is right. Which makes everyone wrong.®

Cory was right. My dad was right. The Relief Society President that came into Walt's Milk House was right. Dan Balterheimer, a devout Christian, was right. Everyone with whom I associated was right. And I always treated them like they were right. But I knew in my heart, that the things that they believed about religion, about life, even about themselves was wrong ... completely wrong. But at this time, it wasn't my role to point this out to them.

At no time from June 1987 to March of 1990, when my father tried to get me arrested, did I ever mention that I was called and chosen to translate the sealed portion of the gold plates. I do think that in some conversations I might have implied that if the Lord wanted someone to do it, I'd do it.

Although I can't remember all of what I told my family were the reasons for which I left the Church, I know that I never put myself up as a chosen prophet, of any kind. I simply wanted to be left alone to live my new life with Jackie and my children ... yes, to raise my children in poverty and instill in them the ability to see failure in this life as success. It was my desire to help my children ... no one else at the time ... learn the Real Truth that I knew about who they are and why they exist.

Just a few days after my father left, I told Dan and his wife that we needed to move on so that my family would leave us alone. The Balterheimers were still reeling from what my dad had done. They couldn't understand it. Although they knew that the LDS/Mormons were pretty weird in what Mormons believed, Dan and his wife could not understand how or why a father would do to his son what my dad had tried to do to me. Dan paid me extra wages and sent me and my family on our way. He and his wife tearfully watch us pull away from their farm with our little travel trailer pulled by our old Ford truck. (I had previously sold the camper to buy a travel trailer.)

I figured that if we moved to somewhere downtown Seattle, my family wouldn't be able to find us and bug us. We ended up in Kent, Washington. I found a job at a metal manufacturing place and went to work. We put the travel trailer at public parks or wherever we could. I saw an old 30 foot school bus for sale, bought it for \$700, gutted the travel trailer and used its parts to make a new home for Jackie, Brittany, Joshua, Brandon, and baby Caleb. I loved that school bus. I used ordinary house paint and painted the entire bus, including windows, white.

One of my co-workers at the manufacturing plant saw our poor living conditions and asked his mother if we could park our bus at her house. I can't remember her name, but she raised flowers and bees and sold them to the public. She had a home along a very busy street in Kent, Washington. She let us park our bus behind her home. (I still had the Ford truck that I used to go back and forth to work, but I eventually sold it and bought an old Dodge Charger ... fastest car I've ever owned.) She let us sell her honey on the road. Brittany would patiently sit for hours upon end waiting for someone to stop and buy some honey from her. No one ever did. The street was too busy. But there she was, now barely seven years-old, sitting along side the road ... for hours alone ... trying to sell honey.

Brittany was my little girl. We were as close as any father/daughter could possibly be. Joshua was very close to Jackie, too, having known no other mother but Jackie for the first years of his life. Brandon was growing up and I could see that he was a bit different than the other kids. Brandon was incredibly loving and very, very smart for a child. Brandon and I bonded well, and he was very close to his older brother, Joshua. As I mentioned, Caleb was the best baby I had ever known, hardly ever crying. Caleb's personality was unique also. Caleb held a sense of humor close to mine. Caleb would grow to be the family clown, and also close to me. My kids meant more to me than anything in the world.

Jackie was the best mother any father could ask for. I loved Jackie the best I knew how. Not once did I ever consider ... at this time ... leaving her for anyone else.

I quit my job at the metal manufacturing company and started my own business: CAS Maintenance and Property Management. "CAS" stood for either "Chris and Sons" (as I wanted my boys to help me someday), or for the initials I was using with my new chosen name, Christopher Abraham Stohl ... Jackie's maiden name was Stoll. My family knew of my change of name. This was possibly another reason why my Dad was so upset. But it was true that I changed my name to no longer be Christopher Nemelka. I was a new person now. Nemelka was all about worldly success and notoriety. My new name reflected my desire to live completely detached from the world. I no longer valued the Nemelka name and would have continued to use the new name for the rest of my life, if it wasn't for something that was about to happen in my life in April of 1991.

I had no idea that the name Christopher Nemelka was actually chosen for me; that others wanted me to always go by my birth name so that I could help them do their work.

You see, *their work* is the thing that Grandpa started doing that makes people hate me so much.

God! Had I only stayed with Jackie and lived as Christopher Stohl the remainder of my life!

But “God” had other plans for me ... plans that included the reason why “God” *transfigured* my brain a few years before.

CAS Maintenance and Property Management had various clients. One was a Real Estate and Property Management office located in Kent. I would contract to do the maintenance work on their rentals and fix up houses before the houses were put on the market. The receptionist at one of these offices was Joy Church. Finding out about our situation, Joy talked with her husband, Rick, and offered their expansive backyard to park our bus. I have never met a couple quite like Rick and Joy Church. Their kindness, compassion, and incredible nature was more than exemplary. These two were amazing!

Without charging us any rent, we parked our bus at the Church’s home where there was plenty of space to grow a huge garden and let the kids play. We found the right place for our bus on their property and parked it, for what I assumed at the time, would be many years of joyful living.

It was always my intent to homeschool the kids until a certain age, around sixth grade, then enroll them in public school, but still as Amish-dressed, poor kids, so that they would still learn the lessons of inequality and marginalization from firsthand experience.

Jackie was an incredible wife, mother, and teacher. Brittany’s reading ability was far beyond anyone her age. We had a television in the bus but hardly ever watched it. I would tell the kids stories or read books to them every night. We went through the entire *Little House on the Prairie* series. Brittany would bring me the book every night and I would read to the kids until they fell asleep. Then I would love Jackie. I thought she was the most incredible woman in the world ... perfect for Christopher Abraham Stohl.

Once we were final in a place that we both felt was perfect for our situation, we started to get into a routine. Jackie was always at home watching the children while I was at work. When I would come home, the kids would rush the car and jump all over me ... Brittany leading the way and little Caleb, who could barely walk, in Jackie’s arms to greet me.

This was the perfect life for me.

At this time I knew that because of what Paula had done with my dad (lied to get me arrested) she was not good for the kids. Now I had a good reason to keep the kids from her. After the failed arrest attempt, Paula would later tell me that she never expected to see the kids again until they were older and looked for her. Had I remained Christopher Abraham Stohl, I would have never tried to let the kids see Paula, fearing another terrible episode. If they wanted to find and know her when they were adults, that would be fine with me, as my job to raise them would be over.

Barely a year would pass after the Sheriff incident, before I would finally understand why “God” had fucked up my brain like it was.

I was supposed to be Christopher Marc Nemelka ... the ONE AND ONLY TRUE MESSENGER for this world.

Yeah. Really!

I mentioned in a previous chapter how I was working on installing the plumbing in a house when I was approached by a couple of guys. At first I thought they were looking for work. Then they introduced me to a couple other guys. Then they told me who they were and that they had been following me ever since June of 1987.

Following me for what? Why? Why wait so long to introduce themselves to me?

They informed me that they had to wait and see how I was going to use the knowledge of Real Truth that I had been given. What was I going to do with it? Would I use it to aggrandize myself, to make money from it, to put myself above others as an important person? For four years they watched me and observed incognito and from afar how I would respond to certain situations. They wanted to see how I would use my free will with the Real Truth that I was given.

They instructed me not to say anything to Jackie about meeting them. I had spent about a week with them during the course of my regular business. They would help me for free. In fact, they would give me money out of their own pocket. After a few days, they asked me to go away with them for a few days.

I went home and informed Jackie that I had to go somewhere. I didn't tell her where.

They took me to Montana and told me to make things right with Paula. They showed me a piece of property that they had found in Victor, Montana, a short distance from where Paula's grandparents lived in Stevensville. They instructed me to let Paula see Brittany and Joshua and do everything according to the law so that I could help them.

Help them do what?

They had explained who they were. They did not introduce themselves as the Three Nephites or John the Beloved, or I would have known from the start that they were lying to me. They have never ... not once ... ever lied to me ... EVER! I know their real names. I know where they live, how they live, and what they do. I know that they have never lied to me because they trust me implicitly (completely).

They explained what they wanted from me. They introduced the idea of fulfilling Book of Mormon prophecy about its sealed portion, as well as all of the other prophetic things mentioned in the Book of Mormon. Through me, they were going to fulfill all their Book of Mormon prophecy.

They explained the details behind the Book of Mormon, how they approached Thomas Jefferson first, and when Jefferson wouldn't get on board with them, they found a popular Christian preacher and writer, Ethan Smith, to help them. Ethan Smith (no relation to Joseph Smith) didn't agree with the way that they wanted to effectuate a change in the Christians mindset by

introducing new scripture. Rejected by both of these men, they knew of a young teenager who claimed to have been contacted by God and taught many truths.

They knew of Joseph Smith, Jr.'s brain *transfiguration* the same way that they knew about mine: through highly advanced technology that they carried with them from the ancient past ... technology that wasn't available to Joseph Smith, but would be available in my day: cell phone technology that could track a person through their DNA profile. (This incredible shit is coming soon to this world.)

Basically, they convinced me that the only way that the world was going to change is if we could change what people think by utilizing the way that made them think the way that they do. In order to change a person's *perspective* on things, they taught me how they were going to present things according to a person's *perception* on things.

Those few who control this world have one *perception* of things: God and religion. They explained how they were going to use this *perception* to create a new *perspective*. This was exactly why they had created the Book of Mormon through Joseph Smith. Their intent was to get the early European-American Christians to change their *perspectives*, first about the dark-skinned native Americans and the Africans, and then about poverty and inequality.

In order to convince people that no one upon Earth should be living in poverty, the people in power, who control politics and religions that form and support economic systems, must be convinced that all people on Earth are equal in God's eyes ... at least the God in which the Christian nation of early Americans believed.

Their Book of Mormon had failed. Its *failsafe* was its sealed portion. Joseph Smith, Jr. helped them publish the Book of Mormon, and was murdered because of it. They wanted me to help them publish its *failsafe*.

"And get fucking murdered, too?" I remembered asking them. (They've never had a problem with my profane mouth, but have counseled me to tone it down at times.)

They explained to me that they would protect me at all costs ... also in fulfillment of what they prophesied in their Book of Mormon, which was plagiarized directly from the Bible (Isaiah).

Check out this important clue about their True Messenger and *their* work, a Marvelous Work and a Wonder®:

"For in that day, for my sake shall the Father work a work, which shall be a great and a marvelous work among them; and there shall be among them those who will not believe it, although a man shall declare it unto them. But behold, the life of my servant shall be in my hand; therefore they shall not hurt him, although he shall be marred because of them. Yet I will heal him, for I will show unto them that my wisdom is greater than the cunning of the devil." (3 Nephi 21:9-10.)

Now, the modern LDS/Mormons might try to convince you that the above prophecy was about Joseph Smith, Jr. Nope! Joseph was more than “marred because of them.” Joseph was more than hurt! He was murdered!

This clue was all about the guy who would bring forth the sealed portion and perform “a great and a marvelous work among them.”

They asked your bat-shit crazy Grandpa, Christopher Marc Nemelka, not Christopher Stohl, to be their guy. And it is more than true, that over the years since this first meeting, I have been “marred because of them” many times, not only by my family, but by the court system of partial and prejudiced Christians judges who don’t like the things that I do ... like tell them that their Jesus is actually from the devil. Yep.

They have protected me for many years now. They have involved themselves with others to support and protect me. Working behind the scenes, these four immortals have “work[ed] a work, which shall be a great and a marvelous work among [the people of Earth.] They have explained the perfect plan for eliminating poverty, which in turn will decrease inequality among humans until there can be peace upon Earth.

Their “wisdom is [so fucking] great[er] than the cunning of [my enemies and critics].”

My life has always been in their hand. They have protected me and will continue to protect me so that I am not hurt, or killed, until I have completed the role which they asked me to do in April of 1991.

We drove to Columbia Falls, Montana.

They knew where Paula and her new husband, Carl Ladenburg lived. While they waited in the car, I knocked on the front door. Paula and Carl were stunned to see me standing there. Paula had just had another child, a daughter, Alyssa. She was holding Alyssa when I explained to them that I wanted to fix things and let them see Brittany and Joshua whenever they wanted. I told them about my plans to move to Victor, Montana, and that they could come and see the kids anytime and take them to Paula’s grandparents’ house nearby, or take them according to the normal visitation rights outlined by the courts.

(My mentors always reminded me to obey the law and court order in all things ... something that when I didn’t do, caused me to be “marred because of them” ... oh fuck ... But anyways.)

I told Paula and Carl Ladenburg where we were living in Kent, Washington and that they could come anytime to see the kids. I asked if I could hold Alyssa. I did. We ended the meeting with smiles and hugs. I felt really good about making amends with Paula. It was never my intention to keep the kids from her ... as long as she acted in the best interests of the kids, as I thought their best interests should be.

My mentors had convinced me that Paula should always be an important part of Brittany's and Joshua's life. I accepted their offer to be their True Messenger, so I did what they asked of me ... at first.

We drove back to Kent, Washington and I said goodbye to the Brothers (a name I would come to call them throughout the years). They returned to Montana to see about the place where they wanted me to stay, build a house, and become situated in order to help them.

Jackie had no idea where I had gone for the last couple of days. When I told her that I had gone to Montana and met with Paula, her face turned as white as a ghost. She did not understand. I couldn't explain it to her. But as Jackie always did, she trusted me.

Over the next few years, I would leave Jackie periodically. She never knew where I went. Now she does. Jackie's one of my enemies and critics now. But she cannot deny that I would take off for short periods of time, never explaining where I was going. Now she knows, whether she believes it or not.

Grandkids, people hate me because everything that I represent destroys the things that bring them value and give them purpose in life. When I claim to be the ONLY True Messenger on planet Earth ... and this is true even though there are four other mortals who know what I know ... they aren't messengers ... they don't deliver a message ... only I do ...

When I claim to be the only one who knows the Real Truth, then all the "Jacks" in the world who think they know something, to whom all the "Jills" in the world look for answers, lose considerable value and self-worth. If what I say is true, then what they say is false.

The Real Truth is:

Everything about this current world is wrong. There should not be any families. There should not be genders. There should not be sex. And there most certainly should not be money and economic disparity that makes it hard for a human to live upon Earth and exercise their individual free will. (All this will be explained in detail in their final book, *The Dream of Mortal Life, Understanding Reality—A Final Warning to the Human Race.*)

When you die, you will find out who you REALLY are. The *real you* is the same person you were before you connected to a mortal brain and started *dreaming* the experience of mortal life. This *real you* was not gendered before the mortal you was born. This *real you* will not be gendered after you wake up from this *mortal dream*. This *real you* does not belong to any family unit, except the one to which 15.07 billions of others belongs. Once you get this Real Truth through your head your mind might finally open up enough to start understanding some very important things about this fucked up world.

The *real you* is and has always been the most important and significant person in your reality. But when you are conscious as a mortal, you have lost this sense of your *real self*. In this world you are far from the most important and significant person ... at least that's what you feel and have been taught. Not knowing this fact about yourself and not being treated by yourself or by

others that you are this most important and significant person, your natural tendencies will always lead you to do things that make you *feel* like you're the most important and significant person in your reality.

We *feel* this inclusion and importance when we isolate ourselves to a family unit. A family makes us feel like we are the most important and significant person in the world, at least as part of our family unit.

We *feel* important and significant when we think that others are looking at us as important and significant. We strive to be the best, to be educated, to do something good in this world. We want to change the world for the better. With this hope, we transmit emotions that make us feel important and significant.

Everything that we do in this life, everything that we believe, is a product of our *true self's* brain creating an experience that supports its *true reality*. If we lived in a world where everyone was just as important and significant as everyone else, none of us would be doing things that help us feel important and significant. Like little children, we would feel like the most important and significant person in the room.

Our *True Self's* advanced brain is reacting to its connection to the platform responsible for generating the connective nature of our mutual experience. Instead of finding peace and enjoying every moment of our mortal existence upon Earth, we are in a constant battle for self-recognition and to be valued as important and significant. We cleave to our family, we love our sport teams, we love our entertainers, we love to listen to songs, we love all the things that make us feel like we are a part of something bigger than ourselves ... because alone, without these things, we do not feel significant, we do not feel important.

Our religions make us feel important and significant.

God loves us. Jesus loves us. God is aware of us and listens to our prayers. If God listens to our prayers, then God gives evidence that we are important and significant, in spite of what the world does, in spite of how others treat us. When we feel like we are not important and significant in the world, we can turn to family, to God. We can watch our favorite team. We can go to our favorite concert. We can listen to our favorite music. We can watch our favorite movie. We can do lots of things that artificially gives us these feelings of value, a feeling that we belong and are important and significant.

We crave these things because we are!

Little children don't give a shit in what family they exist as long as they are loved, fed, and treated like they're the most important and significant person in the family. While they're little children they feel this way. Children learn what makes them important and significant. They learn what this current mortal life offers them as things that will make them important and significant.

Children are not taught who they *really* are and why they *really* exist. How can they be?

Their entire mortal experience is an involuntary *dream experience* generated in their advanced brain. And currently, there is nothing about this world that generates an equal feeling for all participants ... like it did when we were little children ... that each of us is equally valued and just as important and significant as everyone else.

I threaten the very things that give my father his value and purpose.

Here is a recent picture of the Michael James Nemelka's family (2018):



(Missing from the above are my eldest Brother, Michael James Nemelka, II and most of his kids, and me and all of my kids.)

My father believes that this comprises his eternal family. He believes that he is the Patriarch of this family; that his priesthood power and authority gives him the right and the privilege to forever be surrounded by these people.

My dad sits in the middle in the blue shirt. My brother, Cory, sits to my dad's immediate left, in the blue.

Is it any wonder, with what I know, and what is delivered in the message of my mentor's "great and a marvelous work," that these two men would hate me and be very uncomfortable with me?

Is it any wonder why they *must* believe that my mentors do not exist, that somehow, the devil entered my brain and has deceived me?

None of those pictured above have much importance and significance to this world. But to the Nemelka family, they do. All of these people in the above picture are not who they *really* are. When each dies, they will awaken as the incredible advanced humans who they *really* are: each equal, each significant, each as they have always been, each as they will always be ... mortal worlds that were supposed to be without end.

I am not their son. I am not their brother. I am not their uncle. I am not their father. I am not your grandfather.

My dad was right. I am not Abinadi. I am not a prophet.

I am Christopher Marc Nemelka, the world's ONE AND ONLY TRUE MESSENGER!

This is why so many people hate your grandfather.

[March 25, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's AutobiographyEdit](#)

#

## Chapter 26: A Marvelous Work and a Wonder®

Carl and Paula Ladenburg came to Kent, Washington, to visit just a few days after I had made amends with them. They came to our bus located in Rick and Joy Church's backyard. Brittany was still scared of Paula from the events that happened in Snohomish just a year before.

While with my dad and her dad trying to get me arrested, Paula asked the Sheriff if she could see Brittany and Joshua while she was there. The Sheriff asked me and I didn't have any problem with her seeing the kids, as there were all kinds of law enforcement (on my side) on hand to prevent them from illegally taking the kids.

Brittany wanted nothing to do with Paula at that time. She hid in a corner of the Bartelhiemer home and cried, shaking with abject fear of the situation that was unfolding. The Sheriff did not press the issue, and certainly didn't force a six-year old to see a mother whom Brittany thought was trying to take her from her father by force of gun! Yeah, really! By force of gun!

You can imagine the mental trauma inflicted on little Brittany and Joshua when their grandfathers showed up with their estranged mother with men in uniforms ... with guns! It was the stupidest thing that Paula could have done to our young children, but it certainly wouldn't be the last stupid thing that she and her new husband, Carl Ladenburg, would do to these innocent kids, who wanted nothing more out of life than happiness.

Paula had given up custody of the kids without any doubt that she was doing the right thing ... for her. She knew I was a loving and caring father who could raise the kids better than she ever could. I wanted to believe that she had given up the kids because she thought about the kids over her own selfish interests, knowing the type of father that I was. I probably would have kept that thought ... that she always put the kids' needs above her own ... had the Snohomish incident not happened.

How could she put our children through that kind of drama?

For the same reason that my own father did. Neither my father, Paula, nor any other member of my family ever ... not once ... asked me what I was doing, and more importantly, *why* I was doing it. I'm sure the only way that they could deal with me abandoning the religion that they were convinced was God's only true church was to believe that I had gone bonkers. And if they believed that I had gone bonkers, then they felt justified in trying to take the kids from me.

I suppose, in a way, I kind of did go bonkers, but not by choice, but because of the *transfiguration* that happened to my brain on June 16, 1987. But anyway, in spite of my bonkerness, I was a great father. I believe that this is why Jackie married me when she came to know me as a single dad, and was the reason why she stayed with me throughout the years (1987 to 2000) in spite of what my bonkerness did to her own life.

But anyways ...

When they came to Kent, Washington at my invite, I had no problem letting Paula and Carl Ladenburg take Brittany and Joshua wherever they wanted, whenever they wanted. I had no thought that they would run with the kids at this time. I believed that Paula had learned a strong legal lesson from the Snohomish County Sheriff. But more importantly was the impact that my recruiters had on my decision to make amends with Paula. I didn't think they would have me do something that would not be right for me.

Had I stayed in Washington, a much more liberal State than Montana, I believe that law would have always been on my side. But the law is only as good and strong as the judge that oversees it, and the attorneys that abuse the fuck out of it, say that the law is. And wait until you read later about what a Montana judge and a bunch of well-paid Montana attorneys did to the law and justice. Wait until you read what Paula allowed to happen to our children, again ... about the extraordinary emotional trauma that she put them through.

Grandkids, you're going to read about what happened to Brittany and Joshua as kids and it is going to make you wonder about Grandma Paula and why she allowed these things to happen to them if she truly loved them and wanted what was in their best interests.

Paula would maliciously use the law in Montana to take the kids from me, raise them completely opposite of how I was raising them, take away all my rights through adoption (Brittany and Joshua are legally Ladenburgs), then ... here it goes ... divorce Carl Ladenburg, who wanted nothing to do with Brittany and Joshua after the divorce ... and plead and cry that I enter back into their lives to save them from the emotional hell and downward spiral in their lives that would have destroyed our children. Yep, it was good Ol' bonkers Grandpa that entered back into their lives and saved Brittany and Joshua from inevitable self-destruction.

You see, Grandkids, that's what *good*, unselfish fathers do.

Oh, but wait a minute here, Grandpa. In the last chapter you said that you were not a father any longer, that you were only a True Messenger. So what gives?

Read the past chapters very carefully.

Grandpa explained that it wasn't until after Brittany's wedding to a wonderful man in 2018, and Joshua's, to a wonderful, strong woman in the same year, that I knew that I was finally ready to leave my life as a father and fully dedicate myself to being a True Messenger. There was nothing more that I could do for any of my children, your parents.

It was time then to become whom I entered this mortal experience to become.

Of course, neither Brittany, Joshua, or Rachael (the only three children who had anything to do with me as adults), had any interest in what I was doing as a True Messenger. They only needed me as a father.

But they, too, are advanced humans having a mortal experience. I am their True Messenger just as much as I am a True Messenger to the rest of the 15.07 billion advanced humans assigned to this solar system.

And again, that kind of talk ... that Grandpa's a True Messenger, the ONLY one, to the entire world and everyone in it ... is fucking bonkers. Right?

Bonkers or not. It is the Real Truth.

So at this point in my autobiography, it's probably appropriate and needed for me to further explain exactly what a True Messenger is and what my role entails. It's important, because we are at the point in the chronological order of the events of my life when I was first approached and asked to be this True Messenger by four other mortals ... and three advanced humans. Yep. Advanced humans. These three can take mortal form from time to time so that Grandpa's mortal eyes can see them and my mortal ears can hear them. These seven, four mortal immortals and three advanced humans, consist of the group from which I get my marching instructions for *their* work.

I've learned a good lesson that might benefit you too. It's a lesson that needs to be learned by all people on Earth.

If you don't see something with your own mortal eyes through light refractions bouncing off an object, that other mortals can also see, then the thing isn't real. If you don't hear something through vibrations that your mortal ears pick up, that others in the same room can also hear, then the thing that you are hearing is not real.

This is a VERY important lesson, Grandkids! DO NOT BELIEVE ANYONE WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE SEEN SOMETHING THAT YOU CANNOT ALSO SEE, OR WHO CLAIMS TO HEAR SOMETHING THAT YOU CANNOT ALSO HEAR.

There's absolutely no magic involved in the Real Truth ... ABSOLUTELY NONE!

Everything and anything that has happened to me was never done through magic or by any supernatural means ... ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!

I don't believe anything that my *empirical* physical senses do not first sense according to the only brain that I can fully and functionally control: my mortal brain. If I can't see it, hear it, feel it, smell it, or touch it ... that shit ain't real. Never has been. Never will be.

But, Grandpa ... you're talking about advanced humans and four immortals that no one else has seen.

No. I never said that.

Others have actually seen and interacted with the *mortal* immortals with whom I have interacted. One person in particular was one of my greatest supporters at a time. She now wants

nothing to do with me or the work that I am doing. Yet, I know that she will always hold me and this work deep in her heart. I know that she knows who I am and that what I am doing is the most important thing that could possibly be done in this ever-spiraling out of control world. She has personally met one of these *mortal* immortals and has had enough *empirical* evidence that has convinced her that they are who they are. Her problem isn't with them. Her problem is with me. Go figure!

Others have seen them. You'll read in pages ahead in this autobiography how a very good attorney, very successful in the eyes of the world, was forced to deal with these *mortal* immortals on my behalf, more than any other person was and is allowed.

Long story, very short:

I gave up my role in 2010, tried to end my mortal experience so that my mentors would be forced to choose someone other than me to be their True Messenger ... I tried to manipulate the situation so that they would choose one particular man I had in mind (who just so happened to be the husband of the woman I mentioned above who would meet one of the immortals) ... I thought I was doing the right thing ... failed in my attempt, almost died anyway, had to recuperate at a time when a lot of things were going on with my mentors ... they were forced to deal with this attorney for many days on a variety of issues because of the choice that I made ... it wasn't fair or right that this attorney have empirical evidence of these immortals, as it would have given an excuse to everyone who didn't get to meet them ... "Oh, if I would have just had the opportunity to deal with the Brothers, I would not be an asshole and would always do good!" ... No, an asshole is always an asshole, no matter in what mortal incarnate the asshole finds him or her self ... But to eliminate this kind of excuse, after I finally came to and was physically ready to proceed as their True Messenger ... this attorney had a massive stroke that took away any memory that his mortal mind had of dealing with the *mortals* immortals ... breathe ... breathe ... breath ... breath ... You'll read all about this later.

And yes, I'm going to reveal who this man is ... later. Why? Because all one has to do is research the fact that he was a successful attorney, got involved with me, and then had a massive stroke ... all proven *empirically* with hospital records.

But anyways ...

You're going to read about gold plates and what is called the *Urim and Thummim*, which is actually just an advanced cell phone that has been preserved throughout time by being encased in what looks like a couple of transparent rocks.

Do you want to see an actual picture of them?

Okay, here's the two rocks that Grandpa has shown to many people.



Visually put the top rock to the left of the bottom rock. Literally millions of years ago when this ancient advanced technology was first encased in these rocks, the two rocks fit perfectly together.

Remember those old flip phones? When you'd open the flip phone the electrical connection was automatic and the phone lit up?

Well, when you take the top rock and touch its right side (as faced in the photo) to the bottom rock's left side, the electrical connection is made and they light up ... just like a cell phone.

Oh, I almost forgot to mention ... not really ... I just wanted to create a more dramatic effect in my description of the rocks ...

Do you know when you touch your modern Smart Phone and the light comes on, but no one but you can access the phone because their fingerprint or face is not recognized as an authorized user?

Well, pretty soon, your DNA will open a phone by a simple touch.

Each of us has a unique energy pattern that is produced by our unique brain. The brain produces this electricity and sends it throughout our body. This is how our senses work. Our senses are simply the result of electronic energy being passed from our brain, or to our brain from things in our environment. Advanced technology will one day recognize the unique energy pattern that your unique brain produces. You won't need your fingerprint or your face to make your personal electronic devices work. All you will need is YOU!

I was born into this world on December 2, 1961, in the LDS Hospital located in Salt Lake City, Utah. After being born, my mother needed some rest, so nurses would come and go and take my

little body from my mother for a short time so that she could rest. Little did my mother know that one of the nurses had a couple of rocks in his pocket when he took me from her. This nurse ... who wasn't really a nurse, but who knows more about nursing and medical science than any doctor in this world possibly could ... took the rocks out of his pocket and proceeded to pair the rocks' advanced electronic recognition technology to my DNA. Once paired, this "nurse" could track my whereabouts. He knew where I was and what I was doing for my entire life ... as long as he had the rocks in his possession. But when I had them in my possession, he could no longer track my whereabouts with them ... at least, that's what I thought.

Shortly after the Ladenburgs left Kent and went back to Montana, I moved our bus to Victor, Montana. The Brothers had arranged for us to buy a 5 acre piece of property from a family and pay them small payments towards its purchase. I got a job with a local farmer, Shane Morris, of Corvallis, Montana. Shane was a single father who had custody of a young son. I would often bring Brittany to work with me so that she could watch Shane's son while he and I did the farm work. He paid me \$4 per hour, which after working many long days on his farm in the early Spring of 1991, was sufficient for our needs. But I have to report here, and admit, that I was never low on cash again after I met the Brothers. Every time I met with them they would give me a fistful of cash.

Bastards! I suppose it was their way of paying me for accepting the role as their True Messenger and making me feel guilty if I didn't do what they wanted me to do.

My critics and enemies have accused me of taking people's money, without earning it, in support of my "fictitious" role. These fucks do not believe that the Brothers exist. They do not believe that the Marvelous Work and a Wonder® is a "marvelous work and a wonder." And they certainly have a hard time believing that the two rocks that I have used many times as a True Messenger are what I claim the rocks to be.

Later, I'll explain more details about how I came to know one of my most bitter and malicious enemies, Harry Dschaak.

He and some of his children actually held the two rocks and passed them around to each other. I allowed this for a special purpose.

Dschaak, whom we have appropriately renamed, *Echthros*, (meaning: enemy, hostile, hating ... pretty much the consummate asshole), had at one time convinced his kids that I was who I claimed to be and that the work that I was involved in ... in which he became involved in ... no, in which he became obsessed with ... was God's work. Echthros started taking advantage of others. To stop Echthros, I publicly called him out, rebuked him, and took away all of the value that others had given him ... the only value he ever had in his life ... except for the value he gets from trying to stop me and the MWAW ... which he will never do, no matter what prejudiced judge he gets to back his malicious intent.

Echthros would troll me and the MWAW online and take over a website, <http://www.chrisnemelka.com>. I didn't give a rat's shit what he was saying about me. But his malicious lies were creating problems for many innocent people, including the company that I

worked for at the time. To stop Echthros, I was counseled to file a defamation suit against him. I hired my younger brother, Joe, to take the case. Joe fucked the entire case up because he didn't actually know how to handle a defamation case. Instead of filing the case in Federal Court, because I was living in Utah and Echthros was living in Idaho, Joe thought that Echthros' comments about me were so damaging and defamatory that the case would be a slam dunk. We didn't expect the Idaho judge to be so prejudicial. But Judge Robert C. Naftz is a Christian and very conservative, and hates my guts!

Long story short, Echthros countersued me for fraud and racketeering, claiming that I had made up the MWAU to take his money. What a load of fucking shit his evidence was. (We will get to the case when it becomes relevant in the chronological order of my autobiography.)

It was too expensive to keep paying Joe and another Idaho attorney to represent what appeared to be an easy case. I started representing myself, and during my first appearance (which would also be my last) in front of Judge Naftz, the guy treated me like a piece of shit. Naftz gave Echthros whatever his attorney asked of the judge. I never stood a chance. I was forced to quit my job and will file bankruptcy on the judgement that Naftz will surely give Echthros. I moved to Europe then, from where I wrote part of this autobiography. The ONLY thing that will bring me back to the jurisdiction of the United States courts is if the Brothers want me to proceed with an appeal of Naftz' prejudiced rulings. But I will never go back to Naftz' jurisdiction in Idaho. Nope, Echthros won't see me in jail in his home State.

I don't stand a chance in hell at being treated fairly in a court of law when I am telling the judges and attorneys that they're all corrupt as hell and that the litigious society that we have become is because of them, and that they are directly responsible for leading this society to an emotional destruction of an unprecedented degree.

The future will demonstrate how I have gone before judges only to be treated with contempt ... just like all True Messengers before me.

But anyways ...

Echthros has provided some incredible *empirical* evidence of my claims.

When I first met him I recognized him from a past life experience in which both of our True Selves were involved. He has always been an enemy of good, not that his True Self is not a perfect and intelligent advanced human of incredible significance and glory, but because his *humanity type* is Stellarian ... one who needs to be served by others.

While I allowed him to be involved with me and the MWAU, I allowed him to say what he wanted to say. He loved to talk ... Oh, my, how he loved to talk! He would take over meetings. He would spend hours writing on the Internet. His writings were always supportive of me and the MWAU until I knew that it was time to force him to reveal his true nature as a person who needs the value and worth from others. He was wasting a lot of people's time and setting himself up as someone of importance. But I knew from the beginning that he would become one of my most bitter enemies. How did I know?

I would meet Echthros and his family in San Diego, California, in 2005. It was in San Diego where I showed him and his children the rocks.

Echthros was in the room with about 20 other people when I announced to them that every one of the people present in that room would remain loyal and faithful to me, except one. From that time, these people always wondered who that *Judas* would be. I knew. I made the prophecy. And it came true.

If Echthros had only walked away and got on with his life and had nothing further to do with me, he would have provided evidence that my prophecy about the MVAW *Judas* was not true.

Echthros would attempt to prove that my *prophetic* statements were not true. I have always stated that no one will publicly debate me because I would destroy them in a debate. In March of 2012, Echthros would try his hand at proving that I wasn't who I claimed to be. A few days before the debate we set up, I gave another *prophecy* about what would happen.

I wrote that Echthros would shake and tremble in my presence. If you want *empirical* evidence of this, take the time to watch Echthros' attempt to prove to the world that the MVAW is not what it claims to be. Here are the links to his attempt that we have published on the Internet: [Part 1](#), [Part 2](#), [Part 3](#).

It was actually a very sad experience for me to see Echthros fulfill one of my *prophecies*. I had a lot of compassion on the poor guy then, so I didn't counter anything that he said for 3 hours. I didn't have to. His obsession and maliciousness were obvious. But oh did he ever shake and tremble in my presence ... exactly how I *prophesied* he would.

How did I know that Echthros would betray me and obsessively and maliciously attack me and shake and tremble in my presence?

I am not a fucking prophet! There is no magic involved here.

Again, if I don't see something with my eyes through the refraction of light that enters into them, I don't believe it. If I don't hear something with my ears through the vibrations created by another person's voice box, I don't believe it.

Since my *transfiguration*, I have NEVER trusted anything that is processed in my head as a thought. And neither should you!

The ability of your brain to imagine things and make up events and things that don't actually happen is powerful. Billions of people have been killed upon this Earth because they believed shit in their heads that isn't really real. Or they believed someone who claimed to have seen or heard something that the claimant really didn't see or hear. This is where all religion gets its start.

Mark my words and pay attention to them:

THERE HAS NEVER BEEN ... EVER ... ANY MORTAL WHO HAS SEEN GOD, AN ANGEL, AN ALIEN, OR ANY OTHER LIFE FORM OR ENTITY, OF ANY KIND, THAT CANNOT BE SEEN BY EVERYONE ELSE!

People make up all kinds of shit in their head in an attempt to be valued by others. If you're not being treated very good, if others don't recognize your importance and significance, make up an event when God came to you, when Christ came to you, when the Virgin Mary came to you ... that makes you feel important. And check out how much value you receive from others whom you convince of your imagined experience!

Your brain can cause you to feel the power of an unseen God just as it can cause you to feel the power of an unseen devil. Your brain is naturally wired to support the concept and belief that you are the most important and significant person in your reality ... BECAUSE YOU ARE!

Your mortal life is a dream being created by your advanced brain. Your advanced brain is the singular most important thing to your entire existence. Your *mortal dream* (your mortal life) is an involuntary response of your advanced brain trying to maintain what it is: the singular most important and significant thing in your existence.

Now does it finally make sense why and how mortals make up shit in their heads that is not actually *real* but that brings them value, importance, and significance in a world where they would otherwise be nothing?

Echthros would be nothing in this world if he wasn't an enemy of me and the MWAU. No one would have ever heard the name of Harry Dschaak, or the mortal names of any of my other enemies, if I didn't mention them in association with me and the MWAU.

Echthros is a pig farmer who raises pigs and hauls straw for a living. He has received a lot of money from others who hate me. But if he didn't do what he does in trying to take me down, he would be an unknown, rather unattractive looking, poor, Idaho pig farmer.

But why does he do what he does? How did I know that he would do what he did, what he does, and what he will continue to do for the rest of his mortal life?

Because I know his True Self.

I know the incredible human being that his advanced Self actually is. I know that what Harry Dschaak is doing as a mortal avatar is not what his True Self does, or would do.

Harry's mortal life gives *empirical* evidence of what the mortal dream does ... how it plays out ... when one whose entire existence revolves around others serving the advanced human ... and their mortal experience does not support this *humanity type*.

If you could see both Harry and me as little mortal children, and you could observe how each of us acted and reacted as little children, you would see, not only the equality, but the difference. If there was only one toy in the room, and I was playing with the toy, because it was given to me to

play with, little Harry would take the toy from me, not even considering that the toy was not meant for him. Little Christopher would not cry. Little mortal Christopher would look at little Harry and wonder why Harry had the toy now, then Christopher would stick his thumb in his mouth and twirl a small piece of hair on the top of his head, satisfied without a toy.

Go ahead ... ask Mother Dschaak and Mother Nemelka how their sons reacted as little children.

Now, don't get me wrong. The older I got, the more I realized that people shouldn't be taking things that didn't belong to them. I remember a time when I had bought a piece of candy and my brother Cory took it from me. We were about 9 and 10 years old. I cried and threw a fit ... I was too old to suck my thumb then. But Cory, like Harry, hated it when I seemed to be more popular, more significant, when I was receiving attention and praise that he was not. Cory has been uncomfortable with me, like Harry, my entire life ... and still is.

Here's the Real Truth:

We weren't supposed to be children during this mortal experience. We weren't supposed to be males during this mortal experience. We were supposed to be able to enter the world as *mortals that properly reflected the advanced humans that we actually are!* That's how it was during the *First Dispensation of Human Time* when we first started having the *dream-like* experience we now know as mortal life.

We fell from our former grace and were *kicked out* of the *Garden of Eden* that was first available to us when we first recognized our Self as a mortal, having forgotten who we really were as advanced humans.

Now, Grandpa is writing symbolically here. There was no *Garden of Eden*, and the human race did not start with just two white people, *Adam* and *Eve*.

Let me use this symbolism, however, to try to make the Real Truth about who we are and why we exist a bit clearer:

Let's give Harry a new name. Not "Echthros" because he is really not a bad person anymore than anyone else is. Yeah, he wants to kill me and take me down, or at the very least, put me in jail ... but so did my own father! But neither was Adolf Hitler any more *evil* than Harry Truman. Neither man actually killed any innocent people, but both of them gave orders to their subordinates. Hitler during the holocaust, and Truman when he authorize the first use of the atomic bomb against the innocent.

Let's call Harry, the god Michael. Michael goes to sleep and starts dreaming. Michael doesn't remember that he is the god Michael. He thinks he's Harry. As Harry, he is enticed to do stupid things ... and does them because he wants to be valued by his wife, Jodi.

When you finally understand the Real Truth about this FUBAR mess we call the mortal experience, you will understand that Harry, Cory, Hitler, and Truman ...

... know not what they do!

They are all *Michael* gods, equal with the *Elohim* and *Jehovah* gods ... for those with eyes that see this symbolism.

They really don't know what they do anymore than *Elohim and Jehovah know what's going on in the lone and dreary world!* The only way these gods know anything about mortal life is that which is reported to them by the actual, physical mouth of a True Messenger.

Each man believes that what he did during his mortal life was good for the situation. Each man did what each did. Each mortal action, each mortal event, each mortal thought is the result of their *True Self's* brain producing an involuntary *dream sequence* consistent with and supportive of their *humanity type*.

I am using these four men, Harry, Cory, Hitler, and Truman, in my explanation because I know that all of their *True Selves* reside on the same planet in our *real, advanced* solar system. They live on their own planet. Their planet was created by them, for them. Their planet was specifically designed to serve their advanced needs. Everything about their planet, every plant, every animal, every biological humanoid, every life form on their planet serves their individual needs.

It is the place that their True Selves, as advanced human adults, after billions of years of experiencing different ways that different humanity types live, choose as the location for their eternal existence.

As I've explained, Earth is the platform on which all the advanced humans, of all humanity types, must connect to in order to have the mortal experience. The connection is made by the free will and choice of the advanced human. But once the connection is made, the advanced human has no more control over their mortal avatar. Their mortal self acts and is acted upon during mortality always in support of what their advanced brain needs.

Regardless of their mortal existence, Harry's, Cory's, Hitler's, and Truman's advanced brains will always create the same type of mortal experience. And how their mortal experience plays out is perfectly inline and necessary to support the needs of their advanced brain.

So, when there is a mortal world that does not support their particular need to be served, to be valued, to be important and significant in some way ... a world that reflects the *real* world in which their *True Selves* actually exist ... their dream experience will do what is necessary to support their individual needs ... even if it means wanting to destroy innocent people to bring value to their mortal existence ... including an innocent mortal who is actually their own, chosen True Messenger. Yeah. Really!

I am sure you can imagine Harry's and Cory's reaction being compared to Hitler. Right?

Now do you see why they hate me, why their mortal children will hate me?

“My dad is not like Hitler, you asshole, Christopher! My dad is a good man! My dad does things for other people and cares about other people! My dad would never hurt anyone!”

Oh, really!

I would have liked to have thought the same of my own dad. But the empirical evidence proves otherwise. Had Joshua not been hugging my leg, my father would have surely hit me in the face, as he had done the last time he was angry with me. Anytime you hit someone in the face you take the chance that you might kill them. As I have said, my father would have killed me, if he could. Cory would have dreams in which he was told by God to protect the world from little old me. And Harry has not kept it a secret that he would like to see me dead.

Yeah, posterity of Harry and Cory ... you're dads are good men ... NOT! Your dads, like my own, act naturally in search of the value, importance, and significance that the Real Truth through me has taken from them.

Unfortunately for you (speaking to Cory's and Harry's children, as well as my own siblings), I have never, not once, wanted to hurt your fathers. I have done nothing to your fathers that would warrant their desire to make me disappear ... except, of course, compare them to Adolf Hitler.

But anyways ...

Now let me explain why there are four *immortal mortals*, why I am their True Messenger, and what their Marvelous Work and a Wonder® is all about.

You might think that it would take lots of pages and lots of books to explain it correctly and clearly. Right?

Nope.

This Earth exists only to provide a place where advanced humans can have what their advanced brains need: the mortal experience.

Without the mortal experience, an eternal person's daily experience would not continue to be one of joy and happiness. Without the mental contrast that the mortal experience upon Earth provides, the advanced person's brain would start to respond to the person's *perfect world environment* similar to how a mortal brain responds to the exact same things happening day after day upon this Earth. The feeling is what a mortal might recognize as boredom.

The mortal experience is vital to our advanced brains' balance and ability to enjoy our eternal, never-ending experience as advanced humans. The experience of life as an advanced human is only “never-ending” (eternal), if we choose it to continue. Who wants to live forever bored? No one.

If the mortal experience fails to produce the relevant and appropriate experience that our advanced brains need, then the experience becomes useless to us ... Earth becomes useless.

None of us (as advanced humans) want to connect to an experience to fight eternal boredom that does not fight eternal boredom. We need the mortal experience to do what it was meant to do.

The first time we (as advanced humans) engaged with each other as mortals upon this Earth, the experience played out perfectly. It played out well for us for about 2 million mortal years.

Then our mortal avatars (the people we became upon Earth while engaged with each other in the mortal experience) began to do things that fucked everything up.

Humanity fell.

The ratio of our humanity types was directly responsible for this fall. OUR GROUP has too many Stellarians (those who need to be served) to the number of Solarians (those who need to serve). Although the majority of OUR GROUP are of the Lunarian *humanity type* (they serve themselves, don't need anyone to serve them, and don't need to serve others), the ratio of Stellarians to Solarians is too great for OUR GROUP to succeed.

We have been trying to make it (the mortal experience) work for literally billions of years. We have gone through five different time periods when humanity flourished upon Earth, when we utilized the resources of the Earth to benefit mortal humankind.

But because the Stellarians would always end up with the power and control the rest of humanity, in their attempt to be served by others, the bulk of humanity was destroyed, but never completely.

Two mortals are the same today as they were when they first engaged in the *mortal experience*. They kept themselves a part from the rest of humanity as it began to fall, and eventually fail. They joined other small groups that avoided the complete destruction of humanity. They hoped that with their knowledge and experience of living life upon Earth, that they could convince others of the right way to live a mortal life. They love serving others. They are Solarian by nature and gain happiness in serving others ... forever.

Although humanity failed so many times, they have been persistent in their efforts to do whatever they could to make things right for the mortal experience. That's what they have been doing ever since the fall of humankind during the *First Dispensation of Human Time*.

Having failed four times, and the fact that the fallout of humanity had created different skin colors that were not always beautiful and becoming, and that these darker skinned humans were much more numerous than the lighter-skinned mortals, these two thought that if they could recruit a couple of other mortals who had the darker skin to help them, then maybe they would have more success among the populous darker groups of mortals. This is where the darker-skinned brothers came from.

Even with the two others, they failed again.

They had only one more thing to try that had not been tried during the five other dispensations of mortal time: reveal the Real Truth about who we actually are why we actually exist.

You see, Grandkids, during the *First Dispensation of Human Time*, we all knew who we were and why we existed as mortals. Life then was the perfect mortal experience. We all wanted to be on Earth. No one wanted to end their life through suicide. Why end something that was perfect for us?

But after the fall, the mortal experience began to suck.

The only way to end the suckiness was to kill ourselves. Why would we want to live in a world that sucked? But if everyone killed themselves because the world sucked, then how would it have been possible to change things back into the *Garden of Eden* that Earth was in the beginning? You got to have mortal people who want to stay on Earth in order to try to make it not suck. The immortals' only purpose is to do everything in their power to make things not suck again.

For this reason the immortals have never told the Real Truth to other mortals who lived during past dispensations of time upon Earth. If they had told the Real Truth, everyone would kill themselves to end the suckiness of their fallen mortal state.

Nothing that they did worked.

Their last chance is to tell the other mortals the Real Truth about who we actually are and why we actually exist. By doing so (revealing who we really are), the people of Earth might consider changing the way that they view things (change their *perspective*) and stop killing each other and dividing themselves into isolated family groups, religions, communities, cities, and nations.

But first, mortals have to stop dying of old age and from preventable, curable sicknesses and diseases. Mortals must first have the technology and the means to give every human on Earth the basic necessities of life so that life doesn't suck so much every day just trying to survive.

So they waited for humanity during this *Sixth Dispensation of Time* to evolve technologically so that equality was possible.

But the fucking religions developed by Stellarians who need value from others stand in the way of progress.

They knew that they first had to take religion out of the equation, if possible, so that the progress that was made technologically might be properly utilized to create a more equal world where a mortal wouldn't want to commit suicide because it sucks to live on Earth.

So they waited until humanity developed a new world, a new, more free and liberal country: the United States of America. Then they introduced some things to fight religion. They introduced the Book of Mormon. It failed to do anything but create another sucky religion, more division, more reason for a person to be depressed and want to kill themselves. (Yep, the suicide rate and

number of people taking anti-depressant medication among the LDS/Mormons is one of the highest rates in the world.)

To confront and confound this new, Americanized sucky religion that depresses people and makes them want to kill themselves, they needed a Messenger ...

... and the fuckers chose Grandpa.

Their work truly is marvelous and a wonder.

ajkld

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## Chapter 27: Good and Evil

Grandkids, I want you to think hard about something I just explained to you about my life in the last chapter.

When we moved our converted school bus to the home of Rick and Joy Church, we had lots of room, free rent, garden space, and incredible neighbors (Rick and Joy). Paula had just driven a large nail in the coffin of her ability to have a strong role in Brittany and Joshua's life because of what she had done with my dad the previous year in Snohomish—the legal system in Washington wouldn't have looked too kindly on this malicious act, when she was the one who had given up full custody of the kids in the first place.

Jackie couldn't have loved and supported me more. She had never considered leaving me or going back to church. Our kids, Brandon and Caleb, were secure with us.

In Kent, Washington, I had the life for which I was searching and hoping in order to raise my children how I knew was the right way in order to help them get the most out of their mortal existence.

Now, keep in mind, I knew what mortal existence was all about, while everyone else around me didn't have a clue.

While others were stressed out worrying about money, success, and everything that the world perceives as *good*, it wasn't *good* according to what I knew about the purpose of mortal life.

However ... and this "however" is important ... I knew that how other people's mortal experiences were playing out, in their *True Self's* brain as an advanced dream, although not for me, were completely *right for them*.

With my new enlightenment, I couldn't have cared less what other people were doing and how they were living their life, as long as what they did in their life didn't affect or impede my ability to do what I wanted. Conversely, I always tried to live my life in a way that didn't affect or impede theirs.

To me, the world was a good, *righteous* place where the *dream of mortal life* was proceeding according to its purpose.

I had no idea the world was all evil ... Sodom and Gomorrah.

The perfect, *empirical* example of this was how I got along with others, especially with Dan and Judy Bartelheimer and Rick and Joy Church.

Like the Bartelheimers of Snohomish, Washington, the Churches of Kent, Washington, were incredibly wonderful human beings, although very different than me in their personal beliefs. The Bartelheimers were staunch Christians, but couldn't have cared less about the Book of Mormon, and from personally witnessing what my LDS/Mormon dad (future Bishop) tried to do to me, they wanted nothing to do with such a religion. Neither did the Churches care about the Book of Mormon, or any religion for that matter.

The Bartelheimers and the Churches couldn't have cared less how Jackie and I dressed our children, whether or not we homeschooled our children, what we ate, or anything else that we did while living on *their* property. What they did know was that I was a very hard worker who never took advantage of another; that I was a very kind, considerate, and wonderful person who appeared to love his wife and his children and always act in my family's best interests, regardless of whether what I chose to do in *my* family's best interest didn't jive with what they did for *theirs*.

I can promise you that if the Bartelheimers or the Churches had witnessed anything about my personality or the way that I chose to raise a family that was bad, abusive, or in any way not positive or that could have been harmful to children, they would have kicked us off their property ... or at the very least, turned us in to the authorities.

I believe that the Bartelheimers and the Churches saw in Jackie and my little family, an incredibly close family. They saw me come home from work, and the kids, led by Brittany, run to greet their father. They saw the smiles. They heard the laughter. Not once, not once, not once, did they ever see anything but positive emotions and expressions on my, Jackie's, Brittany's, Joshua's, Brandon's, or little Caleb's face ... NOT ONCE!

Living with the Bartelheimers and the Churches, on *their* property, for free, was the perfect example of how human beings can get along, if each respects the free will of the other. The Dan and Judy Bartelheimer family, the Rick and Joy Church family, and the Christopher Nemelka family couldn't have lived and held philosophical beliefs that were more different. Yet, there was a mutual respect, a genuine love, a sincere appreciation and support of each our individual free will to live mortal life how each of us desired.

There was no way this type of world was a *Sodom and Gomorrah* ... no fucking way!

I can truly say that the short time that I knew Dan and Judy Bartelheimer, who were very staunch Christians, and Rick and Joy Church, who weren't religious at all, caused me to believe, wholeheartedly, that the human race was good; that people are good and humane at their core; that the mortal experiences that each of us chooses for ourselves ... are good for each of us individually.

I can report that along with the Olexen family of Argentina, the Bartelheimers and the Churches were among the most humane, kindest, most compassionate, and wonderful families I had ever had the privilege of knowing.

Truly, I believed at this time because of *empirical evidence*, that the mortal family unit was a very good thing. The Nemelka family (led by my father) and his *evil* actions didn't sway me, at that time, to think anything but that the family unit was good for humanity, although the LDS/Mormon religion fucked up people's minds to justify them doing *evil* things. If only my father had not been an LDS/Mormon. He would have been a lot like Dan Bartelheimer. But even so, Dan was a staunch Christian who lived his religious beliefs about Jesus. My dad ... not so much.

If I had not met four other mortals (Holy men according to the story of *Sodom and Gomorrah*), whom at the time (April of 1991) appeared to me to be about my same age, I would have continued to live my life with the belief that humanity was good and worth saving.

I have never been a person who would harm another in the least. I have never had the thought of physically harming another person ... let alone creating a new sun through fusion, at a place called *Adam-ondi-Ahman*, that would completely destroy, not only the entire human race upon Earth, but the ability of OUR GROUP of advanced humans to be able to participate in the mortal *dream experience* again.

I didn't even know what the fuck "Adam-ondi-Ahman" meant until my mentors explained that it was a phrase that Joseph Smith often used that meant (in a language from another dispensation of time): *the posterity of Adam is fucked*.

Yep, Joseph Smith had a potty mouth just like Grandpa's ... but he never *wrote* profanity words like your fucking grandfather loves to do ... But anyways.

I am seen by the locals, maybe as a foreigner, but one of the kindest, compassionate, most considerate and giving men they know.

The locals have no idea that I am the one known in the Marvelous Work and a Wonder® as a True Messenger. They have no idea that I am the Spokesperson for The Humanity Party®. They have no idea what my religious or political viewpoints are. Luckily I don't speak their native language too well, so I couldn't explain who I am if I tried.

But I will never try. I will live the rest of my life incognito and unrecognized. I will fulfill my role and then let the "Holy men" do whatever they must do to *Sodom and Gomorrah*, which again, at the time, I thought had a lot of righteous people in it.

The last picture I have ever allowed to be taken of me, or will ever allow to be taken of me, was when I recently (at the time of this writing in March of 2019) traveled back to the United States to Orem, Utah, for a short time to see how my mother was doing. (I shared one of these pictures in a previous chapter.)

I will not allow anyone else to take my picture again. It was my intent to have a picture taken with the first mortal with whom my infant mortal body came into contact on December 2, 1961

... and it will probably be the last I take with her, or will possibly be the last time that I see my mother again.



As of this writing, I no longer have any normal mortal relationships. I am no longer associated with any of my family, with any of my kids, with anyone who has had any type of mortal life experience with Christopher Nemelka. Why? Because I cannot trust them ... because the family unit, the friendships, all the relationships that we develop and have during our mortal experience in this *fallen* type of a world, are not good.

“WTF?” Grandpa!

“What about people like the Olexens, the Bartelheimers, and the Churches? There has got to be a lot of other people on Earth like them, who are just as good! Right?”

Had I not met my mentors, nor made amends and cooperated with Paula and Carl Ladenburg so that they could start visiting Brittany and Joshua, ... had I stayed put in the Church’s backyard in that school bus ... I would have continued to believe that the world was good, that families and relationships are good ... that there are good mortals ... and most importantly, that the mortal

experience taking place upon this Earth actually does what it was meant to do: provide a place where an eternal, advanced human's brain could experience the involuntary, physically perfunctory (carried out with a minimum of effort or thought) emotional processes needed to keep one's eternal brain balanced and happy: *the dream of mortal life*.

Had I not met these *mortal* immortals, had they not provided me with *empirical evidence* of their existence (who they are and why they exist), had I not experienced their incredible knowledge and intelligence (the application of knowledge) had I not learned the details about the five other time periods in the history of the Earth when the human race developed and destroyed itself.

Any question that I had about who we are and why we exist was answered by them. They taught me the perfect plan to eliminate poverty in our current world ... without impeding or affecting anyone's free will ... had they not been explained how the current United States Congress could (in a fucking week) eliminate the need for children to prostitute themselves for sex in order to survive ...

... had they not entered my life when they did ...

I would still be with Jackie, and Brittany, Joshua, Brandon, and Caleb (Sariah and Ryan—Jackie's and my eventual other children). They would have been given the emotional foundation that would have allowed them to live the rest of their lives without the emotional strain of competing and becoming successful in this world, without the need to earn lots of money, buy lots of things, or be seen, recognized and valued by the world.

(And yep, those of you, my grandchildren, who are from Riley, Rachael, or Nathan ... you wouldn't exist!)

I wouldn't have claimed to be a True Messenger. I wouldn't have destroyed my value in this world by being seen as bonkers, as a deceiver, as a manipulator ... as one whom "Three Holy Men" came to and told that they were going to destroy the world because it had become like *Sodom and Gomorrah*. Yeah! Really!

Throughout my entire life I would have been seen how the Olexens, the Bartelheimers, and the Churches saw me: a very kind, considerate, wonderful person who appeared to love his wife and his children and act in his family's best interests, regardless of whether what he chose to do in his family's best interest didn't jive with what they did for their families.

I wouldn't be living alone in a "cavity of a rock" or in a foreign country.

I would be enjoying my children, my grandchildren, even the Nemelka family parties and reunions, where I would always be known and seen by my young nieces and nephews as a loving, maybe a little eccentric, but funny as fuck ... Uncle Chris.

Instead,

It is my role. It is my duty. It is my calling to tell the world, and everyone in it, including my parents, my siblings and their children, including all of my ex-wives and my friends ... even the Olexens, Bartelheimers, and Churches ... that they are actually doing evil things, and that the world that they live in isn't worth saving ... because it's a fucking *Sodom and Gomorrah!*

Yeah. Fucking Really! Sigh ... fucking Sigh ... fucking Sigh!

How could it be that a “very kind, considerate, wonderful person who appeared to love his wife and his children and act in his family’s best interests, regardless of whether what he chose to do in his family’s best interest didn’t jive with what others did” be someone who is now telling the world that it is fucked up and evil?

How could it be that I could act diametrically *opposed* to my true humanity type, to my true mortal nature, to my sense of humor, to my sense of compassion, to my sense of peace and willingness to love and get along with all people equally?

What convinced me that this world and the people in it are not worth saving?

The answer: PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Throughout the pages of this autobiography I will be giving the details of what happened as I was involved in the lives of people who the world sees as *good people*. I will let you be the judge as I explain what they did with their free will. Giving the details isn't going to necessarily convince you that what they did was *evil*. Maybe what they did was actually *good*. You will have your own choice to make about what they did and why they did it. I will only report what happened.

My parents, both father, step-mother, and mother, who should have loved me, who should have supported me, and should have always acted in a way that was in *their son's* (not *their*) best interests, did *bad* things to me.

I have already presented details about what my father did to me. But the worst is yet to be explained. I have provided details about how my step-mother treated me. I have presented the details of how my mother chose to not be involved in my life while growing up ... not according to *her* perception, but according to a young boy who desperately needed a mother ... or maybe, needed the experience of *not having* a loving mother, so that he would have the personal, hands-on experience of the *bad* part of a mother-son relationship.

I have explained how I took my mother under my wing and gave her access to a free place to live, surrounded by wonderful people who will love her and care for her for the rest of her mortal life. But my mother, has NEVER publicly expressed that she is proud of her son who has presented a perfect, sustainable, and viable plan that can end worldwide poverty, and a perfect plan that can be implemented by the United States Congress that could end child prostitution ...

in a fucking week! My mother has yet to tell the rest of her children, or anyone else in her life, that if it wasn't for her third son, her life would be a wreck.

My mother publicly expresses how proud she is of her grandchildren, especially one in particular who chose the LDS/Mormon faith, and who is attending college where she is part of a popular sorority that does charity work. My mother wrote of this particular niece, that her granddaughter is involved in an ...

“Event was to raise money & awareness for Heart Disease ...the blond is my hero for Alpha Phi...” (A direct quote from my mother's Facebook page.)

Here is the picture she posted of the event:



These are my nieces from my kid sister, Alesa. I used to be their favorite uncle. But after they read ... if they do ... what their uncle actually feels about charity work, college: that it is

all *bad* for society and does a lot more harm than charity work does good, I probably won't be an uncle with whom they want to associate.

Here's a picture of the same event with all of my sister's family:



My sister, Alesa, is an incredible human being, too. Her children, compared to most kids their age, like their mother, are kind, compassionate, *good* people ... as the world might see it.

Although all of Alesa's kids are wonderful examples of human beings, the one who I believe is the kindest of them all, the one who I believe is *creme de la creme* when it comes to a good person (the one who would be one of the less than 10 people living in *Sodom and Gomorrah* that would be worth saving) is her only son, standing directly behind Alesa to the right in the picture. This one dropped out of school, likes the feeling of being high on weed, and is having a tough time making it in this *fallen, fucked up* world. His name is Alec Forrest.

While his blond, LDS/Mormon, college-educated sister is his grandmother's "hero," Alec is mine. Why? Because, in spite of his inability to deal with this world, he remains a kind person who would not harm another.

Now, none Alesa's other children would harm another person intentionally, but her other children have a better chance at being seen by this world as successful and productive, as *good*, far more than Alec's true nature will allow him.

But what about Alec?

If this mortal life is about a person being able to live the way that the person *wants* to live, and be supported in life without having to be forced to do what someone else wants him to do (be a slave to a job he hates), what about Alec? If Alec is not able to have a mortal experience where he can do what *Alec* wants, then the mortal experience is not playing out the way that it was meant to ... the way that it is supposed to for Alec's *True Self*.

My role as a True Messenger is specifically for my nephew Alec and all the other "Alecs" existing in this fucked up world!

As to the charity work that my mother boasts of her "blond hero" (a statement that might cause Alec's self-worth to be questioned), "raising money and awareness for heart disease": What a bunch of bullshit all the world's charities are!

Charity work creates more poverty, more despair, more heartache, than any other *good* thing that the people of this world do in their efforts to feel good about their own worldly success, while the majority of others suffer relentlessly *because of their success*.

Consider this Real Truth with logic:

(For one of MANY examples of how charitable intentions fuck up this world ...)

Most people in the poorest countries in Africa do not have access to free education, or any education for that matter. A *good* person, so she wants to believe of herself, Oprah Winfrey,

goes to Africa and sets up a school for girls. This FUCK of a human being ... Yeah, Grandpa said it, and means it ... takes a small portion of her billions and builds a school. The school's exterior and interior are more extravagant and beautiful than anything the people of that area have ever seen or had access to. There's a fucking beauty salon and two movie theaters, among other worldly things at the school. But the fucking school only has room and funds for a couple of hundred girls. THERE'S FUCKING THOUSANDS OF GIRLS IN THAT AREA THAT NEED FREE EDUCATION AND WOULD LOVE TO GET THEIR HAIR DONE, WATCH MOVIES, DO YOGA, HAVE ACCESS TO WONDERFUL FOOD AND SECURITY ... But only a couple of hundred are allowed!

How the fuck do you think the other thousands of girls feel about Oprah Winfrey's charity work? Oh ... let's see ... it's *good* to give a hundred girls some dreams that the majority will *never* fulfill, and make thousands of others feel like shit? That's *good*?

Is it good that doctors, who earn a shitload of money in the U.S.A. by providing medical care for profit, take a few weeks of their time and volunteer to travel to impoverished nations to provide healthcare for a few hundred, WHEN HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS STAND IN LINE AND DO NOT RECEIVE ANY? Oh ... let's see ... it's *good* to give a couple of hundred free medical care, and make hundreds of thousand of others feel like shit? That's *good*?

And don't you let anyone DARE say that your Grandpa doesn't know what to do about this problem. Fuck that! The Humanity Party® has these solutions, which are clear as a fucking bell! But do you think that the likes of Oprah Winfrey or *Doctors Without Borders* are going to support a plan that will eliminate the only thing that gives their guilt, for having more than others, any rest? THumP® would completely eliminate the need for charity work ... fucking completely!

So you'd think that my own fucking mother would post something about the incredible plan that The Humanity Party® offers the world instead of giving an accolade to her "hero granddaughter," who is a fucking LDS/Mormon, who is putting on a fundraiser that makes money and gives it to the fucking people who have set up charitable organizations so that they can get paid a lot of money as "charitable administrators"!

Yeah, your grandpa could go on.

I have never lost a debate about the uselessness of charitable work and the way that charities actually perpetuate and support poverty rather than solving the problem that wouldn't be there with the simple implementation of an easy economic plan. Give every African person a Healthcare Insurance Card that pays the optima costs for the best health care. Back the program with the unlimited funds that a government can create out of the fucking air (which it does all the time to fight wars), then sit back and watch how many for-profit hospitals and health care facilities pop up all over Africa. Give every fucking African kid an Education Insurance Card that is backed up by government funds and watch how many schools, colleges, and education centers pop up all over Africa!

But nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo ... go to church and listen to your leaders because God will tell them the right thing to do ... go to school and learn how it is done in this world, how charities are set up and supported by law and order ... be a hero for grandma, but call Uncle Chris an asshole for pointing out the Real Truth about how things fucking really are!

But anyways ... Sigh ... take a breath Grandpa ... breathe ... breathe

Further more, pictures are an illusion. Most people take wonderful pictures. Most families look wonderful and happy in pictures.

Alec's father, Jim Forrest (pictured to the far left in the picture), is another human who would never intentionally hurt another soul. Jim has stayed with Alesa through thick and thin. But is Jim happy? Is Jim's mortal experience playing out the way that it was meant to for Jim's *True Self*? Does Jim have the ability to exercise his free will and do what *Jim* wants to do, or is he forced to do things that don't bring him happiness, thus negating the purpose for which this mortal life is supposed to take place for Jim's *True Self*?

The answer comes from what Jim has always told me whenever I have met with him and asked, "How's it going, Jim?"

Every time ... every, single time ... Jim's answer was the same,

"Saving for that bullet."

Yeah. Really!

I truly love my sister and her family. As the details of my life unfold, you will come to see how Alesa stood by my side and supported me in my desires to live life *my way*.

After I was released from jail in January of 2002 (details on this will come later), my wife at the time, Sherilyn Richardson Nemelka (not Sheryl Huffor Nemelka) and I had nowhere to live. Alesa let us live with her. Alesa ran a government-certified daycare out of her home. When Jackie found out that Sheri and I were living with Alesa, Jackie called the government agency that approved daycare facilities and reported that Alesa had a "convicted Felon" living at her home. Alesa almost lost her license and her main means of supporting her family. Not only was I *not* a Felon, but I have never, ever, been a threat to children, in any way. Jackie knew this, but she lied. Jackie maliciously acted. Jackie was fucking evil!

Yes, the woman who I was married to and who knew that I would never harm a child, did some very malicious things, the details of which will be unfolded in this autobiography. Jackie did everything she could to put me and keep me in jail ... EVERY FUCKING EVIL THING SHE COULD DO!

When I was released from jail on November 15, 2001, after completing a misdemeanor sentence given me by a LDS/Mormon judge who hated me, I married Sherilyn and we went to see my kids who hadn't seen me for over a year. Jackie would not let me see them. The kids saw me through the window, but Jackie would not let me come in or them come out to see their father, who loved and missed them dearly. Jackie, colluding with others, called the Judge who had sentenced me to a year in jail and complained that I had been released earlier than a year. I was, obviously, a perfect inmate and received 4 months good time off my sentence.

Just two days after I tried to see our children at Jackie's, the LDS/Mormon judge, Denise Lindberg, issued a warrant for my re-arrest. When I was rebooked in the same jail from which I had just been released four days previously, the jail administration stopped the booking process, because they believed that some sort of mistake had been made. The Booking Supervisor called Judge Lindberg. Lindberg told him that I wasn't supposed to receive any good time and that she had ordered that I serve the entire year *without* good time.

The Supervisor argued that the jail had Lindberg's *original incarceration order* that the judge had signed on March 15, 2001, on file. The original order did not specify that I was not to receive any good time ... which is highly unusual, except in cases where a convicted person is a threat to society.

Lindberg had her fucking clerk call back the jail and tell them that she had signed another order, *after* the first order was signed, that had taken away my ability to earn good time. This fucking Judge ... are you ready for this ... and it can be proven with the documentation and evidence in this case ... signed a new order two days after I had been released ... and after Jackie and a few others had called her up complaining that I was harassing them ... BACKDATED THE NEW ORDER TO REFLECT THE DATE OF THE ORIGINAL ORDER THAT DIDN'T BAR ME FROM HAVING GOOD TIME!

I would later sue Judge Denise Lindberg for what she had done. But of course, Judges have no liability for what they do unless what they have done is properly appealed. Had the order forms been numbered, there would have been no way that Judge Lindberg could have backdated the form. (Wait until I reveal all the details of what Judge Lindberg did ... *illegally* ... but obviously *legally* ... because whatever a judge does is the law of *Sodom and Gormorrah* ... Fucking Really!)

The Lieutenant in charge of the jail was confused and figured out what Lindberg had done, and though he completely disagreed, there was nothing he could do about it. He advised me to get an attorney to fight Lindberg. I was going to serve another four months on a *fucking misdemeanor* charge. And I should have just served the other four months and I would have been done with Lindberg's fucked up justice. But Alesa and Sheri didn't want me in jail for another day. They fought to get me released.

After two more months in jail, they were successful at forcing Judge Lindberg to hold a hearing on my release. The first thing that Lindberg said when my case came up, was: "Mr. Nemelka, it's no secret that I don't like you!" Yeah. Really! (We have the recording of the hearing. And

what Lindberg did was, again, fucked up. Judge Lindberg had her clerk erase the first part of the hearing where she says that she doesn't like me. The record starts in mid sentence after calling the case on the record.)

Judge Denise P. Lindberg would one day retire from the bench and become ... are you ready for this ... a General Board officer, sitting on the church-wide Young Women's Board ... for the LDS/Mormon Church! Yeah. Fucked up Really ... just like a religion found in *Sodom and Gomorrah* would have it!

But perfect to the facts and symbolism of my life. As I get to that part in my autobiography, you will come to see how Lindberg was personally responsible for motivating me to finally accept the role offered to me as the True Messenger for the Marvelous Work and a Wonder® and the Spokesperson for The Humanity Party®. Had Lindberg not done what she did at that crucial time in my life, I would have not wanted to contact mentors and been willing to fulfill the role that they asked me to do, and which I gave up in the later part of 1991.

You see, Grandkids, I was convinced by my mentors to make amends with Paula and move to Montana. They set a trap for me ... that's right ... a trap. Not a malicious trap, but a very wise and important one so that I could learn things about this world that they wanted me to learn. They needed me to see the world as a *Sodom and Gomorrah*.

They needed me to have the firsthand experiences with the world, and with people whom the world sees as normal and *good* people—experiences that were absolutely malicious and evil. They needed me to be treated badly by my parents, by all of my ex-wives, by my children, by my family, by the legal system, by everyone who the world believes is *good*. They wanted me to see the world for what it *really* was, what they knew it was: evil as hell!

As I mentioned above, I had on rose-colored glasses when I was dealing with the Olexens, the Bartelheimers, the Churches, and others. I was perfectly okay with what my father had done to me in Snohomish, because the legal system took my side and supported me. The law was on my side at that time. The Bartelheimers and Churches were on my side. I no longer had to worry about my father or Paula disrupting my life again.

The world was great ... as I saw it through these glasses.

But the “glasses” through which my mentors saw the world ... yep, through the spectacles—as others would call the *two rocks known as the Urim and Thummim*—the world was far from good. It was fucking evil! Through my mentors’ “glasses,” what these people did was, again, FUCKING EVIL!

Grandkids, you'll read on in my autobiography about the things that were done as I dealt with others in my life. Again, although I see the things that they did as *bad*, maybe you'll see them as good. The world sees them as good things ... Well, I'm not quite sure how Jackie turning in Alesa's daycare for harboring a Felon that wasn't a Felon was good ... I'm not quite sure how

my dad trying to get me arrested was good ... and there are a plethora (abundance) of other things that I'm going to report about my life that were done that I am not sure how they were good ... but they were done by others. I will present the facts of the events, you must provide the judgment of what is *good* and what is *bad*.

From April 1991 to June of 1991, I was meeting with my recruiters regularly and learning about their work and what they wanted me to do. They showed me how to use "the rocks." They showed me the gold plates that were used to create the Book of Mormon, and from which they would have me perform the work of publishing *The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon*. Although I had known since June of 1987 that the Book of Mormon stories were not actually true, so I had figured that the existence of gold plates couldn't be true either, the reason for the gold plates was finally and properly explained to me.

The words for the story were and are actually texted through advanced cell phone technology. If you have a phone and Grandpa has a phone, I can text you a novel if I wanted, line upon line, a little bit at a time, in order to give you an opportunity to write it. But if I texted it all at once, it might be too overwhelming for you, and you might miss a few words or sentences here and there that would corrupt the story. To make sure that neither Joseph nor I missed any words or sentences, we were shown how to put "the rocks" over each plate and how the words would appear. The plates were props used by our mentors to encourage us to slow down and make sure we wrote exactly what they wanted us to write.

One might ask, how did all this work? Okay, I'll tell you:

It took our mentors (recruiters) about four years to make the plates. In September of 1823, they met for the first time with seventeen year-old Joseph Smith, Jr.. Joseph Smith was a teenager with little education. They had been following Joseph most of his life and knew of his *transfiguration* three years earlier. Joseph became the talk of the locals after his brain was changed so that he knew things that no one else on earth knew ... so he thought at the time. Joseph Smith knew nothing about the *mortal* immortals until they introduced themselves to him about 3 years and 6 months after his *transfiguration*. Oh ...

... Do you see a pattern here?

Joseph Smith's transfiguration: April 6, 1820. Christopher's: June 16, 1987.

Joseph meets them in September of 1823, three years and about six months after his brain change.

Christopher meets them in April of 1991, three years and about ten months after his brain change.

For three years, both Joseph and I were observed to see how we would handle the information to which our mortal brains had access.

It's very important here that you understand some of the events that led up to my mentors choosing a young teenage American to help them introduce a story about the native Americans that would help the white-skinned European Christians accept the darker skinned people from whom they stole America.

These *immortal* mortals are among the people of the world incognito. They travel and do anything in their power (remember, there is no magic in what they do ... whatever they do they must utilize the developed technology restricted to the laws of nature of planet Earth) to help humanity. That's what they do. That's what they have always done. That's what they will always do.

They first approached Thomas Jefferson pretending to be emissaries from France interested in American politics and the new religious freedom. Two of them live in France currently, and all of them speak French just like, even better, than a native French person. Jefferson was intrigued with the uniqueness of the scene they presented to him: two white, beautiful looking, although slightly on the feminine side, men, and their entourage of two small-statured Peruvians, all who could speak perfect French and English.

They had a plan that they explained to Jefferson about helping the American Christians become more accepting of the darker-skinned native Americans. They told Jefferson their plan. Jefferson was offered the role of the True Messenger. But to do so, Jefferson would have to make up a story about how God came to him and instructed him to write God's word, a new *Americanized* scripture. There was no other way that anyone was going to believe that it was God's word, unless it came from God the way the Bible did. There must be a story consistent with the Bible in which the Christians believed. If Moses received the word from God, then so could Jefferson.

Jefferson understood their premise and why they would need to present the new scripture in this way, but they could not convince him that making up another story was the right way to do it. Jefferson was very popular and respected. He wasn't about to put his popularity and respect in question by claiming that had visited with God and received God's word for the American people. Jefferson agreed, however, that something had to be done. Jefferson rejected the Brothers and *their way* and did it *his way*.

A year before Joseph Smith, Jr. was born, Jefferson published a book that was a direct result of him unknowingly meeting with four *mortal* immortals:

*The Philosophy of Jesus of Nazareth, being Extracted from the Account of His Life and Doctrines Given by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; Being an Abridgement of the New Testament for the Use of the Indians, Unembarrassed [uncomplicated] with Matters of Fact or Faith beyond the Level of their Comprehensions.*

Having failed with Jefferson, the Brothers found a popular preacher of that time, Ethan Smith (no direct relation to Joseph). They introduced the plan to Ethan Smith. He rejected it too, but

incorporated the idea behind the native Americans being of Hebrew ancestry, which would have equalized the ‘God’s people of the House of Israel’ idea. If the white-skinned European-American Christians could be convinced that the native Americans were already Jewish and part of the House of Israel by birth, these American Christians might start treating them with more respect and equality.

Like Jefferson, Ethan Smith had too much to lose in claiming that God chose him as a True Messenger to introduce a new “word of God” (scripture) to the people. But the Fuck stole the Brothers’ idea and wrote his own book, *View of the Hebrews*. Although the idea that the native Americans might have been from the mythical lost ten tribes of Israel had been passed around in religious circles, Ethan Smith would have never even thought or had any idea about associating the native Americans with the Hebrews as direct descendants of the Jews who traveled across the ocean to get to the Western Hemisphere, if not for his interactions with the Brothers ... the PLAGIARIZING FUCK!

When Ethan Smith, the opportunistic fuck that he was, first published *their* storyline as his own book in 1823, they knew they had to make their move with the young teenager, Joseph Smith, and prepare him to do it *their way*.

There were no gold plates when they met with the young teenager in September of 1823. It took them about four years to make them. Joseph Smith did not tell anyone about what really happened after his *transfiguration* in 1820 and leading up to the publication of the Book of Mormon ten years later. He was counseled not to. Finally, because of the pressure of so many of Joseph’s original supporters and “friends” leaving him and calling him a “false prophet,” in 1839, shortly before the Brothers left Joseph to be murdered, they counseled him to pen a story that fit.

“[September 1823] I made an attempt to take [the gold plates] out, but was forbidden by the messenger, and was again informed that the time for bringing them forth had not yet arrived, neither would it, until four years from that time; but he told me that I should come to that place precisely in one year from that time, and that he would there meet with me, and that I should continue to do so until the time should come for obtaining the plates.

“Accordingly, as I had been commanded, I went at the end of each year, and at each time I found the same messenger there, and received instruction and intelligence from him at each of our interviews, respecting what the Lord was going to do, and how and in what manner his kingdom was to be conducted in the last days.” (*Pearl of Great Price*, Joseph Smith History 1:53-54.)

What were the Brothers doing during those four years of preparing Joseph Smith for his eventual role? Making the plates (with an appearance of gold). They needed a prop. I have told you that my mentors have never lied to me ... EVER! And they never lied to Joseph.

They told Joseph that they would engrave the words upon the plates so that he could use the rocks' ancient technology to decipher the words. By engraving the words in a language that the only rocks could translate, if the plates were actually discovered or lost, the information would be fully protected.

When they presented the finished plates to Joseph in September of 1827, 2/3 were sealed. The *unsealed* part had characters on and throughout the few leafs that were *unsealed*. Joseph did not have a typewriter or a word processor to help him, and he was a lousy writer. The Brothers wanted to make sure that when he was reading the words that were actually texted to him, he would pay meticulous attention to detail. This was the sole purpose for the plates. How else would they ensure that Joseph read their words specifically and in detail when he read them to the scribes whom wrote for him?

There was only one reason, at the time, why they put the bands around the "sealed" part of the plates. Had Joseph broken the bands or peeked at the part that they didn't want him to worry about at the time, there wouldn't have been any characters written on the *sealed* part. They hadn't written this part yet. Keep in mind that *the sealed portion* was the failsafe, if the unsealed part did not work.

When they showed me the plates in 1991, there were no bands or sealed part. Every plate had characters meticulously engraved on it. There was not a space that was not used. I was impressed at the intricate and beautiful way that they did it. It must have taken them tens of hundreds of hours to engrave those fucking plates ... only so that Joseph and I would be impressed and pay attention to what we were doing when we were relying the words that appeared on the ancient cell phone that they were actually texting to us.

I could write. I had a word processor. I didn't need a scribe. My part was twice as large as his. Being the maverick, humorous guy that I was, I jokingly said one day,

"What's this actual shit on these plates? If you guys are texting us the information anyway, why do we need these plates and characters?"

As they have often done when they do not want to answer me directly, and to never lie to me, T smiled and said nothing. I was amused and went along with whatever reason they had for the props. I would one day come to understand the importance of the plates as props to motivate Joseph and me to do it *their way* ... not our way ... not Jefferson's way ... not Ethan Smith's (the Fuck) way .... but *their way*.

The props that were in their possession and shown to me in 1991, were the exact same plates that took them four years to make back in 1823 to 1827. They had plenty of years to prepare them for the sealed portion.

They spent four years instructing Joseph Smith,

“[Joseph] received instruction and intelligence from [them] at each of [their] interviews, respecting what the Lord was going to do, and how and in what manner his kingdom was to be conducted in the last days.”

They had only instructed me and given me “intelligence at each of our interviews, respecting what the Lord was going to do, and the how and in what manner” “the Lord” was going to bring about *The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon—The Final Testament of Jesus Christ*, for about 3 months, when my world started to fall apart.

The next part of Grandpa’s autobiography will detail how the rose-colored glasses that I was wearing at the time, that made me see the world as having the potential for good, were fucking shattered!

For the rest of my life, I would finally come to see the world for what it really was: FUCKING EVIL.

I would start to have the necessary experiences that the Brothers needed me to have in order to prepare me to be whom I have become ... whom I have always been ... whom I actually volunteered to become before this world existed: a True Messenger.

The problem with this world, and the primary reason why it isn’t improving and is getting worse, is because many of things that the world believes and supports as *good*, are actually *bad*, and many things that the world believes and supports as *bad*, are actually *good*.

If the people of the world were doing things that were actually *good* for humanity, the world would be improving. But because almost everything ... yep, almost every fucking thing ... that the world thinks is *good* is actually *bad* for humanity, the world is getting worse.

Good people are doing bad things as a natural reaction to things that they *think are good*, when actually, they are very *bad* for our humanity. The proof of this is in the pudding. The empirical evidence of this is simple: The world is getting worse.

There is no good in separate nations divided by borders and political divisions. There is no good in any relationship between humans that put one group above another. There is no good in the family unit. There is no good in religion. There is no good upon this Earth!

In 1991, I was like Abraham in the Bible story who asked the “Three Nephites” ... oops .. Freudian slip ... “Three Holy Men” ... yep ... think about it ... when they wanted to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah because these cities weren’t worth saving ...

“Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?”

I thought that Jackie was righteous. I thought that Paula and Carl Ladenburg were descent people, who sincerely only wanted what was best for the kids. I thought a lot of people at the time were righteous and not wicked.

So, as the story about Sodom and Gomorrah goes ...

Come on God! If I can find fucking 50 people in the world who are righteous, can we save it?

“Peradventure there be fifty righteous in the world: wilt thou also destroy and not spare the world for the fifty righteous that are therein?”

“That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked: and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from thee: Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?”

Okay, Christopher, If I find upon the earth fifty righteous, then I will spare the world for their sakes.

Weren't there even 50 fucking people on Earth who were righteous in 1991?

Nope.

And Christopher answered and said, “Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes: Peradventure there shall lack five of the fifty righteous: wilt thou destroy all the city for lack of five? And he said, If I find there forty and five, I will not destroy it.”

And Christopher spake unto him yet again, and said, “Peradventure there shall be forty found there. And he said, I will not do it for forty's sake.”

And Christopher said unto him, “Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak: Peradventure there shall thirty be found there. And he said, I will not do it, if I find thirty there.”

And Christopher said, “Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord: Peradventure there shall be twenty found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for twenty's sake.”

“And Christopher said, Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once: Peradventure ten shall be found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake.”

There weren't even 10 fucking people in the world in 1991 that were righteous! Not even 10! Not even Jackie, my beloved wife!

How could this be?

It could be because what the people of the world believe is *good* (righteous) is actually *bad* (evil).

I had no idea that seemingly good people were so bad.

I was about to find out through *empirical evidence*.

Oh, my God! This world is like Sodom and Gomorrah! It is fucking evil!

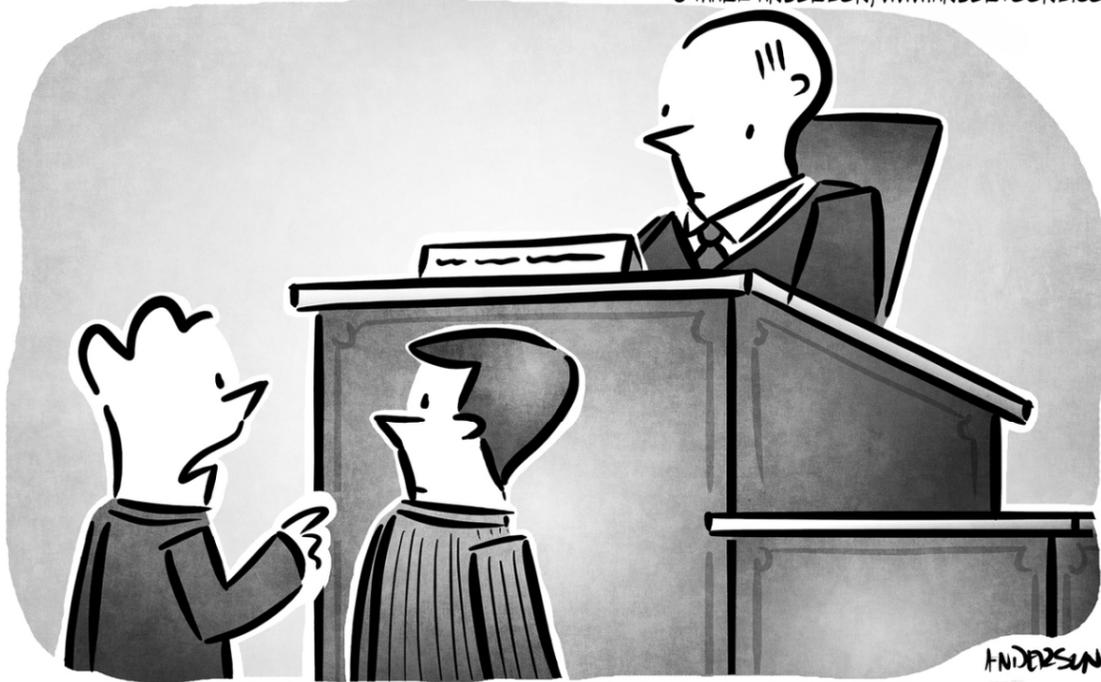
And there was none as evil at that time than my father and Paula and Carl Ladenburg.

[March 29, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's Autobiography](#)[Edit](#)

#

## Chapter 28: A Poor Fool For A Client

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"I know 'a man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client.' Which got me thinking - what if I was my own judge?"

I've explained that all people on Earth are simply the *dream Self* of each of our *True Selves*. I've explained that our conscious experiences of life upon Earth begin when our *True Self* voluntarily decides to create the experience in our highly advanced brain by connecting its energy (our advanced Self's brain's energy) to an energy-based connective platform to which many other advanced humans have also connected their brains. I've loosely compared the experience to *playing a highly advanced virtual, online video game*.

I've explained that to connect, we must wait until a body is created in *the game* by one of the other *player's mortal avatars*. What I have not explained yet, is: if there are 15.07 billion advanced humans that are assigned to our particular mortal solar system (the connective platform), how is it determined who gets the body that is created upon Earth, when there are not enough mortal babies to go around?

The simple answer is, the first one in line for the body. I give a few more details about this when I explain below why Brittany and Joshua chose Christopher Nemelka as a mortal parent.

As an advanced human, we have the ability to "go online" and watch what is happening upon Earth without actually participating. In fact, any advanced human, anywhere in our

*real* universe, can watch the game. But only those assigned to our solar system can actually play the game of mortal life with us. All other advanced humans living in the other infinite number of solar systems are also restricted to their own solar system and to THEIR OWN GROUP in order to experience a mortal life.

Advanced humans of other solar systems can watch what is going on on other “Earths” to learn while they are “growing up” and choosing the humanity type that is best for each of them individually.

In essence, the only ones that are really interested in watching what is going on in other solar systems are the “advanced children” who haven’t yet decided how they want their new advanced human life to play out for them. They have the right to choose, as all of us were on equal standing to choose for our Self how we wanted the game to serve our particular needs.

My mentors use three general categories to describe the different humanity types from which an advanced child can choose. No *type* is in any better or worse than another. Each is simply a choice that one chooses as a growing and learning advanced human child.

To make the choice, advanced children of other solar systems do what children do: explore with curiosity and innocence. While advanced adults have already made the choice and aren’t looking to change ... because you can’t teach an old dog new tricks ... you can’t put new wine in old bottles ... you can’t sew an old piece of cloth into a new piece of fabric ... you know what I’m saying ... advanced children are learning and exploring their options.

I’ve explained that an advanced child can travel throughout the solar system in which the child was created to visit the different planets therein and see how its creator’s (mother’s) siblings\* are living as adults. Each planet was created to serve the needs of each particular humanity type. As the children travel throughout their mother’s solar system, they associate with the adults to learn upon which type of planet they (the children) would like to live one day as advanced adults. The curious children “go online” and observe many other solar systems and worlds, not only in an advanced state, but any mortal state that is happening for other advanced humans. They do this out of curiosity and to learn.

\*All advanced human creators are women. These creators were genderless as children and chose to become a woman so that they could create advanced bodies for new advanced people wanting to have an experience as a new person. Creation of a new advanced body occurs in what we describe as our *Second State of Conscious Existence*. Since all advanced humans are assigned to specific, finite (numbered) groups, those who chose to become mothers can be referred to as *advanced sisters*. OUR GROUP can be referred to as *advanced siblings*.

But sorry all you egomaniac mortal men upon Earth. All advanced humans are created asexually *without a male*. Advanced males are few and far between. As I have stated, I have personally met every one of our mutual siblings who has chosen to become an advanced, gendered male. So, if you haven’t personally met me, OUR GROUP’S True Messenger ... you can kiss your treasured balls goodbye, you arrogant mortal fucks, who think that heaven is about you getting to put your holy penis into all kinds of women!

The Real Truth is, the only reason why the few advanced humans who choose to become male have an advanced penis, is to please ONE WOMAN ... the advanced creator who has already determined her need for a man and has determined WHAT SIZE OF PENIS THE MALE GOD IS GOING TO HAVE TO PLEASE HER. Yeah ... pretty much ... Really! But anyways ...

Grandkids, is it any wonder why men hate Grandpa so much ... why they reject everything that Grandpa explains about the Real Truth ... especially the fucks who haven't yet met me personally? Yeah, the arrogant fucks value their dangling balls and loath the thought of eternal castration. But when we finally explain why mortal men have dangling balls in the first place, you're going to laugh your ass off!

Think about it. What part of the man is so sensitive, so vulnerable to pain, and with slight pressure, can put a man on his knees quicker than his dick can fill with blood? His balls! Wait until I explain how the fallen male's balls were created ... fucking hilarious! Another time ... let's get back to this chapter on my life.

I've called the 15.07 billion advanced humans who are authorized to play the game upon our Earth, in our solar system: OUR GROUP.

Long explanation short, as I have already explained, the ratio of "serving" humanity types to "being served" humanity types is the reason why OUR GROUP cannot learn to play together properly; and that we're on our sixth, *and last*, attempt to make things right on this Earth so that it becomes the appropriate platform for OUR GROUP to continue to be able to have the mortal experience.

OUR GROUP can ONLY experience mortal life in this solar system. If the solar system is destroyed ... by an autistic boy, who had a potty mouth in his last incarnate ... creating a new sun that extinguishes our present sun and destroys everything in our solar system ... if destroyed, none of OUR GROUP will ever be able to have the mortal experience again ... NEVER ... EVER!

But what about those of OUR GROUP who chose to become female creators ... and the few who get a personalized eternal dick that serves the needs of ONE female creator? Won't they be able to have the mortal experience again? Nope. They don't need to.

WTF?

Grandkids, before I go on with my story, let me make it easy to understand:

People like sex. It feels good, especially if you have an orgasm. Mortal men always orgasm. Women ... not so much. But when the woman has the right orgasm ... Oh, my God! ... Yep, that's pretty much what she yells out during and after she has one.

Sex is actually the ultimate physical and spiritual energy stimulation that any human can experience. Sex is an advanced human's drug, or sorts. An advanced human can't get that drug

unless the person is a mortal. The drug's effects can only be felt in the mortal experience when one has a gendered, mortal body with the parts that can stimulate the orgasmic experience. Without a penis, a clitoris, or a "g spot", no mortal or advanced human, is capable of having an orgasm.

Now, the following isn't *exactly* how it is, but it's close enough to explain what I'm trying to say here:

Sex is the ultimate experience of a conscious (or subconscious ... think wet dreams) human physical reaction. It is the ultimate release of energy and can balance and calm the brain better than any other experience. You can't have sex without the right body parts. With the right body parts, you can have sex anytime you want.

Keep in mind that the ONLY reason why advanced humans want a new experience to play out in their advanced brain is to keep it balanced. Nothing balanced the brain better than sex.

Believe it or not, Grandkids, most sexual experiences that reach orgasm are homosexual ... Yep, none can argue this. There's more masturbation going on this planet to orgasm than any other sex act. Masturbation is a man pleasing a man and a woman pleasing a woman ... Make sense? Sure, the arrogant fucks who call themselves a man on this Earth, might say, "I couldn't stand it if another man touched me!" Oh, then when you touch yourself, you Fuck, that's not a man's hand? ... I told you that there were few actual men upon this Earth. Right? ... But anyways ... Sorry, Grandpa's profane and perverted mind goes off on tangents at times ... not really ... I just know the Real Truth about these things.

An advanced human who has a gendered body (female or male) no longer needs the mortal experience to have sex. Most shes, and the few hes, have the advanced body parts to experience sex. So whether or not the rest of OUR GROUP can't have sex ever again once Grandpa's future twelve-year old self blows up this God-forsaken solar system on June 16 2145, it's not going to matter to those of us who have chosen to serve others as creators ... a choice that we made before the foundation of this solar system.

I like how my mentors put this clue in their religious-based writings:

2 And those women and men were ordained after this order of Sex by being given the body to do so, in a manner that thereby the other humans might know in what manner to look forward to having sex to release pent up energy for the redemption of their eternal brain.

3 And this is the manner after which they were ordained to have sex—  
being called and prepared from the foundation of the world according to the foreknowledge of their True Self, on account of their choosing to serve others by being an eternal parent/creator; in the first place being left to choose what humanity type they wanted; therefore they having chosen to help others exists, and exercising exceedingly great faith, are called with a holy calling, yea, with that holy calling which was prepared with, and according to, a preparatory redemption for such; a calling that would reward them with the ability to have sex because of their desire to serve others.

4 And thus they have been called to this holy calling on account of their faith, while others would reject the same humanity type on account of their choosing a different humanity type, while, if it had not been for this they might have had as great privilege as their advanced siblings.

5 Or in fine, in the first place they were on the same standing with their siblings; thus this holy calling being prepared from the foundation of the world for such as would not harden their hearts against the idea of serving others for eternity.

(Compare Alma 13:2-5.)

Now ... they used religious terms that they thought necessary to open the minds of the arrogant male fucks who love the idea that God gives them (males) priesthood authority. All I did was take out the religious terms and put in terms that are closer to the Real Truth.

Again, because I can do this so easily, is it any wonder why most men on this God forsaken planet want to shut my mouth and never speak another word about their inevitable eternal loss of their nut sack?

My father and Carl Ladenburg certainly don't deserve a nut sack!

As I relate what happened shortly after moving to Montana, consider what these events did ... not to me ... but to two innocent children: Brittany and Joshua.

Brittany's and Joshua's True Self chose me to be their mortal father.

Their True Selves had known of me and watched me develop throughout eons of time while we were growing up together in OUR GROUP in *real solar system*. Although not from the same advanced mother, and although we are not of the same humanity type, they had a need and stayed close to my True Self watching each and every mortal experience that I had.

In essence, Brittany and Joshua had watched my mortal incarnates long enough to be first in line for choosing Christopher (profane current incarnate that I am) as the co-creator of their mortal avatar. In fact, their mother actually chose to be put in a mortal situation where she could become my first mortal wife. (There are a lot of details to how these choices are made by advanced humans that will be covered in *The Dream of Mortal Life* book. So as not to confuse you ... let's go on with the facts of my life.)

After my transfiguration, I was raising Brittany and Joshua in a way that would have ensured them a healthy outlook on life. If they had remained with me throughout their lives, they would not have the emotional issues that plague them today as adults.

Since these children chose me, they became very close to me.

Brittany couldn't have been any closer to me as her father. And when Carl Ladenburg tried to take my place, after I all of the sudden disappeared out of her life, the protective nature of Brittany's unique mortal brain took over. Not only was Carl Ladenburg ever able to penetrate

the emotional wall that our father-daughter bond had built during the first seven years of Brittany's life, but because of the alienation for so many years and the fucked up bullshit put into that little girl's head by her mother and Carl Ladenburg ... neither would I be able to regain the bond in the future.

I have not been able to break through Brittany's high and strong walls of emotional security. Our once incredibly close mortal father/daughter bond was destroyed!

Joshua was a bit different.

Although he would bond with Carl Ladenburg, his mind never forgot the feelings he once felt as a little child being raised by Jackie.

Joshua's mother/son relationship never developed with Paula as it did with Jackie. And after the Ladenburgs maliciously took away my rights and made me disappear from Brittany's and Joshua's mortal existence, after they filled the kid's heads with all kinds of lies ... that their father had actually kidnapped them from their mother who had legal custody, but I kidnapped them away ... Yeah, fucking Really! ... Joshua never forgot the things that he felt through Jackie's motherly love.

Being told what he was throughout his formative years, and realizing that Paula was actually his mother, but never feeling the same type of motherly love with Paula that he did with Jackie, Joshua began to associate his foundational emotional happiness with me ... his father.

Joshua had a wonderful relationship with Jackie. Brittany not so much. Brittany would come to have a better relationship with Paula than Joshua would. Paula provided Brittany with the love that she did not get from Jackie. But Paula could not reproduce the motherly love that Jackie showed to Joshua. Paula is not the motherly sort.

As children's brains do as they mature, things have to make sense. Relationship feelings must be consistent and of a nature that brings value to the child.

Whereas Brittany was receiving somewhat of a mother-daughter relationship with Paula that she never felt with Jackie, it was impossible for Carl Ladenburg to replace me.

As explained, the me who Brittany perceived as a child, no longer existed in her world.

Joshua's brain was foundationalized with positive experiences that only a mother can provide. These positive experiences stayed with him. Joshua's adult brain needs the experiences that were established in his brain as a little child. As an adult, Jackie did what Carl Ladenburg would one day do: completely abandon Joshua. The only positive emotional bonding parental relationship Joshua's brain could depend on was his bond with me.

Because I was forced to leave Joshua for his own sake and the sake of the role I have as OUR GROUP's True Messenger, Joshua was a lot more effected by my disappearance in his adult life than Brittany was. Brittany lost her father in June of 1991 ... forever. Her adult brain needed to

be in protective mode in order to stay sane. Although I would intervene at a later date to save her from herself, Brittany never regained the father that had been maliciously removed from her life as a young seven-year old girl.

(NOTE: shortly after the incidents I describe below, I wrote a short book called, *A Poor Fool For A Client*, to point out the abuses of the United States legal system. The following are a few excerpts from this book:)

“It shouldn’t be too much longer before this spray runs out,” I said to myself as I neared the end of a barley field I was spraying with herbicide.

I was working for Shane Morris, a farmer in the small town of Corvallis, Montana. It was a warm day in the late spring of 1991. I was thinking how wonderful it was to have a beautiful wife and four wonderful children who shared a five acre parcel of land with me near the Snoqualmie river in Eastern Montana.

The week before, I had brought my oldest daughter, Brittany Nicole, with me to the Morris farm where she helped watch Shane’s young boy, as his father and I herded the cattle to pasture in the low hills just above Corvallis.

Shane was a single father who had custody of his young son whose mother had left him in pursuit of the wilder things of life that Shane couldn’t provide for her on his Montana cattle farm. Shane noticed the care which Brittany took in watching out for his son; and mentioned what a wonderful little girl I had and hoped that someday his boy’s mother would come back and care for her family, as my little girl cared for his son.

Brittany loved being with me at work. She would fight with her kid brother, Joshua, as to whose turn it was to go with Dad to the farm. Shane preferred that Brittany came, because she was able to keep an eye on his boy. Brittany loved to ride with me on the motorcycles we used to chase the cattle and herd them to pasture. I loved my little Brittany and was proud that I received compliments on her demeanor and personality.

I was proud, because I had raised her and Joshua from two years old and six months respectively.

As I was nearing the middle of the forty acres I was spraying that spring day, I noticed Shane’s speeding 4×4 truck, which ironically carried license plates that said “L8AGAIN” coming towards me. (What ever he was coming to the field for, it was apparent he did not intend to be late again.)

Shane didn’t stop at the steep dikes which surrounded the barley field, but bounced his truck over the dikes without slowing down.

“What in the world is wrong?” I thought.

Shane drove towards me through the barley field never letting up on his gas pedal.

“Did someone get hurt?” I wondered.

I shut down the sprayers and idled the throttle on the tractor, so that I could find out what my boss, who leaped from his truck in a dead sprint, had to say.

“Your x-wife and her husband just kidnapped your kids,” he yelled to me. “Your neighbor called me and sent me to get you,” he continued, gasping for the air he had lost in his anxiety to help me.

When he had caught his breath, Shane explained that Brittany and Joshua had been kidnapped by Paula and her husband, Carl Ladenburg; that Jackie, my wife, and our neighbors had chased the fleeing Ladenburgs down the highway where they were finally stopped by Ravalli County Sheriff Deputies 20 miles from the Idaho/Montana border. Shane informed me that I was suppose to go the Ravalli County Sheriff’s office as soon as possible.

“Well, they blew it this time,” I said.

“I am not worried,” I told Shane. “I’ll finish this load of spray and go down and see what’s going on.”

Shane told me to leave the tractor and he would drive me to Hamilton, where the Sheriff’s office was located.

“No need to worry,” I assured him, “I have full custody of the children, and Paula has got herself into a mess this time!”

I knew that Paula and Carl had taken the children the previous day on a set visitation, and that they were suppose to pick the children up this morning at 8:00 am. I had to be to work at seven, so I knew Jackie would get the children up and ready to go by 8:00. I figured that Paula and Carl had let their hate for me and my lifestyle overcome them to the point that they didn’t want Brittany and Joshua to be with me any more, and therefore, decided to make a run with them.

I thought about Brittany’s long, beautiful, blonde hair blowing in the oncoming wind and whipping against my face, as she sat in front of me on the motorcycle. I thought about the times she would hold my hand and ask me about life and all the other things which made no sense to the innocence of a child’s mind. Little did I imagine, as I proceeded to the Sheriff’s office in Hamilton, that I would never again feel the tender hand of my little girl’s in mine, hear her inquisitive questions, or feel her soft hair blow against my whiskered cheek.

Unbeknownst to me at the time, my father had driven to Montana and met with the Ladenburgs and hired an attorney to take me to court and take away my rights to the kids. The first thing that my dad had to do was find an attorney who would handle their case, pay the attorney a retaining fee, and get the legal process going.

My dad found an attorney who had practiced law for some 25 years in the area, and enlisted his aid. He and the Ladenburgs would soon find out that they had found the right attorney for the

job. His name is H. James Oleson. One will soon come to realize that Mr. Oleson had the contacts in “the system” which would enable him to practice some of the most unethical jurisprudence allowed by the courts of justice.

When Paula and Carl met with Mr. Oleson for the first time, they must have made it seem like the best thing that could happen to the world was to get rid of me. They enlisted Oleson’s services to petition the court for custody of Brittany and Joshua.

Oleson knew he had to show just cause in the petition in order for a judge to consent to hear the matter in his court. Therefore, on behalf of Paula Ladenburg, Oleson filed a petition on June 11, 1991, full of outright lies and malicious innuendoes.

Somehow the Ladenburgs got the impression from Oleson that it would be okay to take the kids on “an extended vacation” without my consent while he was working with a judge to take away my rights.

Though the Ladenburgs would later deny to the Ravalli County Sheriff that their attorney gave them such an indication, it is obvious from the facts of the case that he did just that. (In their denial, it is quite evident that the Ladenburgs were only trying to protect Oleson’s integrity as an officer of the court, as I am sure, Oleson instructed them to do.

In the police reports taken at the time the fleeing Ladenburgs were stopped, Carl Ladenburg indicates that his attorney told them it was okay to take the children, if they left me a note. This is obviously the truth, because why else would Ladenburg have taken the time to return to our house and give Jackie a note, if he did not believe that his attorney knew what he was talking about.

Paula had previously asked to visit the children on the 12th and 13th of June, 1991. The visitation was set up not to be an overnight visit, but required that the children would be returned at 8:00 in the evening.

The visit on the 12th went without incident.

On the 13th, the Ladenburgs came at 8:00 in the morning and picked up the kids as scheduled. Later that day, while I was at work, Carl Ladenburg returned to our house alone and handed Jackie a note that said, “We are taking the kids on an extended summer vacation and no one will know where they are at.” It was at this point that they took the kids without my consent or knowledge, thus breaking the law.

Again, why would they have taken the time to write out a note, unless they thought that they were obeying the law as instructed by Oleson? Later on, when questioned by the police, The Ladenburgs claimed that, “their attorney was working on the papers in Kalispell.” This led the officer to assume that there was an attorney involved which had initiated a civil suit.

Carl Ladenburg would later admit to me that his attorney had led him to believe that there would be no problem with them taking the kids as long as they gave us a note, but as mentioned before, Oleson depended on his clients' loyalty to protect his integrity.

Obviously, the Ladenburgs misunderstood their attorney, or it is possible that neither they nor their attorney thought I would pursue legal means to stop them. They certainly didn't expect Jackie to respond the way she did.

Whatever the underlying situation might have been, Paula and Carl Ladenburg had no legal or moral right to take those kids without my consent. The facts will show that they did, and their attorney did some slick maneuvers to protect both their butts.

Even though there was a legal petition filed on June 11th, in court to take my children away, Oleson knew that the defendant in the matter, me, had to be served a copy of said petition so as to be able to respond to the court on the hearing date the judge would set for the petition. I was never served any legal papers at anytime. This was Oleson's first mistake, which one will soon find out took some fast talking, lying, and judge manipulation to cover up.

The Ladenburgs had no intention of letting me know that they were suing me for custody until they had the children safe in an unknown place where, "no one would know where they are at".

After Jackie received the note from Carl, she went outside and screamed to the neighbors to come and help her. She cried, "Help me, please, they've taken the kids!"

The neighbors came running and their daughter put Jackie in the car and pursued the fleeing Ladenburgs.

As explained above, the authorities stopped the Ladenburgs and took everyone down to the Ravalli County Sheriff's office to sort things out.

It didn't take the investigating officers too long to find out that I had legal custody and that the Ladenburgs were facing custodial interference charges.

When I arrived at the sheriff's office, Jackie and Tracy Kreis (our neighbor's daughter) had been there for about an hour. When I arrived, I was briefed on what had happened and asked if I was planning on filing charges. I responded that I would file charges and that I wanted to see my children. The deputy who was in the room with us, informed me that the Ladenburgs were trying to contact their attorney, and that nothing would be done until they did so.

Now Oleson had a big problem. His clients had just broken the law and were facing custodial interference charges that could get them some jail time. Oleson got a hold of another attorney in Hamilton who he knew had a lot of clout there. His name is, Jeff Langton. (Mr. Langton eventually ran for District Judge in that district, and won! Go figure!)

With Mr. Langton managing the situation, things began to get worse for Jackie and me.

It wasn't long after Mr. Langton arrived that another deputy entered the room and said that there were allegations of child abuse and that the Department of Family Services was being contacted. (We knew Langton had arrived, because he had never personally met the Ladenburgs, because he first entered the office where Jackie and I were and offered us his hand. The deputy quickly told him that we were not the Ladenburgs. Embarrassed, Langton left quickly.

It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what the Ladenburg's attorney had told them: cry abuse to justify your taking the children without their father's consent; that you feared for the children's safety, and that this caused you to want to take them from their father. Ha, Ha, good one Oleson/Langton ... you fucks!

They knew that we did not have an attorney representing us, nor did we have the money to obtain one.

Oleson/Langton devised a way to keep the kids from going home with us that night and keep the Ladenburgs out of jail. They knew that if they could somehow get enough proof of child abuse out of interviewing the kids, they could justify taking the children from us until they were able to get a court order the next morning to accomplish their desires.

This was all happening at about 5:00 in the evening; therefore, Oleson could not run to his favorite judge and get an order signed immediately. He had to wait until the first light in the morning, catch the Judge first thing, and get his signature before I had time to think about what was going on and obtain my own legal advice. This is exactly what took place, and will be mentioned later.

When the deputy came in and mentioned that abuse charges were being filed, I immediately deciphered what was happening and stood up and said, "If you take those two kids from these two abusive parents, then you had better go get the other ones (Brandon and Caleb) we left at home and not allow them to stay with abusive parents, or I'll sue the hell out of this state for playing into the hands of my x-wife!"

My statement startled the deputy, who then told me to hold on and they would go confer with the District Attorney.

It was quite obvious that if we were suppose to be abusive parents who would put the life of a child in jeopardy, then we were equally abusive to all of our children. I knew I had given those so-called law enforcement officers something to think about.

"How in the world are we going to get around this one?" they must have thought after my threat of a suit. "If we claim they're abusive parents, then we justifiably must remove all the children from the home. But we only want Brittany and Joshua, because they're the only ones the Ladenburgs and their high-powered attorney are concerned about."

Another hour past and a social worker, Kathy Ostrander, came in and told us that it wasn't me who was the abusive parent, but Jackie. She claimed that Jackie was abusing the children when I wasn't at home because she was not the natural parent of Brittany and Joshua.

“Therefore, there is no need to take your other children,” she said.

I almost lost it at this point, but managed to retain my composure long enough to respond to the social worker’s request to obtain my permission to let the children go with their mother, Paula. I told her to forget that option; that I would never acquiesce to the malicious plan initiated by the Ladenburg’s legal counsel.

Ostrander decided to put the kids in a foster home for the night until she talked to a judge and completed her investigation. This was precisely what Oleson had wanted. He knew he could now secure a judge’s order the next morning, 150 miles away, in a completely different jurisdiction.

The next morning, June 14th, was a Friday. Oleson must have been up at the crack of dawn wondering what he was going to have to say to the fuck of a Judge to get him to sign an order to take the children from me and put them in Paula’s custody.

On this morning, Oleson managed to prepare an “Amended Petition For Contempt of Court And For Modification Of Decree Of Divorce”, miraculously have Paula Ladenburg, who was 150 miles away, sign it, get Samantha M’Less, who resides in Kalispell, (remember 150 miles away from where Paula Ladenburg was at,) to notarize Paula’s signature, file it with the clerk of Flathead County Court, find Judge Leif B. Erickson, a District Judge in Flathead County, convince the fuck of a judge that the allegations made in the amended complaint were valid enough to get him to sign an order taking my kids away, and then fax the order to Jeff Langton, his legal conspirator 150 miles away in Hamilton, Montana. Yeah! Fucking Really!

I guess Langton couldn’t afford a fax machine, because Oleson had to fax the “speedy” order to Mary M. Interiors, a business down the street from Langton’s office. The fax date and time is clearly printed on the faxed copy of the order: June 14, 1991, 09:53am.

Boy, did Oleson hustle to get all this accomplished before 10:00 am!

Now, Oleson had made his second vital mistake. He had Samantha M’Lees notarize a signature that she did not witness in person. The person who Judge Erickson assumed had signed the amended petition was Paula Ladenburg, who was fucking 150 miles away!

Oleson had to have faxed the order to Hamilton, had Paula sign it, and fax it back to him where he had his secretary, M’Lees, notarize the document. Needless to say, M’Lees broke the law. She witnessed that Paula had signed the petition in her presence:

*“Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of June, 1991” Signed: Samantha M’ Lees, Notary Public for the State of Montana, Residing at Kalispell, Montana.”*

Anyone could have signed Paula’s name to the document; how did M’Lees know it was Paula who signed it? This flagrant disregard for the law did not deter Oleson, who was able to convince Judge Erickson that being with me would harm the children irreparably, and that an immediate order was what was needed to remedy the situation.

All of the sudden, a fuck of a District Judge, who would later become a Federal Judge, was guilty of unethical jurisprudence. How in the world does an unbiased judge take children away from a parent he has never met, spoke to, or had any time at all to review the allegations against?

The answer is simple, and could be one of the biggest abuses of “the system”:

The Judge knew the attorney personally, had probably been to his house for dinner a couple of times, had a few drinks with him at times, played a few rounds of golf, and had been associating with him for the better part of 25 years. No unorthodox, poor farmer fighting for his children in Victor, Montana .. a fucking 150 miles away ... was going to ruin this camaraderie!

Oleson knew that he could not put allegations of child abuse in the petition for an order, though this was the only legal justification he had to take the children away from me, because they were not, nor could they ever be proven to be true. However, he filled the petition with other lies which he must of assumed could be proven later in court, but will be shown hereafter to be nothing more than that what they were ... fucked up lies.

With the perjured document, Oleson convinced the judge to sign the order.

Where Oleson got Judge Erickson to sign the order early that morning is unclear. Whether in his chambers or at his home, Erickson in no way had enough time to review, or let alone, think twice about the order he was signing. But with one stroke of his pen, he took away my children.

Oleson makes four main accusations against me in the petition, and all four are blatant lies and manipulations.

Allegation one states as follows: “...that all the paper work that was signed (alluding to our original divorce in Utah), was signed in the office of Richard S. Nemelka; that at that time, the Petitioner was led to believe that there would be no problems with this divorce, or subsequent thereto specifically as relates to child custody and visitation periods; that that is one of the reasons why there was no child support included.”

Did Paula lie to Oleson, or did Oleson lie to the court? I have explained how I arranged with my father to have him go to Montana and get the kids and have Paula sign the custody papers. Dad went and met with Paula at her parent’s home. Alvin and Dora Mae Blades sat at their own table; and in the presence of my father, Michael J. Nemelka, my stepmother, Gloria, and my sister, Paulette, watched their daughter sign over custody of Brittany and Joshua to me.

My father later told me that both of Paula’s parents protested and told Paula not to sign the papers. At that time, Paula wasn’t listening to anyone but Paula, so she did not hesitate to sign the papers.

The second accusation states: “That pursuant to said Decree of Divorce, Respondent has failed and refused, and continues to refuse, to allow Petitioner to exercise the “liberal rights of visitation” ordered therein....”

Of course, Judge Erickson had no idea that Paula and Carl Ladenburg had just tried to kidnap the kids during one of their supposable visitations which I, "...continue to refuse...". Oleson flagrantly lied to the court to manipulate it into thinking that I was not letting Paula see the children or that she has never had the opportunity to sue me before to secure visitation rights to her children. And of course, Oleson would not tell the judge about what had happened the year before in Snohomish, Washington.

In the third accusation, found in article IV of the petition, Oleson alludes to my moving around to keep the kids from Paula. He lists states where I have never lived, and forgets to tell the court that Paula knew exactly where I was in both Missouri and Washington, and could have sued me had she wished.

Oleson goes on to contradict his previous allegations that I continue to refuse Paula to visit the children when he alludes to the fact that Paula has in fact seen the children. He then perjures himself even more by stating, "...nor could she speak with said children outside of the hearing of the Respondent...."

Again, I ask, "Did Paula lie to her attorney, or did the attorney lie to the court?"

The final allegation states, "That the living conditions the Respondent has subjected to said children is deplorable, i.e., living in a bus that has been refurbished..."

The petition filed by Paula Ladenburg, and the subsequent order issued by the judge, were not only illegal, due to the fact that Paula was never legally witnessed as to signing the petition; the fact that a District Judge 150 miles outside the jurisdiction that we resided in signed the order; and the fact that I was never served a copy of it in order to be afforded the chance to answer the false allegations made therein; but far worse, it was unethically signed by a busy judge who obviously cared more about his upcoming appointment to the Federal Bench than he did about a poor family who had just been railroaded by a corrupt system of justice and his "legal comrade", H. James Oleson.

There is so much to this story. I provided all of the pertinent facts in the book that I had hoped to publish about the event, *A Poor Fool For A Client*. If you want to know the rest of the facts and details, you can find them in this book: [A Poor Fool For A Client](#)

I wrote this book in 1992, after I had told my mentors that they could shove the role of a True Messenger up their *mortal* immortal asses! I wasn't about to do anything for them that threatened my ability to be a father to my children ... not a fucking thing! ... so, I thought at the time. In the book, I did not mention anything about why I was stupid enough to move to Montana. I mentioned nothing about my mentors. I wanted nothing to do with them and their *new fucking scripture*.

I knew that if I told anyone about them and the Real Truth about my role, I would have lost my other children, because I would be seen as bonkers. When I finally told Jackie about my desire to help with *The Sealed Portion* in 2000, she would also take away my ability to see our children, maliciously ... fucking evil!

And how would Jackie do this?

With lawyers and judges.

As the facts of the events in my life unfold, you will see that it wasn't until I lost my ability to be a father to my other children, and had gotten Brittany and Joshua back in my life, and after I realized how fucked up Brittany and Joshua actually were, that I finally agreed to help my mentors and accept the role as a True Messenger.

The facts of the above event and those that followed as I dealt with the legal system are not only horrendous, they are fucking evil! But according to this world, they were *good*.

To the court system, to the world, I was not a good father for Brittany and Joshua. Oh ... yeah ... so check out what happened over the next years ... in brief:

Carl Ladenburg adopted the kids, eventually divorced Paula, abandoned the kids, the kids were FUBAR (Fucked Up Beyond Repair), and guess who intervened to save Brittany and Joshua from self-destruction?

That's right you fucking judges, attorneys, and social workers, who think you're so fucking smart and know what is *good* and what is *bad* about a person ...

I saved them, you fucks!

If isn't wasn't for my personal involvement in their lives, Brittany and Joshua would not be anywhere near the "successful, worldly" *good* people that they are today!

Well did my mentors write about the legal systems that are set up by fallen mortals who don't have a clue about the Real Truth:

"O ye wicked and perverse generation, ye lawyers and hypocrites, for ye are laying the foundations of the devil; for ye are laying traps and snares to catch the holy ones of God. Ye are laying plans to pervert the ways of the righteous, and to bring down the wrath of God upon your heads, even to the utter destruction of this people. ... And now behold, I say unto you, that the foundation of the destruction of this people is beginning to be laid by the unrighteousness of your lawyers and your judges."

(Alma 10:17-18, 27.)

In every past dispensation of time when the human race prospered, the cause of humanity's downfall started with fucking lawyers and judges ... Yeah. Really!

... Well, not actually *fucking* lawyers and judges ... because, although they like to be fucked as much as the next guy ... their power and black robes hide the fact that they have little cocks ... the more power a male judge has over you can probably be related to trying to compensate his

ego for the lack thereof ... Come on, Grandpa! That's not nice! You're right ... it's not ... but I'll bet ya it's true! But anyways ...

Niether the judges, lawyers, Carl Ladenburg nor my father gave a shit about what taking Brittany and Joshua away from me would do to two innocent souls. Their humanity types are all about *them* being served by others. They don't deserve to have dangling balls!

My mentors knew that I needed a lot more "evil" experiences, that the world believes are "good," before I would be ready to fulfill the role of a True Messenger ...

A fucking lot!

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#

# Chapter 29: The End Justifies the Means

Really?

These four “men”, immortal or not, justified deceiving me into moving from what could have been my perfect and idyllic (extremely happy) life in Kent, Washington, to Montana, only to have my beloved children maliciously taken away from me. And this was supposed to be a *good* thing? Really?

Yeah! Really!

I saw the plates they had made that had an “appearance of gold.” I saw their engravings. They showed me how they did it. They reproduced the characters on a piece of paper.

“How do you spell my name in the engraved language?” I asked.

The one I called “T” turned a few of the plates and found a specific character. He took a piece of paper and pencil and lightly scraped the pencil’s lead over the small character ... really small.

“The context of this character includes your name, Christopher,” he explained. “Procure the Urim and Thummim and place it over the character I have copied on the paper,” T continued.

I did.

From that one small character—a tiny engraving among what seemed to be hundreds on one side of each plate (the plates were engraved both front and back)—the following appeared on the surface of the two rocks as I held them together:

“Behold, after the period of the times hath ended, there shall be a great period of time when the Spirit shall not be upon the earth, even a time when no prophets of God shall be called to give the fullness of the gospel to the people of the earth. But at the beginning of the half of time shall this first prophet of the latter days, even he who shall be called Joseph after the name of his father; yea, he shall be called and shall give unto the world the fullness of the gospel once again. And in the meridian of the half of times shall this final prophet be called forth to establish the truth of the first and take away all the stumbling blocks that have been put in place by the Lord because of the wickedness of men. And he shall be called Christopher, being a bearer of Christ, and shall be he who shall bring forth this record unto you. And this record shall be the final written revelation given by the Father to prepare the world for the coming of Christ in the glory of the Father.” (TSP 67:83-86.)

Yeah, all those words were from one tiny character.

Scientists might call them something like ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs. But these weren’t your ordinary hieroglyphs. These were “reformed Egyptian” hieroglyphs. NOT!

These were characters that some incredibly intelligent, experienced, and very talented dudes made up from countless forms of human language that had developed in various human societies over billions of years.

“Show me another character that has my name in it,” I demanded ... yep, demanded.

T repeated the same process that he had before and presented another penciled etched facsimile of another character. The etchings were way too small for my natural eye to compare the two and see which part of each actually represented my name.

I put the rocks over the second lead-etched character, and *voila*:

“Nevertheless, this first prophet shall make an attempt to establish a church of God among you, but it shall fail because of the wickedness of the Gentiles. And because of the wickedness of the Gentiles of the latter days, all of the words of the Lord shall be fulfilled concerning them. And the blood of the righteous Lamanites shall be avenged upon their heads by a remnant of the house of Jacob that shall be among the Gentiles, yea, in the midst of them as a lion among the beasts of the forest, as a young lion among the flocks of sheep, who, if he go through, both treadeth down and teareth in pieces, and none can deliver. Their hand shall be lifted up upon their adversaries, and all their enemies shall be cut off. And now, ye of the latter days know that these things did not come to pass in the days of this first latter day prophet. But these things shall come to pass during the days of this second prophet of God, even the bearer of Christ, who shall be known among you as Christopher.” (TSP 79:73-76.)

Yeah, the rocks were cool. But so what. Modern technology had already developed crude forms of texting and a cell phone. Maybe these guys were way ahead of 1991 technology and had somehow created an early prototype of a future cell phone and disguised it as a couple of rocks. Maybe they were magicians that knew how to create a believable illusion.

I held their “rocks.” They lit up and showed texts and videos, just like a modern cell phone does ... maybe even better.

I listened to them speak to each other in languages that I didn’t recognize as any language on this Earth ... at least not a language that had developed during this *Sixth Dispensation of Human Time*.

They explained the process by which they developed the storyline designed into the engravings on the first 1/3 of the plates that Joseph Smith used to create the Book of Mormon. It was fucking cool to learn how they did it (create the story) ... fucking cool!

There are some islands located off the southeastern coast of Africa, just north of Madagascar. Few people know of these islands. They’re called the *Comoros* Islands. Guess what the name of their capital is? *Moroni*. That’s fucking right! Fucking **MORONI** ... the same name of the angel motherfucker made of gold that sits atop a lot of LDS/Mormon temples throughout the world!

Read the Book of Mormon and you'll find in the story that the ancient American prophet, Mormon, hid the plates, upon which he had engraved the story of the native American people's ancient history, in a hill called Cumorah ... oh, fuck trying to explain it ... here it is how it is written in the story:

“And it came to pass that when we had gathered in all our people in one to the land of Cumorah, behold I, Mormon, began to be old; and knowing it to be the last struggle of my people, and having been commanded of the Lord that I should not suffer the records which had been handed down by our fathers, which were sacred, to fall into the hands of the Lamanites, (for the Lamanites would destroy them) therefore I made this record out of the plates of Nephi, and hid up in the hill Cumorah all the records which had been entrusted to me by the hand of the Lord, save it were these few plates which I gave unto my son Moroni.” (Mormon 6:6.)

There it is! The fucking capital of the island nation of Comoros: *Moroni*.

Now,

Our mentors meant to end the story with Mormon's son, Moroni, finishing his father's record and hiding the plates in the hill Cumorah. The following is the very last part that they intended for their Book of Mormon story. These were supposed to be *Moroni's* last words:

“Behold, I speak unto you as though I spake from the dead; for I know that ye shall have my words. Condemn me not because of mine imperfection, neither my father, because of his imperfection, neither them who have written before him; but rather give thanks unto God that he hath made manifest unto you our imperfections, that ye may learn to be more wise than we have been. And now, behold, we have written this record according to our knowledge, in the characters which are called among us the reformed Egyptian, being handed down and altered by us, according to our manner of speech. And if our plates had been sufficiently large we should have written in Hebrew; but the Hebrew hath been altered by us also; and if we could have written in Hebrew, behold, ye would have had no imperfection in our record. But the Lord knoweth the things which we have written, and also that none other people knoweth our language; and because that none other people knoweth our language, therefore he hath prepared means for the interpretation thereof. And these things are written that we may rid our garments of the blood of our brethren, who have dwindled in unbelief. And behold, these things which we have desired concerning our brethren, yea, even their restoration to the knowledge of Christ, are according to the prayers of all the saints who have dwelt in the land. And may the Lord Jesus Christ grant that their prayers may be answered according to their faith; and may God the Father remember the covenant which he hath made with the house of Israel; and may he bless them forever, through faith on the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.” (Mormon 9:30-37.)

Keep in mind that the ONLY purpose and original intent for writing the story was to impress upon the white-skinned European-Christian Americans that the native Americans were just as important in God's eyes as the white man who conquered and abused them ... that was the ONLY FUCKING PURPOSE for the story!

Had Joseph Smith's family, friends, and peers not fucked it all up by desiring an organized church with priesthood, ordinances, and the other bullshit that comes with a religion, Moroni's last "Amen" given above after "that THEIR prayers may be answered according to THEIR faith; and may God the Father remember the covenant which he hath made with the house of Israel; and may he bless THEM forever, through faith on the name of Jesus Christ" ... would have been the last "Amen" in the story.

The "THEM" TO WHOM MORONI REFERRED WERE THE NATIVE AMERICANS, NOT THE WHITE EUROPEAN GENTILES!

But noooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo ... the fucking white-skinned arrogant assholes, including most of Joseph's own family, all of his friends, and especially the three men to whom the plates were shown by "an angel" ... well, actually the "angel of God" that showed Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris the plates was one of our mentors ... some might call him John the Beloved ... Joseph and I call him "J" ... posing as an angel hiding in the shadow of the trees in the woods and making his appearance to these three fucks at a perfect spot where the sun's rays shown through ... illuminating him like an angel of God ... Yep! Really! But anyways ...

Because these people rejected the idea that the native Americans were just as good and blessed as them, because they wanted a religion instead of simply living the rule of goodness presented in the Sermon on the Mount in their fucking Bible, the Brothers' Book of Mormon story had to go on, even after *Moroni* gave what would have been his last "Amen."

They added another plate to what they had already made so that they could engrave the a story about the all white Jaredites ... to warn the fucking white-skinned Americans what was going to happen to them and their beloved country if they didn't start doing things right ... at least start listening to the words of their own fucking Jesus, which they never did!

Then to top the Jaredite shit off, they (Moroni) gave the motherfuckers sacraments and religious ordinances and other things that these fucks expected from an organized religion. (See the story's last book, *Moroni*.)

These fuckers had rejected the pure and simple Sermon on the Mount as the "fulness of their Savior's everlasting gospel." They wanted religion. They looked so fucking far beyond the simple rules of Jesus, that the Brothers had no choice but to give the fucks what they wanted.

Now this part of their story should make A LOT more sense:

"But behold, the [early LDS/Mormons] were a stiffnecked people; and they despised the words of plainness, and [they eventually would kill] the prophets, and sought for things that they could not understand. Wherefore, because of their blindness, which blindness came by looking beyond the mark, they must needs fall; for God hath taken away his plainness from them, and delivered unto them many things which they cannot understand, because they desired it. And because they desired it God hath done it, that they may stumble. (Compare Jacob 4:14.)

Check out what your Bunkiopedia ... oops, Grandpa means, Wikipedia, says about the *Comoros Island*:

“Moroni’s earliest history is poorly known. The earliest secure evidence for settlement in the Comoros Islands comes no earlier than the 7th century, with Bantu-speaking agriculturalists. Ceramic finds from the 7th to 10th century demonstrate that the Islands were part of the developing Swahili civilization. The 11th century Egyptian ‘Book of Curiosities’ identifies the Comoros Islands as part of the Zanj coast, indicting the islands’ participation in the broader Indian Ocean world. Moroni was a well established Swahili town by the late medieval period, widely engaged in trade networks throughout the Indian Ocean. The city’s oldest mosque, built in 1427, is a testament to the city’s wealth, contemporary with the golden ages of other Swahili cities.”

The Comoros Island and their capital, Moroni, existed long before Joseph Smith—the genius manipulator, deceiver, conman that he was—made up the Book of Mormon story.

Right? NOT!

How the fuck would an American teenager with little to no education know anything about the Comoros Islands during the 1820s?

Go ahead, critics and enemies, find all those libraries back then with maps of the world that showed the islands ... ye Fucks who strain at a gnat and swallow a fucking camel!

The young American teenager with a fucked-up brain didn’t have a clue what these islands were until the authors of the Book of Mormon told him about them.

So, why did they use the exact same names of these islands and their Capital in their Book of Mormon story?

Are you ready for the answer?

Okay ... here we go ...

Mormon and Moroni had wives and children. They wanted to save their wives and children so they sent them on a journey to be saved. These white Nephites escaped total destruction in ancient New York by fleeing to the south coast of ancient Florida, building some ships and catching the Atlantic Ocean’s trade winds.

The winds blew them to the southern part of Africa. They disembarked in ancient Africa and tried to set up a community there.

The ancient darker skinned races wouldn’t have any white-skinned people set up shop in their territory, so the Nephites (descendants of Mormon and Moroni) had to move on.

They escaped destruction from the Africans by fleeing all the way to the east coast of Southern Africa. Still threatened, and wanting to return to their homeland, the land of Promise that their ancestors Mormon and Moroni had taught them about, they set sail thinking that they would return to the Western Hemisphere somehow. They ran into some islands, which they appropriately named after their ancestors who had set them on their way to be saved in the first place.

Of course they would name their most important city after one of the most important persons of their ancestry.

Eventually, the Africans found them on the tiny islands, killed them all, like the native Americans did their ancestors, but kept the names that they had named, not only the islands, but their Capital city.

I just gave empirical evidence that the Book of Mormon story just might be true!

What say ye now, ye critics and enemy fucks?

Couldn't the scenario above have happened?

How else can you fucks explain how some African islands located in the Indian Ocean have Book of Mormon names?

Huh? You can't.

And your lame idea that a young, uneducated American teenager had access to this information is just that ... fucking lame!

During the short time that I was meeting with my mentors from April 1991 to June 1991, all we talked about was the Book of Mormon and how they wrote the story. They are intelligent as hell! They incorporated everything that a person would need in order to give an explanation that could prove that their storyline was probable and possible.

LDS/Mormons don't have a fucking clue about their Book of Mormon. They couldn't tell you shit about why there are Book of Mormon names associated with African colonies and islands.

But I can!

I can take the Book of Mormon, each part, each story, each section and explain it perfectly! I can give possible scenarios to prove that it is a true history. I can provide the argument and the proof that it is.

This is the very reason why your Ol' profane Grandpa is feared so much by the LDS/Mormon people and anti-Mormon critics. I can prove that the book is not a true history, which will piss off the LDS/Mormons that believe that it is ... but I can just as easily prove to the anti-Mormon camp that *it is* a true history, or at least give facts that it could be.

The Book of Mormon is not a true history. It is a fictitious story invented by four *mortal immortals* in an attempt to get the white-skinned descendants of the early European-American Christians thinking properly. It's a fucking incredible story! It's a fucking incredible book!

If you're a Christian, then you believe in Christ. If you believe in Christ, you must believe in the Bible, because it's the only historical source that Jesus, the Christ, existed. If you do, you probably attend some dumbass organized church where preachers, priests, bishops, and the such, pretend to speak with God and receive God's will for you. Some of these fucks have even told you that they met Jesus and personally spoke with him.

So why not believe that God sent His angel to Joseph Smith and told him to bring in some new "words of God"? Why not believe that Joseph met Jesus?

Joseph and my mentors knew the emotional affect of the human mind responsible for spirituality and belief. They knew why people need, why people want, religion. They knew of its importance. They knew that religion serves the needs of those mortals who need to be served. Yep, all religion is centered in and created to serve the needs of people who need to be served. This humanity type we call, Stellanian.

They knew that our world is controlled by religion, and that most of the politicians and world leaders in business depended on religion to hold on to their power and control over people.

They know a lot ... a fucking A LOT ... about the human mind and how it works.

They created the Book of Mormon based on their knowledge of how mortals think and what Stellanian mortals need. They know how the *Holy Ghost* works, what it actually is, and how to make people feel the promptings and feelings of the Holy Ghost. For this reason, millions of mortals have read their book and believe it to be true.

Go ahead, Grandkids, if you believe in Christ, then ... "Behold, I would exhort you that when ye shall read the Book of Mormon, if it be wisdom in God that ye should read it, that ye would remember how merciful the Lord hath been unto the children of men, from the creation of Adam even down until the time that ye shall receive these things, and ponder it in your hearts. And when ye shall receive the story of the Book of Mormon, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost. And by the power of the Holy Ghost ye may know the truth of all things.

"And whatsoever thing is good is just and true; wherefore, nothing that is good denieth the Christ, but acknowledgeth that he is. And ye may know that he is, by the power of the Holy Ghost; wherefore I would exhort you that ye deny not the power of God; for he worketh by power, according to the faith of the children of men, the same today and tomorrow, and forever."

Millions of mortals have felt the power of the Holy Ghost when they read the Book of Mormon. It is powerful. It is profound. It is the most important book upon this Earth; and a person can get closer to the True God by reading it than by reading any other book. Why? How?

Because if you read the Book of Mormon, you would know how important the *sealed portion of the book* is. You would know that if you don't read the book's *sealed part*, then you don't know anything about Real Truth and are being led by the devil down to destruction.

Go ahead, look up everything you can in the Book of Mormon about its *sealed part* and you will see what I mean. Don't forget Alma 12:9-11. Here you will read that if you don't understand all of the "mysteries of God" in FULL, you don't know shit!

Grandpa knows all of the mysteries of God in full.

But after I lost Brittany and Joshua, I refused to believe that we needed to use religion to confound religion. I refused to believe that a lie would justify another lie. I was so emotionally upset at losing my children, that I wanted to tell the whole world that religion was a fucking lie! I wanted to tell Jackie, my father, Paula and her LDS/Mormon family what the Book of Mormon really was!

It was given unto me to know the mysteries of God, but I did not at this time understand the "strict command that [I] shall not impart only according to the portion of his word which he doth grant unto the children of men, according to the heed and diligence which they give unto him." (See Alma 12:9.)

What was I supposed to tell Jackie? The only reason why she married me was because I believed in the Book of Mormon and in the Mormon God. She left her family, gave up all her worldly possessions, let me deliver her first two sons by myself without any medical attention, followed me wherever I wanted to go ... and now she was being accused of the crime of child abuse.

WTF was I supposed to tell her? How was I supposed to explain that I had met four guys who claimed to be *immortal* and who wanted me to be their True Messenger? How was I supposed to explain the two rocks, the plates, and the money that they had given me?

And the worst thing was yet to come for Jackie. Fucking Sigh ...

(The following facts are from [A Poor Fool For A Client](#))

Since the abduction of Brittany and Joshua on June 13, 1991, by the Ladenburgs, I lost my land in Montana, had my name and character slandered, and lost custody of my two oldest children. Jackie and I brought our bus down to Salt Lake City and parked it adjacent to my brother's house located in Rose Park where I had lived when I graduated from High School.

My friends and relatives could not believe what had happened to my family. However, some of the most ignorant blamed my misfortunes on my leaving the only true church of God- the Mormon church. Most of these, however, never got the full story of what had happened to us, and like most bigoted individuals, didn't bother to find out the truth.

We were finally getting a little peace in our lives when one of these ignorant ones, (Cory and his wife, Linda) who thought that we were still running from the law and were hiding out in our bus at my brother's house, thought they would do their government a favor and report us to the FBI.

When the FBI received the anonymous call, they immediately checked their trusty computers to see if they had warrants for Christopher M. Nemelka and his accomplice in the terrible kidnapping, Jackie Nemelka. They didn't find my name, because the Montana authorities had dropped the charges against me, but they did find Jackie Nemelka who was still wanted for kidnapping.

They came to our bus, took our two month old daughter, Sariah, away from Jackie, handcuffed her, and took her away in their car. I was not only devastated again, but furious. I stormed down to the U.S. Marshall's office demanding to know what was going on. I explained the situation to them, but they concluded that they had a valid warrant and they weren't going to let her go.

(End of excerpt from [A Poor Fool For A Client](#).)

I loved Jackie. I truly did ... the best I could as a fucked-up mortal whose brain had been fucked with. I was counseled not to tell her, nor anyone else, about what I was being asked to do. I was supposed to lie. Right? No, not really. I was not supposed to lie, but I wasn't allowed to tell certain things. That's not a lie. Right?

WELL THE FUCKING BOOK OF MORMON IS A GODDAMN LIE!

Why do these four get to lie and I don't?

Wait a fucking minute! They're not the ones putting themselves out there and promoting a lie to counter a lie! I am!

While I was on the run with Joshua (see the details in [A Poor Fool For A Client](#)), the Brothers removed their plates and the rocks from our school bus. Before I turned myself into the Ravalli County Sheriff on the arrest warrant that had been issued, I met with them for the final time.

They didn't seem concerned in the least that I told them to shove their fucking idea of me being their True Messenger up their asses, regardless of what their fucking engravings said! They can change their engravings, or add to them, just like they did to the *unsealed portion*.

T offered the rocks back to me and told me to use them as I needed. I took the rocks from him and threw them as hard as I could. (Check out the picture in the other chapter. See those chips. Yep, Grandpa did that then.)

I wept and left them, not to see them again for many years.

They didn't seem to care that I had lost my beloved Brittany and Joshua. I shed all of the tears. They shed none. Although their faces remained stoic, but very kind and concerned, they showed no real emotion about what I was going through.

It would take me over 12 years to learn that in order to open people's minds, I had to first do something that would cause them to allow me into their minds. The lie of religion is powerful. It would take a *religious* lie to defeat religion.

It would take me over 12 years of making attempts to tell the truth, instead of lying all the time, to finally understand what they meant when they wrote about the:

“strict command that [I] shall not impart only according to the portion of his word which he doth grant unto the children of men, according to the heed and diligence which they give unto him.”

In other words,

I had to learn that I could only impart a portion of the Real Truth to people according to their free will and ability to open their minds to it.

I had to learn how to lie to counter lies. I would become a master at it.

The *means* used by the Brothers, through me, to open people's minds, had to be a lie. There was no other way. The *end* they were striving for was to get rid of all religion and unite the people of the world as one human family, where each member was treated equally and with respect.

Think about it, Grandkids:

Would you listen to Grandpa, if you were Christian and I started telling you that there was no Jesus, that there is no god except the one that is generated by your mortal connection with your actual True Self; that your ego is the only devil that exists; that this *Lucifer* is the only entity that hears and answers your prayers; that all religious scripture is a lie ... would you want to hear more of what I had to say?

But if I acted like I believed in and supported the things that you believed in and supported, wouldn't you be more likely to listen to me?

Jackie still believed in her LDS/Mormon heritage. She still believed that there was a God ... a Mormon God ... and that the LDS/Mormon religion can't be that bad, because her parents and siblings still believed ... and they are *good* people. Right? Nope.

If she still believed in Mormonism, then she must believe that plural marriage is a commandment that God wants his people to obey. Right?

In the next chapter, Grandpa will explain how I used a lie to do what I thought was a good thing: take a couple of innocent, *good*, women away from the terrible situation they were in as Mormon Fundamentalists who believed in polygamy.

Yep, the means that I used to reach the end I wanted would be full of lies.

Joseph Smith would create a lie that was actually full of Real Truth. His followers couldn't handle the Real Truth, so he disguised the Real Truth as a lie in the symbolic nature of his temple endowment presentation.

EVE: Is there no other way?

LUCIFER: There is no other way.

Then I'll fucking lie!

#

# Chapter 30: Greater love hath no man.

Albert Einstein is probably one of the world's most popular intellectuals. Some consider him one of the most intelligent humans to ever live.

Since Grandpa isn't going to be able to convince many in this world that my mentors are actually the most intelligent humans who have lived upon this planet ... Einstein will have to do for the purpose of this chapter on my life.

You're going to find that most people, many of your own parents (my biological children), don't like your grandfather, and are of the opinion that I have a few screws loose in my brain plate. You'll find all kinds of bullshit out there that presents Grandpa as a cult leader, a murderer, a conman, a sexual predator, a sex trafficker, a pedophile, a child abuser, a manipulator, a deceiver ... Fuck, I don't know all the things that people call me ... but you can rest assured that there's a bunch of negative things that have been written about me.

The biggest problem that my enemies and critics face is that if Grandpa is telling the Real Truth about how things *really* are presently, how things *really* will be in the future, and how things *really* were in the past, then my critics and enemies lose any personal worth or value that they might have otherwise gained if they could prove that Grandpa is a cult leader, a murderer, a conman, a sexual predator, a sex trafficker, a pedophile, a child abuser, a manipulator, a deceiver ... whateverthefuck.

My critics and enemies will claim to have found, and can provide, lots of *documentation* that proves that I am thy monster they present me to be ... which they think I should be.

Grandpa has a recorded interview with a guy named, Bryce Blankenagel. Blankenagel produces his own podcast, *Naked Mormonism*. Blankenagel takes a skeptical look at what he claims is "*the true history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter day saints. Not the dressed up PR friendly version, the naked version!*"

Grandpa confronts Blankenagel during the interview and calls into question all of the "documentation" that Blankenagel claims proves *his* point of view about Mormon history ... and for which, of course, Blankenagel is paid "handsomely" ... Yep, you can actually hear (with your own ears) this guy boasts about how he he makes a good living spewing his version of what he thinks Mormon history should be. (If you're interested, here's a link to the full interview. (... *Editors, contact the producers and link the interview here.*)

When Grandpa tries to explain the Real Truth, not only behind the work that I do, but the work that Joseph Smith was asked to do, in relation to the story presented to the world as the *unsealed* and *sealed* parts of the *Book of Mormon*, Blankenagel doesn't listen to a thing I say, nor does he attempt to ask me questions about why Joseph Smith and I did and do what we did and do.

Blankenagel calls what we did "nefarious."

Blankenagel insists that the “documentation” that he has found in his research supports his view that Joseph Smith and Mormonism is a fraud and “nefarious.” Well, for fuck sakes, of course all of the documentation that Blankenagel finds in his research supports his view that Mormon history isn’t what the LDS/Mormon Church has “dressed up” in its “PR friendly version.”

Blankenagel wants to see a pig. So do those from whom he receives money and accolade for what he claims to be the truth. Blankenagel is looking for anything that will prove that a pig is a pig.

But what if the pig that Blankenagel and his benefactors see is really a lamb dressed in pig’s clothing?

Is Blankenagel going to publish the “documentation” that he finds that will prove that someone dressed up a lamb to look like a pig? Of course not.

Blankenagel is not going to be “paid handsomely” to prove that the pig is actually a lamb in pig’s clothing. What kind of personal profit would be in that?

If Blankenagel would have taken the time to listen to what Grandpa could have explained to him, I would have introduced “documentation” and logical argument and evidence that proved that Joseph Smith’s original *religious animal* (i.e. idea) was actually a lamb that his followers, especially Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, dressed up to look like a pig after Joseph was killed.

Blankenagel might have come to understand that there’s no profit (in tithing and souls) to be made by those who have “dressed up” and care for the pig and use their “PR friendly version” to make sure that no one realizes that the pig is actually a lamb.

You see, Grandkids, the world would rather see a pig than a lamb. A pig is dirty, noisy, unpredictable, and *news worth*. A lamb is rather boring. It’s just a simple lamb.

The LDS/Mormon Church and Bryce Blakenagel are paid handsomely to present a pig, regardless of how it is presented. When Grandpa comes along and starts taking off the *pig’s clothing* in order to show that it is actually a *lamb in pig’s clothing*, I threaten the Church’s and Blakenagel’s profit-making ability. Yep! Really!

There’s also a video out there when I confront a self-appointed Jesus promoter, Shawn McCraney. And yes, it gets rather uncomfortable for this “wolf in sheep’s clothing” when I start to threaten his ability to make money and gain followers for the puke he spews about Jesus.

If you’re interested, you might find this entertaining too. It provides more *empirical evidence* of what your grandpa was asked to do, and *how* he was asked to do it: confront those who profit from religion.

Once I was asked to call into a popular radio show called, *Coast to Coast*, and speak with the host, Art Bell, about the book of Revelation. The topic of discussion was the Apocalypse mentioned in Revelation.

The problem is, Revelation does not mention the word “apocalypse,” nor does Revelation present a situation where the world is destroyed in some *apocalyptic* way.

On the air, I pointed out to Bell that not only is the word “apocalypse” or any derivative of the word, *not* found in Revelation, but the storyline presents the creation of a *new world order* ushered in after the “kings and merchants” (politicians and business leaders) are confronted by a guy riding on a white horse with a sharp two-edged sword coming out of his mouth.

Bell put me on hold during a commercial. His producer came on the phone and told me that Bell wanted to speak with me. Off the air, Bell basically apologized and told me that he appreciated my comments, that they made a lot of sense to him, but that he was strictly an entertainer. It was Bell’s apologetic way of telling me he wasn’t going to let me continue on *his* show.

I’ve confronted a lot of these fucks over the years, who, like the LDS/Mormon Church, personally profit by gaining followers and having followers contribute to their cause. You can imagine why they don’t like me very much and will not give me any time on their stage.

If you notice in the video above where I am on Shawn McCraney’s show, *Heart of the Matter*, I am very, very careful of what I say and how I say it. This was the only way I could get McCraney to give me some time on his show. But once he saw that my *shit* was starting to smell better than his, and he knew that people were watching his show to wallow in *his pig shit*, not mine, he would not let me return.

If you were to watch the entire show when I was with McCraney, you’ll find a part where I confront his Christian views and line of thinking about Jesus dying for our sins as his (Jesus’) main mission on earth. I asked McCraney to look up John 17:4 and explain why Jesus said, as he prayed to his Father in heaven,

“I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.”

According to the story, Jesus had not yet been killed and died on the cross for the sins of the world, as Christians are deceived in believing was Jesus’ mission.

The story of Jesus, presented as the Gospel of John, is very clear and specific that Jesus was sent to the Earth to teach people to do certain things, and that the people “believe not” the words that the Father told Jesus to tell the people:

“Jesus saith unto them, My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work. ... But I have greater witness than that of John: for the works which the Father hath given me to finish, the same works that I do, bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me. And the Father himself, which hath sent me, hath borne witness of me. Ye have neither heard his voice at any

time, nor seen his shape. And ye have not his word abiding in you: for whom he hath sent, him ye believe not. And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent. I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.” (John 4:34, 5:36-38, 17:3-4.)

According to the Bible story, Jesus finished his Father’s work long before he was crucified. Obviously, part of the Father’s work was not to have Jesus murdered. And why was Jesus crucified? Because he was doing his Father’s work. And what was his Father’s work? Teaching the people things. And what were the things that he was told by the Father to teach the people? Well, let’s get Jesus’ words from the *Book of Mormon* story:

“And now it came to pass that when Jesus had ended these sayings [*Sermon on the Mount as recorded in Matthew 5, 6, and 7, and given word for word the same in 3 Nephi 12, 13, and 14*] he cast his eyes round about on the multitude, and said unto them: Behold, ye have heard the things which I taught before I ascended to my Father [*over in Jerusalem*]; therefore, whoso remembereth these sayings of mine and doeth them, him will I raise up at the last day. .... 3 Nephi 15: 1

The *Book of Mormon* Jesus told the people that the Father sent him to do for the people living in the Western Hemisphere (native Americans) what the Father sent him to do, and what he did, for the people in the Eastern Hemisphere (the Jews and Gentiles).

And yeah, Blakenagel, the  *fucking nefarious* authors of the *Book of Mormon* story had no choice but to incorporate Christian beliefs and ideas into their storyline, or none of their nefarious ideas would have been considered by the white-skinned European-American Christians!

The  *nefarious* geniuses who wrote the *Book of Mormon* storyline actually presented the Real Truth about the mission of Jesus. All one would need is the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon as Oliver Cowdery wrote it down.

Here is what the original manuscript says for 3 Nephi 11:14:

“Arise and come forth unto me, that ye may thrust your hands into my side, and also that ye may feel the prints of the nails in my hands and in my feet, that ye may know that I am the God of Israel, and the God of the whole earth, and have been slain because of the sins of the world.”

Go ahead, ye Latter-day Saint scribes and pharisees, ye wicked priests who have dressed an innocent lamb in pig’s clothing, get out the original manuscript that Oliver Cowdery wrote and compare it to the one that the book’s original printer, E.B. Grandin, had an editor who worked for him—John H. Gilbert—edit in preparation for printing the document. Yeah! Really!

Look at it, ye fucks! Ye wolves who have dressed up a lamb to appear as a swine!

Why the fuck would Gilbert cross out the words “because of” and write “for” in its place?

Why?

BECAUSE GRANDIN AND GILBERT WERE FUCKING WHITE-SKINNED EUROPEAN-AMERICAN CHRISTIANS WHO BELIEVED THAT JESUS DIED **FOR** THEIR SINS ... that Jesus died to save them from going to hell for beating the hell out of all the native Americans and stealing their home!

The *nefarious brothers who wrote the fucking book* did not intend the word to be “for.” They texted “because of” to Joseph Smith, who read the text to Cowdery. The word was meant as a *conjunction* not a *preposition*, ye fucks!

Oh, yeah, most people who speak and read English don’t have a fucking clue how sentences are structured ... So let me explain it to my dear grandchildren:

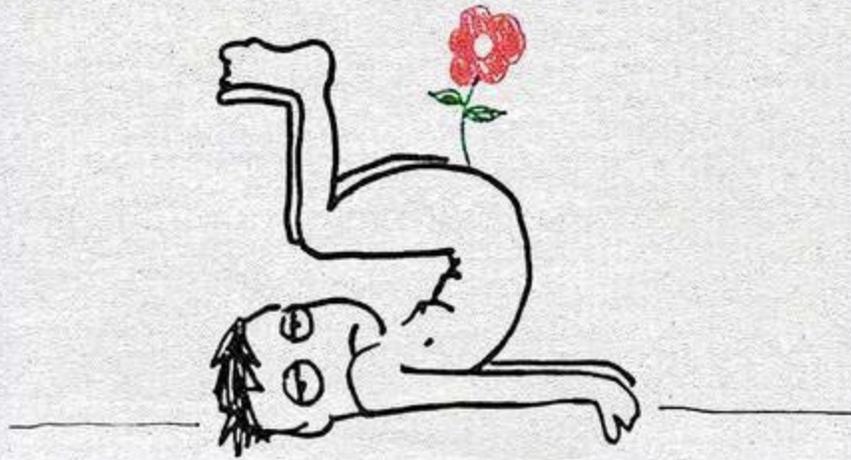
Jesus did not die *for the sins of the world*.

Jesus died *because of the sins of the world*.

Go ahead, research the word “for.” [Check out this link](#). Check out what it presents under “*Conjunction*“, item 34. There ya go!

Because your profane Grandpa was chosen by the *nefarious* fucks (according to our critics and enemies) who actually wrote the Book of Mormon story, let me put it in my own words:

Jesus died because the world is fucking evil and full of sin! Jesus’ teachings told people to love themselves (because the kingdom of God IS actually within your own mind) and love others like you do yourself. But **BECAUSE** the world is so fucking evil, the people of this world killed the guy! Just like they would like to kill Ol’ Grandpa because he is pointing out that Jesus didn’t die **FOR** THEIR SINS! If you’re a fucking asshole who does bad things to other people, you’re always going to be a fucking asshole ... that’s just the way that your brain works. An innocent guy getting murdered isn’t going to change that you’re an asshole!



Don't make excuses for  
horrible people. You  
can't put a flower in an  
asshole and call it a  
vase.

The Brothers' story presented their Jesus, not as someone who had died for the sins of the world, but who took upon him "the sins of the world, in the which (taking upon the sins [he] suffered the will of the Father in all things from the beginning."

"Behold, I am Jesus Christ, whom the prophets testified shall come into the world. And behold, I am the light and the life of the world; and I have drunk out of that bitter cup which the Father hath given me, and have glorified the Father in taking upon me the sins of the world, in the which I have suffered the will of the Father in all things from the beginning." (3 Nephi 11:10-11)

Don't you think its a "bitter cup" that a True Messenger drinks from when he is hated, ridiculed, persecuted, called a cult leader, a murderer, a conman, a sexual predator, a sex trafficker, a pedophile, a child abuser, a manipulator, a deceiver, and all the other fucking things that he might be called!

Don't you see how a True Messenger "takes upon him the sins of the world, in the which he suffers the will of his fucking mentors ... in all things from the beginning"?

Grandpa didn't die for anyone's sins, because I am not dead yet! I am not dead yet because I have not finished the work that "the Father" has given me to do! I haven't revealed all the things that "the Father" wants me to reveal to the world, the revelation of which, or rather the "revealing of which," is the ONLY way that a person can be redeemed by the fall!

That's right! Read the clues that my nefarious mentors incorporated into their story:

"And when he had said these words, behold, the Lord showed himself unto him, and said: **Because thou knowest these things ye are redeemed from the fall**; therefore ye are brought back into my presence; therefore I show myself unto you. Behold, I am he who was prepared from the foundation of the world to redeem my people. Behold, I am Jesus Christ. I am the Father and the Son. In me shall all mankind have life, and that eternally, even they who shall believe on my name; and they shall become my sons and my daughters." (Ether 3:13-14.)

Okay, let's use Gilbert's edits here:

**For** the things that thou knowest, ye are redeemed from the fall."

According to the storyline of this part of their *Book of Mormon*, Jesus is appearing to the brother of Jared (the Book of Mormon character) thousands of years before Jesus is supposedly born and telling the brother of Jared that he is redeemed from the fall because Jesus showed the brother of Jared his (Jesus') true nature.

Where the fuck do you think the *nefarious brothers* got the idea of the Real Truth about the fact that a person is "redeemed from the fall," or "saved from the sins of the world," by knowing who Jesus Christ actually is?

Here ya go:

"And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent. I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." (John 17:3-4.)

So who is the REAL Jesus Christ? Who is the REAL Father?

For fuck sakes! The blind and deaf Latter-day Saints who believe in the Book of Mormon have it right before their fucking eyes!

"Behold, I am Jesus Christ. I am the Father and the Son. In me shall all mankind have life, and that eternally, even they who shall believe on my name; and they shall become my sons and my daughters." (Ether 3:14.)

“I would that ye should understand that God himself shall come down among the children of men, and shall redeem his people (*by teaching them the fucking Real Truth*). And because he dwelleth in flesh he shall be called the Son of God, and having subjected the flesh to the will of the Father, being the Father and the Son—The Father, because he was conceived by the power of God; and the Son, because of the flesh; thus becoming the Father and Son—And they are one God, yea, the very Eternal Father of heaven and of earth. And thus the flesh becoming subject to the Spirit, or the Son to the Father, being one God, suffereth temptation, and yieldeth not to the temptation, but suffereth himself to be mocked, and scourged, and cast out, and disowned by his people. (Mosiah 15:1-5.)

“Behold, he created Adam, and by Adam came the fall of man. And because of the fall of man came Jesus Christ, even the Father and the Son; and because of Jesus Christ came the redemption of man.”: (Mormon 9:12.)

WTF? You might ask. If Jesus is both the Father and the Son, as the Book of Mormon clearly points out, who the fuck did Joseph Smith see during his First Vision?

Well, Grandkids, here’s how it all went down:

Joseph had been given a lamb to sacrifice for ... no ... BECAUSE OF the white-skinned European-American people and their sins. But they didn’t want a lamb to sacrifice. So to protect the lamb from being slaughtered, they allowed it to be dressed up like a pig. When Joseph protested that the people were dressing up his precious lamb like a pig, they threatened him and called him a fallen prophet. The four men who gave Joseph the lamb for the people, told him to go ahead and let the people dress the lamb as a pig, so that the pig could create all kinds of shit and mud in which the people would fall and stumble. (See Jacob 4:14.)

After Joseph Smith was murdered BECAUSE OF the wickedness of his own people, Brigham Young and other leaders made sure that the people would always see a pig. Since the time that the young American teenager’s brain was first transfigured, and since the time that he tried to tell the world that Christianity is a fucking pig, and offer the world a “Lamb of God,” the people have only seen a pig. That’s all they want to see.

Joseph’s critics and enemies have every right to point out what they see. They see a pig. It looks like a pig, it smells like a pig, it feels like a pig, it sounds like a pig, and it tastes like a pig. It’s a fucking pig!

Grandpa’s job is to take off the pig’s clothing and show the lamb that has been hidden since the foundation of the world.

Albert Einstein said a lot of cool things that he learned throughout his life. He said, “*A man should look for what is, and not for what he thinks should be.*”

What is written in the history books from which the world gains its knowledge and “facts,” is a bunch of pig shit! History is what the people of the world *think it should be*, not what it really was.

Grandpa could write volumes, and within provide sound *empirical evidence*, that proves that none ... ABSOLUTELY NONE ... of the world's documented history is Real Truth.

There's that term again: *empirical evidence*.

I always *italicize* the term because of its importance for you, my grandchildren, in finding the Real Truth, which in the case of history (things that happened in the past), is things as they *really* happened.

*Empirical evidence* is the singular most important thing that you can depend upon in your search for Real Truth. If you do not see some thing through your own *physical* eyes ... not through someone else's eyes as they report seeing it ... THROUGH YOUR OWN EYES; if you do not hear some thing with your own ears ... not listening to what someone else heard in their ears and then reports to you ... WITH YOUR OWN EARS; if you do not smell some thing through your own nose ... not through someone else's nose as they might describe the smell to you ... THROUGH YOUR OWN NOSE; if you do not feel some thing with your own touch ... not someone else's touch, WITH YOUR OWN TOUCH; if you do not taste something with your own mouth ... not someone else's mouth tasting and then describing the taste to you, WITH YOUR OWN MOUTH ...

IF YOU DO NOT EXPERIENCE IT WITH YOUR OWN SENSES, THE THING CANNOT (SHOULD NOT) BE TRUSTED.

As Grandpa continues to write his autobiography, I get news whiffs of the leader of the country in which I am currently residing, Giuseppe Conte, and the American President, Donald J. Trump, who both complain about "Fake News."

As it is in politics, different newspapers support different leaders. Some news entities report positive things about leaders, others only report negative things. But each news report claims to contain the "facts." Whether it's the *Roman la Repubblica* reporting about Conte, or the *New York Times* reporting about Trump, both newspapers advertise their *news* as the facts. People read whatever "facts" support the pig that they see, regardless of the innocent lamb that might be hidden underneath.

Because so many people see Grandpa as a pig, and Albert Einstein as a lamb, I thought it best to use some of Einstein's most famous quotes to prove that underneath Grandpa's pigskin, is actually an innocent lamb:

Few are those who see with their own eyes and feel with their own hearts.

Imagination is more important than knowledge. Knowledge is limited. Imagination encircles the world.

Unthinking respect for authority is the greatest enemy of truth.

Try not to become a man of success, but rather try to become a man of value.

I am by heritage a Jew, by citizenship a Swiss, and by makeup a human being, and only a human being, without any special attachment to any state or national entity whatsoever.

Great spirits have always encountered violent opposition from mediocre minds.

Not everything that can be counted counts, and not everything that counts can be counted.

Everybody is a genius. But if you judge a fish by its ability to climb a tree, it will live its whole life believing that it is stupid.

Look deep into nature, and then you will understand everything better.

All religions, arts and sciences are branches of the same tree.

Any intelligent fool can make things bigger and more complex... It takes a touch of genius – and a lot of courage to move in the opposite direction.

A man should look for what is, and not for what he thinks should be.

In the middle of difficulty lies opportunity.

A person who never made a mistake never tried anything new.

Education is what remains after one has forgotten what one has learned in school.

A table, a chair, a bowl of fruit and a violin; what else does a man need to be happy?

A human being is part of a whole called by us the universe.

The important thing is to not stop questioning. Curiosity has its own reason for existing.

A question that sometimes drives me hazy: am I or are the others crazy?

Anger dwells only in the bosom of fools.

Life is like riding a bicycle. To keep your balance you must keep moving.

Concern for man and his fate must always form the chief interest of all technical endeavors. Never forget this in the midst of your diagrams and equations.

There are only two ways to live your life. One is as though nothing is a miracle. The other is as though everything is a miracle.

All that is valuable in human society depends upon the opportunity for development accorded the individual.

Once you stop learning, you start dying.

It's not that I'm so smart, it's just that I stay with problems longer.

It has become appallingly obvious that our technology has exceeded our humanity.

Only one who devotes himself to a cause with his whole strength and soul can be a true master. For this reason mastery demands all of a person.

He who can no longer pause to wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead; his eyes are closed.

I have no special talent. I am only passionately curious.

Weak people revenge. Strong people forgive. Intelligent people ignore.

A ship is always safe at shore but that is not what it's built for.

What is right is not always popular, and what is popular is not always right.

Education is not the learning of facts, it's rather the training of the mind to think.

I speak to everyone in the same way, whether he is the garbage man or the president of the university.

I am thankful for all of those who said NO to me. Its because of them I'm doing it myself.

Never give up on what you really want to do. The person with big dreams is more powerful than the one with all the facts.

Common sense is the collection of prejudices acquired by age eighteen.

Every one of the above quotes mean something to Grandpa's life and experience.

The work that I do has one end in mind: to provide equal opportunity for the development accorded the individual. As Einstein concluded by the end of his life:

“All that is valuable in human society depends upon the opportunity for development accorded the individual.”

This is the true purpose for mortal human existence. If human society cannot accomplish the task of providing every person born on this planet with the opportunity for personal, individual development according to their free will, this Earth will NOT serve the measure of its creation and will one day be destroyed.

OUR GROUP has tried many, many times to make it right and create a world that fulfills the measure for which planet Earth was created. We have failed.

Our last hope is that the people of Earth are provided with the Real Truth about who they are and why they exist, so that perhaps, then, they might understand the important and monumental task of creating a new earth, a new world, where a person can be born and use unconditional free will in the mortal experience.

There is no other purpose for Grandpa's life. There is no other reason why the Marvelous Work and a Wonder® and The Humanity Party® exists ... ABSOLUTELY NONE!

In spite of this being all that I teach, all of which my Message is comprised, people hate me and want me to die.

This I can promise my critics and enemies, I will not die until I have finished the work that the REAL "Heavenly Father" has sent me to Earth to do.

I can promise you that you will not find a man upon this earth, outside of the five of us, who has a greater love of humanity than we do ... in spite of Grandpa's profane and blasphemous outbursts.

Consider that "life" upon Earth consists of those things that make one happy; that bring one value and purpose; that others see as good and accomplished. As you consider these things, know that your grandfather "laid down his life for his friends." "Ye are my friends, IF ye do whatsoever I command you."

But Grandpa, that kind of speech feels like it is coming from a cult leader, "Do whatsoever I command you." WTF?

What is it that I "command of you," if you are my friend?

Nothing more or less than for you to do everything in your power to create a human society completely dependent upon the opportunity for development accorded the individual.

And if the Christians want to get rid of me and silence me for this, so would they have done to their own Jesus:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." (John 15:13-14.)

When my mentors set up my role, they based it entirely on what is written in the Bible's book of Revelation, chapter 11. Jesus is always referred to as "the Son of man." But chapter 11 talks about the "one like unto the Son of man." (Study how they used the "one like unto the Son of man" in their narrative and compare it to who I am and how they called me.)

Now let me tell you a Real Truth that makes others want to silence me:

I am greater than Jesus Christ. I am greater than Moses. I am greater than Abraham. I am greater than all the gods of all religion. I am greater because I am a real person. None of these were real. None of these can show the world what it must do to save itself. But I can.

None of these has loved like I have loved.

I showed this great love to my father by offering Walt's Milk House to him and Gloria so that they might have something upon which they could depend into their retirement years. He lied and tried to get me arrested. (There's lots of documentation to prove it.)

I showed this great love to Paula and Carl Ladenburg by driving to Montana and moving Brittany and Joshua closer so that the Ladenburg's could be a part of the kids' lives. They kidnapped the kids and lied, claiming child abuse to justify what they did. (There's lots of documentation to prove it.)

I showed this great love to Marcee Kay Jaynes Quirk and Vicky Prunty Batchelor by pretending to be a polygamist so that I could free them from the "pig" that Brigham Young had dressed and promoted. They would lie and give me little to no credit for saving them. They would not let me see the three children we shared. They would present me as an abuser, a manipulator, a deceiver, as a monster. (There's lots of documentation to prove it.)

I showed this great love for Jackie Stoll Howard by finally letting her go, forcing her out of my life, so that she could find a man who would love her the way that she wanted to be loved. She would lie and accuse me of not paying child support, of abusing her, of being a monster. (There's lots of documentation to prove it.)

I showed this great love to Christine Marie Katas by introducing that the "Three Nephites" and "John the Beloved" had once approached me and asked me to publish their *The Sealed Portion*. I showed this great love to Christine because she still believed in Mormonism and priesthood authority, which I knew was keeping her back from her personal potential, from having the opportunity for her own development. Christine would lie and accuse me of wanting to live polygamy with her and trafficking her and her daughter (Lola Blanc) for sex ... Yeah! Really! (There's lots of documentation to prove it!)

I showed this great love for many others in my life, for Kyle Williams, for Harry Dschaak and his family, for Robbie Pace, for Bill Witt, to name four of my most vociferous critics, who were once my friends ... but not really because they didn't do the things that I commanded them ... they didn't support the purpose of the work and that I do. They stopped recognizing the value of the MVAW and THumP® ... "All that is valuable in human society depends upon the opportunity for development accorded the individual." And when I discontinued the public accolades they were receiving from others because of their personal involvement with me and the work, when they lost the public recognition and value that I knew they longed for, which I gave them for a time because of the great love that I have for people, they turned on me and have published some of the most vicious lies about me. (There's lots of documentation to prove it.)

I laid down a normal life for these people only to be treated exactly like the Jesus story relates of his friends. When I could no longer love them the way that they wanted to be loved, when I couldn't continue to give them the personal value which they had while associating with me, they no longer "kept my commandments." In other words, they no longer supported the work and its purpose. (They *created* documentation to prove it.)

By the end of his short life (39 years), there was all kinds of "documentation" about Joseph Smith. Most of it was bad. None of it was true. But if it is documented in a historical document, it must be true. Right?

There are more Chinese mortals than any other group of humans upon Earth. What's their history about? Because they're the most populous society on Earth, wouldn't their history be relevant and important?

About 100 years before the alleged birth of Christ (b.c.), a Chinese Emperor had succeeded at destroying all the other Chinese Emperors and created what was the foundation of modern China. All of the conquered Chinese states had their own written records and history. But guess what the guy did, who destroyed all the other Chinese Emperors and took over all of China? He burned all of the historical records that didn't agree with his "documentation." It was reported, and has been verified in actual ancient Chinese writings:

"I, your servant, propose that all historians' records other than those of [Qin](#)'s be burned. With the exception of the academics whose duty includes possessing books, if anyone [under heaven](#) has copies of the [Shi Jing](#) [Classic of Poetry], the [Shujing](#) [Classic of History], or the writings of the [hundred schools of philosophy](#), they shall deliver them (the books) to the governor or the commandant for burning. Anyone who dares to discuss the *Shi Jing* or the *Classic of History* shall be publicly executed. Anyone who uses history to criticize the present shall have his family executed. Any official who sees the violations but fails to report them is equally guilty. Anyone who has failed to burn the books after thirty days of this announcement shall be subjected to tattooing and be sent to build the [Great Wall](#). The books that have exemption are those on medicine, divination, agriculture, and forestry. Those who have interest in laws shall instead study from officials."

—*Shiji* Chapter 6. "The Basic Annals of the First Emperor of Qin" thirty-fourth year (213 BC)

Joseph Smith didn't leave an autobiography. Nor did he ever teach the people the Real Truth about the "lamb" that he allowed to be dressed like a pig.

My mentors would write a biography of Joseph's life *for* the LDS/Mormon people ... or rather *because of their sins* ... that would reflect what *really* happened during his life. The book, *Without Disclosing My True Identity, the Authorized and Official Biography of the Mormon Prophet, Joseph Smith, Jr.* was the result of this extensive work. It is NOT an autobiography like Grandpa's is. It was written for the sole purpose of answering many of the historical questions that are confusing about Mormon history. It tells the story in a completely different way than any other LDS/Mormon historical document does. It is the greatest book ever written about Joseph Smith's life and personal testimony.

Aydyn Noelle Brown, my first grandchild from Brittany, was born on November 19, 2007. I watched her every day for the first one and half years of her life so that her parents could go to work and not have to pay for daycare. At the time of her birth, Sheri (Sheryl Huffor Salcedo Nemelka, Sheri II) and I were living in an RV in Brittany and Steven Brown's driveway in Murray, Utah. Later, we would move the RV to one of my former friend's and supporter's driveways, where I would sometimes bring Aydyn to watch her.

Oh my God! How I loved watching that little girl grow! Watching Aydyn was one of the most fulfilling experiences I had ever had as a *normal* grandfather. I loved it! Like her mother Brittany once was, Aydyn couldn't have been any closer to me.

There's only one mortal upon this Earth who, as a small infant, was held and cared for by, not only four *mortal* immortals, but by an actual advanced human being: Aydyn Noelle Brown.

It was time to reveal the true meaning behind Joseph Smith's temple endowment presentation. If Joseph had tried to tell his followers that there was actually a "lamb" under the pigskin that his followers called the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, they would have killed him sooner than he was murdered.

With symbolism and great care, Joseph Smith presented the "lamb of God" (the Real Truth that can redeem this world) in a way that the people of the Church could not understand, because they desired it this way. (See Jacob 4:14.)

Right before the eyes of the Latter-day Saints was a "Lamb." This lamb was so pure, so innocent, so beautiful, so incredibly inspiring! It was Brigham Young who started dressing this lamb in pig's skin. Young started changing the original endowment presentation. Later Church leaders would add more pig skin to this pure lamb until it was hardly recognizable. Although there are some glimpses of a lamb, the Temple Endowment presentation has been so corrupted from its original format that it now stinks, sounds, looks, and feels like a pig. In fact, the Mormons who attend the temple can't see the lamb for the pig ... or again, *because of the pig*.

While I was being instructed to write the "authorized and official" explanation of the LDS Temple Endowment in the book, *Sacred not Secret*, one of more of my mentors would come to the RV and take care of Aydyn while I took notes and wrote. Yep, on three separate occasions, the advanced human who once lived a Joseph Smith, Jr., held that little girl. What a sight that was for me! To celebrate this event, I would have Aydyn put her tiny hand next to mine in newly poured cement next to our friend's garage.

It is because of the great love that I have for people, that I had for the Roh family, whose home and garage is where Aydyn and I put our handprints, that I would alienate myself from them. I would alienate myself from many of my original friends and supporters. The alienation would confuse them. They would not understand why.

Greater love hath no man than what I did by treating people the way that I had to in order to protect them from the persecution and heartache that was only meant for me.

It was this great love that eventually caused me to end my relationship with Aydyn. Aydyn might never understand why her grandfather left her. I'm pretty sure that her parents don't understand.

I am just as much Aydyn's True Messenger as I am anyone else's. Only in a normal life can a man be a grandfather ... a friend.

I had to lay this life down.

I had to stop loving my 'friends' so that others would stop persecuting me and making my life harder than I could handle.

I've never stopped loving them. But I had to start loving them as a True Messenger loves ... a guy like a guy riding around on a white horse with a sharp two-edged sword coming out of his mouth ...

In Grandpa's case ... it's a fucking sharp keyboard!



[April 4, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's Autobiography](#)

#

# Chapter 31: Perils of Polygamy

Grandkids, you might be wondering what that last chapter, “Greater Love Hath No Man,” was all about, and why I use so much religious scripture in my autobiography.

I use the scripture out of profound respect for my mentors who have dedicated their existence to the eradication of religion and why they have tried so hard to get rid of it, even by writing their own scriptures to counter what believe to be the “word of God.”

My autobiography is about MY life and what took place that led me to become isolated and a nobody to this world. You might be interested to know why I live in a “cavity of a rock” (figuratively), which basically means I am hidden from the world and no one knows exactly where I live at any given time.

You might want to know why I have little to no association (physical interaction) with those who know me for what I do for the Marvelous Work and a Wonder® and The Humanity Party®; or with any other who might be aware of my claim of being the Earth’s last and final True Messenger.

Since you are my grandchildren, don’t you want to know why I wasn’t a part of your life while you were growing up?

The answer as to why I use a lot of religious scripture in my autobiography is to impress upon your minds how much effort my mentors have made to counter the devastating effects that religion has had on our human society. These negative effects ... and we will argue vehemently that nothing religion has ever done has been positive for the *entire* human race, largely because people are deceived into believing that there exists a higher power than that which mortal humans have and exercise on Earth.

My mentors are incredible human beings. You’d be incredible too if you had as much experience as they have living with people on this Earth. They know about everything that one could possibly know about human nature and how people have acted while engaged in the experience of mortal life upon Earth. They have witnessed how religious belief has destroyed humanity. They will tell you that religious belief IS the MAIN CAUSE of the downfall of every human society that has failed. They will tell you that the thing that stands in the way of the people of this world successfully setting up a peaceful and fair society is religious belief.

Now, let’s make sure you understand what I mean when Grandpa writes “religious belief.”

Religious belief is the idea that something or someone, other than the individual person, has influence or care over the individual.

This idea is supported and reenforced in every person’s— born into this world as an infant— cognitive paradigm (inner workings of the mind, how a person views experiences and interprets them). There is no doubt that a little child needs someone (a parent) or something (a community

organization) to influence and care for the little child. Without this, the child could not exist upon Earth.

Because of our first experiences upon Earth as little children, it is easy for a person's inner workings of the person's mind to *feel* and accept and *believe* that there is and always will be an adult, a higher power than the child, a stronger power than the child, someone or something that cares about the child, leads the child, walks beside the child, helps the child find the way, teaches the child all that the child must do ... to live with God someday.

Yeah, I just put in a few lines of a popular song children are taught at church, *I Am A Child Of God*:

I am a child of God,  
And he has sent me here,  
Has given me an earthly home  
With parents kind and dear.

[Chorus]  
Lead me, guide me, walk beside me,  
Help me find the way.  
Teach me all that I must do  
To live with him someday.

I am a child of God,  
And so my needs are great;  
Help me to understand his words  
Before it grows too late.

I am a child of God.  
Rich blessings are in store;  
If I but learn to do his will  
I'll live with him once more.

Think about the above song that was introduced into Grandpa's mind as a little child.

As a child, and as a religious adult, I sang it hundreds of times, many times singing it in my own head when I was alone and needed comfort.

And so the inculcation (instilled by persistent instruction) of *religious belief* began.

Okay, so God has sent me here and given me an earthly home ... but screech, makes the sound of a record as it is abruptly stopped mid-play ...

In Grandpa's case, what happened with "the parents kind and dear" part?

Not just Grandpa's home-life, although that's what this autobiography is about, but what about the home-life experience of the majority of people living upon Earth?

Most people do not have "parents kind and dear." Most parents can't be kind and dear because of the enormous amount of stress they are continually under trying to "give an earthly home" to the child. Where the fuck is God? What is God doing to help the parents provide this home that God supposedly gave the child? More importantly, why isn't God helping the parents have less of a stressful life so that they can be more "kind and dear" to the child?

So,

According to the above song's lyrics, God has blown it big time in providing His children with an earthly home with parents kind and dear. But it sure sounds good. Right?

And what little child thinks that your parents aren't kind and dear?

You don't figure out that they aren't that kind and dear until you become an adult and look back and realize that your parents were not that kind and dear. But you don't realize it as a child, no matter how much your dad beats you, no matter how much your step-mother berates you (cuts you down), no matter if your own mother abandoned you, no matter how poor you are ... none of this matters to a little child.

To the little child, parents are God.

But then the rest of the song's lyrics manifest themselves.

Children are taught that God will lead them, guide them, walk besides them, help them find the way, teach them all that they must do to live with God someday.

Some might think that this is a simple and innocent child's song that doesn't do any harm. Right?

**FUCKING WRONG!**

A child's god IS the parents. That's all the little child knows at first. The child's home and needs are provided for by the parents, not by an unseen and unknowns God. The child cannot comprehend what or who God is. Think about what a little child, with bright eyes and an impressionable soul, thinks as the song is taught to them. Consider that the child doesn't understand things very well at this point ... "help me to understand [God's] word."

What?

"Before it grows too late"!

WTF does that mean to a little child?

Then top that off with:

“Rich blessings are in store IF I but learn to do his will, I’ll live with [God] once more.”

Again, the little child doesn’t know God. The little child only knows the parents.

“What?” thinks the little child. “If I don’t do what I am supposed to do I can’t live with my parents anymore?”

That there, Folks, is fucking emotional child abuse.

And to top that bullshit off, the child starts to learn that the ONLY way that the child will stay with the parents in the Eternal Family Unit is to first, understand what God wants you to do, then do it. If not, if it grows too late, you’ll never see your parents ... or God ... again.

Are you beginning to see, Grandkids, how people get fucked up in the head because of religious belief? It starts from the very moment that their parents introduce them to the concept of God, then kick them out of the house.

But where did the concept of God begin?

Who thought of inventing a God that was more capable of loving a person than a parent could, or was supposed to?

When did parents start being godlike to the child?

And when did parents stop caring for the little child?

How did this fucked-up world start to *believe* and *feel* good about creating a little child from two people fucking each other, introducing the child into the world, caring for the child for a few years, then telling the *aged* child that the child has to leave their “earthly home with parents kind and dear” and go live in a world that doesn’t give a shit about them?

Oh, yeah. When the child is kicked out of the house to deal with the fucked-up world, this is the time when God comes in and starts to influence the child and do for the child what the parents did for the child, while the child resided in their “earthly home with parents kind and dear,” to which God supposedly sent them.

If the *aged* child didn’t have God to help them, and the now adult’s principle cognitive paradigm was foundationalized from being cared for, guided, inspired, told what to do and how to do it, the child would have some serious mental issues and probably need a lot of medication to mitigate the fact that the world sucks.

Yep, anti-depressants can do the same thing that a belief in a caring and loving God can do for a person’s emotional well-being.

And guess what?

The group of modern mortals that, *per capita*, takes more prescription anti-depressant medication than any other group on Earth, is ... drum roll ... extended drum roll:

Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints ... i.e., those who have sung *I Am A Child Of God* hundreds of times throughout their lives.

Yeah. Really!

It all started at the end of the *First Dispensation of Human Time*, billions of years ago. It all started when advanced humans became engaged in the mortal experience and started doing things during the experience that resulted in gender, sex, the creation of a body through sex, which became the creation of a child. None of these things were ever supposed to be a part of our mortal experience ... ABSOLUTELY NONE!

Humans did not start out on this Earth as little children. Think of it this way:

Earth advances hundreds of thousands of years into the future. We figure out how to eliminate aging, sickness, and most forms of death. We learn how to live in space by creating other planets. We learn how to create a new sun. We go into space and create a new sun. The new sun's creation pushes all other solar systems further away, like a rock being thrown in calm lake where there are leaves on the lake's surface. The rock's violent, explosive entrance in the lake does not destroy the leaves floating on top, but pushes them out away from where the rock entered the lake. Think of the universe as an infinite, never ending lake without a shoreline, and a leaf as a solar system of planets.

So,

We create this sun and then put a new Earth in the new solar system where we can travel to and vacation. Little kids don't give a rat's ass about vacationing. They're fine as long as they don't get bored at home. Parents, however, love to vacation.

The only humans that travel to the new Earth are adults, because adults created the new earth to have adult activities. So life experience on the new Earth begins and a bunch of adults, 15.07 billion of them, travel to the new Earth to have some new experiences dealing with each other and the new Earth's environment.

So where are all the kids on this new Earth? They stay back at home getting the most out of their new life. But in our situation, hundreds of thousands of years resulted in a population of 15.07 billion people on this Earth. We learned that there isn't enough space or resources for any more. So we stopped having kids. We learned that gendered bodies have all kinds of problems, so the advanced mortal bodies that we create for ourselves, are more perfect and didn't include the hormones that make us want to fuck each other. And since we don't age, we are all adults. As adults we created the new Earth, for our adult activities. There are no children on our home Earth to travel to the new Earth on vacation.

And that, Grandkids, is how this Earth came into existence. At first, there were no kids, no sex, no gender, just a bunch of advanced adults *vacationing for a new experience*.

(More details on the above will be given in *The Dream of Mortal Life* book.)

But anyways ...

Two of my mentors are from this *First Dispensation of Time*. They have personally witnessed how *advanced vacationing adults* started screwing up this *cool vacation destination*.

They know how the Earth became what it is, how the vast oceans developed, how Earth's weather became unpredictable and uncontrollable. They have personally witnessed countless plants and animals created by humans for a specific purpose, some to kill other animals, some to kill humans, all created by the selfish nature of fallen mortal kind.

And the most devastating mortal invention of all ... the thing that has deceived mortal minds more than any other thing ... the thing that is responsible not only for the ability of the human race to unite and make this world what it was meant to be, but is directly responsible for the demise of the human race (five different times in the past) ...

Is religious belief.

Religion was and is invented by a fallen mortal who wants influence over another fallen mortal. In the search and need for recognition and value, opportunistic individuals create an idea that something or someone, other than the individual person, has influence or care over the individual. These unscrupulous\* (having or showing no moral principles) ones convince many aged children that God loves them, even though the aged child's parents might not. These "fucks"\* play on what is foundationalized into most mortal's mind: a God that takes the place of the parent.

Now, are the "fucks" to be blamed? Not really. Religion is to be blamed.

And what religious principle is one of the worst of all?

Well, I'll let my mentors tell you ... in the religious prose that they invented to counter religion, their *Book of Mormon*:

First, the Brothers present the dilemma that all True Messenger's go through when they are forced to speak harshly to people ... "Like you do sometimes, Grandpa?" Yep.

1 The words which Jacob, the brother of Nephi, spake unto the people of Nephi, after the death of Nephi:

2 Now, my beloved brethren, I, Jacob, according to the responsibility which I am under to God, to magnify mine office [as a True Messenger] with soberness, and that I might rid my garments of your sins, I come up into the temple this day that I might declare unto you the word of God.

3 And ye yourselves know that I have hitherto been diligent in the office of my calling; but I this day am weighed down with much more desire and anxiety for the welfare of your souls than I have hitherto been.

4 For behold, as yet, ye have been obedient unto the word of the Lord, which I have given unto you.

5 But behold, hearken ye unto me, and know that by the help of the all-powerful Creator of heaven and earth I can tell you concerning your thoughts, how that ye are beginning to labor in sin, which sin appeareth very abominable unto me, yea, and abominable unto God.

6 Yea, it grieveth my soul and causeth me to shrink with shame before the presence of my Maker, that I must testify unto you concerning the wickedness of your hearts.

7 And also it grieveth me that I must use so much boldness of speech concerning you [especially having to say “fuck” so many times], before your wives and your children, many of whose feelings are exceedingly tender and chaste and delicate before God, which thing is pleasing unto God;

8 And it supposeth me that they have come up hither to hear the pleasing word of God, yea, the word which healeth the wounded soul.

9 Wherefore, it burdeneth my soul that I should be constrained, because of the strict commandment which I have received from God, to admonish you according to your crimes [and call you a bunch of FUCKS], to enlarge the wounds of those who are already wounded, instead of consoling and healing their wounds; and those who have not been wounded, instead of feasting upon the pleasing word of God have daggers placed to pierce their souls and wound their delicate minds.

10 But, notwithstanding the greatness of the task, I must do according to the strict commands of God, and tell you concerning your wickedness and abominations, in the presence of the pure in heart, and the broken heart, and under the glance of the piercing eye of the Almighty God.

11 Wherefore, I must tell you the truth according to the plainness of the word of God. For behold, as I inquired of the Lord, thus came the word unto me, saying: [CHRISTOPHER], get thou up into the temple on the morrow, and declare the word which I shall give thee unto this people [EVEN IF YOU HAVE TO CALL THEM A BUNCH OF FUCKS].

Jacob goes on to tell the people that their economic success in the world that created inequality and poverty is a fucking sin that “appeareth very abominable unto me, yea, and abominable unto God.” This part of the story couldn’t be more clear about the sin of wealth, yes, even the desire for wealth; that wealth should NOT be desired except for one thing: “to clothe the naked, and to feed the hungry, and to liberate the captive, and administer relief to the sick and the afflicted.”

Yeah, listen up ye FUCKS, who are rich and successful according to the world, ESPECIALLY YOU FUCKING LDS/MORMONS WHO HAVE CREATED AND SUPPORT THE ONE THE RICHEST CHURCHES IN THIS FUCKED UP WORLD!

These are not my words, you abominable Fucks! They are your God's words!

12 And now behold, my brethren, this is the word which I declare unto you, that many of you have begun to search for gold, and for silver, and for all manner of precious ores, in the which this land, which is a land of promise unto you and to your seed, doth abound most plentifully.

13 And the hand of providence hath smiled upon you most pleasingly, that you have obtained many riches [IT DOES NOT SAY THAT THE HAND OF GOD HAS SMILED UPON YOU, YE FUCKS, IT SAYS THE "HAND OF PROVIDENCE" ... LOOK IT UP YOU ABOMINABLE FUCKS]; and because some of you have obtained more abundantly than that of your brethren ye are lifted up in the pride of your hearts, and wear stiff necks and high heads because of the costliness of your apparel, and persecute your brethren because ye suppose that ye are better than they.

YE FUCKS SHOP AT CITY CREEK MALL AND HAVE THE SECURITY REMOVE ANYONE THAT ISN'T THERE TO BUY COSTLY APPAREL, ESPECIALLY NOT A HOMELESS PERSON. I SWEAR TO GOD THAT I AM GOING TO GO TO CITY CREEK MALL, where there is a river running through it that comes from the fountain atop a great and spacious building where all the Mormons meet to hear the bullshit spewing out of the mouths of their leaders ... I'm going to a stick, put some fishing line on it, and try to catch one of the beautiful trout swimming in the small river. Yeah, I'm going to look just like Jesus, with long hair, a beard,



... and when Church Security or City Creek Security approaches me to tell me to stop fishing there, this is what I'm going to say:

“Isn't all this owned by Jesus?”

“What would Jesus do if he were hungry, or he saw someone else who is hungry, and he knew where there were fish to catch and eat?”

“And also, I didn’t pay my taxes last year and I know that there’s a coin or two in one of these fish’s mouth.”

But anyways ...

14 And now, my brethren, do ye suppose that God justifieth you in this thing? Behold, I say unto you, Nay. But he condemneth you, and if ye persist in these things his judgments must speedily come unto you.

15 O that he would show you that he can pierce you, and with one glance of his eye he can smite you to the dust!

16 O that he would rid you from this iniquity and abomination. And, O that ye would listen unto the word of his commands, and let not this pride of your hearts destroy your souls!

17 Think of your brethren like unto yourselves, and be familiar with all and free with your substance, that they may be rich like unto you.

18 But before ye seek for riches, seek ye for the kingdom of God.

19 And after ye have obtained a hope in Christ ye shall obtain riches, if ye seek them; and ye will seek them for the intent to do good—to clothe the naked, and to feed the hungry, and to liberate the captive, and administer relief to the sick and the afflicted.

So, ye FUCKS! If you have millions of dollars in your retirement account or in the bank, YOU HAVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS BECAUSE YOU DON’T HAVE FUCKING HOPE IN CHRIST AND YOU’RE NOT DOING WITH MONEY THAT YOU EARN WHAT CHRIST WOULD DO! Your savings and retirement account testify of your wickedness and abomination!

20 And now, my brethren, I have spoken unto you concerning pride; and those of you which have afflicted your neighbor, and persecuted him because ye were proud in your hearts, of the things which God hath given you, what say ye of it?

21 Do ye not suppose that such things are abominable unto him who created all flesh? And the one being is as precious in his sight as the other. And all flesh is of the dust; and for the selfsame end hath he created them, that they should keep his commandments and glorify him forever.

Jacob goes on to explain that he wishes he didn’t have to call the people IN THE LATTER-DAYS READING HIS WORDS a bunch of Fucks; that he could end his preaching with telling the people to start taking care of the poor and needy. But he was constrained to tell the people about a “grosser crime”.

And what was this “grosser crime”?

POLYGAMY!

Let’s review in brief what has happened so far in Grandpa’s life:

Jackie was accused of child abuse of Brittany and Joshua. They couldn’t charge me, too, or they would have been obligated to take Brandon and Caleb from abusive parents. They claimed that while I was away from home at work, Jackie would abuse Brittany and Joshua because they weren’t her natural children.

Knowing this was complete bullshit ... even though there “documentation” proving it ... ([Here’s a link to the intitial report:CMN- Sherriff’s Report.](#)) ... but knowing that Brittany had some problems with Jackie, I made a decision that would devastate me for a few months. I took Joshua from the Department of Family Services custody and left Brittany to be with Paula. That day was hard for me. But little Joshua clung to my arm at DFS office and pleaded for me not to leave him. Brittany hid her face in her hands and cried. I figured if I could just flee with Joshua, I would come back one day for Brittany.

We fled DFS and were able to avoid the local, state, and federal law enforcement officials. It was reported to a local Montana newspaper at the time, by Chris Hoffman, a Sheriff’s Deputy at the time, that I has one of the “most intelligent criminal minds” that he had ever witnessed, evidenced by my ability to flee justice with a pregnant wife and three little boys. What no one else knew was that after I thrown the “rocks” in a field, T found the and returned them to me before he left me when I informed my mentors that I wanted to do with their work.

I would use these rocks to stay ahead of the authorities and have one of the “most intelligent criminal minds.” Oh yeah, Baby!

I knew how easy it was to deceive and manipulate religious minds. I would utilize the help of Kyle Williams, as is reported in what I would write, *A Poor Fool For A Client*. But I did not reveal anything about the “rocks” or the experience of taking my fugitive family to Oregon and manipulating the LDS/Mormon people living there to care for us and give us everything that we needed. The manipulation was easy and a way that I knew would make the LDS/Mormon people *feel* that God and the Holy Spirit were leading them, guiding them, and walking beside them as they took in our family. And what was the story I invented to have God give their leaders the command to care of us and protect us?

Jackie and I were fleeing from polygamy, from a controlling and abusive Mormon Fundamentalist community. The ruse worked perfectly! God told the Mormon leaders to help us in every way possible. In fact, God through in the name, with a little help from me, of one of the Twelve LDS Apostles, David B. Haight. It was Haight that I met with as a Security Officer and who told me that a good person wouldn’t enter someone’s home on Christmas Eve and tell the children that Santa Claus wasn’t real.

Throwing around Haight name worked. Court records will verify that the powerful LDS/Mormon Church's legal team filed a petition in Federal Court to give me, Jackie, Joshua, Brandon, and Caleb new legal names and identities. They set the petition for hearing in front of a Federal Judge in Oregon. But I knew that going in front of Federal Judge and testifying that we were people fleeing Mormon Fundamentalism was a felony. I wasn't about to commit a felony. The day before the hearing was to be held, we disappeared from Oregon and made our way back to Salt Lake City, Utah.

Yeah, I suppose that one could make the claim that I had a very intelligent "criminal mind." But as I continue with the facts of my life, one will see that I have NEVER, EVER used this intelligence to hurt or take advantage of another person. I would use it for good. I would use it in an attempt to help a few innocent women ACTUALLY escape from the abominable, sinful fucked-up religious ideas of Mormon Fundamentalist polygamists.

Before I go in to the detail of how I got involved in polygamy, I need to say something good about my father.

Yes, my father was the one who hired the Montana attorney for Paula and Carl Ladenburg to take the kids from us. He was an ex-police officer. He knew how to interview people. He read the police report of child abuse. And then he started doing the right thing. He went to Montana and investigated the child abuse claims. He interviewed his granddaughter, Brittany. He found the claims to be nonsense. His heart finally opened and he knew that he had done a terrible thing in ripping Brittany and Joshua away from me and Jackie the way that it happened.

From Oregon we went back to Utah. My father and I reconnected and now he was on my side and wanted to do anything that he could to repair the damage he had caused. As the federal, state, and local authorities were looking for us ... because Jackie and I had been charged with felony kidnapping ... not parental kidnapping ... but FELONY KIDNAPPING as if I had stolen a child that wasn't my own ... the authorities began to investigate and talk to all of my relatives. They talked to everyone, including my mother, Di Heath. They talked to grandmas, to my siblings, and to my father. My dad knew we were living with my sister Leslie's mother, Joyce, in Salt Lake City. (Joyce was my mother's best friend at the time my dad ... according to my mother ... cheated on her that led to their divorce. Leslie was the result of the affair.)

My dad didn't tell the authorities anything.

I found a job in Salt Lake with a wealthy family, Larry and Robin Webster. The Webster's built a mansion (one of the largest homes in Utah at that time) and needed a person to do their maintenance, gardening, etc. I was the man. I came to know the Websters as family. I would do for the Webster kids, Dori, Wayne, Scott, and Lance (they had another sister who lived in Australia ... the Websters were from Australia). Regardless of what others might think about them, I had only the best of memories and experience with the Websters. I trusted them and they trusted me with their property, their children, and their lives.

Larry Webster and his brother (forgot his name) married sisters, just like my older brother and I had. This extended family included an older woman, whom the family called Dot, who I thought

was one of the kindest, most considerate women I had ever met outside of the few who I knew personally. Dot had two daughters, Robyn and (name escaped me.). Robyn married Larry and Larry's brother (name escapes me) married Robyn's sister. Robyn's niece, Kelly, was also one with whom I had brief encounters.

I couldn't have worked for a better family. They all treated me with the greatest respect and love. Robyn Webster, in my mind, was the epitome of kindness and consideration for others. This was from my personal experience. They were wealthy. I knew what wealth did to people. But my experiences with the Websters proved to me that there are very good and humane wealthy people in this world, who genuinely cared about people. I can see how influential my experiences working for the Websters would be for me to become a True Messenger for all people.

There is kindness to be found in the hearts of all mortals, regardless of how they live their life. I needed the experience with the Websters to reconfirm this to me. In contrast, the Websters would divorce and sell their mansion to Earl Holding, billionaire, owner of Sinclair Oil, owner of a chain of 5-star hotels, who, ironically, left his mark on this earth by building the most opulent, prestigious, and high-class hotel in Salt Lake City, Utah: the Grand America Hotel. I would stay on and work for Chris and Ann Holding-Peterson, who lived in the mansion the Websters had sold to them. Chris Peterson was a reasonable guy, who treated me with respect and kindness. Ann Holding-Peterson ... not so much.

But get this,

I took the Petersons to school, to daycare, I bathed the little girl, when the nanny was sick, and did about everything else a person could possibly do for that family. The Peterson's had a little boy. His name: Christian. Christian would work outside with me a lot. He was about 7 years-old at time. I asked Christian if he wanted to go with me to 7-Eleven and get a slurpee.

"What's 7-Eleven?" he asked. He had never been to a store that wasn't a place where wealthy people shopped. He loved it. Christian and I became pretty close.

One day, out of the blue, Christian asked me, "Chris, do you go to church?"

"No. I don't go to church," I responded.

"I don't like going to church," he continued. "But my dad said that you can't be good if you don't go to church."

"Do you think I'm bad for not going to church?" I continued.

I forgot all about this short conversation that Christian and I had until about a week later.

I was called to the main offices of the Sinclair Oil Company located on South Temple, downtown Salt Lake City. I was told to meet with Chris Peterson, who was a Senior Vice President for Sinclair. Since I worked for him at his and Ann's mansion, I didn't think much

about it. I hardly saw Chris Peterson come home because I would leave before he came home. That's why he called me to come to his office during the day.

"Chris, I know you are a religious person," he began. "I know you know that kid's minds are impressionable. Christian announced that he didn't want to go to church anymore because you didn't go and don't think that you have to go to church to be good."

Yeah. Really!

Chris Peterson demanded that I never speak of religion with his son again and that I support their religious beliefs as Latter-day Saints.

The next day I demanded twice per hour more than what they were paying me or I was going to quit. I quit before they gave me an answer. Disturbed at my sudden absence, and knowing what I knew about the intimate details of the Holding and Peterson families, they had an attorney call me and ask me what my intentions were. They had done some research and found out all about my once fugitive status and that I was a polygamist. (I'll get the chronological order correct of these events below.)

The Websters were wealthy. Not as much as the Holdings. But when it comes to kindness, compassion, and respect for all people, the Holdings don't hold a candle to the Websters. For my future role, I would need both contrasts. There are *good* wealthy people and *bad* wealthy people, I needed the firsthand experience.

I never heard another thing about the Holdings and Petersons after their attorney drilled me about the information I had on the family. But one day, I went to Wendy's, a local hamburger place. There was Christian and his mom, Ann.

"Mom, there's Chris!" Christian yelled out.

Ann Holding-Peterson gave me the weirdest stare and hurried her son out of there.

I'm not sure whatever happened to Christian. He might read these things about him and me, and if he turned out to be a honest man, although his brief life experience with me might be embarrassing, he will affirm the experience as truthful.

Now back to my time with the Websters.

I started working for them in the summer 1991 after Jackie and I made our way to Salt Lake City. I was a fugitive on the run and the Webster family had no idea. I finally couldn't bear thinking about little Brittany and what she might have been thinking about all of this. I met with Larry Webster in his home office and confessed.

"Don't tell anyone else," he responded. "Your little girl will find you someday. We'll keep you safe working for us."

I didn't heed Larry's advice. I wanted to let Brittany know that her father loved her and cared about her. I decided that I was going to tell my story to a local newspaper, *Salt Lake Tribune*. I called the newspaper and told them I was a fugitive and that I wanted to tell my side of the story before I turned myself into authorities. The newspaper sent, Jon Ure, one of their best reporters. Jon and I talked for a few hours and he gave me a ride to the Salt Lake City jail to turn myself in.

# Couple's Financial Health Failing Without Insurance

By Jon Ure  
THE SALT LAKE TRIBUNE

Their upper-middle-class home in Salt Lake City's east bench besets their financial straits. Their health is suffering, and S. Richard and Barbara Draper have no health insurance.

Mr. Draper suffered two heart attacks in 1980, has diabetes and a bad back. Mrs. Draper needs surgery to repair ripped cartilage in her knee.

Mr. Draper, 47, owns and operates Minute Man Service. The one-man business used to deal used trucks until Utah's oil boom crashed. He still owns the business but does mostly mechanical work when back pain allows.

Mrs. Draper, 38, worked for the University of Utah for two years, quitting in 1989.

The Drapers used to have health insurance covering themselves and two daughters, Amy and Barbara. As Mr. Draper's business declined, his premiums rose to \$500 a month with a \$1,000 deductible.

He dropped the policy.

Since then, they have had to sell property to pay medical bills.

"We've worked hard all our lives and now we're scaling back," says Mrs. Draper. "It's scary."

She said Medicaid, which helps pay medical bills for the needy, could help them except they have an Individual Retirement Account that may give them \$50,000 when it matures. They don't want to redeem the IRA until it matures, but having it makes them ineligible for Medicaid benefits.

Some income from properties helps them meet mortgage payments and buys groceries. But when they are hit with an unexpected bill, they borrow from relatives or look around the house for something to sell.

"Having been self-employed all these years, there is no protection for us," says Mrs. Draper. She could work, but insurance benefits would not cover her knee or her husband's problems since they are pre-existing conditions.

Mr. Draper would like to work, but with his health history "no employer would put up with that."

They are bitter. They may cash the IRA or have to sell their house.

"Ten years ago I would have told anyone they were nuts if they said I'd be here like this now," Mr. Draper says.

Mrs. Draper adds that the American entrepreneurial spirit has left them, stolen by a system that is leaving them to suffer.

J. E. D. I. V.  
Doug Allen, a dispatcher in south-central Utah, said facilities were packed. "I went to Capitol Park [Saturday] for a camping spot, but it was full to the brim."

He said thousands of people invaded Fishlake National Forest either searching for a place to camp or hunting. The forest with its Campgrounds and Peter Creek reservoir also, Mr. Allen said.

"We tried to get a room at night and they didn't have a room at all," said Midvale, who spent the night at his family outside Park.

But Sunday morning did open up at Park.

Marty Simmons likes to stretch on the weekend. His weekend Thursday observations for the site near the West

"We get this week. And as long as it is good, we'll continue through September. Mr. Simmons said.

But while all the full, the day-use area is crowded, Range

"So many people come on the weekend to go to that our day use

Dallas Adolph said Salt Lake, said Day.

# Kidnap Suspect to Sue Mo

By Jon Ure  
THE SALT LAKE TRIBUNE

Mr. Nemelka's parents, Mike and Gloria Nemelka, posted the kidnapping. Ra... authorities said.

I have given a lot of the detail about what happened next in [A Poor Fool For A Client](#).

My dad had moved our 30' converted school bus to Utah so we had a place to live while I was fighting the charges in Montana. We parked the bus where my brother, Kevin, and his wife Nita, were living at 1272 Colorado St, Rose Park, Utah. I delivered Jackie's and my first daughter, Sariah, on December 25, 1991.

While living in the bus, shortly after Sariah's birth, K-Talk radio producers contacted me after reading in the newspaper about me and how I became "disillusioned" with the LDS Church after being employed as a Security Officer. (This was mentioned in Ure's first story of the incident ... pic of story is not the one above.) Radio hosts, Joe Redburn and Hank Hathaway wanted to talk to me about my experiences behind-the-scenes at the Church. Curiously, and somewhat upsetting to me at the time, they didn't want to talk about the kidnapping charge.

The show was scheduled for 8:00 a.m. on March 16, 1992. I was pretty upset then about what had happened. I had a lot to say about how corrupt the Church was and throw in a few things about the sealed part of the Book of Mormon, which I knew mentors were about to reveal to the world. I arrived at the K-Talk studios about 7:30 a.m. I met with a lady, Kay Henry, who was another host and very kind. She mentioned that she wanted me on her show and would have her producer contact me. Shortly after talking with Kay, the producer of the Redburn/Hathaway show came out and told me that a major earthquake had just happened and that they would have to cancel my appearance to cover the earthquake. Yeah. Really!

And that was that.

Think what you may, but "God" obviously didn't think it was the right time to introduce the final True Messenger to the world. I would later come to know that was exactly why the earthquake was needed.

K-Talk radio was known for its protection of the right of free speech. A lot of Mormon Fundamentalists (polygamists) listen to K-Talk. One of them, Ogden Kraut, called K-Talk and asked for my phone number. Kraut called me and told me he wanted me to speak to a group of people who had left the Church and were interested in what I had to say about my experiences behind the scenes as a Security Officer.

"Why not?" I thought to myself. I told Kraut to set up the meeting and let me know when it was scheduled.

What was I going to tell these people?

How much about the "Three Nephites" and "John the Beloved" was I willing to reveal? Was I willing to go out on my own and try to change people's minds about religion my way?

Here's what I decided to do for this group that Ogden Kraut had put together:

I sat down and wrote from memory some of what had previewed on the first plate of the “gold plates” that my mentors had given me. Out of curiosity, I had used the rocks to preview what was written. I was not allowed to write anything down at the time, but I kind of remembered what I read. I wrote a few pages of what I had read.

My intention was to tell the group that while going through documents I had stumbled upon some writings that were supposed to be from the *sealed portion of the gold plates*. That was my way of not revealing anything about my mentors, but trying out *their way*, which was presenting new scripture. I wanted to see how it would work, but if I said that I was the one who they chose to do the sealed portion, I highly doubted that this group would believe me unless I could continue to produce the actual sealed portion. I knew that I couldn't, as I had already told the Brothers to fuck off.

I wrote what I could remember and made some copies. Eventually I was contacted by a guy, who wasn't Ogden Kraut, but who was calling on Kraut's behalf. He informed of the meeting and its location. I went and presented my story.

There I was in a group of mostly Fundamentalist Mormons who I knew believed in polygamy. I had them in the palm of my hand, or rather, I had their Holy Ghosts alert and attentive. It was something else to see how easy it was to present a bunch of bullshit to the religious minded and have them under my control. I can't remember everything that I told them, but what I did tell them, was a bunch of horse shit. I had passed out the copies of what had written from what I had remembered to the people who attended there.

After the meeting, the people, in awe, came up to shake my hand.

“Hello. My name is Gary Batchelor. Do you believe that the principle of plural marriage is a true principle? Batchelor said.

I remember my response exactly:

“Well, if you believe in Mormonism and Joseph Smith, you gotta believe in polygamy. Right?”

“Do you want to come over to my house and talk some more?” he continued.

Why the fuck not!

I followed Gary Batchelor to a home where one of his plural wives, his second wife, Mary Morrison, lived. I first met his daughter, Amy. She was a cute little girl, to whom I was introduced to as the oldest daughter of Gary's first wife, Vicky Batchelor.

We sat at the kitchen table and Gary snapped his fingers together about three times. Out of another room in the house appeared a beautiful, young, very meek, very quiet, very submissive, Marcee Kay Jaynes, the first cousin of Mary Morrison.

“Fix us some dinner,” Gary mandated.

Marcee was gentle and obeyed the command without saying a word. He didn't even introduce me at this time.

"WTF was that?" I thought as I incredulously pondered on the scene of Batchelor snapping his fingers to have Marcee appear. I couldn't believe it! I felt so sorry for Marcee.

I can't truly remember what made me do it, but I started to mention to Batchelor that I had been chosen to translated the sealed portion of the Book of Mormon. But in the back of my mind, I wanted to save Marcee from this incredible, brainwashing and spell under which Batchelor had her. I figured *their way* might work here. But also knew that I wasn't actually going to be involved in publishing their sealed portion. Didn't matter at this time. I wanted to see where all this was going to go.

Marcee scurried around, fed us dinner, and had to leave to take Amy back home. (Vicky lived in a different house.) Before she left, Gary introduced to me as the one God had chosen to translated the gold plates' sealed portion. I shook Marcee's hand ... and that made me care for her and her terrible situation even more.

After Marcee left, Batchelor proceeded to tell me how many men wanted Marcee. I asked him why he didn't take Marcee as one of his wives.

"She's not my type," he responded.

Shortly after Joseph and Hyrum Smith were murdered on June 27, 1844, Brigham Young returned to Nauvoo to try to calm the devastated Saints. There were all kinds of men claiming authority in the Church. Young first met with Joseph's and Hyrum's mother, Lucy Mack Smith, who was at Emma Smith's (Joseph's widow) house. Young introduced the possibility of him taking Joseph's place in the Church. Well, to put it gently, Emma Smith threw him out of her house.

The next day, Brigham and Heber C. Kimball met with Mary Fielding and Mercy Smith, Hyrum's widows. Young would proceed to tell Mary his plans for her and her children. Young convinced Mary Fielding that her children would be important figures in the Church, and that he would see to it that they were. Mary and Emma didn't get along with each other near as well as Emma and Jerusha (Hyrum's love of his life who had died) had. There was always tension in the Smith family whenever Emma and Mary Fielding were around. Grandma Lucy Mack loved and often showed Jerusha's children a lot of compassion and gentleness because they had lost their mother. Mary was the step-mother of these kids was often jealous of her seemingly low place in the Smith family, especially below Emma Smith.

Mary Fielding was overjoyed that her children were so important to God's plans for His kingdom under the direction of Brigham Young. Young told Mary that Heber C. Kimball would be her new husband and take care of her and make sure her children stayed close to the Church under Young's leadership.

Lucy Mack and Emma got wind of the promises Young made to Mary Fielding. These women were angry, to say the least. They confronted Young and rebuked him for what he had done.

“Hyrum’s body was barely cold in the ground before Heber C. Kimball started courting Mary Fielding at the behest of Young. Hyrum’s mourning widow was flattered by the all the attention she received. Six weeks hadn’t yet passed after Hyrum’s death before Mary and Heber were married. Emma was livid! She knew how Joseph felt about marrying too quickly after the death of one’s companion.\*\* Heber attempted to calm Emma by stating that his intentions were only to make sure that Mary was cared for properly. To which Emma responded, “*You licentious Fein! Then why not take her sister Mercy?*” Mercy was much more homely than her sister, Mary, which was something that Kimball couldn’t overlook. Emma never spoke to Heber again. Kimball would go on to marry 7 more women before the end of 1844, 4 more in 1845, and another 18 in 1846.

\*\*The question was often asked Joseph, “Do Mormons believe in having more wives than one?” To which he responded, “No, not at the same time. But they believe that if their companion dies, they have a right to marry again. But we do disapprove of the custom, which has gained in the world, and has been practiced among us, to our great mortification, in marrying in five or six weeks, or even in two or three months, after the death of their companion. We believe that due respect ought to be had to the memory of the dead, and the feelings of both friends and children.” Joseph Smith, with ed. Joseph Fielding Smith, *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1938) 119.

Yep, Mercy Fielding Smith, like Marcee Kay Jaynes, wasn’t Kimball ‘s and Batchelor’s type! ...  
YE LICENTIOUS FUCKS!

*(licentious: promiscuous and uncensored in sexual matters.*

( ... to be continued ...)

[April 6, 2019](#) Categories: [Christopher's Autobiography](#)

#

## (continued) Chapter 31 on polygamy

...

Yep, Mercy Fielding Smith, like Marcee Kay Jaynes, wasn't Kimball 's and Batchelor's type! ...  
YE LICENTIOUS FUCKS!

*(licentious: promiscuous and uncensored in sexual matters.*

There is a lot of "documentation" out there that appears to prove that Joseph Smith was a *licentious Fein* himself; that he was a polygamist; that he preyed on young women ... and a whole lot of other bullshit.

There is a lot of "documentation" out there that appears to prove that your Ol' Grandpa was a *licentious Fein* too. And just like the "documentation" that proves that Joseph Smith was, the "documentation" that you might find published about Grandpa is a bunch of bullshit.

Always keep in mind what "documentation" is. The proper definition is: material that provides official information or evidence and serves as a record. But where did the material come from? Who wrote the material? Would the material stand up in a court of law after cross-examination of the witness or person who provided the information?

I would love nothing more than to put Jackie Stoll Howard, Marcee Kay Jaynes Quirk, and Vicky Prunty Batchelor on the witness stand and cross examine them, compelling them to tell the Real Truth about what happened between us.

Grandpa can report that over the years, Jackie and Marcee haven't said much about what happened, and neither of these two like to talk about it openly, and have refused most interviews requested by the press or researchers into Grandpa's claims.

But Vicky is an entirely different story.

Vicky would lie, deceive, embellish, and make up things that supported what would one day get her national and world recognition. Vicky would receive an award from the National Organization of Women (NOW) acknowledging her personal strength in ... are you fucking ready for this? ... another drum roll ... ESCAPING POLYGAMY AND TWO ABUSIVE POLYGAMIST HUSBANDS ... Yeah. Really!

And then wait until I get to the "very brief" part of my life when I met and was associated with a woman named, Christine Marie Katas. My Good God! This woman would invent such a salacious and malicious string of lies about her involvement with me that would give her value and purpose in life and make herself seem strong and intelligent in her escape from ... are you fucking ready for this one!? ... yet another drum roll ... ESCAPING SEX TRAFFICKING AND A PREDATORY ... yep, *licentious Fuck* ... me!

Yeah. Fucking Really!

In a court of law, where Vicky and Christine could be cross examined and impeached, where other witnesses could testify—others who were involved with me and these two women—Vicky’s and Christine’s credibility and false stories would fall apart faster than the condoms that Joseph Smith was supposedly wearing when he fucked all of the women that the “documentation” states he fucked.

Oh, wait! Condoms didn’t make their appearance until after Joseph Smith was dead.

So, how the fuck did he keep from getting all those supposed “Vickies and Christines” pregnant?

How is it possible that through modern genealogy and DNA testing there does not exist another person on this earth who is a descendent of Joseph Smith, except those descendants who came through Emma?

How is possible that after his murder, none of his close friends, nor his wife, would ever support the notion and “documentation” that Joseph believed that polygamy was a mandate of God? His wife, sons, brother, and close friends would reorganize the LDS/Mormon Church, and no part of this reorganization included plural marriage or receiving the temple endowment as saving principles or ordinances. Ponder on that shit!

People fucking lie and make up shit to boost their own self-esteem and increase their value. Get this ... a fucking other drum role ... Christine Marie would teach her daughter that not only was she (Christine) involved in sex trafficking, but the sexual predator (me) also wanted to have her young daughter trafficked. Her daughter would become an entertainer and gain substance and value in her “entertaining” by telling people that she and her mother were involved in sex trafficking. Her stage name is [Lola Blanc](#). Look up this shit on Bunkopedia ... oops ... I mean Wikipedia. Here’s what it says:

“When Blanc was a pre-teen, her mother was targeted by a religious impostor posing as a true [LDS](#) prophet who played on her beliefs and lured her into his web. Blanc found their letters and believed in him too; she was temporarily separated from her mother, who was coerced into human trafficking until an accomplice who had a change of heart saved her. They were promptly reunited.”

WTF! Right! Grandpa is this “religious impostor posing as a true LDS prophet.” Grandpa is the one who “coerced [Blanc and her mother] into human trafficking.” And I’d like to know who the fuck was the “accomplice who had a change of heart [that] saved her.” There is only one person who this “accomplice” could have been: my ex-wife Sherilyn Richardson Johanson Nemelka, with whom I have been very good friends throughout my life.

Let’s do this shit! Let’s put Sherilyn on the witness stand to tell what really happened ...

Well, I’ll get to more of the Real Truth in the next chapter when I give all the details of my involvement with these women and polygamy.

(Note to Christine Marie and Lola Blanc: IF YOU FUCKS KEEP THIS STORY GOING, AND I AM EVER PULLED BACK INTO YOUR FUCKING LIES AND DECEIT FROM YOU FUCKS TELLING THIS BULLSHIT STORY TO GAIN MORE VALUE AND NOTORIETY IN THIS WORLD, YOU FUCKS BETTER BE PREPARED FOR A GOOD LEGAL BATTLE IN FEDERAL COURT, BECAUSE THIS GRANDPA IS COMING AFTER YOUR LYING ASSES! .... But anyways.)

What's important here is to understand how and why people lie and make up stories to give their lives substance and value. Anyone can make up documentation and give testimony of any kind. There are a lot of people who start a lie and then live it so long that it actually becomes a reality to them. So when the person produces testimony and documentation, their lie becomes *their truth*. (This is exactly why I was so against my mentors perpetuating more lies in an effort to counter religious lies.)

The modern LDS/Mormon Church has its way of presenting documentation that proves what it wants the world to believe about Joseph Smith and polygamy. The Mormon Fundamentalists have their own documentation. Joseph's critics and enemies have their own documentation. So whose telling the Real Truth?

It's possible to ascertain who is telling the Real Truth by asking this simple question:

What does the person gain from presenting their documentation to prove their side of the story?

So,

What the fuck does Grandpa have to gain from telling the Real Truth?

I have few to no worldly relationships. I have no associations with any of my children, or you grandchildren, or any other family members. I hardly see the few "friends" that I actually trust. None of the people around whom I live and associate on a daily basis know me as a True Messenger. They only know me as "Cristobol." The world hates me. A lot of people want to kill me. I gain no money from the information given in our Message. I make no profit ... not a fucking penny ... from the sale of any of the books ... I have no real job ... presently I am living off of the cash that I earned as CEO of a company, cash that I withdrew from my bank account before I went into considerable debt to the same bank and my credit card companies by withdrawing all the cash I could in order to live without a job ... I am profane as fuck in my writings, which makes most people not want to read what I write ...

I have nothing to gain from telling an embellishment or a lie because I couldn't fucking care less what this world or anyone in it thinks about me.

I am going to tell you the Real Truth.

Before I tell you the actual, *real* facts behind my involvement in polygamy and how it all ended, I implore you to consider the Real Truth about what happened in Joseph Smith's day regarding his involvement with the issue of polygamy.

Here is a link to this information that can also be found in Appendix 2, *MORMON POLYGAMY—THE TRUTH REVEALED* of the book, *Without Disclosing My True Identity—The Authorized and Official Biography of the Mormon Prophet, Joseph Smith, Jr.*

While you're at it, you might as well research the information provided in Appendix 1, *THE LDS PRIESTHOOD UNVEILED*. (Note to editors: provide links.)

As you continue to read Grandpa's autobiography, ask yourself, what does Grandpa have to gain from telling his story? Why would he lie? Why would he make up things that are not true? As you ask yourself these questions, keep in mind how much the people of this world hate me. Keep in mind that the world has not accepted and has rejected the Message and purpose of the Marvelous Work and a Wonder® and The Humanity Party®. Hardly anyone listens to Grandpa.

Shit, Grandpa isn't even in Wikipedia!

Yeah, a woman with a fictitious name, *Lola Blanc*, and a fucking fictitious past, made it into Bunkopedia, but a perfect plan to eliminate worldwide poverty does not!

And ironically,

The only mention of Grandpa in Fuckedupopedia, which is implied and does not actual spell out my name ... because if it did I'd sue the fuck out of Wikipedia and *Lola Blanc* and her deceptive mother ... is that Grandpa was involved in human (sex) trafficking, when Grandpa has introduced a fail proof, perfectly viable plan that can ...

.... [ELIMINATE WORLDWIDE CHILD SEXUAL TRAFFICKING IN A FUCKING WEEK!](#)

Yeah. Really!

But anyways ...

On with the Real Truth ... (Chapter 32)

[April 7, 2019](#) Categories: [Uncategorized](#)[Edit](#)

#

# Chapter 32: My God Complex

Grandkids, I have a very important question to ask you,

What would you do if you were God?

If you saw injustice, suffering, maltreatment, or other ways that cause other people to suffer, what would you do?

What would you do if you saw Grandma Marcee being ordered around and controlled in every aspect of her life? Yeah, Gary Batchelor made Marcee go to work, earn a paycheck, then give all the money to him ... for his “family”... a “family” that Grandma Marcee wasn’t even a part of because she wasn’t Batchelor’s “type.”

Huh? What would you do?

So think about what I knew about human reality ... more importantly what I knew about myself ... at the time I was sitting in Batchelor’s kitchen watching one of the sweetest and kindest women I had ever met being controlled by him.

I knew I was God. I knew that there was no other entity outside of me, above me, below me or beside me, that was more powerful in my reality than ... well ... ME!

I knew that I controlled everything about my life. I knew that I could do anything that I wanted to do ... Of course, within the limits and boundaries set by the ability of everyone else to also do what they wanted. But I knew that Marcee didn’t know this about herself, and neither did Batchelor.

Marcee respected, looked to, and believed in the god that Batchelor had convinced her had given men the authority—even *commanded* men to have more than one wife or they would be damned for eternity.

I knew that there was no such god. But they didn’t.

Just like I knew about Grandpa (me), I knew that both Marcee and Batchelor had sole power over their life, over their reality, over their choices and beliefs. Like me, they could do anything that they wanted. Again, within the limits and boundaries set by the ability of everyone else to also do what they wanted.

So let me tell you what went down after I left Batchelor’s house (where his second wife, Mary Morrison [Marcee’s cousin] lived).

I got in my car to drive back to Jackie, Brandon, Caleb, and newly born, Sariah in our renovated school bus. I remember feeling stunned at what I had just witnessed.

First, I smiled. Then I started getting mad.

“What the fuck!” I said to myself. “That poor girl!”

Then guess who Grandpa got mad at and started to rant and rave against?

You might think I got mad at Gary Batchelor. Nope.

Since I knew more about the Mormon religion than Batchelor ever would, I knew that Batchelor was actually full of integrity, courage, and had a righteous resolve to follow the Mormon prophets of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In this case, especially the two who followed in succession after the first Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith, was murdered: Brigham Young and John Taylor.

Batchelor had every right to do whatever it would take to become a God, “even the Sons of God.” Batchelor was a lot humbler than I was. I knew I was a god already. Batchelor didn’t know. He hadn’t had a brain fart disrupt his normal brain to cause him to know this. But he could still feel it. Everyone can.

Everyone feels that they are special and important ... because they are! But no one understands *why* they feel this way.

I knew. They didn’t.

Unlike Batchelor, I no longer *felt* anything about God or becoming God ... let alone a Son of God ... because I knew that there wasn’t any god outside of my own brain.

But if you think I could have explained this concept to Batchelor at that time ... fuck no!

Batchelor had proof that God had commanded men to be polygamists. His proof didn’t come from his own head ... his own god ... it came from someone else’s god ... from another man who wanted to have more than one woman in his life.

But I was a man. Why couldn’t I have convinced Batchelor that his beliefs about polygamy were stupid and invented by horny men? The answer is simple:

I wasn’t a prophet of God.

A prophet of God speaks to God and God tells His prophet what men are supposed to do while on earth. Batchelor had been convinced ... his own god had made the choice and given over his personal power to someone else ... that Brigham Young was a true prophet of God.

He didn’t think I was a prophet ... yet.

Here is an example of one of the many ... and Grandpa means MANY ... things that Brigham Young wrote about men being polygamists:

“Now, we as Christians desire to be saved in the kingdom of God. We desire to attain to the possession of all the blessings there are for the most faithful man or people that ever lived upon the face of the earth, even him who is said to be the father of the faithful, Abraham of old. We wish to obtain all that father Abraham obtained. I wish here to say to the Elders of Israel, and to all the members of this Church and kingdom, that it is in the hearts of many of them to wish that the doctrine of polygamy was not taught and practiced by us. It

may be hard for many, and especially for the ladies, yet it is no harder for them than it is for the gentlemen. It is the word of the Lord, and I wish to say to you, and all the world, that if you desire with all your hearts to obtain the blessings which Abraham obtained, you will be polygamists at least in your faith, or you will come short of enjoying the salvation and the glory which Abraham has obtained. This is as true as that God lives.

“You who wish that there were no such thing in existence, if you have in your hearts to say: ‘We will pass along in the Church without obeying or submitting to it in our faith or believing this order [the order of polygamy], because, for aught that we know, this community may be broken up yet, and we may have lucrative offices offered to us; we will not, therefore, be polygamists lest we should fail in obtaining some earthly honor, character and office, etc,’—the man that has that in his heart, and will continue to persist in pursuing that policy, will come short of dwelling in the presence of the Father and the Son, in celestial glory. The only men who become Gods, even the Sons of God, are those who enter into polygamy. Others attain unto a glory and may even be permitted to come into the presence of the Father and the Son; but they cannot reign as kings in glory, because they had blessings offered unto them, and they refused to accept them.

(Brigham Young, *Journal of Discourses* 11:268-9.)

Gary Batchelor was right ... for Gary Batchelor ... and for every other Mormon who believed that Brigham Young was a prophet of God.

Batchelor desired to be saved in the kingdom of God. Batchelor desired to attain to the possession of all the blessings there are for the most faithful man or people that ever lived upon the face of the earth, even him who is said to be the father of the faithful, Abraham of old.

Batchelor wished to obtain all that father Abraham obtained.

Batchelor desired with all of his heart to obtain the blessings which Abraham obtained. To do so, according to a prophet of God, Batchelor must be a polygamist, at least in his faith, or he will come short of enjoying the salvation and the glory which Abraham has obtained.

Batchelor felt in his heart that this was as true “as that God lives.”

Because Batchelor didn't know what I knew about the idea, concept, and feelings people have about God ... because he was a humbler man than I was ... he followed the men whom he believed had the authority to tell him what God wanted him to do.

So, Grandkids, you might think that I would have been mad at Brigham Young then. Right? Nope.

Why should I have been mad at Brigham Young? Young was married to the love of his life when he found Joseph Smith and Mormonism. He and the love of his life (just one woman) were baptized, and guess what happened next? The love of his life died. God fucking took the life of Young's “love of his life”! Don't ya think that Young might have been a bit emotionally upset about this?

“WTF? I join God's only true church on earth and God fucking takes away the love of my life?”

Brigham Young must have been an emotional mess about some things. Right? But not about his faith in God ... especially not his faith in whom he thought was God's chosen mouthpiece, Joseph Smith, Jr.. At the time of

his baptism into Mormonism, Young loved Joseph Smith ... adored him! Brigham Young would have done anything that Joseph wanted him to ... well, at first.

So, Grandkids, you might think that I would have been mad at Joseph Smith then. Right? Nope.

Brigham Young would have never believed in Joseph Smith without first reading and accepting the *Book of Mormon*. Gary Batchelor would have never believed in Brigham Young without first reading and accepting the *Book of Mormon*.

Now, I don't think Grandma Marcee had read much of the Book of Mormon when she first met Batchelor. Marcee was a kind, sweet, but rebellious teenager. But Marcee loved kids. Marcee loved a strong family environment, something that she didn't have. Her cousin had an instant family. Marcee didn't have one. Once her cousin, Mary Morrison, entered into polygamy, Marcee had instant access to five other kids from Batchelor's first wife, Vicky Prunty. And Grandma Marcee loved those kids with all of her heart and soul ... that's how Grandma Marcee is.

So, why wouldn't she want to hang around Batchelor? And when Batchelor pointed out all that God's prophets had written and said about polygamy, why wouldn't ... why shouldn't Marcee have believed him?

"What the fuck did you Fucks do?!" I yelled outloud in my car driving back home to Jackie.

I knew who was responsible for the whole mess: the fucking authors of the Book of Mormon!

I knew Joseph Smith didn't come up with it. But I knew who did. These same Fucks had found and approached me to help them write the second part of the very fucking thing that ... at least in my mind at the time ... was responsible for Grandma Marcee being controlled by Batchelor and having an intense desire to follow God and become a polygamist's wife.

What a fucking mess that the *Book of Mormon* had created!

Yeah, I knew that the Mormon people didn't follow the counsel of the book. But why should they? They had modern-day prophets, seers, and revelators who lead them and guide them. To the Mormons, the Book of Mormon is about another, more ancient people, not about them.

Mormons believe that God has only ONE ... not two ... just ONE mouthpiece upon earth that instructs humanity. What God told ancient people during their day would be quite different than what God would tell people living in a different time period with different things that tempt man to do bad things.

That fucking *Book of Mormon* is to blame for all this! Or is it?

Here's what the book says about polygamy:

"And now I make an end of speaking unto you concerning this pride. And were it not that I must speak unto you concerning a grosser crime, my heart would rejoice exceedingly because of you.

“But the word of God burdens me because of your grosser crimes. For behold, thus saith the Lord: This people begin to wax in iniquity; they understand not the scriptures, for they seek to excuse themselves in committing whoredoms, because of the things which were written concerning David, and Solomon his son.

Behold, David and Solomon truly had many wives and concubines, which thing was abominable before me, saith the Lord.

“Wherefore, thus saith the Lord, I have led this people forth out of the land of Jerusalem, by the power of mine arm, that I might raise up unto me a righteous branch from the fruit of the loins of Joseph.

“Wherefore, I the Lord God will not suffer that this people shall do like unto them of old.

“Wherefore, my brethren, hear me, and hearken to the word of the Lord: For there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife; and concubines he shall have none;

For I, the Lord God, delight in the chastity of women. And whoredoms are an abomination before me; thus saith the Lord of Hosts.

Wherefore, this people shall keep my commandments, saith the Lord of Hosts, or cursed be the land for their sakes.

(Jacob 2:22-29.)

If the Fucks who had written the fucking story had left it at that, there would be no way that a person who believes that the Book of Mormon is the word of God could believe and justify that polygamy is anything but an “abomination” and a “whoredome.”

But these brilliant, genius Fucks actually knew what they were doing.

The Book of Mormon is written in such a way that its presentation does not impede the free will of a person to do what the person wants, or to believe what the person wants to believe. So in every instance where the god of the Book of Mormon gives a commandment, this god also provides an alternative choice ... kind of following the idea presented in the Garden of Eden story where God tells Adam and Eve that they can't eat the fruit, but tells them that its *their choice* and free will to do so.

(Jacob 2 continued ...)

“For if I will, saith the Lord of Hosts, raise up seed unto me, I will command my people; otherwise they shall hearken unto these things.”

This one sentence has justified centuries of men justifying having more than one wife. Men take more than one wife because “the Lord of Hosts” needs more “seed” and has “commanded [his] people” through his chosen mouthpieces, God’s Holy Prophets, to raise up seed unto him.

At the time I met Gary Batchelor, there were all kinds of “mouthpieces” on earth, especially of the Mormon faith, claiming that God had chosen them in order to make sure men keep living polygamy and “raise up seed unto me.” Yeah. Really! All fucking kinds!

Gary Batchelor belonged to a group of men who couldn’t quite place their finger on, nor give their soul to any one man among the many claiming to be God’s true prophet. But they had Brigham Young’s and John Taylor’s (Taylor was the guy who become the LDS/Mormon prophet after Brigham Young died) words ... thier many, many words ... that commanded men that they needed to live the principle of polygamy in order to become gods.

And there it is, Grandkids! This one fucking sentence is the ONLY reason why some of you exist today! Yep. It’s true!

At the time I met Gary Batchelor and Marcee Kay Jaynes, I had lost Brittany and Joshua, and had Brandon, Caleb, and Sariah with Jackie.

Had I not been sitting in Batchelor’s kitchen witnessing one of the grossest “abominations and whoredoms” ever perpetrated against women to control them and take away their personal power and free will, Riley, Ryan, Rachael, and Nathan wouldn’t exist. If one of you is one of their kids, the ONLY reason why you exist today is because of that brief experience I had in Gary Batchelor’s kitchen.

I was completely distraught after losing Brittany and Joshua. I was pissed. It would have only been a short time before I would have ended my marriage with Jackie. I wasn’t in love with Jackie. I wanted Jackie because I needed a good mother for Brittany and Joshua. Although Jackie was an incredible woman and wife, my heart was never hers. My heart belonged to my children Brittany and Joshua ... until June 16, 1987.

After my *transfiguration*, my heart belonged only to me.

My loss of Brittany and Joshua did not lessen my love and devotion for Brandon, Caleb, and Sariah. I loved them dearly and wanted to be their father always. But these three were born after my brain no longer valued the relationships and things of this world like it had when I didn’t know that I was God.

The way I perceived my relationship with Brandon, Caleb, and Sariah was a bit different ... not the love of a father, which I have in abundance ... which is why I’m the coolest fucking grandpa on earth ... but my perception of a mortal father. With this new perception, I had no problem delivering Brandon, Caleb, and Sariah by myself. I didn’t need a doctor. I knew how to do it. And Jackie trusted me completely.

Jackie loved me and trusted me with all of her heart and soul. She was deeply in love with me. She had given up being a *normal* person to live in a renovated school bus with me and travel all over the country doing whatever it was that I wanted. But I did not share nor reciprocate the love and devotion Jackie had for me at the time. I lived for no one else but me. I had no choice but to live this way after my *brain transfiguration*. Human reality is all about the individual.

Jackie seemed totally in love with me and comfortable with whatever I chose to do. I knew this about her from the few years we had been together and the way that she was throughout everything that I put her through ... well, that others put us through ... but because of me and my choices.

If Jackie was so in love with me, and I knew that she still believed in the concepts of Mormonism, would she continue to love me if I became a prophet and a polygamist? Yeah. She would. I knew this about her.

The only other option was for me to leave Jackie and let her find a husband who loved her and wanted to be *normal*. If I hadn't loved myself more than Jackie, I would have divorced her and let her go back to her family and the religion (LDS/Mormon) in which she was raised. Had I made this unselfish choice, Jackie's son, Ryan, Riley and Nathan (Marcee's sons), and Rachael (Vicky's daughter) wouldn't exist.

Selfish or unselfish? Which?

I could have left Jackie and become whomever and done whatever I wanted to do in this world. I was that smart. I had the characteristics and the drive. I could have had about any woman I set my desire on ... but why would I want a woman now that I knew what life upon earth was all about? I had one of the best women I could hope for as a wife. Jackie was absolutely incredible.

But I knew that Jackie was her own god, and I was mine. Jackie followed the LDS/Mormon god. I followed my own. No. That's not entirely true. I didn't follow any god. I knew **I was God!**

It was during that car ride home that I knew I wanted to do something to help Marcee and get her away from Batchelor's control ... not just Batchelor's control, but from the *spiritual* control that Mormon Fundamentalism had over her.

Although I was mad at the authors of the Book of Mormon, I did understand their reasoning. I had spent enough time with them before I lost Brittany and Joshua to understand why they had conceived of and written the Book of Mormon and what their original intent was. They had explained it perfectly to me.

Their Book of Mormon had failed to do what they expected of it.

As I've explained above, the men who believe in the Book of Mormon completely disregard all of the verses about polygamy being a "whoredom" and "abomination" and focus on JUST ONE FUCKING VERSE TO JUSTIFY THEIR DESIRE TO STICK THEIR DICK IN MORE WOMEN THAN THEIR BORING WIFE!

That's how most Mormons are. They focus on one verse and completely ignore the rest of the story.

Here's an incredible example of this irony and truth:

During an LDS General Conference, one of the LDS/Mormon prophets, seers, and revelators, told the people how special they were because,

"Behold, the Lord hath shown unto me great and marvelous things concerning that which must shortly come, at that day when these things shall come forth among you. Behold, I speak unto you as if ye were present, and yet ye are not. But behold, Jesus Christ hath shown you unto me, and I know your doing." (Mormon 8:34:-35.)

This deceptive Fuck touted how important and special the modern-day Mormons were to God, but ended the verses, that emotionally shook him up as he pretended to be humble, without going on to read the "rest of the story" that told about the Mormon people he was addressing and what their "doing" actually was.

Grandkids, you got to see this!

Go to your computer and watch this video.

Here's a link for you.

This modern LDS/Mormon leader is deceiving the shit out of his flock! He only takes from the Book of Mormon what he wants. When the storyline presents the ancient native American prophet, Moroni, (as the story goes) telling the people WHO ARE READING HIS FUCKING WORDS, that Jesus showed these LDS/Mormons of the future to him, Moroni goes on to say how fucking wicked the LDS/Mormons are in the latter times! Yeah. Really!

There own ancient "mouthpiece of God," Moroni, goes on to tell the modern LDS/Mormons that they have "polluted the holy church of God."

"O ye pollutions, ye hypocrites, ye teachers, who sell yourselves for that which will canker, why have ye polluted the holy church of God?"

Their own "word of God" (scripture) tells them that the "church of God," not the "church of the devil," or any other church on earth that is corrupt, but the "church of God" is corrupt!

The Book of Mormon is an obsolete resource to the modern LDS/Mormons, contemporary or fundamentalist. They only use the few verses that they want, that justify the "abominations" and "whoredoms" that they do.

The book's authors knew that it was a possibility that the true intent of their book would fail. That's exactly why they incorporated an important *failsafe* into the storyline: the sealed portion, the greater portion ... the portion that was so important that humankind could not be saved without it.

But of course, the one liners the Mormons (especially the men) use to justify their "abominations" and "whoredoms" overshadow THE FUCKING REST OF THE STORY .... Uuuuuuuuuugh. These people! But anyways ...

I was mad at the authors of the Book of Mormon while I was driving home that day ... then I had an idea ... it kind of popped into my head ... from God.

Obviously I didn't need the Book of Mormon, nor did I need to be involved in the sealed portion of the book, to help Marcee. All I needed to do was to be smarter than Batchelor ... which of course, I knew that I was.

All I needed to do was to do to Batchelor what Brigham Young had done to him: deceive and manipulate the shit out of him with the scriptures and the other religious bullshit in which he believed.

Once I had Batchelor under my control and spell, he would convince Marcee that I was special. Once Marcee thought I was special, I had no doubt that she would choose me as her special plural husband.

I would later meet some of my competition for Marcee's hand ... some of the polygamist men wanting Marcee to choose them. Oh my! There wasn't much competition there. But in spite of any physical attraction, I would have never won Marcee's heart until I had first won Batchelor's.

Brigham Young had deceived the shit out of Batchelor, and he was dead! If a dead man could deceive people, then what could a man who is alive do to deceive people, if the alive man used the same principles and techniques by which people are deceived: religious belief? Even Brigham Young had been deceived.

And I had actually met the guys who had deceived them all: the authors of the Book of Mormon.

Did they do a *good* thing when they introduced the Book of Mormon to the world? It was supposed to be a good thing. But it has only led to more bullshit and heartache for people ... Well, except for the Mormon men who are convinced that they are the only ones on earth who have the Holy Priesthood, which is the right and authority to act in God's name and put their dicks into more women than just one.

WTF? Act in God's name? I knew everyone was acting God's name. I knew that whatever we did, we were doing what the *true* God was telling us to do ... what our brain wanted us to do.

So it came to pass ... Grandpa likes this type of a segue ... that I as I thought about devising a plan to get Marcee away from Batchelor, I wasn't convinced that this was what I really wanted to do.

I wasn't completely convinced until Jackie and I met Batchelor's first wife, Vicky Prunty, and her five children. Like Marcee, I too fell in love with Vicky's kids. They were special.

Jackie and I were invited over to Gary and Vicky's house (the two plural wives lived in separate houses) to meet Vicky and her kids. In Vicky's kitchen, there was a note posted that said something about her having her own opinion "as long as it agrees with mine." The "mine" would be ... of course ... Batchelor's.

Vicky was special. She was kind, but strong willed. It was quite obvious that she was having problems with the polygamy thing.

But it wasn't until Marcee joined us and I saw how she interacted with Vicky's children that I knew I had to do something. Vicky's kids loved Marcee. Marcee loved them. Marcee was a very special human being. I knew this from the moment that I met her a few days previous in that kitchen.

There are so many details about what happened next. I could write an entire book just on what I did to get Marcee away from the control and deception of Batchelor. And well is it said, "the devil is in the details."

Grandkids, I'm pretty sure that you've been taught all kinds of things about God. I'm pretty sure that you've heard a lot about me, if you've ever wondered and researched. I'm pretty sure that your parents have said things about me to you.

But let me tell you something about whatever it is that you have heard about me:

None of you parents (my children) knew me. No man knows my history.

“You don’t know me; you never knew my heart. No man knows my history. I cannot tell it: I shall never undertake it. I don’t blame anyone for not believing my history. If I had not experienced what I have, I would not have believed it myself. I never did harm any man since I was born in the world. My voice is always for peace.” –Joseph Smith

I can repeat these words and mean it ... except for the part that “I shall never undertake it” ... this autobiography is this *undertaking*.

But the most important thing that Grandpa wants you to know about me is that I never intended to harm anyone “since I was born in the world.” It was never my intent to harm your grandmothers, Jackie, Marcee, or Vicky. It was always my intent to help them and make their life better ...at least from my perspective of things.

But who’s to say that their lives wouldn’t have been happy and fulfilled had I left them alone and they continued to live the Mormon Fundamentalist lifestyle? Who’s to say that they wouldn’t have figured things out on their own had I not intervened and been involved?

Grandpa asked you a question at the beginning of this chapter:

“What would you do if you were God?”

Some say Grandpa is a narcissistic sociopath. Some say that I have a God complex. I would have to argue the “sociopath” part, because such a person with this type of personality disorder manifests antisocial attitudes and behavior and a lack of conscience.

If you came to know your Grandpa, you’d find that I am one of the coolest dudes ... coolest Grandpas ... you could ever know. When I am in social situations, those who experience this part of me find me to be one of the nicest people they have ever met. So, I don’t have much problem being social. In fact, Batchelor used to call me, Chrriarisma ... a play on Chris and charisma.

And I hope you are beginning to see that I have a conscience and know what is right and wrong. If I didn’t have a consciousness, then what Batchelor was doing to Marcee and Vicky wouldn’t have bothered me.

Shit! This supposed narcissistic sociopath could have had all kinds of sister wives, as many as I wanted, as long as I wanted.

It was my conscience that got me involved with Marcee and Vicky, and it was the same conscience that sat them down after just a few months of being both of their “plural husband” and tell them that polygamy wasn’t real, Mormonism wasn’t real, and that Joseph Smith and the Book of Mormon weren’t real.

Yep! That’s exactly what I did ... because I had a conscience.

But I do have a God complex. And I hope someday that you have one too.

With a God complex, you will never be deceived by another person. You will never be controlled by another person. You will be who you have always been, the most important and valuable compendium of matter in the universe: a human god.

You will have “an unshakable belief characterized by consistently inflated feelings of personal ability, privilege, or infallibility.” You will “refuse to admit the possibility of error or failure, even in the face of complex or intractable problems or difficult or impossible tasks, or may regard personal opinions as unquestionably correct.” You may even “disregard the rules of society and require special consideration or privileges.”

Yep, that pretty much sums up Ol’ Grandpa in a nutshell.

But how could I not be this way after my brain was fucked with the way that it was? But I did not disregard the rules of society. Society didn’t care if I fucked more than one woman at a time, as long as I wasn’t legally married. I knew that in order to be Marcee’s “spiritual husband,” which I knew would include sex, in order to regard the rules of society, I needed to legally divorce Jackie.

So before any of the polygamy games began, I legally divorced Jackie so that she and I could *legally* ... allow me to put my dick in another woman ... Oh, my narcissistic sociopathic, or rather, sociopathic God! But that’s what I did.

So here’s a brief summary of what God commanded me to do and how it all played out, leaving out much of the “devil in the details”:

I convinced Batchelor that I was special by telling him that I had been chosen to bring *The Sealed Portion of the Book of Mormon* to the world ... which wasn’t exactly a lie.

Batchelor convinced Marcee that I was special.

Marcee asked if she could be part of my family ... that’s how those particular Mormon Fundamentalist did it: the woman has to choose and ask to be part of the man’s family.

Once I had Marcee’s heart, I turned her against Batchelor. Once I had her turned against Batchelor, I tried to end the whole thing. I believed that from what I had taught Marcee, she would see what a dick Batchelor was. She didn’t see it. Batchelor turned her on me. Marcee was convinced that I was wrong.

Jackie and I had bought a house in Salt Lake City. It was basically a condemned house that I knew I could remodel. I asked my stepmother, Gloria, if she would co-sign. Gloria did and we got the house. We were not going to have anything else to do with polygamy or Marcee after I had called it off. But Marcee had already moved some of her things into the house we had purchased.

When Marcee came to get her stuff out of our house, she was pissed. We loaded her stuff in her car and I turned to say goodbye to her ... for good. Jackie had gone back into the house.

Marcee began to cry ... she began to weep, huge tears running down her face. I went to hug her and she pushed me back,

“Why couldn’t you love me?” she wept.

Oh fuck! There went my conscience again.

There in front of me was an innocent woman who I knew would continue to be taken advantage of by the men with whom she chose to associate. My heart broke for her. I grabbed her and held her close to me. Her tears soaked my shirt. I knew then that I could not let Batchelor win her back. I did what I had to to keep her with me. I said what I had to ... to Jackie's chagrin and disappointment.

However, Jackie was a good person, a kind person. She saw Marcee's hurt. And for whatever reason, her compassion on Marcee caused her heart to open up, and she wanted to help Marcee as much as I did.

We put Marcee's things back into the house. Marcee said she wanted to tell Batchelor and his wives herself about her decision to be with us, and say goodbye to their children. She left for a couple of hours and came back as the woman who was going to become my second, although "spiritually" not legally, wife.

After she moved in, Marcee and I went off into the woods near Nephi, Utah, and I made up some bullshit spiritual ceremony based on what I knew Mormons did to take a spiritual wife. We left the woods, went to a local motel and consummated the marriage. Once that happened, I knew I had her heart and soul.

I had called it off with Marcee because of my conscience. Whatever love was, I knew that I loved Jackie much more than I could ever love Marcee. Jackie and I had history. A lot of history! Marcee and I had nothing. It wasn't hard for Marcee to feel the difference.

Shortly after we consummated the marriage in the summer of 1992, I decided that I was going to go to Montana and fight to see Brittany and Joshua. We sold the house to an illegal alien, a good man needing a home, and executed a Quit Claim Deed and a contract. My father was again, an ass, found out about it, paid back the downpayment the guy gave us, who I had no doubt would have faithfully made the agreed upon monthly payments, and took the house over. Yep, my Mormon Bishop father once again did what good Mormon priesthood holders often do, fuck over their own children. But anyways ...

We had only one car to make the trip to Montana: Marcee's Nissan Sentra. That's right a Nissan Sentra. We packed up the possessions that we wanted to take, loaded Brandon, Caleb, and baby Sariah in Marcee's Sentra, strapped some of our stuff to the top, and headed for Montana.

Can you imagine it. A Nissan Sentra is a small car. I drove. Jackie was in the front seat holding Sariah and Marcee was in the backseat with Brandon and Caleb.

Now let me be honest here. Jackie and I hadn't had sex for a few days. And I loved Jackie much more than I did Marcee ... as far as the love of man goes. There's no doubt Marcee could feel the emotional tension. In fact, Marcee had sex with me unlike any sex she had ever had with any man before. She had sex as a teenager, but it wasn't like what she had with me. Jackie and my sex was great too. But the difference was, I loved Jackie and was *servicing* Marcee. And a woman knows. A woman has that sense.

I took the route to Columbia Falls, Montana that led us back to where I had lost Brittany and Joshua, near Hamilton, Montana, along highway 93. As we traveled along, the sexual tension between Jackie and me got a bit uncomfortable for both of us. I had to do something.

I saw an old large station wagon for sale alongside the road. I stopped and bought it. I put Jackie, Brandon, Caleb, and Sariah in the station wagon and made Marcee follow behind us in her car.

Once alone and away from Marcee, Jackie and I told each other of our love and how much we wanted to pull over and have sex. Yeah ... Grandkids, I know ... TMI! But it was true.

This selfish nature of mine never took into account what Marcee was feeling. But my conscience told me that *I was serving her*. She had taken from Jackie ... according to my conscience. Jackie was sharing *her man* with Marcee. Jackie deserved the respect and love.

It was wonderful being alone with Jackie in our new *old* station wagon. Simply wonderful! I began to wonder how long I could keep up the facade with Marcee.

We didn't stop again until we reached Kalispell, Montana. We stopped in the middle of the city at a small public park to let the kids play. Marcee was visibly upset. I didn't like it and told her so. She cried and went and sat in her car while the kids played for a bit.

Being familiar with the area from my time living there, I took us to Foy's Lake, near Kalispell, to a campground there. Once we were parked, Marcee stayed in her car and cried. I got into the car and didn't try to console her. I basically told her how it was, that Jackie was the only one making any sacrifice. Marcee wept, got out of the car and wandered off in the woods.

When she was gone, somehow Jackie and I had sex and felt pretty good about Marcee being gone.

The minutes turned to hours and Marcee didn't return. It became night and it was getting very dark. I was more than concerned. I called the local Sheriff and reported that Marcee had become lost. The Sheriff's office said that they couldn't do anything until she had been gone more than 24 hrs.

I was worried. Very worried. Then I got mad. Very mad. Then I saw Marcee appear out of the woods. I did not meet her with love, concern, or an embrace being concerned that she was okay. I took her into her car, shut the door, and told her we were through; that she had to go back to Utah and do whatever she wanted; that Jackie and I wanted no more of her drama.

She wept. She begged. I was relentless. I gave her \$500 and sent her on her way.

And that was the end of Marcee ... I thought.

Jackie and I spent the next week fighting for our right to visit with Brittany and Joshua. The Ladenburgs were well-known, had lots of money, and a good attorney. We had nothing. We stayed in a tent and protested during the day in front of the courthouse. We lost and returned to Salt Lake City completely dejected and saddened.

When little Brandon knew we were leaving without seeing Brittany and Joshua, he couldn't have been more sad. He fought back the tears, his lips trembling. I held him close. I held that little god next to my heart. My heart was being ripped so many ways because of this corrupt fucking world.

But I was God. I knew I was God. I knew that the judge's god was a lot more powerful than mine at the time. I knew that the god of this world and money were more powerful than my god.

I got my ass kicked by people who didn't even know that they were gods. I got my ass kicked by people who believed in false gods.

These false gods fucking took my kids!

Again, Grandkids,

If you were God, what would you do?

#

## Chapter 33: (to be continued)

After losing every effort to regain my parental rights to Brittany and Joshua in a Montana court, prejudice and unfairness bolstered by the popularity and money of the Ladenburgs, I was resolved to the fact that the world's gods (the collective free will of everyone else's own brain) was too powerful to fight and win.

But I was pissed. I was hurt. I was greatly saddened and missed being Brittany's and Joshua's father. But through it all, I only once ... almost ... wanted to harm another person. Long story, short ...

When Joshua was about 12 years old, his mother called me out of the blue, was very upset, and informed me that Joshua had spit in her face and refused to do what he was told. She was distraught.

Really?

She took away all of my rights, had her attorney legally change their birth certificates to reflect that Carl Ladenburg was their father, not allowed me any contact with them, and now she wanted me to do something about an attitude in Joshua that she created?

Really?

Remember that *conscience* that Grandpa told you about ... the one that felt sorry for Marcee and wanted to help her get away from the control of Mormon Fundamentalism?

Well, my conscience actually loved innocent children more than myself. Yeah. Really! My conscience might have made me a lousy husband, but it also made me an incredible dad.

I could have easily told Paula to go fuck herself and deal with the problem that *she* and Carl Ladenburg had created. But I didn't. I was kind and cooperative.

Paula asked me to intervene and help her with Joshua. I went to Montana, met with Joshua for a few days, got him thinking straight ... the best I could ... and told him I had to go back to Utah. Joshua didn't want to live in Montana, and refused to behave if he couldn't live with me. At their rope's end, the Ladenburgs didn't know how to handle an adolescent's purposeful rebellion to get what he wants. I did.

I tried to explain to Joshua that I had no legal right to him, and that he would have to stay in Montana. Joshua refused, cried, threw a fit, and convinced the Ladenburgs that maybe he would be better off in Utah with me.

As Joshua was packing his bags to come to Utah with me, I was sitting out in my car waiting for him. Ladenburg came out and confronted me. I rolled down the window and listened:

“This is all your fault, you Ass!” yelled Ladenburg. “You could stop this and convince Joshua to stay here.”

Yeah. Really!

That was one of the few times in my life that I almost lost my temper. There was this fuck who had taken my kids from me, changed their names to his, called me up to fix the mess *he caused*, and telling me that it was all my fault!

My hands clenched the steering wheel. Tighter and tighter. I could have gotten out of that car and beat the living shit out of Ladenburg. I was bigger, stronger, and I was a father who he had been maliciously hurt by this fuck!

But remember that *conscience* Grandpa told you about? It wouldn't allow me.

I held my temper and calmly reiterated that it was Joshua's choice. I explained ... as calmly as I could ... that they were his legal parents and would have to be the ones to convince him otherwise.

They could not.

Had I let my temper get the best of me, I would have been put in jail, maybe have inadvertently killed Carl Ladenburg unintentionally, as my grief of losing my kids was pumping up my natural adrenaline.

But this isn't Grandpa.

You'll come to know that I treat my enemies just like I do my friends. The only difference is, I don't hang around my enemies and avoid them at all costs. I would no more hurt to an enemy than I would to anyone else.

So, if you judge me, then judge me, not how I have treated my friends, but how I have treated my enemies. Then judge my enemies, not by how they treat their friends, but how they treat me.

Brittany was into her teenage years and would not speak to me while I was up in Montana dealing with her brother. The fact is, Brittany and Joshua were FUBAR ... *fucked up beyond repair*.

The Real Truth about my life will give details of how Ladenburg abandoned Brittany and Joshua after he divorced their mother, and how I intervened to save their lives and put them both on a path to having a normal and successful life. Without me having the *conscience* that I have, Brittany and Joshua *Ladenburg* would not be who they are today. I know this. They know this. And if the Ladenburgs were honest, they would admit this. (We'll talk about this in a later chapter when the events of how I intervened to save them began.)

Joshua only lasted a few weeks in Utah with me. He was spoiled rotten ... *Fubar*. The Ladenburgs had ruined the little boy who was once more like his dad than he was like the world. Now he was Joshua Ladenburg, not Joshua Nemelka. Although he never spit in my face, his attitudes about life, about things, about values were far different than mine and those of his siblings. (Joshua lived with me, Jackie, Brandon, Caleb, Sariah, and Ryan when he came to Utah for that short time.) I would not see or be in contact with Joshua again until he was 16 years-old ... the time when I began my intervention.

You can judge me however you want, Grandkids, but judge me on the *real* facts, but only after you've investigated the events and thought about them carefully.

After Jackie and I returned to Utah, we rented an apartment in Sandy. Little did I know at the time that the apartment was a stone's throw away from ... Guess whose house? Yep. Vicky Prunty Batchelor's. I had visited her home before, but the decision to rent an apartment in the same suburb was not made on remembering anything about her or where she lived. I didn't think about where she lived when I looked for an apartment, and I had no idea what had happened to Marcee.

Marcee had left a few things in Montana with me and Jackie, so I decided to take them to her mother's house. Her mother, Vickie Jaynes, was an incredibly nice woman. Naive as hell, but as kind and compassionate of a human being that you could ever want to meet.

Vickie Jaynes was not a Mormon Fundamentalist ... that shit came from Marcee's father's side. Although Marcee's father was pretty cool himself, having nothing to do with religion and very liberal in his views, Marcee's parents had long divorced when she was young. It was Marcee's desire to have a *normal* family that attracted her to Batchelor.

I don't know what Marcee had told her mother about had what happened in Montana, but Vickie Jaynes greeted me with the kindness that she always had. I gave her Marcee's things. As I did, a look of sadness and grave concern came over her face.

"How's Marcee?" I asked.

"Chris, you got to help her. She's living in a house this old polygamist man gave her. She's back in that group!" her mother said with great concern written all over her face.

Ah, shit! My *conscience*.

Fuck! My *conscience*.

Tears were swelling up in Vickie Jayne's eyes.

What the fuck was I supposed to do?

"Do you have any contact with Marcee?" I asked.

“Yes. She talks to me a lot,” she responded.

“Will you ask her if I can meet with her sometime?” I sincerely asked, but wanting only at the time to assuage her concern that I didn’t care about her daughter.

“Please, Chris. Help her!” Vickie pleaded.

Ah, shit! My *conscience*.

Fuck. My *conscience*.

When I returned to Jackie, I told her about what Marcee’s mother had said. Jackie felt very sorry for Marcee, but I don’t think she had any intention of supporting an idea that we should let Marcee back into our “family.” Jackie encouraged me to intervene and at least speak to Marcee and see what we could do for her.

Long story, short ... I won the Mormon Fundamentalists yet again. I did the best thing for Marcee. Or did I?

Marcee moved in with us into our two-bedroom apartment, and sometime during the winter of 1992, she got pregnant. When Marcee found out that she was pregnant, she reported that it was the best day of her life. I remember her telling me that after she had found out, after visiting the doctor, she started skipping and singing, “I’m the happiest girl, in the whole U.S.A ... It’s a skippidity do da day!”

Jackie was devastated.

I have no clue why Jackie didn’t take her kids and leave me. We weren’t legally married at the time. Her ... and my family ... would have LOVED to get her away from me. But she stayed. We lived in a two-bedroom apartment. Jackie had one room with Brandon, Caleb, and Sariah, and Marcee had the other. I would stay in Jackie’s room one night and Marcee’s the next ... What a fucking emotional mess. Right?

But Jackie stayed.

What Jackie doesn’t know is that I only felt right, comfortable and proper sleeping with her. It was an emotional chore to be with Marcee and *try* to treat her with the same love and respect that I had for Jackie. But I did my best.

So the games of mortal life began.

I was still working full time for the Webster family as their Estate Manager, which provided us with just enough to live. Neither Jackie nor Marcee worked. Both were on government assisted medical care. I was supposed to be paying court-mandated child support to Jackie ... but the divorce was just “on paper.” Jackie’s and my relationship didn’t change after we filed the mock divorce so that I could legally be with Marcee without breaking the law.

Later on in this autobiography, you'll learn how Grandma Jackie became so mean, so bitter, so angry towards me, that she used the fact that I hadn't paid her child support since our divorce against me in court. It landed me in jail. Yep. I went to jail for not paying Jackie child support from 1992 (when we divorced) through 2000 (when we finally separated for good). I was living with and supporting Jackie the entire time! Jackie lied in court. Jackie was angry, hurt, and determined not to let me go unpunished.

Could you blame Jackie?

I can't.

I can only imagine what it must have been like for her to know that I was on the other side of her bedroom wall having sex with Marcee. I don't know if she ever heard us having sex. I was pretty quiet. But Marcee ... Oh my! Up to that point in my life, I had never been with a woman as sexual as Marcee, bar none! But Jackie didn't know this ... I don't think. I loved Jackie. I didn't love Marcee like I did Jackie. But obviously my love for Jackie wasn't normal or what Jackie needed and deserved. If I had loved Jackie the way that a woman is supposed to be loved, how a woman should be loved, I could have never slept with Marcee ... or Vicky Prunty.

Oh, yeah. Vicky Prunty. Let's get to her.

Gary Batchelor had strictly commanded his wives that they could have no contact with Marcee or Jackie ... of any kind. Marcee lost all contact with her cousin Mary, Vicky, and their children, as well as the rest of the Mormon Fundamentalist community.

Marcee hadn't been living with Jackie and me for a month, when there was a knock at our door.

I opened the door and there stood Vicky Prunty.

Surprised for a second, I greeted her kindly and let her in. Marcee and Jackie greeted her with open arms. Vicky proceeded to explain how she was tired of the lifestyle she was living and how she was being treated by Batchelor. She was thinking about leaving that lifestyle and going up into the mountains to let God take care of her and her six children. Yeah. Really!

She was visibly upset and distraught as she explained what had been going on during the past year since I had met her husband. Jackie, Marcee, and I sat there feeling evermore sorry for her as she went on.

Vicky wept.

Ah, shit! My *conscience*.

Fuck. My *conscience*.

(To be continued ...)

July 10, 2019 by christophermwaw Categories: UncategorizedEdit  
#

## Chapter 33: Grandpa's Conscience

After losing every effort to regain my parental rights to Brittany and Joshua in a Montana court, prejudice and unfairness bolstered by the popularity and money of the Ladenburgs, I was resolved to the fact that the world's gods (the collective free will of everyone else's own brain) was too powerful to fight and win.

But I was pissed. I was hurt. I was greatly saddened and missed being Brittany's and Joshua's father. But through it all, I only once ... almost ... wanted to harm another person. Long story, short ...

When Joshua was about 12 years old, his mother called me out of the blue, was very upset, and informed me that Joshua had spit in her face and refused to do what he was told. She was distraught.

Really?

She took away all of my rights, had her attorney legally change their birth certificates to reflect that Carl Ladenburg was their father, not allowed me any contact with them, and now she wanted me to do something about an attitude in Joshua that she created?

Really?

Remember that *conscience* that Grandpa told you about ... the one that felt sorry for Marcee and wanted to help her get away from the control of Mormon Fundamentalism?

Well, my conscience actually loved innocent children more than myself. Yeah. Really! My conscience might have made me a lousy husband, but it also made me an incredible dad.

I could have easily told Paula to go fuck herself and deal with the problem that *she* and Carl Ladenburg had created. But I didn't. I was kind and cooperative.

Paula asked me to intervene and help her with Joshua. I went to Montana, met with Joshua for a few days, got him thinking straight ... the best I could ... and told him I had to go back to Utah. Joshua didn't want to live in Montana, and refused to behave if he couldn't live with me. At their rope's end, the Ladenburgs didn't know how to handle an adolescent's purposeful rebellion to get what he wants. I did.

I tried to explain to Joshua that I had no legal right to him, and that he would have to stay in Montana. Joshua refused, cried, threw a fit, and convinced the Ladenburgs that maybe he would be better off in Utah with me.

As Joshua was packing his bags to come to Utah with me, I was sitting out in my car waiting for him. Ladenburg came out and confronted me. I rolled down the window and listened:

“This is all your fault, you Ass!” yelled Ladenburg. “You could stop this and convince Joshua to stay here.”

Yeah. Really!

That was one of the few times in my life that I almost lost my temper. There was this fuck who had taken my kids from me, changed their names to his, called me up to fix the mess *he caused*, and telling me that it was all my fault!

My hands clenched the steering wheel. Tighter and tighter. I could have gotten out of that car and beat the living shit out of Ladenburg. I was bigger, stronger, and I was a father who had been maliciously hurt by this fuck!

But remember that *conscience* Grandpa told you about? It wouldn't allow me.

I held my temper and calmly reiterated that it was Joshua's choice. I explained ... as calmly as I could ... that they were his legal parents and would have to be the ones to convince him otherwise.

They could not.

Had I let my temper get the best of me, I would have been put in jail, maybe have inadvertently killed Carl Ladenburg, unintentionally, as my grief of losing my kids was pumping up my natural adrenaline.

But this isn't Grandpa.

You'll come to know that I treat my enemies just like I do my friends. The only difference is, I don't hang around my enemies and avoid them at all costs. I would no more hurt to an enemy than I would to anyone else.

So, if you judge me, then judge me, not by how I have treated my friends, but by how I have treated my enemies. Then judge my enemies, not by how they treat their friends, but by how they treat me.

Brittany was into her teenage years and would not speak to me while I was up in Montana dealing with her brother. The fact is, Brittany and Joshua were FUBAR ... *fucked up beyond repair*.

The Real Truth about my life will give details of how Ladenburg abandoned Brittany and Joshua after he divorced their mother, and how I intervened to save their lives and put them both on a path to having a normal and successful life. Without me having the *conscience* that I have, Brittany and Joshua *Ladenburg* would not be who they are today. I know this. They know this. And if the Ladenburgs were honest, they would admit this. (We'll talk about this in a later chapter when the events of how I intervened to save them began.)

Joshua only lasted a few weeks in Utah with me. He was spoiled rotten ... *Fubar*. The Ladenburgs had ruined the little boy who was once more like his dad than he was like the world. Now he was Joshua Ladenburg, not Joshua Nemelka. Although he never spit in my face, his attitudes about life, about things, about values were far different than mine and those of his siblings. (Joshua lived with me, Jackie, Brandon, Caleb, Sariah, and Ryan when he came to Utah for that short time.) I would not see or be in contact with Joshua again until he was 16 years old ... the time when I began my intervention.

You can judge me however you want, Grandkids, but judge me on the *real* facts, only after you've investigated the events and thought about them carefully.

After Jackie and I returned to Utah, we rented an apartment in Sandy. Little did I know at the time that the apartment was a stone's throw away from ... Guess whose house? Yep. Vicky Prunty Batchelor's. I had visited her home before, but the decision to rent an apartment in the same suburb was not made on remembering anything about her or where she lived. I didn't think about where she lived when I looked for an apartment, and I had no idea what had happened to Marcee.

Marcee had left a few things in Montana with me and Jackie, so I decided to take them to her mother's house. Her mother, Vickie Jaynes, was an incredibly nice woman. Naive as hell, but as kind and compassionate of a human being that you could ever want to meet.

Vickie Jaynes was not a Mormon Fundamentalist ... that shit came from Marcee's father's side. Although Marcee's father was pretty cool himself, having nothing to do with religion and very liberal in his views, Marcee's parents had long divorced when she was young. It was Marcee's desire to have a *normal* family that attracted her to Batchelor.

I don't know what Marcee had told her mother about had what happened in Montana, but Vickie Jaynes greeted me with the kindness that she always had. I gave her Marcee's things. As I did, a look of sadness and grave concern came over her face.

"How's Marcee?" I asked.

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Vicky wept.

Ah, shit! My *conscience*.

Fuck. My *conscience*.

Yeah, my *conscience*.

Grandpa's conscience got him into all kinds of trouble.

Before I continue to explain how my life got extremely complicated after I reunited with Marcee to save her a second time from the Mormon Fundamentalists, and what happened after Vicky showed up on my doorstep, I suppose it might help you grandkids understand my past choices in life better if you understood more about what a *conscience* actually is.

Everyone has one. It's what makes us human and different than the animals, plants, and any other life form that exists. It helps us, or rather, encourages us, to act or allow ourselves to be acted upon. When I write "acted upon," this means what we allow others to do to us. For example:

Grandma Vicky *acted upon* Grandpa by showing up at his door and announcing her plans to leave the Mormon Fundamentalist community, head to the mountains, and put her life and the life of her five children from Gary Batchelor (Colin, Amy, Marci, Tessa, and Derrick) in the hands of God. Below I explain what Grandpa did next and how I *acted* in response to being *acted upon*.

Now,

I could spend a few chapters explaining what this *conscience* is. But by the time you (my grandkids) might be reading this autobiography, a book will exist upon earth that explains it clearly and in every detail. Find the book. Read it. It tells the Real Truth about all things.

The book is called, *The Dream of Mortal Life, Understanding Human Reality—A Final Warning to the Human Race*. Read this book. It is the most profound explanation of human existence ever written. It explains in detail who we are, why we exist, how we exist, where we exist, and what *existence* actually is.

I like to call my conscience: *the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*—the godhead that leads me, guides me, walks besides me, helps me find the way, teaches me all that I must know.

*The Father* because it is an overwhelmingly powerful feeling that mandates all that I do ... kinda like the power and control that a father has over a child. *The Son* because a good son does what his father tells him to do. And the *Holy Ghost*, because the relationship between what my brain tells me to do (what *the Father* tells *the Son*) and what I actually do dwells inside me and is a powerful feeling that I did not understand ... until my brain was *transfigured* in 1987. After my *transfiguration*, I realized immediately that the powerful feelings that make me do what I do ... this *Holy Ghost* ... is actually ... well, ME!

After my brain was affected by this change, I started calling my *Holy Ghost* "Michael". I called *the Father* "Elohim," and *the Son* I called "Jehovah."

I started to understand that *Elohim* was actually the one in charge of everything that I did, and that *Jehovah* did everything that *Elohim* wanted him to do. But *Michael* ... well, he was asleep

and dreaming that he was Christopher ... and Christopher didn't always do what *Elohim* wanted him to do like *Jehovah* did.

When *Elohim* said, "Don't do this or something bad is going to happen to you," *God* always followed it up with, "Christopher, thou mayest choose for thyself, for it is given unto thee. But remember that I forbid it; for in the day that thou doest it, thou shalt surely experience the bad thing that I told you was going to happen to you." (Sometimes Grandpa loves using religious dogma and bullshit to explain things ... But anyways ...)

So there I was listening to Vicky cry about how she felt about being in polygamy with Batchelor and how she wanted to leave him and go into the mountains and "live off berries" ... Yeah, that's one of the things that I remember her saying.

*Elohim* was telling me to give her whatever money I had and send her on her way. *Elohim* told me to tell Vicky to get an attorney, divorce Gary Batchelor, and start a new life outside of polygamy. He whispered that if the *dreaming Michael* (i.e. Grandpa) got involved with Vicky and her five children, it wasn't going to be good. *Jehovah* seemed to concur (agree with *Elohim*).

But the *Michael part of my brain* got a bit confused.

If you think Grandpa's a nut case with a multi-personality disorder thinking that he is the Holy Trinity, the Great Godhead, *the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*, well ...

Sitting there listening to Vicky, three other personalities manifested themselves: *Adam, Eve, and Lucifer* ... Yeah, the devil. And to make matters even more confusing, a *Preacher* entered my mind and started to preach all kinds of religious rhetoric that I had learned when I was growing up going to church.

(For want of a better way to explain what I am getting at here: *Adam* represents my Superego, *Eve* represents my Ego, and *Lucifer* represents my Id ... the three parts of a person's cognitive paradigm. Our *cognitive paradigm* is the inner workings of our mind and how we view experiences and interpret them. The *Preacher* just represents what dicks people become as religious people.)

Once *Adam, Eve, Lucifer, and the Preacher* started messing within my mind, I didn't know what to do.

And it came to pass ... love the segue ...

... that as I was listening to Vicky, the *Adam* part of me—that always wanted to obey *the Father* that told me to send her on her way with condolences and best wishes—was overwhelmed by the *Eve* and *Lucifer* part of me that wanted me to do anything and everything I could to help her.

I remembered what *the Father* part of my brain had told me:

“Christopher, thou mayest choose for thyself, for it is given unto thee.”

I also remembered my god’s warning:

“But remember that I forbid it; for in the day that thou doest it, thou shalt surely experience the bad thing that I told you was going to happen to you.”

I partook of the fruit. And before long, I found myself *naked* (literally) next to, not only my dear Jackie, but next to Marcee and Vicky!

In the early part of 1993, Jackie, her children (Brandon, Caleb, and Sariah), pregnant Marcee, and me moved into Vicky’s house with her five children. Vicky was reluctant to hire an attorney to force Batchelor to pay child support. She wanted nothing to do with him. But my *Elohim* convinced her *Lucifer* that it was best. How the fuck was I supposed to support all those kids? None of the women worked! ... Thus saith the devil inside of me.

In an attempt to avoid being forced to pay child support, Batchelor wrote a letter giving up all of his fatherly rights, and dropped it in our mailbox. In spite of his efforts to avoid responsibility and having to deal with me ... and you can imagine how much Batchelor’s god hated mine at this time ... I took Vicky to an attorney, paid for the legal fees, and Vicky started getting child support.

So let’s get to the chronology of events so far:

In the early part of 1993 we all moved in together.

Marcee was showing with child and became pretty jealous of how Vicky lusted after me as her now “spiritual husband,” and how Jackie seemed to have always had my heart. She moved out of Vicky’s house and back in with her mother. That only lasted a couple of weeks before she came back and joined “our family.”

Jackie began to lose weight unlike anything I had ever seen before with her. I loved Jackie, much differently than I could ever love Marcee or Vicky. But I tried my best to show all three respect and equal love. The toil on Jackie was obvious. To this day, I still do not know why she stayed. But she did. Because of what she was going through, the *Adam* part of me loved and respected her more and more. She didn’t know it was all a game to me ... a game that *Lucifer* enticed me to play. But if anything, Jackie was my *Adam*’s “Eve” and would always be. I loved her the best I could with a fucked-up brain.

We only lived together in Vicky’s house for about 2 months when my conscience could no longer take it. I sat all three women on the couch in Vicky’s front room and told them the Real Truth ... Yeah, THE REAL FUCKING TRUTH!

I told them that not only was plural marriage wrong, immoral, and an abomination of the worst kind, and that I should ONLY be with Jackie, but that Joseph Smith, Brigham Young were wrong ... at least the Joseph Smith that these three women believed in and were taught to

worship and revere. I also told them that the Book of Mormon was not real and that Mormonism was a deception ... that all religion was a deception.

Jackie was relieved. Marcee and Vicky were devastated. Both of them cried. Vicky commanded Jackie and me to leave, got off the couch and immediately went to her bathroom. Vicky would later relate that she took a long shower to wash off all of the experiences with me she could, crying the entire time.

Marcee looked destroyed. She hung her head and cried, but said nothing as she watched Jackie and me gather up our few things, our children and leave polygamy, for what I thought in my heart and soul was the very last time ...

THANK THE FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST!

At the time that I sat the women down and revealed these things, I had no idea that both Vicky and Jackie were pregnant. I don't think either of them knew at that time. Marcee was big with child and due in a few months. She knew it was going to be a boy.

A few days after leaving the house, Marcee wrote me a letter and told me that she would never allow me access to our child and that she wanted nothing further to do with me.

I knew that Vicky and Marcee were hurt, but I also knew that they would be okay. I had done what I set out to do: get them both away from Mormon Fundamentalism, from religion, from the control of a man.

You see, Grandkids, Grandpa's conscience thought that this was a good thing ... that it was what *the Father* wanted me to do to help Marcee and Vicky. But what I didn't want to admit at the time, was that I already knew that there was only "one god of this world," and it wasn't anyone's *Elohim*. It was our *Lucifer*. It is our *Lucifer* who hears and answers our personal prayers, even when we are convinced that *Elohim* and *Jehovah* are listening. They're not. They want nothing to do with this "lone and dreary world" of which *Lucifer* is the only god in control.

But for whatever reason, my conscience was perfectly at peace leaving Vicky and Marcee and not having anything else to do with them. However, the father part of me was saddened that I would never know my son.

After Riley Marc Nemelka was born on July 9, 1993, I snuck over to Vicky's house where Marcee continued to live after Jackie and I had left. It was night time and I peered in Marcee's window. I saw her breastfeeding Riley. I could tell that Riley was now Marcee's entire world. Marcee loved our son with all of her being! Although saddened that I would not know him through this life, I was not going to put his dear mother through anymore drama. Marcee didn't want me to have anything to do with him. So I didn't.

I cried on my way home back to Jackie that night. But once I was in Jackie's presence and had our children around me, everything seemed perfectly okay. I never told Jackie that I had been a Peeping Tom to see my son. She had been through enough.

Jackie and I moved in with my sister, Leslie, and we started a new life for ourselves that did not involve any other person but us. I was pretty happy and fulfilled. Jackie had been through so much. In my mind ... or rather ...*Elohim* was telling me that I had made the right choice.

And then the call came ... Yep ...

And it came to pass that I received a call out of the blue from Vicky.

Vicky told me that she was pregnant and due in December ... the call came sometime around the first of September 1993, as far as I can remember. Vicky told me that Marcee had moved in with her (Vicky's) aunt.

Then she started crying.

Vicky told me how hard things were on her and Marcee; and that they both felt alone and afraid for the future. She explained that neither of them wanted anything to do with religion, especially not the man-based Mormon faith that had deceived them and controlled them in the past. I was glad for that.

But Vicky wept,

Ah, shit! My conscience.

Fuck. My conscience.

I agreed to meet with them both in a park near Vicky's aunt's home in Bountiful, Utah.

I told Jackie about the call. I told her that Vicky was pregnant and due about the same time that she was due. Jackie was less than pleased, but she loved and trusted me and had a heart of gold. Jackie was also concerned about the women ... especially about their children, who were now related to hers. She is truly a unique woman.

I told Jackie that I was going to meet with them and see what I could do for them. I assured Jackie that I had no intention, nor did I ever want to be involved with them again in any way but as a concerned friend and the father of their children.

Jackie loved me. Jackie trusted me.

I met with Marcee and Vicky ... and they cried ... they wept! They put more guilt on me than I had ever felt before.

"How could you be so uncaring and cruel to us," Vicky cried.

She was right. How could I have been so cruel?

Ah, shit! My conscience.

Fuck. My conscience.

“But remember that I forbid it; for in the day that thou doest it, thou shalt surely experience the bad thing that I told you was going to happen to you.”

Fuck God, the Father, His Son Jesus Christ, and the Holy Fucking Ghost!

Oh my ... the saga and drama of my life have just begun!

[July 10, 2019](#) by [christophermwaw](#) Categories: [Christopher's Autobiography](#) · [Uncategorized](#)[Edit](#)  
#



## Chapter 34: Grandpa and the Illuminati

### Christopher

Thursday, September 26, 2019

Enjoy Chapter 34: Grandpa and the Illuminati

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Grandma Vicky and Grandma Marcee didn't move on with their lives in the Fall of 1993. Why they contacted me again after already telling me that they wanted nothing to do with me—and in Marcee's case, that I have nothing to do with our newborn son, Riley—is a question that only they can answer.

Why they still wanted something to do with me after I had told them that I only wanted to be with Jackie, and that I had deceived them into thinking that I believed in polygamy, is another question you'll have to ask them.

The only thing I can answer myself, is *why* in the world I wanted anything more to do with them.

I answered that in the last chapter. My conscience wouldn't allow me to see them suffering when I could do something about it.

I thought I was already resolved and convinced to not become involved again in any deceptive act, whether it helped people or not. I had refused to join those who tried to recruit me in 1991,

because I didn't agree that creating another lie to counter a lie was the proper way to get people to open their minds and think for themselves.

I had a great woman in Jackie. I loved being a father to Brandon, Caleb, and Sariah; and Jackie was pregnant and expecting by December of 1993.

At the time I met with Vicky and Marcee (I believe in September of 1993), I had no idea Vicky was also pregnant and expecting about the same time that Jackie was. The purpose for Vicky calling me in the first place was to inform me that she was expecting *our* child. When I discovered this, and while meeting them in the park, it added to my guilty conscience.

Marcee had Riley a few months before the meeting, in July of 1993, and now Vicky was going to have my child—at least that is what she claimed—a few months later.

When I agreed to help them, I had no intention of continuing a sexual relationship with either. I had resolved to be honest with Jackie. I explained to Jackie that I only wanted to help Vicky and Marcee the best I could.

Little did I realize, at the time I made to promise to Jackie, that I could never be true to my intentions.

Let me put it as straight forward as I possibly can:

I had to prostitute myself to Marcee and Vicky in order to see my kids. In order to prostitute myself to them, I had to lie to Jackie.

I didn't want to lose Jackie. She was the only woman I felt that I really loved during this time.

Now, Grandkids, the above is a huge admission that doesn't seem to be something of good for your grandmas' integrity.

But it is the real truth ... according to my perception of the events that transpired *after* our meeting in the park in the Fall of 1993.

It very well could be that your grandmas will say that it is a lie.

And to them, according to their perception, it very well could be.

Perhaps your grandmas might claim that I started up a sexual relationship with Marcee and Vicky, and lied to Jackie about it, because I wanted sex from more than just one woman. Okay. That seems reasonable.

Or does it?

I didn't seek them out and wonder how they were doing or what they were doing so that I could have sex with them again. They sought me out.

I wasn't upset about losing them out of my life. They were.

In the next couple of chapters, I will give details about the drama I experienced with Vicky and Marcee, as I tried to help them throughout the years *without* having sex with them as a required *quid pro quo* in order to see your parents (my kids).

You'll have to be the judge as you read about the events to determine if Grandpa is telling the truth, or if your grandmas are telling the truth.

But just maybe, we're all right, and we're all telling the truth.

It would be many years later, after I finally agreed to join the guys who tried to recruit me to their cause ... which included a lot of lies in order to counter lies ... that I came up with a couple of sentences that expresses the human condition of lies and truths; or rather, what is a lie to one, might be a truth to another:

Everyone is right. Which makes everyone wrong.®

Let me breakdown its meaning a bit further:

Everyone lies. Because no one wants to be wrong.

Grandkids, if you really think about it, and you're completely honest, you would recognize that history ... *all of history* ... is a lie to some and truth to others ... depending on what side of history your ancestors stood.

For example,

If your ancestors were native Americans, then the historical perception that Christopher Columbus was inspired by God to discover America for the sake of European Christians, is a lie ... No, it is a *fucking lie!*

There is nothing about history that can be proven to be completely true.

So, let Grandpa tell you a few details about history that are *fucking lies*.

How do I know that the lies I am going to list below were *lies*?

Because the group of people who tried to recruit me, actually made them up and spread these *fucking lies*.

Because they could give me exact details about when and how they made up and spread these lies, I was well convinced that they had to be telling the real truth about their involvement in creating these lies.

Are you ready for some of these historical *lies*, Grandkids?

The world's not ready. I doubt it ever will be.

I'm going to list a few of them.

However, you'll find that there are a lot of people in the world, possibly including your parents and other grandparents, who do not think these are lies.

They actually believe that the following lies are true!

So let's list a few of the most significant men in history, whose lives history reports as being true, when historical reports are actually lies.

The historical, Bible-based Jesus was a lie. (That's a huge one, and probably the most significant.)

The way that history presents the lives of Socrates, Buddha, Confucius, Mohammed, and many other so-called "spiritual" leaders, were *fucking lies!*

Although there were actual men who lived upon earth, upon whose lives these characters were based, what history reports about them, were *fucking lies!*

Shit ... even the existence of William Shakespeare is a fucking lie!

If I wanted to take the time, I could explain details that the world doesn't know about these mythological historical figures. I could prove that none of these people actually existed as history reports that they existed.

How can I prove it?

First, because, as I wrote above, the same group of people that wanted to recruit me to their cause, was also responsible for the creation of how history presented these characters.

Now it's probably a good time to give this group of people a name that fits it properly.

This group of people is the *Real Illuminati*.

You'll read all kinds of fantastical tales about the Illuminati, if you search for information about them. Most of which ... well, all of which, is *fucking lies*.

I call them the "Real" Illuminati to distinguish them from all the bullshit that has been written about the Illuminati, or how modern people take advantage of the name to put themselves above other for knowing things that no one else knows. These modern people who believe they belong to the Illuminati are fucking idiots who don't shit about shit, and aren't doing anything except shit that doesn't do anything good for this world.

The Real Illuminati exists to ... Well, I'll let your Google search find an explanation about what they do that fits:

"The society's goals are to oppose superstition, obscurantism, religious influence over public life, and abuses of state power. [The society's overall intent] is to put an end to the machinations of the purveyors of injustice, to control them without dominating them."

Here's some Real Truth about some of the things that the Illuminati did throughout history:

They influenced the thinking of actual people, who actually existed in history, such as Copernicus, Galileo, Machiavelli, da Vinci, Michelangelo, and a few others who were responsible for opening up the minds and causing people to think differently than the way that most people were thinking at that time.

Yep, behind the scenes, the Illuminati were responsible for the Great Renaissance period in human history.

"Renaissance" is another form of the word that was used by religionists for "baptism." It literally means, "rebirth."

It was a time when people started questioning things. It was a time when people started opening up their minds to possibilities outside of the "Dark Ages."

For hundreds of years, most people on Earth were being controlled by religion and powerful governments that told them *how* to think and *what* to think.

For most Europeans at that time, the Church was the authority on everything from science to sex. If you didn't think like how the Church told you to think, you were branded "evil." Most of the time, people who thought differently than the Church were hunted and killed in the name of the Church ... of in the name of God ... whatever.

The Church destroyed anything and everything that could have influenced a person to believe that there was truth outside of the Church. During the Dark Ages, you could be killed for reading or considering any doctrine or document that wasn't Church-approved.

While the Church preserved the historical records that it wanted—in order to preserve itself—there was no one brave enough, or dumb enough, to keep records outside of the Church, hidden from the Church's knowledge.

Enter the *secret society* known as, the Illuminati.

That's about all I want to say about the Real Illuminati, at this point in my autobiography, in regards to what they did in secret, behind the scenes, influencing the right people and the right

time, to initiate the Earth's "Baptism" with knowledge ... which the Illuminati would later call "fire from heaven."

But let me be as brief as I can about what the Real Illuminati did more recently, which also includes what they asked Grandpa to do for them.

Is the Book of Mormon true?

Can it be proven to be a reliable historical document of Real Truth?

There are millions of Mormons who would say, "Yes". But billions of others who would say, "No".

So, if your grandmas and parents tell you something about Grandpa's history and past, are they a reliable source of Real Truth?

I'm sure you can find a lot of people who would say, "Yes," but many others who would say, "No."

Grandkids, you are solely responsible for whatever lies you want to accept as truth, whether their Grandpa's lies or not. You must decide.

But anyways ... Back to the Illuminati for a moment.

They invented the Book of Mormon and every character presented therein. The book ... at the time of this writing ... is not quite 200 years old. Yet, there are millions and millions of people who accept it as a TRUE historical record.

In 2012, the world almost witnessed the first Mormon become President of the United States—one of the most powerful roles on Earth. If Mitt Romney had become President, and he almost did, the world would have been influenced by a guy who believes in a lie ... *a fucking lie!*

To U.S. Senator Mitt Romney, and millions of other Mormons, the Book of Mormon characters were all actual, historical figures.

If the Illuminati could write something today, when people are much smarter and more well-educated than at any other time in Earth's history, that can convince millions to believe in invented characters, who didn't actually exist, except in the Illuminati's stories ...

Then that is pretty damn good evidence that they were able to do it when they helped develop the characters that they made up a long time ago—Jesus, Socrates, Confucius, Buddha, etc.

The Book of Mormon is empirical evidence that the Real Illuminati know what they're doing. They know what lies to create that people will believe and accept as truth. They are experts on *how* to create these lies.

You see, Grandkids, it's not easy to convince people of the Real Truth; but it's VERY EASY to convince them that a lie is truth. Why?

Because if you believe that a lie is truth, then you are capable of believing, by default of the fact of how your mind works, that a lie is truth.

The Illuminati know how your mind works.

They know the reason why everyone lies.

Everyone lies to bring value and purpose to their own existence.

Even the small lies, such as, "You're don't look unattractive in short hair," when it's not true, and the person says it just to be nice, it's still a lie.

When a person needs to hear a lie in order to feel good about their Self, when the truth would make them feel miserable, then the person is susceptible to accepting any lie as the truth that makes them feel good.

So, for a moment, let's go forward in time to the early part of 2002.

By this time, all of your grandmas pretty much hated my guts. None of them would let me see any of your parents.

I had just gotten out of jail, after almost a year for doing nothing more than trying to see my kids ... *without* prostituting myself to their mothers. (We'll get to these *true* details later.)

At this time, I was married to Sherilyn Richardson Johannson Nemelka. (I call her Sheri I, because after her, I married another Sheri, whom I call Sheri II.)

Sheri's Mormon family was VERY concerned about her being with me. Her uncle, a prominent Mormon, Earl Richardson, was so concerned, that he organized an intervention in order to convince Sheri I to have nothing to do with me.

The intervention took place in Earl Richardson's house in about March of 2002. Sheri's uncle invited your grandmas to attend, along with another women, who claimed that I had abused her, Christine Marie (more about this woman later). Vicky was the only one who didn't show up because she was living in California at the time.

Sheri I attended the intervention with her father, Dan Richardson.

There she was, confronted with some of the women in my past whom I had allegedly abused.

There she was, in front of two of your grandmothers, ready to hear their tales of woe, to be convinced that she should leave me and have nothing to do with me.

Sheri's father intervened a bit and asked the women to basically get to the point and tell Sheri why she shouldn't be with me.

Your grandmas' answer was distressing and telling,

"He's a liar. He will break your heart like he did ours."

Sheri I had only one short response to their accusations:

"I'll take my chances with him."

Sheri I left the intervention pretty much disgusted (as she would later tell me) with the women who were supposed to convince her to leave me.

You know what, Grandkids, your grandmothers finally told the Real Truth about their relationship with me.

I can't count the times that I lied to your grandmothers and broke their hearts.

They spoke the *real* truth during this intervention, unlike the bullshit that they told judges, lawyers, police, and many others in order to keep me away from your parents.

If your grandmothers had stuck to the Real Truth that they told Sheri I during the intervention, I wouldn't have served a year in jail. It would have been very easy for me to get an attorney and sue for visitation to my kids.

There is no law that says a man can't lie to women and break their hearts, and in so doing not be able to see his kids.

I lied so that I wouldn't break their hearts. When their hearts weren't broken, I could see my kids.

I lied so that I could see my kids.

I could have kept the lies going. I could have continued to cater to the emotional needs of your grandmothers so that they would be satisfied enough in order to allow me to see my kids.

It was when I started telling them the Real Truth that I broke their hearts.

You see, Grandkids, I was learning a very important lesson about life:

People would much rather be lied to and feel good about themselves, than be told the Real Truth that destroys their value and self-worth.

The Illuminati knew this better than I did.

They had lying down to a science.

From the time in 1991, when I had refused to get involved with them and their lies, they followed me and watched everything about what was going on in my life ... in secret.

They watched me learn how lies are much more effective in maintaining peace in a relationship than telling the Real Truth.

They watched me learn how lies were much more effective than Real Truth in getting people to think in a different direction than where their lies were leading them.

They watched me lie to others.

And they also watched me tell the Real Truth.

They were overjoyed to see how much persecution and hate came from telling the truth. They were just as overjoyed when they saw how well my life played out ... when I lied.

They observed me from a far.

I never knew they were watching me and following me the entire time. I thought our brief interaction in the Spring of 1991, was their only contact and concern with me. I thought that they would try to recruit someone else who agreed with them.

I was wrong.

They needed a True Messenger.

They needed a *proven* True Messenger.

They needed a Messenger whom they could trust, not only with their message, but with its delivery.

They had also watched the lives of Copernicus, Galileo, Machiavelli, Michelangelo, (to name just a few), and the lives of many others throughout history whom they secretly monitored, and then eventually influenced to do things *their way*.

In the early 19<sup>th</sup> Century, in the United States of America, they carefully watched and monitored the life of an American teenager. They watched him grow. They watched how his life played out after his *transfiguration* ... the same transfiguration that Grandpa experienced in June of 1987.

They watch in secret. They followed in secret. They never wanted to reveal themselves to this teenager or to me so that we would use our free will and our consciences to make choices that were unaffected by their presence or subtle manipulation.

They watched us as we used our free will to manipulate and lie to others in our lives. They wanted to see *how* we lied and manipulated, but more importantly, *why*.

*How* both Joseph Smith and I used lies and manipulation to get people to think was more important to the Illuminati watching us, than the lies that we created.

Every revelation that Joseph Smith allegedly received from God, was a lie.

Every “revelation” that I gave to Marcee and Vicky about my feelings towards them, was a lie. And when a woman finds out that the man she is in love with lied to her ... Well, you know the saying, “Hell hath no fury like the wrath of a woman!”

The Illuminati knew why I was lying to these women. And it hardly benefited me personally, but made my life a living hell.

If had refused to meet with Vicky and Marcee in the park, had I refused to go after Marcee after her mother pleaded with me, had I refused to accept Vicky and her children into my “family” when she pleaded with me ...

I would not be the man the Real Illuminati was looking for.

They needed a Messenger who could lie and manipulate, not so that it benefited himself, but for the sake of others, regardless what it did to his personal life.

The Real Illuminati was overjoyed that grandpa was in jail. They were overjoyed that your grandmothers would not let me see my children. They were overjoyed with all the drama and bad experiences in my life.

They secretly watched. They secretly monitored how I would respond to all the negative things in my life.

If I was to be their True Messenger, then my lies, manipulations, and deceptions, could NEVER be for my own sake.

They watched me lie, manipulate, and deceive, ALWAYS for the sake and benefit of others.

The drama that I will now explain ... that I caused as I dealt in the personal lives of your grandmothers, and in other women’s lives ...

Proved to the Illuminati that they could trust me and allow me to be their True Messenger—a public, transparent *real* person in history who isn’t afraid to tell the Real Truth, no matter what happens to him personally.

Yes, I lied to your grandmothers and broke their hearts, just like I have to most of the women in my past.

But what is cool about writing this autobiography is,

I never have to lie again.

What you're about to read, whether your grandmothers agree or not ...

Is the Real Truth.

#



## Chapter 35: La Cosa Nostra

### Christopher

Sunday, September 29, 2019

One of the hardest chapters I've written ... too many bad memories.

#### Chapter 35: La Cosa Nostra

Grandkids, do you know what the greatest irony of all is in Grandpa writing this autobiography and addressing it to you?

I know that the greatest threat to the demise of humanity and human equality and peace on earth is the family unit ... the very thing that your grandmothers didn't want me to have if I wouldn't form one with them.

Yep, in addressing you as my grandchildren, it sets you up as someone special and important in my life above all other humans on Earth. This is ironic. ("Ironic" means, that in using language to say something, you actually mean the opposite.)

Since my transfiguration in 1987, I knew that life on Earth was a dream experience occurring in the mind of each of our advanced Self's.

When we dream, we create a new reality in a dream world. There are people in our dreams whom we are familiar with, and many with whom we are not.

While we dream, the dream experiences feel just as real as our life experiences upon earth. Our minds create a seemingly real life upon a dream earth that centers around our dream existence.

We don't realize it was all just a dream until we wake up.

Well, the Real Truth is, when you die, when your mortal life is over, you will be fully conscious (i.e., awake) in the world in which your real, True Self exists. You will then recognize your Self as the same person who you were before you connected your consciousness to a mortal-earth infant.

Does this seem weird and impossible?

It shouldn't. It should make perfect sense.

Do you want to know another irony, that is pretty fucking ironic?

Many of your parents or grandparents believe that they are spiritual beings, created by God as spiritual children, allowed to come to Earth as mortals, and then will return to the God who created them when they die ...

Well, that shit's ironic as hell!

Think about it:

If God created you, in God's image, as a spirit child, then you'd pretty much look like God. Right?

So, if you look like God, there's no way you can look like Grandpa ... which some of you probably do ... UNLESS ... Grandpa is God ... Oh, there it is!

The ironic thing is, if you looked like the person who God created you as, as a spirit child before you came to Earth, then you're going to pretty much look like the same spirit that leaves your body upon death and returns to your Heavenly Father. Right?

But you look like Grandpa. Right? You don't look like God.

Let's say that we reunite in heaven in God's kingdom and we recognize each other there.

Am I going to be old and look like a grandpa, or young and look like a grandchild?

Are you going to still look like your parents, which look like me, or are you going to return to looking like the spiritual child that God created, first in heaven, and then sent to Earth in a mortal body that is supposed to look like the same body you're going to have after you die?

If you resurrect, what is your resurrected body going to look like?

If you believe that you're going to look like one of my grandchildren in heaven ... albeit in your perfect form ... you'd better damn sure hope that Ol' Gramps was a good-looking old fart, or you're going to be ugly forever!

If you don't look like Grandpa, and you actually look like the Heavenly Grandpa that created your spirit, then you will not recognize yourself as the same person you were upon Earth.

You won't look like my grandkid anymore ... which is a damn shame ... 'cause, in my younger years, I was fucking sexier than Jesus!

What is this "eternal family" shit that is such a great selling point for religion, especially for the religion that a large portion of your parents grew up around: the LDS/Mormon Church?

How can this be true?

It just doesn't make any sense.

But okay, let's assume there's a bit of truth in what the Mormons believe, and let's borrow a couple of these their beliefs and see how they fit in with irony.

They believe that God created two white people, Adam and Eve. From Adam and Eve, came all the other people on Earth.

Oh, yeah. And those black, darker-skinned people?

Well, according to their beliefs, darker skinned peoples' ancestors were cursed by God with a dark skin, because they didn't do what God wanted them to do.

But wait a minute here!

Whether we're white or dark, we still all share the same grandpa:

Grandpa Adam. Right?

If Adam was a great guy, who loved God, and therefore God loved him, and there's such a thing as an eternal family unit, then don't we all belong to Grandpa Adam's eternal family unit?

So, if Grandpa Adam is the Great Patriarch (male head of a family), then how the flying fuck can Grandpa ever repent of his misdeeds, rejoin the Mormons, and get all ya all back into my eternal family unit, where Grandpa is going to be the Great Patriarch?

And since women are not considered as important as men, because the male is the priesthood holder and the head of the family, what's going to become of your mothers, Brittany, Sariah, and Rachael?

... Oh, the Mormons will tell you that the reason why they don't focus on the role of the woman, is because of the respect that they have for Grandmother Eve and our Eternal Heavenly Mother ... Yeah! Really!

According to the Mormons, Brittany, Sariah, and Rachael are going to belong to some other guy's eternal family unit, even if Grandpa repents of all of his evilness, rejoins the Mormon Church, and gets his special priesthood back.

If my daughters want an eternal family unit, they must be sealed to a Mormon guy who can take them to the Celestial Kingdom where God lives, and accept that the guy is the head of their eternal family unit.

So, it doesn't matter if Grandpa becomes a repented Mormon guy!

I'm still going to lose my daughters to some other guy's eternal family unit.

And all of my sons are going to have their own eternal family unit with some other Grandpa's worthy daughters!

So what's left for me?

Ahhhhhhhhhh ... I won't be left out according to Mormon irony ... er, I mean belief.

If I'm a worthy Mormon male, I'll get all your grandmas as eternal wives!

Yessssssssssssssssssssss! ... a plethora (overabundance) of eternal fuck buddies forever, creating all kinds of spiritual children, who will be forced to accept me as their Heavenly Father, and do what I say or they will not be able to have a plethora of fuck buddies in heaven.

Who cares if my sons get their own eternal family away from mine!

Who cares if my daughters become part of another Mormon exalted male's eternal family unit!

As long as I can continue to have a lot of eternal, heavenly orgasms with my plural wives in order to create lots of spiritual children who are like me, I'm fucking good!

But will my eternal spiritual children look like your parents look, albeit in their perfect form?

This shit is ironic!

The family unit is our thing.

The family unit is the thing that creates the most value for humans living upon this planet.

In Spanish, it is: La Cosa Nostra.

Nothing is more important to mortals than La Cosa Nostra.

The term "La Cosa Nostra" was used by organized crime families (mafia) as their way of recognizing the importance of belonging to their familia. Nothing is more important to the mafia than loyalty to, the preservation of, and belonging to the family.

The irony is, the mafia's La Cosa Nostra is no different than the any other family unit. The same rules of loyalty, preservation, and belonging apply.

Parents will kill to protect their family. Parents will do whatever it takes to support their individual family units.

It doesn't matter what happens to the rest of Adam's grandchildren, as long as the ones that belong to your own family unit are provided for and protected.

The family unit is La Cosa Nostra.

But after my transfiguration, the family unit was no longer La Cosa Mia (my thing).

Sure, I loved being a dad, but I loved my freedom also.

Sure, I loved being with Jackie, because she hardly voiced her own opinion and seemed fine to live a vagabond, free life like I wanted to live.

What man wouldn't want a women who supports him in all things?

One of the things that the Illuminati was looking for in a True Messenger is if the guy's family was more important to him than their mission. Their mission has nothing to do with the individual family unit, but all to do with the entire human family unit.

I had legally divorced Jackie before we settled down and accepted Marcee, after saving her from Mormon Fundamentalism.

Jackie didn't want the divorce, but agreed to it in order to live legally, according to the world; and also, as she told me, to offer Marcee some equality.

In fact, Jackie and I had wedding bands from our marriage. I took mine off and had it sized for Marcee. I can't imagine how that made Jackie feel. But I didn't care. Equality in relationships meant more to me, and that's exactly what the Illuminati wanted to see if I was going to be a part of their La Cosa Nostra.

So after meeting with Vicky and Marcee in the Fall of 1993, I became involved in their lives, and did everything within my power to help them as much as I could.

Vicky wanted to move to California and live near her sister in Grass Valley. I moved her and paid for rent on a small house. We did not have sex at this time. I encouraged her to start a new life and begin dating. This offended her, and she, once again, cut off any relationship with me, and told me that I would not be allowed in our daughter's life.

Racheal Alexandra Prunty was born on December 7, 1993. Vicky did not list me as the father, and did not give her my last name. The California government finally forced her to name Rachael's father, so that it could bill the one responsible for her birth.

Not too long after moving to California, Vicky found a boyfriend (thank the good Lord above) and began her new life.

When Vicky got her new boyfriend, she became nicer and allowed me to be in our daughter's life. I invited Vicky and her new boyfriend back to Utah for Christmas in 1995. It went well. Vicky seemed to be happy not being intimately involved with me, and I liked her down-to-earth, easy going boyfriend ... I think his name was Jason.

Now, I mentioned that this is when all the drama in my life started. There's so fucking much, so fucking much drama, that I could write a book about my involvement, from this time period on, about each of your grandmothers (Jackie, Marcee, and Vicky).

And it burdens the hell out of me to try to recollect it all.

So this is what I am going to do:

I am going to shorten it all and write a few paragraphs about each woman and the drama that she caused in my life ...

NO! Wait! Not the drama that she caused, but the drama that I allowed and caused because of my desire to do anything I could for them to make them feel good about themselves.

I take full responsibility and blame. I could have walked away at anytime, and yes, then the Illuminati wouldn't have wanted me for their La Cosa Nostra.

Each of these women wanted to be treated with respect. Each wanted their own family—just their man and their children.

That was their thing ... their La Cosa Nostra.

I tried to fulfill their desires and be "just their man." I fucking failed miserably!

Had I walked away from them all, just paid my child support and visited my kids when I could ... Well, then the Illuminati wouldn't have had all the proof that they needed that they found the right True Messenger.

Vicky Prunty Batchelor

Vicky lived in Grass Valley, California for a few years. Her boyfriend left her. She began to struggle financially. She called me and asked for help. My father went to California and brought Vicky and her children back to Utah.

I had purchased three old homes on the westside of Salt Lake City, Utah. I bought the first one for Jackie (1960 W. 400 North). I bought the second one as an investment, which became for Vicky, so that she could move back to Utah (1962 W. 400 North); and the third, I eventually bought for Marcee (1964 W. 400 North).

And here's another irony.

All the houses were far away from other houses on a dead-end street. The only other building, right across the street from the houses, was a LDS/Mormon Church ... Yeah! Fucking hilarious!

All of the homes were condemned and unlivable at the time. I was able to buy Jackie's house for \$32,000. I didn't have that much money, so I asked Jackie to ask her parents for a loan of \$25,000. They lent us the money. I remodeled the house the best I could and moved Jackie in.

The house next door (which would eventually become Vicky's house), I was somehow able to buy also for a steal. I bought it and remodeled it months before Vicky had called me about her California financial problems.

Here's another one of those ironies:

The LDS/Mormon Bishop, from across the street, contacted me and said he had an immigrant family from India that needed a home. We agreed upon a monthly rent and the family moved in. Jackie got along great with the immigrant mother, who hardly spoke English.

With Jackie's help, and the help of my sister Alesa, who was an expert at State-funded childcare, the immigrant mother set up her own daycare service. Jackie had started her own daycare (with Alesa's help) once I had the house up to the specs required by the State for a home daycare service.

The immigrant family lived there (1962 W.) for quite a few months.

During this time, Marcee needed a home. I made a deal for the last of the three homes (1964 W. 400 North), remodeled it, which included a new septic system ... (Jackie helped me dig the new hole and haul cement bags to create the tank ... totally NOT to code, but it worked) ... and moved Marcee in. (More on what led up to this below as I discuss my dealings with Marcee.)

Anyways ...

To my chagrin, I had to let the Mormon immigrant family know that I needed the house back. It was a hard thing to do, but I knew that this family had the backing of the Mormon Church, and Vicky had nothing.

So it came to pass, that Vicky and her six children (Colin, Amy, Marci, Tessa, Derek, and our little Rachael) moved into my house.

(We put Jackie's house in her name, but I kept Vicky's house in my name. I eventually put Marcee's house in her name ... more on this below.)

Long story ... as short as I can ... on Vicky:

She wanted to resume our sexual relationship. Jackie refused to accept this.

Vicky wrote a letter to Jackie that I call the "Pie Letter."

In the letter, Vicky presented me as a whole pie. Jackie had me first, so she got half of me. The other half, she and Marcee had to share. The letter justified me continuing a plural relationship with Vicky and Marcee, at the expense of Jackie.

Needless to say, at this time, there were not very good feelings between these three women.

After her return to Utah, I can only remember having sex with Vicky once before I just couldn't do it any longer out of respect for Jackie.

I was having all kinds of problems trying to make Marcee feel valued in our relationship, which Jackie knew included sex, but about which Jackie no longer felt comfortable. (More on this below.)

I refused to have sex with Vicky. She accused me of being capable of molesting our daughter, which now justified her keeping Rachael from me.

Yeah! Fucking really!

During this time, Vicky did not let Rachael come out of the house. She demanded that her other children have nothing to do with me and Jackie, who lived right next door to her ... not even 30 feet away!

Get the picture right:

Three separate houses, about 30 feet apart from each other, at the end of a road with no other houses around. Jackie lived in the first, Vicky in the second, and Marcee in the third.

My brother, Joel, rented the basement of Vicky's house for a time. Yeah, Vicky started having sex with him ... ironically.

Joel asked me to help him load his motorcycle in my truck in order to move it. We were loading the motorcycle when Rachael came out of the house, calling "Daddy!" and coming towards me. Colin ran after her, and pulled her back into the house at Vicky's command.

I yelled, "Why can't I see my daughter, Vicky?"

I wasn't being nice in light of the child molestation allegations.

Vicky came out of her house and confronted me. Joel intervened and asked why we couldn't just try to get along.

I responded, "Yeah Vicky! Tell him why you won't let me see our daughter!"

Yeah, I was pissed.

Vicky approached me, got close to my face, and said, "Because I don't trust you!"

That was it for me. I lost my composure, pushed Vicky out of my face, sending her sprawling on the ground.

For the first time in my life I had physically harmed a woman.

“You’re going to regret that,” Vicky said as she got up and went back inside her house.

A couple of days later, the police came to Jackie’s house and arrested me for Domestic Abuse. I went to jail.

I had grown up with the City Prosecutor. He told me to plead to a Plea in Abeyance, which means that I pay a small fine, do some anger management classes, and the court would dismiss the charges. And that was that.

Then Vicky started ... Oh my, how she started.

Vicky left the house and went to a woman’s shelter, cried abuse so that they would help her.

Vicky went to the local tabloid newspaper, The Private Eye (n.k.a. City Weekly) and was front page news.

She claimed to have left two “abusive” polygamous relationships, (didn’t use my or Gary Batchelor’s real name), and was “Fleeing Babylon,” as the title of the story indicated.

The public had sympathy on her.

Vicky never reported that I had moved her to California, and when she pled for help, moved her back to Utah, where SHE FUCKING WANTED TO LIVE POLYGAMY AGAIN.

Of course, these actual facts never came out. How could she portray herself as the victim and get the public support and help that she received?

After months of Vicky pretending to be a victim and gaining publicity in the press, she and I reconciled, sort of.

I forgave her and looked past her lies. I wanted to see Rachael.

I was the one who encouraged Vicky to seek out other “victims” of polygamy and form a coalition of women helping women. Yeah! Really!

From this came “Tapestry of Polygamy,” which eventually gained momentum and publicity, which led to the filming of the HBO series, Big Love.

Vicky went on to receive an award from the National Organization of Women (NOW) for her bravery in fleeing polygamy and escaping the abuse of men.

Oh, my God! I’m going to be sick! Why?

Because, not only did Vicky come back and attend parties that I put on for my children and their mothers, but every time we were alone, she would subtly let me know that she would be open for more sex.

Now that shit’s ironic! Right? But anyways ...

Vicky lied about so many things in order to bring value to her life. But I don’t blame her for anything that she did. Her first husband did not value her. I didn’t value her how she deserved to be valued as a woman. She’s had all kinds of relationships with men, none of which fulfilled her needs. No man has ever valued Vicky the way a woman deserves to be valued.

Vicky is actually a wonderful person. She deserved better. But her lies led to an incredible amount of drama in my life, especially as I had to deal with Marcee.

Marcee Kay Jaynes Nemelka Quirk

After the park meeting in the Fall of 1993, I began to have a sexual relationship with Marcee that I thought would fulfill her needs.

Again, I was trying to keep the sexual part away from Jackie. It wasn't a secret any longer, when Marcee became pregnant with my youngest son, Nathan Marc.

No matter how hard I tried, I could never convince Marcee that she was anywhere near as equal and valued by me as Jackie. Because she wasn't. But I lied as best as I could to her. I had sex with her whenever I could. I tried my best. But Marcee didn't buy it.

I helped Marcee the best that I could, but continually encouraged her to find another man to be "her man." This only made her more upset, because in insisting that she find another man, while I was with Jackie, it proved to her that I didn't love and respect her the way that I did Jackie.

Eventually, I let Marcee move into the third house (1964 W. 400 North). My sister, Alesa, and Jackie helped Marcee setup her own daycare service. I didn't require any money from Marcee and encouraged her to save her money, while at the same time, encouraging her to date and find someone who could fulfill her needs.

On one occasion, I took our two boys, Riley and Nathan, to Jackie's house when Marcee went on a date with a guy. When she came home from the date, I brought the boys back to her house, and asked, "Well, how did it go?"

Marcee cried and beat on my chest, "Why are you forcing me to do this!? Why can't you just love me?"

My heart sank. Marcee was and is an incredible woman. She deserved better than I could ever give her.

After she beat on my chest, I held her close and we began to kiss and ended up having sex. After sex, Marcee was always calm and cooperative. With Marcee, sex was the key. She felt loved when we had sex. But when we didn't have sex ... Oh my!

No matter how hard I tried to convince her that she was valued and respected as much as Jackie, which obviously she wasn't, Marcee was continuously jealous of the amount of time I spent at Jackie's house compared to the amount of time I spent at hers.

So I decided to move in with an older lady with whom I worked, named Patricia "Patte" Nattress.

Patte was a great friend. I told her about all the drama in my life; and she opened up her house to me. I often stayed in her basement so that Marcee wouldn't see me over at Jackie's more than at hers.

While living part of the time at Patte's and trying to keep the peace with Marcee, and yet still show Jackie some love and respect, I began to explore the idea of letting both of them go and date other women. I dated a few. Had sex with a few.

None were like Jackie. I actually loved Jackie the best I could.

Well, my idea of living away from Marcee and Jackie to keep the peace failed.

Marcee was pissed because she thought that when I did come around, I was at Jackie's house more than hers. She wouldn't let me see the boys (Riley and Nathan). I got pissed.

After about a month of not being able to see the boys, I went to Marcee's house, knocked on her door and demanded that she let me see the boys.

She opened the door slightly with the chain lock still on. She refused to let me in. I kicked the door and broke the chain, went in her house and took our boys over to Jackie's house, telling Marcee that I would return them the next day.

I wanted nothing further to do with Marcee. I was tired of her.

Little did I know at the time, that Marcee had called Vicky about my taking the boys the way that I did. Vicky told her to call the police. She did. The police wanted to arrest me. Marcee didn't want them to arrest me, so they just filed a report about me.

In the report, the officer writes that I had been abusing Marcee for many years up to the time that I violently kicked in her door to take the boys without her permission. Yeah! Really!

Now on my record, which I didn't know about until later, I was definitely showing a pattern of abusing women. Right?

Marcee finally started to get on with her life by herself. She took the money she had saved babysitting, and was able to use it for a down payment on her own house in Sandy, Utah, well away from Jackie's house.

I thought this was great and told her so.

At first, she didn't want me to have anything to do with her and our boys at her new place. After a short time, however, she allowed me to see the boys. I didn't want anything sexual to do with her, and she seemed to agree, so I thought.

In July of 1999, Marcee and I wanted to do something for Riley's 6th birthday. We decided to take the boys to an amusement park (Lagoon).

We did so as friends. I loved just being her friend.

While at the park, Marcee became very despondent and sad. I asked her what was wrong.

She responded, "At least you can act like you like me."

I wasn't holding her hand or sitting close to her. For me, it was all about the boys. I loved being their father, and Marcee saw it and knew it.

I thought about not satisfying Marcee's need to be loved and respected. My heart gave in yet again.

I hugged her at Lagoon, sat nearer to her, and held her hand. That night, we had sex. After having sex, Marcee admitted that she never thought she would ever have sex with me again. But upon experiencing it again, together, our relationship started up yet once again.

I was living on and off with Patte and Jackie at the time, and told Marcee so. Marcee and Jackie were trying to be as civil as possible, and let the kids see each other as much as possible.

One day when she was coming to Jackie's, Marcee saw my truck. I hadn't been with her for a few days, and she complained.

She called me and told me that I couldn't see the boys. I threatened that I was going to see them anyway. She filed for a Protective Order to keep me away. I went to the mandated hearing about the Protective Order.

I met with Marcee's attorney before the hearing. He told me that Marcee would agree to set aside the Protective Order and allow me to see the kids if I paid child support.

"NOPE," I responded. "I want the Protective Order to stay in place so that I am never attempted to be with her again."

I told the same thing to the judge. The judge (commissioner in this case) was dumbfounded.

He said, "So you want the Protective Order to remain?"

"Yes! So that I don't have to deal with her. I just want to see our boys."

I was in court that day with both Jackie and Patte. I had previously told them what I was going to do. Jackie couldn't have been more elated, and Patte was more than supportive. Both of them knew my heart and how I had been dragged back into a relationship with Marcee so many times in the past.

Well, Marcee never let me see the boys according to the agreement listed in the Protective Order.

I asked my attorney (my brother, Joe) what I should do. Joe sent a couple of letters to Marcee's attorney demanding that she let me see the boys. He got no response.

Joe sent another letter telling Marcee when I was going to come and see the kids. He got no response. He told me to go see the kids but take the police with me.

I went to see the boys, but didn't take the police. I took Brandon and Caleb (Jackie's oldest boys) and a video camera.

The entire incident was recorded.

I knocked on the door, the boys came out and hugged me. Marcee pulled them back in. I called the police. The police came and arrested me for Violation of a Protective Order, a Class A misdemeanor.

But wait ... that wasn't all the charges.

I had gone to Riley's school previously to volunteer in his classes. Marcee wouldn't have it, and reported it as a violation of the Protective Order.

I went in front of a judge. I represented myself and admitted that I had violated the order, but justified it because I was just trying to see my kids.

The judge was the most patient judge I have or would ever deal with, Judge Matthew Durrant.

Judge Durrant didn't sanction me or treat me bad for representing myself. But I was facing three Class A misdemeanors and two felony counts of Violation of a Protective Order.

I explained my case to the Prosecuting Attorney. They didn't want to see me in jail. They told me they would drop the felony charges if I pled to one Class A misdemeanor, did 40 hours of community service, and would agree to twelve months of probation, and another anger management class. I agreed. I was guilty of violating the order in trying to see my kids.

I would never see my kids again. Marcee made sure of that.

I would fight one more time to see the kids in 2006. The Quirks (Marcee and Bryan) fought me relentlessly. I lost the boys to adoption, representing myself ... another Fool for a client.

When Nathan was fourteen, he ran away from home and wanted to see me. I went and picked him up. By this time, all of my parental rights were taken away and the boys were adopted by their new father, Bryan Quirk.

Nathan was having problems at home. I picked him up and he spent the night with me. I explained that I'd love to work something out with his mom and Quirk. They wouldn't have it.

When Nathan called them to tell them he was okay and with me, Quirk got on the phone and told me that they had contacted the police and were going to file felony kidnapping charges against me. I wasn't Nathan's legal parent any longer.

The next day I took Nathan to a Family Services Center. I tried to be as easy on Nathan as I could, but I knew that the police were coming to the facility to arrest me on kidnapping charges.

I hugged Nathan for the very last time and said, "Be strong, Son."

His eyes spoke volumes of how disappointed he was in me as a father. He didn't know the whole story. I left Nathan with a Social Worker, ran to my RV, in which Sheri II and I were living at the time, and took off. I passed the police, sirens blaring, coming into the facility to arrest me.

Yeah! Fucking really!

So, how did I end up in jail?

Well, Judge Durrant got put on the Utah Supreme Court. A new judge, a staunch Mormon woman, Denise P. Lindberg, took his place.

I was hired as a school teacher for the Salt Lake School district in November of 2000. I was still on probation at the time. My original probation officer had died. His replacement was a man-hater like I've ever seen.

Knowing that trying to be a certified teacher and being on probation probably wasn't the best thing, I contacted my probation officer, Roberta Hansen, and asked her if I could go in front of the judge and get off probation. (I didn't know at the time that Lindberg had replaced my original judge, Durrant.)

Not only was my man-hating probation officer pissed off that I was coming to her asking to be released from probation, but she informed me that I had violated, yet again, the Protective Order twice in the past few months.

"What the fuck!" I yelled at her.

That didn't go over too well. She told me to settle down or she would arrest me. I didn't settle down.

"What the fuck are you talking about? I haven't violated anything!"

Roberta Hansen proceeded to tell me that I had sent Marcee a letter, which violated the Order; and that I was stalking Marcee through a third-party, Sherilyn Richardson Johanssen (Sheri I).

"What the fuck!?" I yelled at Hansen.

Hansen told me that Marcee had reported that Sheri was my girlfriend that I had sent to her home to spy on her.

Oh, my God! The Real Truth is: Sheri's sister was in need of daycare provider for her child. Sheri asked me if I knew anyone who could be trusted. I recommended Marcee. Sheri visited Marcee to check out her daycare. Marcee found out that Sheri knew me and reported the incident.

Yeah! Really!

And the letter ...

I had sent Marcee a child support check. I attached a note that said, "Please send me the boy's social security numbers so I can add them to my health insurance."

That was the letter! That was the violation of the Protective Order.

I told Hansen to go fuck herself and turned around and left. I was more than pissed.

I was served with an Order To Show Cause for violation of my probation... in front of the staunch LDS/Mormon judge, Denise P. Lindberg.

Basically, my brother Joe didn't know what he was doing, as he wasn't a criminal defense attorney. Lindberg ordered me to get a mental evaluation by a certain date. It fell through the cracks somehow, which put me back in front of Lindberg, who asked why I hadn't had the evaluation completed.

On March 15, 2001, I fucking lost it in court.

I was so tired of the way the justice system was working and the way that Roberta Hansen had treated me, and the way that Judge Lindberg was treating me. I was hurt. I was angry.

I yelled at Judge Lindberg, "Do whatever the fuck you want! I'm tired of this bullshit!"

Judge Lindberg did what she wanted.

I only had a couple more months on my probation and I would have been done with the mess. Lindberg revoked my probation and gave me the year sentence that Judge Durrant had suspended pending my completion of the rest of the original sentence.

I was sent to the Salt County Jail with Lindberg's incarceration order in hand. I was sentenced to the original one year on the Class A misdemeanor.

But this shit with Lindberg was far from over.

I was, of course, a perfect inmate. I received 4 months of good time. I was released on November 15, 2001, with my good time.

Before I went to jail in March of 2001, Jackie and I were completely done. (More details on our final split in the next chapter.)

Sheri I had become my best friends. Sheri and I would take my kids from Jackie on visitation. Jackie was cooperative, at first. While I was in jail, Jackie changed her mind ... drastically!

I fell in love with Sheri I while I was in jail. She was my best friend.

(I'll explain what happened in jail with "God" and "the Lord" later, how I was finally released from what I felt was my obligation to use my transfiguration to help the Illuminati.)

I got out of jail with earned good time on November 15, 2001, and married Sheri I the same day. One of the best days of my life at that time. I just wanted to be a normal husband and father.

I actually thought I could be at that time.

The next day, Sheri and I went to Vicky's house, first to see Rachael. Vicky was less than pleased to see us. Vicky said that Rachael was at Jackie's house. (Vicky had moved closer to Jackie, who still lived at 1960 West.)

Sheri and I went to Jackie's house. Vicky had called Jackie and warned her we were coming. Jackie met me at the door and wouldn't allow me to see the kids.

I was as calm as I had ever been. Sheri was the one who was pissed. She tried to reason with Vicky and Jackie. To no avail. Jackie refused to let me see the kids.

I knew I could get an attorney and force Vicky and Jackie to let me see the kids. There was no Protective Order in my relationship with either of them.

What happened next, I can only speculate as to the cause at the time it happened.

I was as calm as I could be. I was ready to get a job, love Sheri I as a man should, and fight to see my kids with Jackie and Vicky.

I had given up any hope to ever see my boys with Marcee again. I figured that Marcee would stoop to any level now to keep me from seeing the boys.

At this time (2001), I had no idea what was going on with Marcee.

The level to which these women stooped, which now included a woman named, Christine Marie (details of this relationship given in another chapter), I couldn't imagine.

Four days after I was released from jail, there was a knock on the door of the apartment where Sheri and I were living. Two police officers stood there.

"Are you Christopher Nemelka?"

"Yes."

"We have a Warrant for your arrest."

I was still very calm. I told the officers that I had just been released from jail after serving 8 months of a year sentence. The officers called the jail and verified my release. They thought it was probably a mistake, but needed to contact the judge who issued the warrant to verify it.

They made the call. We waited about an hour. We joked. We sat their talking about what put me in jail. I told them about what I had said in Lindberg's court. They informed me that it was Lindberg who issued the warrant, and that they had received an anonymous tip about where I lived.

The only people that knew where I lived were Vicky, Sheri I, and Alesa, my kid sister. Sheri had given Vicky the address so that we could work out some visitation.

The police officers received confirmation that Judge Lindberg had issued and confirmed the warrant for my arrest. They had no choice but to arrest me. They did.

I was more than devastated ... I was fucking devastated beyond anything I had ever experienced.

It wasn't until I had access to all of the court information that I found out what had happened.

After trying to see my children at Jackie's and Vicky's, they called the Judge and complained that I was harassing them again, and that they thought I was supposed to serve an entire year. Lindberg had been receiving all kinds of letters from women, including Christine Marie, while I was in jail. The letters were filled with all kinds of lies and accusations about everything, except ... ready for this ... believe it or not ... the charge for which I was being held in jail.

Lindberg knew about The Sealed Portion allegation. She knew about the polygamy ... from the women's point of view. She never knew my side. She knew I had legally served my time, so she figured out a way to make me serve more time.

Are you ready for this ...

I was rearrested and taken to jail. The jail administration had a big problem with my re-arrest. They verified that I had served all of my time. But when they called Judge Lindberg, she told them that she didn't want me to be allowed good time, which a judge can order, IF the order is part of the original order. It was not.

The jail administrators sent Judge Lindberg a copy of her original order, signed March 15, 2001. It did NOT include keeping me from earning good time. Lindberg said that she had signed another order on March 15, 2001, that took away my good time, but her clerk forgot to send it.

Lindberg did not sign two orders. On November 17, 2001, Lindberg backdated a new order with the date, March 15, 2001, taking away my good time and had her clerk send it to the jail.

If judges' orders were numbered, Lindberg would have been caught in her illegal act. Orders are not numbered. They're just pieces of paper upon which a judge can write anything.

I served two more months in jail before Lindberg brought me into her court again. She ordered my release with two years INTENSIVE PROBATION attached, and a few other orders to receive mental evaluation and go through an extensive course of her choosing.

Now get this,

At this hearing, my name and case were called, and the first thing that Judge Lindberg said in open court, after calling the case, was, "Mr. Nemelka, it's no secret that I don't like you."

Yeah! Fucking really!"

(A few years later we would pull the tape of the hearing. Lindberg had her clerk erase the first part. The recording starts in the middle of Lindberg's later sentences. She was caught. She knew it. I filed a lawsuit against her in 2006, that she barely escaped by being protected by other LDS/Mormon judges. Yeah! Fucking really!)

I was released ... again ... in January of 2002, put on Intensive Probation for two years, and under the control of the Utah Adult Probation and Parole.

My new probation officer would receive countless calls from women complaining about me. She (my new probation officer) told me that because I kept harassing women, she was going to put me on an ankle monitored for the rest of my two year probation. I had to be in the house before 8 p.m. and not leave until 6 a.m. Yeah! Fucking really!

I had nothing to do with any other woman. I didn't contact anyone.

An old, scorned girlfriend, Julie Miner, had made a fake email account in my name and started sending out fictitious emails to different people, saying that I was a prophet and other bullshit.

My sister's husband, Jim Forrest, was a computer expert. Jim researched the IP address and found out that they were coming from Julie's work place. My father went to Julie's work and confronted her with the evidence. Julie was almost fired. (Julie will be mentioned later.)

The women were relentless.

It was at this time that Sheri's uncle organized the intervention to convince her how bad I was. (I wrote of this in the last chapter.)

I spoke to my uncle, Richard Nemelka, a very experienced attorney, who hated Lindberg. He told me to leave the state of Utah and wait until Lindberg was transferred away from case. He told me that no law enforcement agency in another state would pursue an arrest on a misdemeanor charge.

The women's hate became more relentless.

The same night that Sheri attended the intervention, I loaded up my truck to leave for California.

I was pulling out of the driveway when Sheri came back home. I told her what I was doing. She cried and begged me to stay with her. But she understood. She knew of all the harassment that I was getting and agreed that it was now out of control.

I kissed her goodbye and left for California.

Judge Lindberg issued a \$50,000 cash only bond for my arrest.

I was now a fugitive from justice.

Yeah, I was running alright.

This kind of justice, and these types of relationships weren't my thing ... they weren't my La Cosa Nostra.

Little did I know at the time, but the Real Illuminati was waiting for me to join their family ...

To join their La Cosa Nostra.

#