

# **From the Mountain Prophecies**

## **BOOK I**

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**FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES****Book I****"THE VATICAN PROPHECIES"****Chapter One****Latter Day Prophecies relating to The Fall of the Vatican**

The prophecies and visions in this book come from The Mountain of The Lord. God carries me there on The Wings of His Spirit after deep prayer and spiritual seeking. But, from time to time, God gives me visions in different ways. The following vision is one such vision. I include it because of its relevance to The Vatican Prophecies.

**Vision of Pope John Paul II and The Red Giant**

06-29-1997

I was standing over the kitchen sink washing dishes and praying, when I clearly saw Pope John Paul II. He was pushing a very large casket through the streets of Russia. On the casket was a white flag with black letters that said: USSR. The casket was closed and was situated on a low platform with wheels.

As The Pope pushed the casket along, he would reach into his left pocket with his right hand and grab a large handful of gold coins. Then, he would take the gold coins and throw them across his left arm to large numbers of peasants, who were standing alongside the road, separated from him by a fence. He dropped some of the coins on the street, but seemed unconcerned as his pockets were overflowing. Then, he would repeat the procedure with the other hand. The gold coins had the likeness of Lenin engraved on one side and Stalin on the other.

He kept at this for some time. After a while, I saw that the casket was being pushed open from the inside. I saw a large red giant rising from the casket. The giant rose up and came completely out of the casket. Then it pushed the casket off the platform and stood on the platform very, very tall, being pushed by the power of The Pope. All along, The Pope continued to toss gold coins to the peasants.

After a brief while, The Pope pushed the red giant to a very steep cliff. The platform eased off the edge of the cliff and the giant tumbled forward. He rolled forward not as a red giant, but as a huge, black ball, which hit the ocean with a great splash.

The huge, black ball traveled beneath the ocean for some time. Then, I watched as it emerged from the ocean and went into a tunnel. The giant then appeared and knocked on a small door with a very small window. A person peeped at the giant through the tiny window, and said, "Come on in."

I looked to see the name of the person, who answered the door. The name was "Florida." The giant then went up Florida and stopped at Cape Canaveral.

## **An Interpretation of this vision through Our Lord, Jesus:**

"Child, it is I, Master Jesus. As you will see in visions to come, all is not as it seems with this Pope. His works are dark and his hands are soiled with gold. For, he has stepped in to feed the peasants but has bought them with glitter. Yea, The Pope is working in darkness to bring communism back to new heights. For, he has plans of his own.

Child, do not believe that what you see is real regarding him and his works in the media. For, he is caught up in illusion. He gives the masses what they desire and in darkness he carries out his own agenda which is to bring down The United States.

His idea is to rule the world. But, all shall not be, as he believes. For, soon he shall die and behind him even more wicked shall follow who shall also be puppets of the antichrist.

You ask about the infiltration of Florida by communists from Russia and whether The Pope has played a role in this. Child, did you not see him help to raise the red giant? Did you not see this in vision? Yea, there is much which goes on in darkness which will shock, yea surprise the masses. Stand strong in me, Child, for I shall reveal all. I am Jesus, yes I am one with Jehovah."

This interpretation is given of Our Lord on January 29, 1998 as I am getting these prophecies ready for Internet distribution. See below for more:

Around mid-November of 1997, the 6:00 news shocked my senses. I watched as Florida law enforcement officers worked feverishly to fight The Russian Mafia, which has taken a stronghold in Miami. The news reporter described this Mafia as without conscience, infiltrating the Miami area with scams and violent crime. The report showed Russians killed senselessly and left on the streets like dogs. Florida has become a select area for migration of Russians. Why?

### **SECOND VISION REGARDING POPE JOHN PAUL II**

July 1, 1997

In a vision, I went to the top of a huge, radiant, golden-white mountain with The Spirit of God, The Spirit of Truth, sent by Our Lord, Jesus. The Mountain was situated well above all activity on Earth, and I was aware that from this vantagepoint, I could see whatever might be going on down below on The Earth.

The Holy Spirit said, "Look down there."

I looked far down, and my attention was directed to The Vatican. There, I could see that The Vatican was flying its flag at half-mast.

"Who died?" I said.

"Go in and see," The Holy Spirit said.

I opened the heavy doors in front and went into a large building. Inside the building, it was completely dark, except for the whites of dark eyes, which seemed to fasten on me and follow my every movement. I saw these eyes in every corner, from every part of the hallway, from the ceiling and from the floors. As I looked at the floor, I saw slithering, black snakes as they scattered in all directions.

I slipped on something, and almost fell. "My Lord, Jesus," I said, "guide me through this, for this is one dark, wicked mess."

Jesus spoke to me through His Spirit saying, "Child, I am with you always. I in you, and you in Me."

I looked back to see what I had slid on, and it was a banana peel with rows of tiny mirrors. I instinctively knew that the peel had been put there to make me slip, and the mirrors were there to watch my every step. The mirrors sent signals up to a large balcony. I looked up to see two thugs dressed in black on the balcony waiting with a snare. They were hoping to catch me and hang me in their noose.

"My Lord," I said, "Look at that!"

I felt The Holy Spirit coursing through me and I blurted out, "Hashi, Shiya, Hafta!" This was translated to me by The Holy Spirit: "You hang on your own snare!" Then, I saw the thugs snatched up. Right then and there, they hung together from the balcony on their own snare. Soon, they took their last breath and died.

I traveled on with The Spirit of God as my pure friend and companion to an open area. The area was a round, tiled foyer of sorts, with a stained glass dome overhead, affording light from above to the area. I saw something fall from above and hit the tile. It was a small bottle cap like that of a carbonated drink bottle. The cap was bent on one side, as if an instrument had pried it off the bottle, leaving a turned-up corner. I picked up the bottle cap and looked on the top of it. On the inside of the cap was a small round piece of cork, which apparently had been used as a sealant. I took my fingernail and lifted the cork from the cap.

Something came pouring out from beneath the cork. There were many pictures connected one to another by plastic holders. These plastic holders reminded me of the ones used to hold pictures in a wallet, and were about the same size. The long line unfolded like an accordion, and fell from my chest area all the way to the floor. It kept unrolling all the way down the hall and into The Square outside where it finally stopped by a brick wall.

Someone climbed out of the last plastic picture holder. He wore cowboy boots and saddle pants with jeans. I followed his feet as he climbed a ladder by the wall. He kept climbing up the ladder until he stood on the wall. "Who is this man," I said.

Then, I saw him pull off his cowboy hat. He stood there on The Great Wall of China waving his hat back and forth and smiling. It was Bill Clinton.

Someone from the Secret Service ran up to Mr. Clinton, and said, "Mr. Clinton, you must come down from there. We've had a bad explosion, Sir. America is burning. The United States has been bombed, Sir."

"By whom?" The president said.

"We do not know, Sir. Our towers aren't functioning. We can't track it. We can only tell that we're surrounded, Sir."

There was not another word, and the picture faded. I said to The Holy Spirit, "Is there more?"

"Yes, The Spirit said. "Look at this."

I realized that I was still standing in the foyer, and my eyes fell on a picture just in front of me. It was the first picture in the sequence, and when I picked it up I saw that it was a picture of a pig. He stood in front of a black and white wood-burning stove wearing a white apron and holding a black frying pan. He was cooking link sausage one at a time in the pan; and he held a plate of hot biscuits, which he placed in the warmer above the stove. Now and then, he would toss the sausage into the air. He was cooking his last one when the stove caught fire from the grease dripping onto the stove.

Then, the pig caught fire. His apron was burning. His flesh was burning. The kitchen caught fire, and the house burned down. The Pig managed to escape, but it was not the pig, which I saw emerge from beneath the flames, but a man, who looked like Clint Eastwood.

"Clint Eastwood!" I said.

The Holy Spirit said, "Yes, Clint Eastwood."

"Why?" I asked.

The Holy Spirit said, "Would he not make a good Marlboro Man?"

I said, "I don't know."

"Well, they think so," The Holy Spirit said.

Then I saw the Clint Eastwood look-a-like going through fields of rice patties in The Orient, giving away cigarettes to little children. They were smoking them, their eyes running with tears. These children grew up into adults, wearing black, and dying early of lung cancer.

I said to The Holy Spirit, "Why are you showing me this to me now?"

And, The Holy Spirit said, "Look!"

Then, I saw four dark railroad ties situated to form an entranceway into a dark tunnel. The tunnel travelled far into The Earth.

The Holy Spirit said, "Get into the railroad car."

I said, "But, it has no power."

"But, you have me."

So, I climbed into the car and took off through many mountains at high speeds to the end of the tunnel, where it came out at the edge of a lake.

"That tunnel," I said to The Holy Spirit, "where did it begin?"

"Saint John's Lake," The Holy Spirit said.

"Where did it end?"

"At The Lake of Our Lady."

"I don't understand," I said.

"You have a man-made tunnel connecting Saint John's Lake in the Soviet Union with Our Lady's lake in Rome."

"Why is this?"

"They are one and the same," The Holy Spirit said.

"What are these lakes?"

"They are fed from the same spring," The Holy Spirit said.

"What spring?"

"The Spring of the Equinoxes," The Holy Spirit said.

"The equal days and nights spring?"

"That's right," The Holy Spirit said.

"I don't understand this."

"My Child, go back and look at the label on the train."

I did. The label said, "I kill women and children."

"I still don't understand," I said.

"My child, those leaders connecting these two shall try to make the days and nights equal, the blacks and whites, the rich and poor, equal in all ways through communism. These springs feed these lakes in The Soviet Union and The Vatican, Child. The train going through the cave connecting the two will kill women and children."

"Why women and children?" I asked.

"To control population," The Holy Spirit said.

"Why will these leaders not kill men?"

"Men are needed more for war and labor."

"Yea, but why Marlboro?"

"It is systematic now in China for population control."

"But, why Clint Eastwood? Is this real?"

"It is," The Holy Spirit said.

"So, we go from a pig, to one, who looks like Clint Eastwood, to killing in China, to making people equal, to killing women and children. What does it all mean"

"See the Vatican burning?" The Holy Spirit said.

"Yes," I said.

"See the Pope dead?"

"Yes."

"See Russia laid to waste?"

"Yes."

"See major infanticide and killing of huge numbers of women worldwide?"

"Yes," I said.

"Child, these are beautiful lakes on the surface and the pig is fat and fun on the outer. The pork is fat, but the fat burns, My Child, and all, who partake of the fat die in the fire."

"What is this fat?"

"This fat, My Child, is the taking of innocent life by any means. All shall die a horrible death in the fire,"  
The Holy Spirit said, "but, the ring leaders shall never leave the fire."

"You said 'never'," I said.

"Look at the Lake of Fire, My Child. Do you see them leave?"

"No," I said.

"Then, 'tis so. This is the fate of The Pope, who is raising The Soviet Union to bring you down. He wishes to make you all equal through war. He plans to rule the world, but he is a fool. Russia plans to rule the world. She is a fool. The Syrian plans to rule the world. All are fools, for The Red Dragon says, "I shall rule it." But, he is a fool, for The Lamb has already paid the price. He is the heir."

"This is a lengthy procession," I said. "And, all those pictures in this long line give a piece of the puzzle?"

"They do," The Spirit of God said.

"And, will you open them up to me?" I asked.

"I will," Jesus said through His Spirit.

"Then, break the seal and let them roll," I said. "By the power and blood of Jesus!"

From henceforth, I will make a statement at the end of each vision: as witnessed, dictated and recorded. This means witnessed and recorded by me, Linda Newkirk, and dictated by Our Lord Jesus, who is one with Jehovah. The above vision was witnessed, dictated and recorded on July 01, 1997.

Linda Newkirk



I was in the super market in the week of the 7th of October 1997 and picked up The Weekly World News tabloid. When I opened it up, cold chills ran up and down my spine. Near the front of the magazine was a picture of a Chinese youth with his mouth brimming full of lighted cigarettes. There must have been 100 plus cigarettes in his mouth! The article went on to describe how Chinese children are smoking themselves to death. Many promising students are dying from nicotine poisoning as these kids bid to see who can smoke the most cigarettes. According to the article, businessmen sponsor these smoking contests. The Chinese Government is described as "concerned."

The Chinese Government is not concerned, as The Spirit of God has spoken differently.

**FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES****Book I****"THE VATICAN PROPHECIES"****Chapter Two**

Jesus presents most visions to me after seeking Him in prayer from 30 minutes to one and one half hours in the early mornings. Each time, I feel the power of The Spirit of God as it descends upon me and I see its white flames, lapping upward. The presence of His Spirit illuminates any dark entities or dark attachments they have made to me, to this house, property or anything around us. Through the power of The Holy Spirit and under the authority of Jesus, I work in conjunction with Holy angels to bind any demons and send them into The Pits until Jesus sees fit to let them out. He has told me that they often do not stay there long, but at least this gets them away from me. It is so important to seek out and get rid of any demons every day as Satan will often sneak in and try to tie me up or bind me in my sleep. I can clearly see any attempts as chains or ropes bound to my hands, feet, legs, head etc. The Fire of God burns away these things which look like ropes or chains. This Fire comes in and cleanses my soul and surroundings. It is very important for anyone serious about prophecy to do this every day. Satan is so subtle and so oppressive. The mere presence of these ropes and chains is terribly oppressive. Where these are you find attempts of Lucifer to bind the Light Bearers. Once I have prayed long in tongues and have done the above spiritual warfare, I am surrounded by God's Spirit, which blocks out all interference until my focus is squarely on God, what He shows me and speaks to me.

I do not always get a firm grasp on what He says through His Spirit. Sometimes, I am totally lost or learn by bits and pieces. This is especially true of the unfolding visions.

When I started receiving prophecies, I saw myself as a child with two, long, brown pigtails skipping along on various journeys. Later, Jesus put me on The Path of the Prophets and gave me a white prophets robe with a white hood.

Prophecy is a journey. It can take one to many places and many levels. Prophecy requires great discipline, if one is grow in The Wisdom and Power of God.

When there are no words to describe what I see and hear, acknowledge my feeble attempts. For, instance, there is no way to describe the feeling of peace at the top of The Mountain, or to describe the beauty of The Light there. I cannot describe the feeling of The Power of The Holy Spirit, or the deep humility I feel for knowing such love and power.

You may be left with many questions, as I am. But, if you keep searching for God's wisdom in all things, He will hear you and give you understanding. The same Light, which has brought me truth and understanding, will illumine all to you.

## FUNERAL OF THE USA

July 01, 1997

"Precious Child, it is I, Master Jesus. The winds of war rage, Child, and unknown to you and the rest of the world the mighty military equipment sits on ready. Pluck the pearls from your eyes, sleeping children, for your days of merriment are numbered, and run shallow to the last of the pail.

Now, Precious Child, your heart wonders on the last vision from The Mountain and into the Vatican, as you were shown there a long line in a sequence of pictures, yea visions to be given you. And, as I speak through My Holy Spirit but truth, Child, you shall be fed more truths from The River on this subject.

Now, My Child, come up onto The Mountain. And be not afraid for the height is great and the air is fine. From this stance one is given to see the tiniest of specks. From this vantage point My Child, the River runs pure, yea, crystal clear.

Now, Child, dip your cup into The River and drink of water so pure that the soul is illuminated. Yea, every speck stands before God, for all is known. Known, My Child, of your frailties before me, yet, you keep coming back to this River to swim and drink. Known, My Precious Ones, all your frailties. For each of you stands naked as the day of your birth. You hide nothing, for I see all. The pure of heart does not exist among you. I see and know your hearts. I seek the willing of heart, who strive to be perfect, even as I am perfect.

Fear not, those who keep coming to The River, for you shall never thirst. I fill your cup full and running over. For, I am He, who sends The River to you, that you may thirst no more. Yea, I am Jesus,...Jehovah, Most High God of Earth.

Now, Precious Child, behold the long line of pictures running from the Vatican. You have been shown the first and the last through vision and prophecy. And now reach down, My Child, and pick up the second picture."

From the heights of The Mountain, I was suddenly carried back into The Vatican; and the long line of pictures lay before me. I picked up the first picture and I saw on it a weathered, half-opened door with heavy door facings. The lock to the door required a skeleton key. It was of radiant brass, clean as if it had been kept polished through repeated usage of the key. Outside the door was a well-worn path with a beautiful array of flowers dotted carefully here and there.

"Go on in, My Child," Jesus said.

I stepped over the threshold, which was raised quite a bit--maybe six inches. Once in, I could see that the door did not open into a house but a countryside. I found myself on a well-worn path, which led into a forest. The path dropped off rather steeply up ahead. Dark woods loomed just ahead on the left; and to the right was a huge black bear. He wanted to get at me, but could not as a steep wall of glass suddenly appeared between us. He followed my every step, clawing at the glass.

I looked in his direction, and the huge black bear turned into a fairy the size of a person, with a magic wand.

"What would you wish, My Child?" She asked.

I ignored her and continued to follow the path. It was steep and the rocks were jagged. I had bypassed the forest, but now found that the boulders were huge--so huge that it was impossible for me to walk further. The path seemed to disappear, and I found myself out on a ledge overlooking a deep canyon.

"My Lord, I am stranded on this ledge," I said.

"Behold, My Child," Jesus said. As he spoke, great angels came with hands like cotton; and they picked me up and sat me in a very tall tree.

"What do you see, My Child?" Jesus asked.

"Oh, My Lord, I see a funeral procession. It is coming down the very trail I just traveled. Many people are coming through that door, every one of them is dressed the same, ... in black."

"What more, Child?"

"My Lord, the only thing of color I see is The Flag of the USA draped over a bronze coffin. This is a great contrast to the black suits and white shirts worn by all the women and men. Now a woman with flaming, red hair comes into view. She wears black high heeled shoes, and has twisted her ankle just now on a rock."

"What more do you see about her?"

"I see that she has a very big, black purse, and that she takes something from the purse."

"And, what is this, My Child?"

"My Lord, it is something black. It is a black roll, kind of like a black roll of film, but seems to be heavier than film, almost like a very small black tarp on a roll. She rolls it out on a table, and then I see miniature dancers appear and start to dance on the black roll. There are two of these very small dancers. Soon, they stop dancing and go into an army tent."

"Who are these, My Child?"

"My Lord, they are Bill Clinton and Nikita Khrushchev. It looks like they are fighting, but I cannot see very well. I see men lurking in the shadows. Clinton's hands are tied behind his back and Khrushchev stands with his feet on Mr. Clinton's back. Then, Khrushchev says, 'Guard, get me some seltzer water.'

"My Lord, why would he need seltzer water?"

"Look, My Child!"

I see Khrushchev cut his wrist until he draws blood. Then, he drips the blood into Mr. Clinton's mouth.

"We are blood brothers," he tells Bill Clinton. Then, he unties Clinton, and lets him up. I watch as they both drink blood from the same cup of seltzer water, which contain the blood of Khrushchev.

"My Lord, Mr. Clinton's teeth are red!"

"Yes, indeed, Child, his teeth are red."

"I do not feel good about this."

"Neither, should you, My Child, for The Red Dragon has the most unlikely acquaintances."

"What about this woman with the red hair. Who is she, My Lord?"

"Look on the purse, Child. What do you see?"

"It says, 'Everything is fine and dandy here.'"

"My Child, what of her shirt?"

"It says, 'United Nations' on the right pocket of the shirt."

"And, what of her back, My Child?"

"My Lord, the back of her shirt says 'Dead and gone.' I am not sure I know what this means."

"Child, look at the casket."

"Yes, My Lord, I see it. It bears the flag of the USA."

"Look inside."

"My Lord, I see nothing but one ball. It is rotating, with one half, which is black and one half, white."

"Take it out, My Child."

"I have it."

"Look inside, open it up. What do you see?"

"My Lord, I see a golden dragon, like the ones seen in The Orient. It is not alive, but steam is from its mouth."

"Look in its mouth, Child. What do you see?"

"I see a Chinese blacksmith with a long piece of metal. He is melting the metal into the shape of a sickle, like the kind used in harvest of olden days."

"What more do you see?"

"This is all. Just the man in that hot oven, forming the sickle. Oh, My Lord, I see more! There is a vulture, a very large, black vulture over the man's head. This blacksmith does not see the vulture. But the mouth of the vulture runs blood for the steel worker."

"Who is the steel worker?"

"My Lord, I do not know. I see only his feet working back and forth, pushing the pedal, which makes air, and feeds the flames. Now a name appears on his feet. And, the name is 'Red China'. The vulture is waiting to eat Red China."

"Who is the vulture?"

"I do not know."

"Look, Child, on the back of the vulture. What do you see coming from the back?"

"My Lord, I do not see anything, but I hear the words 'Hong Kong'. My Lord, how shall Hong Kong eat China?"

"My Child, look at the hands of the worker there with the iron. What do you see?"

"I see that he has brass knuckles, but the knuckles have holes. What does this mean?"

"Child, look at his knees."

"My Lord, his knees are also covered with brass fittings. These brass fittings cover the knees, just as the brass knuckles cover the hands, but these too, have holes. My Lord, I do not know what this means."

"Child, look at the big toe."

"My Lord, I am looking at it. I see a door in the big toe. The worker does not know it is there, as he is so busy working. I then see Chinese peasants go in and out the door of the toe. I see one now with a basket."

"And, what is in the basket?"

"My Lord, the basket is full of fish. As they hop out of the basket and onto the ground, I see that they are not fish, but people. People, My Lord! And they are running from black helicopters. They run through the fields, and hide here and there. I do not understand."

"Look at the casket, Child. This is the death of The United States of America. This was done in secret long ago. Clinton made a pact with the devil, himself, through blood agreement with Khrushchev to go The Red Way. The death knoll tolls for The USA, My Child, and many will be involved in this secret--not only Russia but China, as well. All is not well in China. While China prepares for your death, she has a very large, black vulture on her own back. This vulture will help to devour her from within."

"My Lord, what of the black and white ball?"

"The ball within the casket is black and white, as the black and white issues, My Child, will help bury The USA. But, at the center of the black and white issues are not real black and white issues, but communism, being molded and fanned by Red China. Issues which may appear to be black and white issues are really communist issues being propelled by Red China."

"My Lord, what of the brass knuckles and knee coverings?"

"They show the hole in the makeup of Red China, My Child, which is Hong Kong. When Red China is not looking, Hong Kong will devour it. This is in the works. Red China shall not prevail as they wish, for internal strife shall be great."

"My Lord, you have shown me the red headed woman. Tell me about her."

"When the USA dies, she shall be very prominent. My Child, this is the Red Dragon of Communism. She is dressed in black, as she brings death. Her purse is large, as she will take from you all you have."

"My Lord, who are these in black at this funeral?"

"Look, My Child."

"I see Bill Clinton. I see Margaret Thatcher. I see several from Germany. In fact three from Germany now take the casket and lift it. They throw it over a steep cliff. There are mountains all around, and these mountains are named The Swiss Alps. Then, these three dust off their hands, and the others applaud them. Even Bill Clinton applauds. He is walking back up the path with several of them, and they are chatting. He is talking to the king of Saudi Arabia. Someone comes by with a copy of The New York Times. On the front of the paper is written, 'US sells out to Oil Rich Countries.'"

"Clinton takes a copy of it and laughs. He says, 'They will never know, will they?' He sits there alone with the Saudi Arabian king. Night begins to fall and Clinton says, "Well, we must go. Something is beginning to bite me." He starts scratching all over. The crickets come out and start singing. The Saudi Arabian king stays on. Clinton pulls out a bottle of calamine lotion. He pulls his pants down and starts to rub this lotion on his legs. As he does huge sores appear on his legs. Each sore has an ugly black spider on it. Clinton is covered all over with these ugly black spiders. The king gasps as he sees the sores. He hops back, then turns and runs off."

"Clinton watches the king leave. He begins to tear at these wounds, and blood pours from each wound. Then, each wound begins to speak. They are each speaking different things at the same time and I cannot understand a single word. My Lord, this is a mess! This itch, then the spiders, then the sores, then the voices, all saying different things."

"My Child, look again, what do you see?"

"I see atomic bombs going off everywhere all over The USA. But what does this have to do with Clinton and his sores?"

"My Child, the itch comes from the conscience that he has sold his country for fame. This rash is red, as it is started by the red communist take-over. It will make him very uncomfortable. Then, My Child, this irritation will turn into deadly spiders, whose venom will destroy him. My Child, these spiders are the black military forces trained to take over The USA. You hear many voices speaking at once. These are from two sources: the many voices of foreign soldiers upon you, and the voices of innocent persons, he has murdered. These sores caused by atomic war, My Child, shall eventually kill him, and all who took blood covenants, as he has."

"Why did all forsake him but The Arab, My Lord?"

"My Child, as long as a single vehicle moves, you shall need oil. But, even The Arab shall forsake you. Does this show you your future state, My Child?"

"I see it, My Lord. But, who are these others at this funeral?"

"My Child, look! France is not there. England is there along with Russia, China, Mexico, and Switzerland. Canada is not there. Australia is not there. Belgium is there, along with Germany, who has three representatives. Peru and Columbia are there along with Panama. And, there are others. All in all you see 22. These are mostly countries, but there are three individual families represented. The Rothschilds of Germany are the most prominent. (Make not of the mention of these three families. You will see much about their evil.) These, My Child, have planned your demise for a very long time. It is no accident that Bill Clinton was in The Soviet Union as a war protester. His red connections run as deep as blood. He was hand-picked by Satan even before this life to do Satan's work, as he is smooth and credible."

"My Lord, you say that Satan would hand-pick someone before birth?"

"'Tis so, My Child. Do not forget that he has access to much knowledge, which you do not have. Did you not see the black bear try to get at you as you entered the door just now?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"This was Satan."

"And, he then became the beautiful fairy, ready to grant my every wish. Yes, My Lord, I saw this."

"This is his way. He is the great deceiver, My Child. All should hold steadfast to their focus on me, lest they be deceived."

"My Lord, this is a terrible thing to behold, the funeral of The USA, and all the double-crossing liars. It is a terrible thing."

"Yes, My Child, 'tis so. There shall be no turning back from this. This is done, My Child."

As witnessed, dictated, and recorded this 7th day of July, 1997,  
Linda Newkirk

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**FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES****Book I****"THE VATICAN PROPHECIES"****Chapter Three****Prophetic Words of wisdom**

July 10, 1997

"Precious Child, it is I, Master Jesus. I come in response to your prayers. Look around yourself and see the flames of My Spirit, and the protection afforded you that these messages may go out. My Child, my hand is upon you, and my foot is upon the enemy. I guard the purity of My Word as a mother hen guards her chicks. The enemy abounds and wishes to stamp out these messages. But this shall not be, I am in charge. And, I am Supreme Commander of Earth. Yea, I am Jesus, Most High God of Earth."

"Now, Precious Child, come with me into the garden on the mountain, and I shall afford you vision, as to what unfolds below."

I looked around myself on The Mountain of golden-white light and there were pastel flowers of the most beautiful shades. My eye caught sight of a single, red rose, which bloomed among the beautiful lilacs. On the leaf below the rose, which was almost fully in bloom was a single dark spot. The rose shot up, a single bloom, and the thorns radiating from the stem were thick and plentiful. "My Lord," I said, "What is this rose amidst the rest? For, it is truly out of place."

"My Child, worry not on this rose, for all shall be revealed. Take the telescope and look far to the base of the mountain, and you will see all as it unfolds."

The Lord handed me a telescope and I put my eye to it, still keenly aware of the rose. I looked far down and my eyes became fixed upon The Vatican, its flag at half-mast. I went skipping along toward The Vatican. I noticed rather quickly that I was being followed by a black and white spotted dog. He followed behind, but kept his distance. When I turned to look at it, it began to growl at me. Speaking in tongues, I cursed the dog, "Hayi Heshna Obi di shani osha!" Suddenly the dog turned into the fairy with the wand.

"I shall grant your every wish," the fairy said.

"Hetu diosha!" I curse you. I said.

The fairy became a croaking frog and hopped away to hide under a rock at the opening of a cave.

"My Lord," I said, "I am at The Vatican, and true evil abounds."

"Yea, My Child, it is so."

"My Lord, I have come to The Square, and have seen the flag, but am now on a yellow brick side walk. I go not through the front doors into The Vatican, but go down this sidewalk, which takes me around the building to the side door. It is locked, My Lord, but I notice that I have the key in my hand. It is a very

small skeleton key. With this key, I shall unlock this door. Already I am aware of the eyes peeping through the keyhole at me."

"Yes, My Child, for they know you are coming."

"Why is this, My Lord?"

"The Rose has told them."

"The Rose, My Lord?"

"Yes, My Child. It was no rose, but Satan himself, in one of his many disguises."

"My Lord, he has access to The Mountain?"

"He does, My Child. He knows well your mission and the missions of all like you."

"My Lord, how many are these, like me?"

" 144, 000."

"And, he knows the whereabouts of all of us at all times?"

"He does."

"But, My Lord, The Book of Revelation says that we are 'virgins.' How is this, for I am no 'virgin'?"

"Yea, you are all virgins."

"I do not understand, My Lord."

"Child, open the tiny book beside you."

"I have it, My Lord." I pick it up. It is a tiny book, maybe 3 and ½ inches by three inches. It is a light cream color with a light flower border. "I have it, My Lord. And I have opened it to the very first page. But there is no writing."

"Go on."

"Here on the next page, My Lord, I see a man with a cane. He is very thin, and has a very long white beard. One of his eyes is a very pale, beautiful blue, and the other eye seems to have some sort of twinkling star in it. The man is giving me something on a silver tray. It is a cookie, My Lord."

"Take it."

"My Lord, I have it."

"Break it open, and take out the message."

"I have the message."

"Read it."

"My Lord, it says, 'Never on a Sunday'."

"Read the reverse."

"It says, 'Psalms 28.'"

"Find this and read verse 22."

"My Lord, I have My Bible, and I am looking, but there is no verse 22."

"'Tis so, My Child."

"Then, My Lord, why did you have me look for this verse, when there is none? I am confused."

"Yea, you are confused, My Child. For none of you are virgins, as you believe you are"

"Then, My Lord, how are we virgins?"

"Look on his back, the back of the prophet. What does it say?"

"My Lord, it says, 'Free of sin.' But, I do not feel free of sin. I am a lowly person, with many faults, many shortcomings."

"Yes, My Child, but you bathe in The River daily. Daily, you lift your heart to me for forgiveness, for salvation. This is how you differ from most."

"And, My Lord, that the 144,000 follow you everywhere, how is this?" (Rev. 14:1-4)

"My Child, do you not follow me everywhere? I in you, and you in me?"

'My Lord, I do my best. I am weak in so many ways, but My Lord, I seek this."

"Then, you follow me everywhere. Child, this is not hard to understand, save it be with the carnal mind. For, only Spirit can give this understanding. Now, Child, we have detoured with reason here, but now you do understand why you are so stalked by the evil one. But fear not, My Child. For now you have power over him and his. When I give him power over your life, your work therein will be finished. Child, never forget who you are. Each of you is being called to This Mountain now and each is being given a keen awareness of who you are. Now, Child, take the key and go in. Have no fear, for these have power over you only, if you allow it."

I opened the door with the key, and was suddenly aware of little pebbles in my pockets. I took the pebbles and tossed them to the front and sides of me and they created light, like some sort of firecrackers. Yet, they made little sound, and remained there in front of me and to the sides, burning, giving off smoke and light. In front of me was a very old and dusty platform on wheels, with a handle of some sort sticking up about three feet high. In the dim light I looked around and was aware of cobwebs hanging everywhere. Furniture was covered by old sheets, and must have been covered for a very long time, as these sheets were now brown from the dust and dirt. I was aware of an old bird overhead in the rafters, which looked something like a pelican, yet was different, as it was darker. The bird made a call and got my attention only briefly.

"Pay no attention, Child, you know who this is."

"Yes, My Lord, it is one sent of Lucifer to distract me."

"Take the handle, My Child, it will steer you forward."

I took the handle, and exclaimed, "My Lord, it is hot to the touch."

"Child, this is an illusion. It is not hot, but cold."

I took the handle, and then it felt cold.

"Command it, My Child, to move forth under the Power of God. Under My Power."

I commanded it as The Lord directed me and it lifted off the ground, and began to glow with light. The whole area lit up and the dust was immediately burned off the sheets. They became white with The Light.

I was up in the air, with the platform, but was not going anywhere."

"Look behind, My Child."

I looked back to see that a vine had grown around the base of the platform.

"Curse the vine, Child, for it is Satan, in disguise."

"Hata asha ti diosha! I curse you to death." The vine became brown, crisp, and then it fell apart.

"Now, Child put on your Son glasses."

"My Lord, I wear these glasses given of you, The Son. They make the far seem near and the very small seem large."

"Let it roll, My Child."

I took the handle and sped along dark corridors with incredible speed. Dark bats flew all around. I heard organ music. "My Lord, I sense that this is funeral music."

"It is, My Child."

"Whose is it, My Lord?"

"Take the picture from the hand of the guard, Child, in the rotunda. Look in the picture."

"My Lord, I have the picture. I see Pope John Paul II. He is there in the study of The Vatican and he is dead. Suspended up in the air, but dead. I see someone who seems to be a magician. He has a round hoop waving the hoop around The Pope's body to show that he really is suspended in air. Then, My Lord, I see an archbishop with a bucket of black axle grease sitting at The Pope's feet rubbing his feet with the black grease. The Pope has a ring on the toe next to the big toe on the right foot. It is mostly gold with something white stuck to the top surface, like a light coating of ivory. This archbishop takes the ring, kisses it, and says 'This is my ring.' The ring has writing on it, which is very hard to read. I am trying to see it. It looks like the year 2001."

"Then, I see George Bush sitting on a red sofa. He is the only one I see, My Lord. He is drinking a golden goblet full of blood. On the outside of the goblet is written, 'The Pope's Blood.'"

George Bush smacks his lips, and says, "I thought this day would never come." He finishes the goblet and sees a dime in the bottom. He takes the dime and throws it out the window. Then, he says, "To hell with this dime! Never again!" The dime bounces on the sidewalk and it turns into a very old man with long white hair and a white beard. The old man is hobbling. His left leg badly swollen and red with infection is about to pop open.

Then, the archbishop takes The Pope and rubs him with something like varnish or shellac. The Pope becomes stiff, like a mummy, and the archbishop puts him in a corner cabinet. Then, My Lord, I see a very festive gathering in the Rotunda. Here comes the carriage of Queen Elizabeth! But when she gets out of the carriage, she looks like the fairy godmother. Satan, again?

"Yes, My child," Jesus said.

"Well, My Lord, The Queen gets out as The Fairy God Mother with her husband, Prince Phillip. He looks the same, but she suddenly looks like a hunchback. Her spine is bent over and she walks with a cane. She has a leg iron, My Lord, over her left leg. I cannot see where this chain to this leg iron originates, but it is a very long thick chain.

"Look up over the hill, My Child."

"I see a castle upon that hill with the very large sun behind it, as if it is suspended from the sky. I see bats flying from the castle turning into little blue birds as they fly out of the castle."

"Yes, My Child, 'tis so."

"My Lord, what does this mean?"

"Child, you have entered the inner sanctum of The Pope: The Vatican, itself. Much evil abounds therein, and no one wishes the truth to be known, as you saw when you tried to enter. But, I shall have it known, and by My Power, it shall be known. The Pope shall soon die, and there shall be a fight for his place of power. Magic shall abound at his time of death, as he serves Satan. George Bush represents those, who partake of this evil power, as he, himself is one of the ringleaders in Satan's work. He tosses the dime from the cup of blood, which he drinks. My Child, he will drink of The Pope's blood, as he is among those scheming to bring down The Papacy to set up a universal church of Lucifer. He tosses out the dime, which becomes an old man. In this, he tosses out the idea of tithing.

The idea of tithing turns into an old man with an infected leg. Tithing to win a place in heaven is a very old idea, which is full of infection. The Catholic Church is the old man and the sick leg is the notion that one can buy his place into heaven. This twisted notion is bringing death to a sick system. The old is being purged, My Child. A new day in me and mine is coming."

"Then, My Lord, what of The Queen?"

"Her back is fully laden with her sins, My Child, and she is chained to The Devil in full force."

"But, the Queen's husband is not as bad off?"

"Child, look at his pockets. They are empty and he has no shoes. His teeth are rotting, and falling out. He is losing his hair, and going bald. He has patches on his clothes. My Child, need I say more?"

"Yes, My Lord, be very plain as we proceed. I am a slow, and wish to assume nothing."

"Very well. Continue."

"Then, I see the one in charge of the horses for the carriage--the driver-- who looks like a wooden toy soldier. He climbs up in the driver's seat of the carriage. The Prince gets into the carriage with The Queen and they look just as they do today, dressed in all their finery. The driver whips the horses three times. Then, mighty storm clouds come. Rain falls in the streets and comes halfway up the carriage wheels, then to the top of the wheels. But the carriage continues with the toy soldier driving and no one seems to notice the water. The Queen and her husband continue to chat with someone in the carriage, even though the water is well above the carriage, and the toy soldier continues to drive on."

"Finally, the Queen looks out and sees fish swimming by her. She grabs her throat and says, 'My God, we are surrounded!'"

"I see someone in the carriage with The Royals. He looks at first like The Pope, but I soon see that he isn't The Pope. I don't recognize this man. His forehead is very wide. His hair is brown and pulled straight back, yet it is thin, as he is balding in the temples especially. I believe that this is one of The Rothschild Family, as I hear this name. My Lord, is this so?"

"'Tis so, My Child, but only half so. Look at the other side of the man. He has a twin, called Rockefeller."

"My Lord, they are carbon copies, sitting front to back, one to the other. They sit there looking first like The Pope, then twins back to back. And, now, My Lord, they are there in the carriage with The Queen, surrounded by water. What is happening?"

"My Child, The Queen and The Prince are riding along under the direction of a toy soldier."

"And, the toy soldier is?"

"The toy soldier is riding under the power of self."

"And, their selves do not see the rain coming?"

"Their selves do not. They are blinded to this."

"Why, My Lord?"

"For, they have not me, Child. They follow the leader of darkness, Satan himself, and, he leads them into Hell."

"But, My Lord, I do not see them go there. I see only that they are surrounded by and covered with water."

"Child, you do not see them go there now, but you shall. The rain, My Child, is the enemy. It pours over them, and they are covered before they know what has happened."

"And, the fish, My Lord?"

"The fish are surveillance from the enemy."

"The Royals are unaware of this surveillance?"

"Nay, they know not. For, it comes from within."

"In what way, 'from within,' My Lord?"

"My Child, who keeps them company in the carriage and distracts them from the rain?"

"The two R Families."

"Well, Child, 'tis so. Those who distract them, plan their destruction."

"How so?"

"For power, for greed, in the race to rule the world."

"So, The Queen is in chains, and knows it not?"

"'Tis so."

"And her husband, The Prince, is like a clown, barefoot with little money and losing all the time."

"'Tis so."

"Then, My Lord, what is their fate?"

"Do you see The Prince dead?"

"Yes, My Lord. And The Queen is crying, with the leg chains on. The carriage is gone. She is there with only one horse, a white one. On the side of the horse is a sign that says, 'Out to Pasture'. The date I see, My Lord, is 2002. I see the white horse with The Queen rise up and gallop off, My Lord. It has a sign on its rear, which I cannot read. Help me with this, Lord."

"Adjust your glasses."

"My Lord, it says, 'The Queen of Mean'."

"That's right, Child."

"My Lord, I see her stop the horse by the dark rushing current of a stream. It is a full moon. She lifts her dress and wades the dark current and goes to the other side. My Lord, she meets Saddam Hussein."

"'Tis so, Child."

"Then, My Lord, she gets into the back of a small, red buggy, and he carries her to a tent. It is an army tent, and they sit in the tent and chat. His teeth are sharp, My Lord, and his hair is long and black."

"'Tis so, Child."

"Then, My Lord, she will lose her power, The Prince shall die, and she shall be very angry. Because of her losses, she will team up with Saddam Hussein. She will lose power due to plotting of others?"

"'Tis so."

"Then, My Lord, she shall be split in half because she loses power? Or, is it because her husband dies?"

"Neither, My Child. She shall be split in half through war."

"In what way, My Lord?"

"Through carnage and pillage, Child, she shall be split in half."

"You mean destroyed?"

"Utterly. All she is and all she represents."

"You mean her properties, split in half?"

"Much more than just properties."

"What, My Lord?"

"Her height shall be split in half. Her weight shall be split in half. Her family shall be split in half. Her children shall be split in half."

"I do not understand."

"Look, My Child, what else do you see?"

"My Lord, I see much nuclear war. Who brings this?"

"Look, Child."

"My Lord, I see Russia. Then, over the mountains and hills comes Red China."

"'Tis so, but not all."

"Is there more?"

"Yes, indeed. See whom she squabble with?"

"My Lord, it is Saddam Hussein. What does he do now?"

"He rides over The Queen with his black horses."

"But, why My Lord?"

"To get his half."

"My Lord, this is terrible. But does it all relate to the castle on the hill? Tell me about this castle with the bats flying out turning into blue birds?"

"Child, I have reserved this for last. There is a rope ladder. Take it on up to the castle."

"My Lord, I have the rope, and I am climbing now up this ladder. This is very hard climbing, as this hill is very tall, and the castle sits way up on the hill, by itself. I see now, My Lord, that this castle has a door on either side. On the one side there is a sign above the door, which says Rothschild. On the other door, it says Rockefeller. Two families living in one, big castle on a hill."



"Or, so it appears, My Child."

"Now kick the door that says, 'Rothschild'."

"My Lord, I am kicking, but it is only a paper door."

"'Tis true, Child, only a paper door. Go on in."

"My Lord, I am in a very light and airy room. I do not see the roof, as there are trees growing in here. It is a room full of computers generating huge piles of ticker tapes. These tapes fall into piles, My Lord, and these piles turn into something."

"What do they turn into?"

"Rocks. These are talking rocks. They make a sound like the sound of a loud horn. And, they say the same phrase."

"And, what is that phrase?"

"'Everything is alive and well on planet, Earth.' Then, My Lord, each of these rocks tosses a small piece of paper with this message into a spring, which bubbles up in their midst. The spring takes the messages and turns them into worms. My Lord, this spring is full of worms. And, at the base of this deep spring is someone sitting on a rock, weeping. My Lord, it is Rapunzel."

"Child, do not be tricked by this one. You know this is Luciferian."

"Thank you, My Precious Lord, for reminding me. I was about to be tricked by a sob story. Now, I see two very tall trees, with very long trunks, and at the top are many, many branches with leaves. These two trees go all the way out the top of the castle, where I see many blue birds flying around the top of the tree. Sitting among these blue birds at the very top of the castle, I see a very large, ugly, black vulture. My Lord, what does all this mean?"

"Child, go to the door on the right and open it."

"My Lord, I am at the door, and it is only another paper door. I can stick my hand right through it. In fact, I am walking right through it."

"'Tis so, Child. Now go outside and look at the name over the door. What does it say?"

"Rockefeller."

"Now, My Child, come around to the front of the castle. Walk around the circular porch. What do you see there?"

"My Lord, I see one empty bench. Then, I see a large clay flowerpot, which is also empty. This is all, My Lord, except for a screened door. The screen on the door is old and it is falling apart. The screen has large holes in it where it has corroded away. There is no need for this screen as it is so rotten and serves no purpose."

"Exactly, My Child. All is known."

"My Lord, will you explain this to me?"

"Child, I will. It is what you see. Two families living as one. They have no wealth save it be paper. This door to their castle is easily broken. Their computers constantly generate much saying all is well financially, but My Child, the rock solid appearance of their financial reports feeds Satan's spring, which is based on a lie.

My Child, paper burns. It may enwrap the rock, as in a child's game, but in short notice it will turn into worms and feed Satan's stream of rot and destruction.

"Blue birds fly above these two trees, The Rockefeller and The Rothschild Trees, as they believe all is 'chirpy'. However, My Child, look who sits among the trees."

"It is a black vulture, My Lord!"

"'Tis so, and it shall devour them. For, they send out bats, which they wish all to see as bluebirds. Their works are evil, yet they wish others to see them as good. I stamp my foot in this castle, and the windowpanes crack and fall out. I toss a match into the midst of this castle and burn it to the ground. Now, Child what do you see?"

"My Lord, I see a hill with charred bricks and rocks. The trees are gone and nothing remains but one charred stub. The Rockefeller tree is burnt not even with the ground, but burnt into the ground, leaving a black hole where it once stood. The Rothschild tree, My Lord, has remaining a black trunk of about 18 inches high. This is all that remains."

"My Child, what you see is true. I am Jesus. I am Jehovah...even Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 9th day of July, 1997,  
Linda Newkirk

### **Questions to The Lord about The July 9th Prophecy.**

"My Lord, as it is upon my mind, I come to you this morning on 10th of July, 1997 to drink more of The River regarding the man with the cane, who gave me the cookie yesterday."

"Blessed Child, it is I, Master Jesus. Blessed are you, indeed, for your heart yearns to swim the depth of The River, and in time all shall be shown you. The man, Little One, is The Prophet John, the same author of The Book of Revelation and more; even your son at the time of my death."

"My Lord, you said, son?"

"Child, I am saying to you that he was indeed your son (in another life)."

"Well, My Lord, people will once again toss out all for they do not believe in this thing called reincarnation."

"Nay, many do not, but go not with the masses or be concerned with religiosity. My Child, religiosity is a ritual devoid of me. I am not to be found in religiosity. Worry not for the masses. Write as I say."

"My Lord, I do my best, well aware of my faults and shortcomings. Being called to write for you humbles me to the ground."

"For this, I call you: for your love and compassion, for your kind heart, My Child, toward me and others."

"But, My Lord, I do not feel kind at times. It seems that my tolerance is low."

"And so it should be for lying and double crossing, for malice and contempt. Yea, let your tolerance be short for this and let your patience and tolerance run long for the true suffering, the sincere of heart."

"My Lord, it is just hard sometimes to tell the difference as some run first one way and then the next."

"Tis so, My Child, for all mankind. It is given to you to know the difference and this comes not from the mind, from thinking, but from spirit to Spirit. The more you are found worthy to have The Spirit of Truth, The Holy Spirit of Promise in you, the more you will discern, even discern at all times, 100% of the time."

"My Lord, I pray for this, and work for this. When I stumble, I just pick myself up, dust myself off and go back to the trough."

"Tis so, My Child, and this is as I expect for all, who love me. Not perfection, for there is not one among you who is so. But striving, My Child, striving to be so. This comes through error, most often trial and error. For, so many of you do not wish to know the depth of My Word, which can only be given you through The River.

"Now, Little One, of The Prophet, John, who has come to you in a vision. He has one eye, which is crystal clear. It runs a crystal clear blue with The River. The other has a rotating sphere, which twinkles as a star. My Child, the two eyes represent how one will discern The Book of Revelation. Most will discern it with the eye of the material world--the twinkling star. Those, who discern clearly will do so only with The River--The Holy Spirit of Promise. The Prophet is thin, as My Word in this Book is lean."

"How is it lean, My Lord?"

"The Book of Revelation is devoid of fat, devoid of fluff. Every sentence is meaningful. It is lean with the muscle of My Word, of strength in me."

"Then, My Lord, what is the cane?"

"The man is old as The Book of Revelation is old. He walks with a cane as one is crippled in understanding this word if seen through the eyes of the world."

"What of the tray and the cookie?"

"The ornate tray is the ornate word of The Book of Revelation. The pattern is carved deep into the tray, as My Word goes deep in The Book of Revelation. Just as in these visions given you, Child, there is much more than meets the eye."

"And the cookie?"

"The cookie is that given you of The Prophet John, your son from another life."

"Which is?"

"The great prayer for the gift of prophecy for you."

"My Lord, where is he now?"

"Well, Child, he sits among The Twelve."

"My Lord, my mind digresses to a vision I had ten years ago when The Apostle Paul appeared to me, adorned in radiant white. He shocked me deeply when he identified himself as The Apostle Paul. I cried so, as I was afraid and could not understand why he came to me. Why did he come to me?"

"The parallels in your life to that of Paul."

"But, My Lord, I never persecuted Christians."

"Nay, but you had little tolerance for the shallow walk. You never fit in. This angered you, and you knew not why,"

"Yes, My Lord, this is true I was searching for so many years and did not know what I was searching for. Life became so hard, so difficult and lonely."

"Then, you gave up on life. Drowned your sorrows in alcohol. The Apostle Paul appeared to you to give you a foreshadowing of what was to come in your life."

"My Lord, I am no apostle."

"But, you are a latter-day prophet. I am raising you up to do a mighty work for me."

"My Lord, this is frightening."

"Be not frightened. Draw on the strength of your past as The Prophet Aaron, and other prophets. This path of prophecy is not new to you. I would not send those to the front lines to do battle as generals, who did not have a long history of battle. Go deep into The River, and you will be able to summon this past strength, and more!"

"Nevertheless, My Lord, I feel as if I am standing on a ledge way up high alone."

"Yea, in terms of a person to hold your hand. For others belittle you: even your own family. They do not understand you and wish to place you like a peg in a hole. Child, you will not fit--as your journey is unlike theirs. Yea, it is a lonely journey, for you have no tangible human hand to carry you upon This Mountain. But, My Child, the human hand is for a short while only. I am for an eternity."

"Praise be to God! Then, My Lord, what of the message in the cookie, which says, "Never on a Sunday."

"My Child, it means what it says, 'Never on a Sunday.'"

"Never what on a Sunday, My Lord?"

"Never do toil and trouble on a Sunday, but rest in The Lord."

"My Lord, what of doing these works for you?"

"My Child is this 'toil and trouble'?"

"No, My Lord."

"Then it speaks for self."

"And Psalms 28?"

"Does this not speak for self; that this is a Psalm for you, for your life? That John, The Apostle, sends this to you? Study and memorize, as one day you will not be able to own a Bible."

"My Lord, I bow in reverence to You, to all The Apostles and what they went through in olden days. I honor them in their paths."

"Child 'tis no more than what you will walk, and many like you.

Yea, I am Jesus, Even Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As dictated and recorded this 10th day of July, 1997

Linda Newkirk

### **A Psalm of David**

Psalms 28:1-9

1. Unto Thee, will I cry, O Lord my rock; be not silent to me: lest, if Thou be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit.
2. Hear the voice of my supplications, when I cry unto Thee, when I lift up my hands toward Thy holy oracle.
3. Draw me not away with the wicked and with the workers of iniquity, which speak peace to their neighbors, but mischief in their hearts.
4. Give them according to their deeds, and according to the wickedness of their endeavors: give them after the work of their hands; render to them their just dessert.
5. Because they regard not the works of the Lord, nor the operation of His hands, He shall destroy them, and not build them up.
6. Blessed be the Lord, because He hath heard the voice of my supplications.
7. The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in Him, and I am helped; therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise Him.
8. The Lord is their strength, and He is the saving strength of his anointed.
9. Save Thy people, and bless Thine inheritance; feed them also, and lift them up for ever.

Before I began to receive messages from The Mountain, Jesus sent angels to give me messages. I sent some of these out via the Internet. A message that reincarnation is true caused an explosion of hate mail. I was accused of calling up dark and seducing spirits, communing with the devil and so on.

Many still believe the rumors that I am New Age and a crystal user or worshiper. I get mail requesting me to substantiate my faith. My brother cut off all communication with me for a while and sent me books against reincarnation. Oh, the push is on to save me!

I am including here a message from Jesus about reincarnation and also verses from The Bible for you to read and understand. Seek The Spirit of God in all things and you shall not go without understanding of Him and His Ways. Look for a great rain of God's Spirit in our midst. See. Zec. 10:1. This great flowing in of His Spirit will draw those of the true church, one to another. A mighty army shall rise from within this circle and will go with great miracles among God' people. For, He has spoken it.

## **BIBLE PASSAGES (KJV)**

### **John the Baptist was the spirit of Elijah reincarnated.**

Matthew 11:11-14

11. Verily I say unto you, Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist: notwithstanding he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he.
12. And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.
13. For all the prophets and the law prophesied until John.
14. And if ye will receive it, this is Elijah, which was for to come.

### **Jesus spoke to prophets gone on:**

Matthew 17: 1-3

1. And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James and John his brother, and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart,
2. And was transfigured before them: and His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as light.
3. And, behold there appeared unto them Moses and Elijah talking with Him.

### **Jesus speaks again of John the Baptist as being Elijah:**

Matthew 17: 10-13

10. And His disciples asked Him, saying, Why then say the scribes that Elijah must first come?
11. And Jesus answered and said unto them, Elijah truly shall first come, and restore all things.
12. But I say unto you, That Elijah is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed. Likewise shall also the Son of man suffer of them.
13. Then the disciples understood that He spake unto them of John the Baptist.

**"Neither can they die ANYMORE..."(caps mine.)**

Luke 21: 35-36

35. But they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage:
36. Neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.

**"But in it (the land) shall be A TENTH, and it shall return..." (Caps mine.)**

Isaiah 6:10-13

10. Make the heart of this people fat and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes; lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and convert and be healed.
11. Then, said I, Lord, how long? And He answered, Until the cities be wasted without inhabitant, and the houses without man, and the land be utterly desolate,
12. And the Lord have removed men far away, and there be a great forsaking in the midst of the land.
13. But yet it shall be a tenth, and it shall return, and shall be eaten: as a teil tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them, when they cast their leaves: so the holy seed shall be the substance thereof.

**"Him that overcometh..."**

Rev. 3:12

12. Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of My God, and he SHALL GO NO MORE OUT: and I will write upon him the name of My God, and the name of the city of My God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from My God: and I will write upon him My new name. (Caps mine. Why is he talking about going out again? If people died and went to heaven and stayed they would certainly go out no more. But they do go out. Read below and you will see.)

**"The first resurrection..."**

Rev 20: 4-5

4. And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgement was given unto them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshiped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years.
5. BUT THE REST OF THE DEAD LIVED NOT AGAIN UNTIL THE THOUSAND YEARS WERE FINISHED. This is the first resurrection. (caps mine.)  
[If we go back to the ten percent in Isaiah, we see that 90% are elsewhere. How many of these will live again? Also the many who are not resurrected will die again if we look at Luke 21, above.]

**Inherit Holy Mountain...**

Isaiah: 57:13

13. When thou criest, let thy companies deliver thee; but the wind shall carry them all away; vanity shall take them: but he that putteth his trust in Me shall possess the land, and shall inherit My holy mountain. [From King Solomon's blunders, we know all about vanity. Most everyone has had to deal with vanity. We have loved the worldly and pushed out God. We cannot love God and things of the world at the same time. As we grow spiritually and become strong in our spiritual walk and in wisdom from God, we do not seek the worldly, but things of God. We learn to live a simple life and walk a simple walk. God supplies our

needs. And He shall reward us. For we shall inherit His Holy Mountain. On this mountain is much that our minds cannot imagine, even The Tree of Life.]

### **New heavens and new earth...**

Isaiah: 65:17

17. For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and THE FORMER SHALL NOT BE REMEMBERED, NOR COME TO MIND. (caps mine)

### **Must be born again of flesh and of Spirit**

John 3:4-7

4. Nicodemus saith unto Him, How can a man be born when he is old...can he enter the second time into this mother's womb, and be born...
5. Jesus answered. Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.
6. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.
7. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. (Jesus is talking about two separate things here. Birth through water, the birth canal, the flesh. And birth through The Spirit. Both are required to get into the kingdom of God. The meaning of this one simple statement has been missed over and over.)

## **FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**

### **Book I**

## **"THE VATICAN PROPHECIES"**

### **Chapter Four**

#### **On Reincarnation**

"Precious Child, it is I, Master Jesus. I come as you have summoned me from deep within your heart. Look around yourself and observe the flames of The Holy Spirit, and know that it is I, who commune with you through My Spirit.

Precious Child, You have been weary with heat from summer, and pain in the nerves of hips and legs. You are weary that many have hearts so closed to greater and deeper truths of The River. In sending these messages, you feel like you are shooting arrows in the darkness toward no certain destination."

"My Lord, this is so. I do wonder why reincarnation is not better explained in The Bible?"



"Child, at one time it was spoken of regularly, and most certainly known among all apostles. Yet, to know of reincarnation is not necessary for salvation. It is necessary for greater spiritual understanding. To know of one's journey provides much, but does not guarantee anything.

I guarantee Eternal Life through my simple message, Child. Most all are infants. For this reason, I have kept my focus simple."

"Then, My Lord, why have you given me this to carry forth at this time? Many wish to discredit all Your teachings because you have sent me with this to carry forth."

"Child, it is more for your spiritual growth than theirs that you get this out now."

"I do not fully understand how this can help me, My Lord. But in all things I wish to edify you."

"Let it be known that many will follow you in this. Those, who reject all you say as they do not accept one part, lose. Do you see? They break their own backs because they will not bend. If you had refused to send as I directed, you would have cut off part of your legs, even your feet, which you need to stand. You do as told, and I will use you for bigger and greater things.

The child may not wish to do the laundry. But, as he does chores, he later learns to drive a car, graduates school and marries. If this child will not do as asked, punishment unfolds. You do not seek punishment, but to act as my voice, to do my will."

"Yes, My Lord, this is so."

"On the other hand, those who reject that reincarnation is law or reject you or the rest of these messages lose. These messages, given to you, will not be fully appreciated until you are gone. Then, they will be priceless. Do not expect a large market. You will find interest here and there. After the war begins, these messages will go far and wide.

You are as Jeremiah bringing the wicked to reform: 1.They do not believe that they are wicked (a delusion); and 2.They are not worried about a punishing God, as they do not believe that there is a one.

I wish this fullness of My Gospel to come forth at this time. You need to be concerned only with doing as told. Write it and I will take care of the rest. Depend on me. Rely on my word. Rest in the truth of My Word. I bring the means to get these out. Rely on no one else. Be still and know that My Word is Truth.

I am Jesus. I am Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and written this 3rd day of July, 1997.

Linda Newkirk

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**FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**

**Book I**

**"THE VATICAN PROPHECIES"**

**Chapter Five**

**A Better Way**

July 11, 1997

"Precious Child, it is I, Master Jesus. I honor your self-discipline to get these messages out. The hour draws near, My Child, when you shall be hunted like an animal for writing the truth. But, have no fear. For, none shall lay hand on you until I say your work is finished.

Now, My Child, you find yourself upon this Mountain, most beautiful, indeed. Take the hand of Kikiara, The Keeper of the Book of Life, and descend the steep path. You will come to a cavern across your path, and rushing currents, but do not worry. For, you have the most adept angel to carry you; and remember My Child; you have The Power of God. This Power will remove boulders from your path, even mountains. Now, go and record as given."

"My Lord, I descend now, aware of this very tall angel, with eyes of fire, attired fully in white. This angel is just to my right, and slightly behind. These rocks are slippery, My Lord. I am falling on them. I am sliding down this path over very slippery rocks. A slimy goo like that of algae is clinging to me."

"Curse it, Child, curse it."

"Hada, esheo, hada." It is translated, "You melt and fade as nothing." Then, I see all of it disappear at once and I know that it was one of Satan's tricks. At once, a most unusual red flower springs up on one of the rocks. These are very tall rocks and smooth, where no flower could grow. But, one springs up with great roots, which pour over the top of the huge boulder. This small flowering plant quickly grows into a large tree. It becomes tall and bushy with many red flowers and a thick trunk.

A door appears in the tree. A cuckoo bird hops out, and sings, "Cuckoo, cuckoo." Then, the "cuckoo" sound dissolves into gibberish, as if many voices are speaking at once. "Hayi heshno, ashidi." This is translated, "I curse you to ashes." And, the tree dissolves into gray ashes.

I see ahead on the path a dark overhang. It is made of rocks and hangs over the path like a cave. "My Lord, I know this is The Devil's den, and I do not cherish going through it."

"Then, Child, go not through it. Use the Power of God, and go over it."

"My Lord, how shall I do this?"

"Reach in your pocket, Child, for a small set of controls. Just push the control, which says, 'up', and The Power of God shall take you over this trap."

"So, I reach for the controls, and when I find them, I pushed, 'up'. I travel up and over the path. The Mountain breeze is cool and refreshing. I soar over great mountains, valleys and wide, swift streams, suddenly aware of wearing my Son-glasses, and carrying in my left hand a small, square, lunch box, something like a child would carry to school. "My Lord, what is this lunch box for?"

"Child, this shall feed you, as your journey shall be long. When I tell you, take out and eat what is therein; and it will empower you as you tire."

"My Lord, I see The Square. I know I am headed back to The Vatican."

"Yes, Child, for many pictures remain."

"My Lord, this must be the most evil place on the planet."

"My Child, 'tis one of many."

"Now, stop there on the wall. Sit and watch below, and take out the pear and eat of it."

"My Lord, I am eating this pear. It is most juicy and delicious. The juice is pouring from it, and dripping onto my hands and clothes. Everywhere it touches, it radiates white light. I see that my body is glowing, My Lord, my hands are glowing. Even my head is glowing."

"'Tis so, Child. This is food from above to nourish you, for your energies are low."

"I keep chewing, My Lord, but it just doesn't go away. The pear just builds in my mouth."

"When I tell you, Child, spit it out on the worker you see below, sweeping the square."

"As you say, My Lord."

"Child, look through your microscopic eyes at this man, do you recognize him?"

"No, My Lord."

"Look at the sign on his back. What does it say?"

"My Lord, it says, 'Frank Sinatra.' Frank Sinatra is sweeping The Vatican."

"He is."

"In what way, My Lord?"

"Spit it out, My Child, on his head, and you will see."

"My Lord, I spit it, but it only bounced off his head, as a hard ball and it caused him to split in half."

"'Tis so, Child. And what do you see now?"

"My Lord, it is a semblance of Porky Pig. He has a cookie sheet, which had sausage, as there are remnants, but no sausage. He holds it up and turns it over. A few sausage crumbs fall out along with a few drops of grease."

"My Child, look at the grease spots."

"I see them, My Lord. This Porky look-alike has turned into Mr. Sinatra. He is busy scrubbing, trying to clean up the grease spots."

"Look, Child at these grease spots, and follow them all the way into The Vatican and beyond. Do not step on them, just follow them."

"Then, My Lord, I shall use The Power of God to fly above them, as I do not wish to walk near them. Is there a control button so I might be able to fly over these spots? Where are the controls, My Lord?"

"Nay, I do not wish you to fly above. You must walk alongside. Precious One, your controls are gone nowhere. They are in your left hand."

"My Lord, I do see."

"Then, hop from the wall and follow these spots. The angel is beside you."

"My Lord, I am down here. I see these spots, which looked so small from above, but they are actually huge. The pig is scrubbing mightily, but he cannot get them up. They have become like amber, but much darker. He scrubs them furiously with a wide flat broom but only scratches them. My Lord, what are these spots?"

"Sin."

"In what way are they sin?"

"Child, take the control, point it at the large spot behind the pig, and cause it to open."

"I am doing this, My Lord, and I see a stairway going down somewhere. Mr. Sinatra, maybe twenty years of age, is following this stairway down."

"Then, what?"

"My Lord, I see people drinking, smoking, partying, and gambling. Then, someone drops a pitcher of beer onto the floor, and as it hits the floor, it starts a fire. Flames are leaping high, but few notice. I see only one woman, who is running hither and yon, shouting. She is the one, who dropped the beer. She is dressed like a Las Vegas showgirl or like a Playboy bunny without the tail. She is wearing fishnet stockings and high-heeled shoes. She has something on her right wrist. It is a cuff only of a shirt, which is for decor. This cuff has a cufflink, and it looks like a Lapis Lazuli stone is set in it. My eyes are called to this blue and white stone. I do not know why. The fire spreads up the legs of this woman, and burns off her stockings. She drops something, My Lord."

"Get it."

"I have it. It is a picture."

"Go into the picture, Child."

"My Lord, I have stepped into the picture and I am here in the study of The Pope. I see Pope John Paul II talking to someone, who is seated on a sofa beside him. He hands this person something, which she puts into her wallet."

"Child, whom does he talk with?"

"My Lord, I cannot make out the face. But it looks a bit like Cinderella."

"Are you certain?"

"No, My Lord."

"Look at her feet."

"I see them, My Lord."

"The tops of the shoes open up. Open them and take out the papers from both shoes."

"My Lord, I open the left shoe from the top and I take out the paper. It is at first only a blank sheet of paper. But, now I see that it has one black spot in the center. This black spot spreads and becomes a red spot, which consumes the whole page. The paper is now soaked with this red substance, which drips from the paper. This red substance looks like blood, and it is dripping onto the floor. My Lord, it falls to the feet of this woman, and is making a puddle."

"Get the paper now from the other shoe."

"My Lord, I have it. It is a very sticky paper, and hard to open."

"Curse the sticky part. You know who put it there."

"Hayi heshno odi." It translates, "I curse you to nothingness." As the sticky part vanishes, My Lord, I see Joan Crawford, standing in front of a mirror at a very old dresser, one reminiscent of the 40s or 50s."

"What is she doing, Child?"

"My Lord, she takes something from a drawer. It is a gun."

"Then, what?"

"She shoots a man in the heart, and kills him."

"Then, what?"

"My Lord, she puts him in a trunk under her bed, locks him up and hides him. She then goes to the window and opens the window. I see her looking out at the ocean. It looks like there is a thatched roof. I see straw hanging down outside."

"What more do you see?"

"My Lord, I see her put on a hat with a single feather. She pulls the trunk out the door and into the night. She drags it across the beach and goes out into the waves with it. The tide is going out, and she sends the body out into the dark waters. Then she gets out of the water, puts sand between her hands and rubs them together. I hear her say, 'I am done with that bastard.' My lord, this is an awful thing. Did she actually kill someone?"

"She did."

"Why did no one look for this?"

"They have."

"Then, why did they not find that it was she?"

"No evidence to speak of."

"No blood?"

"Not that they could find."

"My Lord, what am I looking at here with this man trying to clean up in The Square, then the trip down the stairs, then Sinatra partying, then The Pope with this woman?"

"I shall tell you, My Child, but first let us go back to The Pope in the study. Who stands beside this woman with the shoes?"

"My Lord, I see a man behind this woman, who is Joan Crawford. He is not looking at her, and he is not looking at the pope. But he is holding onto the back of the couch behind Joan Crawford, gripping it with a great strength. His grip is so strong that his knuckles are turning white. He looks out the window and he cries. He says, 'My poor baby. I want my baby.'"

"Child, who is this man?"

"My Lord, I do not know. He is dressed in a dark suit with a black and green plaid vest. His shoes are black and white. They are clown shoes. The toes are very big and inflated in size. My Lord, he also has a very big, red clown nose and is crying big tears. These tears are falling down on the head of Cinderella/Joan Crawford and are melting this Cinderella appearance. Her head, her dress, everything is gone now, melted. It looks like the wicked witch of the West has taken the place of Cinderella. I see her now in a basement area. There is no one there but her, and she is standing before a black potbelly wood burning stove. She is steadily feeding wood into this stove. The fire is blazing hot, but she just keeps on pouring in the wood. She is all dressed in black, and her teeth are dripping blood. I see, My Lord, that each block of wood is hollow."

"Go there, Child. There is a written message in the piece of wood now in her hand. Take it out, and read the message."

"I have it, My Lord, and I open it up. On the piece of paper, I see only this Porky pig look-a-like out in The Square with a broom, trying to clean up spots."

"Look below, Child, and read the message."

"My Lord, it says, 'I am a murderer of innocent women and children.'"

"Who is a murderer, My Lord, and what does this mean?"

"My Child, you are in The Inner Sanctum of the pope again."

"But, My Lord, he professes no birth control and large families. He is against abortions. This, he speaks."

"My Child, he speaks lies."

"Why, My Lord, would he go before the masses and urge people toward these large families?"

"To deceive them."

"How, My Lord?"

"Who sits with the pope?"

"Well, it is Joan Crawford, the murderer, and someone I do not know."

"Child, this one you do not know is the hidden voice of Joan Crawford, the clown."

"My Lord, how was she a clown? I do not understand."

"Child, do you see the wicked stepmother there in the carriage, going to The Ball?"

"Yes, My Lord, I do. And, beside her is Joan Crawford, looking like Cinderella."

"But is she Cinderella?"

"No, My Lord, she is the wicked witch. But how does this make her a clown?"

"The inner self, the hidden self, is dressed in black. It is evil. It wears a vest of black and green close to her heart. The green represents money. The black represents death. The clown has a red nose, as it belongs

to the Red Dragon. The clown has white shoes, as this is the foot she wished to put forward...a white pure foot. Yet, it was a foot, adorned with black in parts, as she could not hide her true self from those, who knew her."

"But, My Lord, why is she talking to the pope?"

"For forgiveness, Child?"

"But, My Lord, surely she had no religious connections."

"Oh, she had religious connections!"

"With The Pope, My Lord?"

"With his kind."

"What do you mean, 'With his kind?'"

"They serve the same master."

"So, she did not actually go to The Vatican?"

"She did not need to."

"How is this?"

"Satan's temple is everywhere."

"Why do you show me this?"

"To show you, My Child, that the most unlikely ones serve the same master."

"And, what of Frank Sinatra and the pig scrubbing and the drinking and the smoking and gambling? And who is the cocktail waitress, who started the fire?"

"Do you remember what happens to the fat? That the fat burns, for it has participated in the taking of innocent lives."

"Yes, My Lord, but how does this relate to Mr. Sinatra? How has he participated in the taking of innocent life?"

"Through his hidden works, Child."

"Like what, My Lord?"

"Pornography and prostitution."

"I have never seen this."

"Nay, you would not."

"My Lord, he has presented a certain image to the public."



"Child, do you believe you are naive?"

"My Lord, I am in certain ways."

"Go to Mr. Sinatra there at the table in the bar. Take the knife from his pocket. Open it up and read what is written on the blade."

"My Lord, I have a large knife with a pearl handle. I open it and on one side it says, 'I kill', and on the other side it says, 'innocent women and children.'"

"Child, look at Mr. Sinatra. What do you see?"

"My Lord, I see someone with thick, black, slicked back hair. His fingernails are long and look like knives. He is chewing something and smacking as he chews. It is a ball of something. I do not think it is gum. He is fully dressed in black with a little bit of tan trim along the front where his shirt buttons and along the edge of the fly of his pants. His shoes also look like clown shoes, with big black toes. But the heels are missing in the back part of the shoes. I see drops of bright, red blood on his shoes, My Lord, which are dripping from the knives/fingernails. His teeth are white, but his mouth is like one, big black cavern."

"Look in the cavern. What do you see?"

"My Lord, I see blackness with a few twinkling stars."

"Go on in."

"I will as you ask me, My Lord, but this is no joy, as it is foul in here. The fumes are awful. They are burning my nose."

"Take the white handkerchief from your pocket. Cover your nose, and you will no longer smell it."

"Yes, My Lord, I am fine, now."

"What do you see?"

"My Lord, I am shining this light as it is so dark in here. I see bats hanging from the roof of his mouth."

"What more?"

"A fountain of a black liquid is gurgling from his throat. It looks like black ink."

"Touch this ink."

"It is greasy."

"What more, Child?"

"My Lord, it is sticky. It sticks to my fingers like thick glue. I cannot get it off."

"Curse it, Child."

"Hayi heshno odi." I curse you to nothingness. Then, it disappears from my hands and from around me. The inside of the mouth becomes a light tan, still with twinkling stars. Yet, the black spring still gurgles. And, the fumes still pour forth from the spring. "My Lord, tell me what all this means."

"Child, you are seeing the inner Frank Sinatra, not the outer image. You have heard of his underground connections. But, they go far deeper than what you know: into prostitution, gambling, drugs and other vices. The woman, who dropped the pitcher of beer near the table of Frank Sinatra, was the woman of prostitution. She dropped the beer and it caught fire, as he was engaged in the spreading of the vices of liquor and gambling through the underworld. His connections through this spread like fire and grew to include drugs. Do you see that he looks like a gangster all dressed in black with thick black hair? The state of his soul is black, devoid of My Light. His shoes look like clown shoes, and he would have you believe he is pristine."

"My Lord, how is he a clown?"

"He dances a jig for Satan with his black shoes. The backs are out of the shoes, as he has a very large hole in his image before the public. He is a clown, because he is an act. People see through this hole in his makeup, but he is blind to what others see and know. His clothes are black, as he is evil through and through, save it be the small border along the front of his shirt, and fly."

"What is this border, My Lord?"

"My Child, this tan border has to do with image. It has been carefully sewn into these places to create an image of caring. Along the opening of his shirt just outside the buttons, to project an image of 'I would give you the shirt off my back', and along the fly to mean, 'I would give you my own pants. Even this, Child, is tan. It is not white, as the motive is not pure. It is good but for show. Therefore, it is seen for what it is, something added to, something sewn on the exterior of his shirt. My Child, his hands have knives, which drip blood on his shoes, as his works have caused numerous people to die. The pearl-handled knife is a utensil. It is pearl on the outside to show good intentions, works done to show good. But, if you look beneath the surface, you will see that through his works with the mob, he has killed many innocent women and children."

"My Lord, how?"

"Through alcohol, drugs, prostitution, pornography, and even kiddy porn and abortions. This is how, My Child. This kind of thing The Mob does."

"My Lord, this is very sad, as this man is dying."

"Yea, My Child, for it is one soul to hell."

"My Lord, is this man one of the Ring Leaders, who never gets out of The Lake?"

"He is not, My Child. For, much of what he has done has been through ignorance, and he has taken such bait as that offered by The Pope. Child, there are many, many, who will end up in hell, because they have traded their souls for power and fame. Most of these are lost, My Child. They hear the call of the worldly, and begin to worship money and material. They become lost and know not why. I do not fault the ignorant, My Child. But, I hold great judgment against one, who knows truth, who knows me, and casts me aside for a life with Satan. Child, the punishment for this one is much more severe. Now, My Child, I do hope you understand why reincarnation is a necessary thing. Child, look at The Lake of Fire, what do you see?"

"My Lord, I see many, many souls in great agony. Many are cursing you. Some are weeping. Now and then, My Lord, I see one say, 'God help me.' Then to this one, I see an angel throw a life vest, and I see this one pulled up to the top of a dark mountain and given something to drink. Now and then, My Lord, I see one of these weeping being led to the door by this one, who gives the drink. The door says, "God is The Way Out."

"'Tis so, My Child. It is not my desire to have any suffer more than what they need. But, you must remember, My Child, that a rebellious spirit is un-teachable, save it be through trial and error. And, this is a very long road."

"So, My Lord, those who are the most rebellious will have many difficult roads?"

"'Tis so. For, they must be broken of self will, that a higher will can bring them to a better way. The way of the material is the way of destruction--here today and gone tomorrow. The way of My Spirit, My Way, The Higher Way, is eternal. Child, one's journey is about recognition of me as Lord of Earth. It is also about evolution of the soul to higher, more purified levels.

Child, I cannot and will not wave a magic wand and cause negative parts of you to dissolve. Satan waves the magic wand. I bring you along the rocky roads of self until these are purified through My Light. This is not overnight as many in religious circles would have you believe. Child, this involves a great desire to walk a narrow course and it is great work to stay on the course.

The grease spots you see in The Vatican can never be cleansed with a broom. Neither, can The Pope wave a magic wand. But, I will give you, each of you, the soap and water of My Word; and you will do your part.

I am Jesus. I am Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 11th day of July, 1997,  
Linda Newkirk

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**FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES****Book I****"THE VATICAN PROPHECIES"****Chapter Six****"Death of the Papacy"**

"Precious Child, it is I, Master Jesus. You come to the garden, most wondrous, atop The Mountain. Yet, not all grows to perfection here. In times past you have seen the rose most thorny; and now the hawthorn you see, as it stands tall among the lilies. But not for long, Child. For, I shall take my hand and pluck it and its roots from this mountain. And this mountain shall glow with my complete radiance and purity minus this thorn and his roots.

Now, Child, you have in place your son-glasses, and you have strengthened your feet in Me and My word. You wear my helmet and I have fortified your ears to hear my voice. Look below, Child. And, write what you see."

"My Lord, I see the golden chariot of Queen Elizabeth, and it is pulled by two black horses. There at the helm of the carriage is one with a steep, black top hat, who looks like a toy soldier. He is dressed in an ornate red coat and black pants. I see The Queen as the toy soldier helps her from the carriage; but, My Lord, her face is different. I see one rotten tooth. It is in the upper front and it is rotten to the gum. Her gums below her bottom teeth are red and oozing infection and her breath smells rotten. I see little flies flying around the outside of her mouth. But when I look closer, My Lord, I can see that these flies are military planes.

The Queen wears a vest-coat of tan brocade with a white ruffled shirt. The ruffles have green trim along the outer boundaries. She wears a tan skirt with large pockets, stuffed with keys. A long chain of keys hangs out of each pocket. These keys are attached to and embedded into her hipbone. Her skirt is very short, way above her knees, and her knees are knobbly. She wears a black garter belt with thick, brown stockings, which old ladies used to wear; and she wears thongs for shoes. My Lord, she has no underwear and shows her firm buttocks as she is a little humped like a hunchback. Suddenly, she changes to an upright position, looking much younger and seductive.

I see someone getting out of the carriage behind her. It is Saddam Hussein. He has left a large, black ledger in the carriage. The book has a bookmark and at the top of the bookmark is written, 'seal of approval.' My Lord, what is this book marker?"

"Child, peel the tab off the outer cover and read the label."

"My Lord, I am peeling, and I see a large, red dragon and writing, which I cannot understand."

"Adjust your son-glasses."

"I have done so, My Lord. The writing says: 'Keeper of the World.'

"This is so, Child. The devil is now in charge of the world. The red dragon runs the show among the elite."

"My Lord, I see Saddam Hussein get out of the carriage, dressed to the hilt with a green striped suit. This suit is black with very tiny green stripes. His teeth are very sharp, and are of gold. Behind each tooth is a platinum screw. I do not know if these hold the gold teeth in place, but they are there. He smiles, then takes his military cap and pops the queen on the rear end as she bends forward to adjust the stockings around her toes. His shoes are large and very black and shiny. They look a little like clown shoes with very big, black toes, and a black strap around the heel. He is wearing light green and plaid socks.

When he pops The Queen on the rear, her left hip gets very red and deflates, leaving the hip looking old and wrinkled. It is devoid of flesh, with nothing remaining but skin and bones. The Queen does not even seem to notice. She just keeps on adjusting her stockings between her big toe and the next toe. There is a wrinkle, which is aggravating her. She spits on her forefinger and rubs the spit on the thumb of her right hand. Then, she rubs the spit between these toes, which are giving her problems. Then, she raises up, and takes Saddam's left arm with her right arm.

Then, they go dancing a jig. I see little gnomes all around The Square at the Vatican singing, 'We're off to see the wizard.' Then I see a fountain, which suddenly appears in The Square. It is made to resemble a birdbath and shoots up clear water. Water rolls off the edges as there are no boundaries. The water is clear and there is a most enigmatic image in the water. It is an image of Uncle Sam. He has the face of Uncle Sam, minus the top hat. However, he has only a torso, with no lower body, legs or arms; and he wears a red-striped vest. I see smoldering, smoking places on the torso. Around the head the smoke is collecting as it passes out the eyes and ears of Uncle Sam. But the mouth is sealed with iron bars. Behind these bars is a thick, white wall and no smoke gets out the mouth.

This clear water flows out the center of the fountain and onto this dark round, circular area. The minute this water hits the round area, the area around the ghost of Uncle Sam, it turns a deep, dark color, as if dark ink has been suddenly thrown into this water. It flows off this elevated round area, which is about three feet high and onto The Square. When it hits The Square, it is seen as thick, black oil almost tar-like.

The Queen and Saddam do a jig around and around the fountain in the midst of this black muck. She slips as her feet are shod poorly. But, Saddam is big and strong, and he picks her up in his arms and holds her high. Oh, she is high for a minute!

Then, Saddam says, 'We had better go, as the midgets are looking and talking.' He takes her hand and both go back to the carriage. Thick, black goo falls from their shoes as they get into the carriage. The Queen notices this and decides to take off her shoes and stockings. Then she throws the shoes and stockings into The Square along with the gooey, black stuff. She sits in the carriage with Hussein, wearing neither stockings nor shoes.

'Let us go around back,' he says, and the two direct the toy soldier around to the back of The Vatican. Once, there, the Queen hops out barefoot and runs in through the back door of The Vatican. Saddam stays in the carriage. I see him take a black book. He opens it to page 493. On the page are three columns, each numbered to 25."

"My Lord, what are these numbers?"

"Child, take your son-glasses, and adjust them. Look in the left-hand corner. What does it say?"

"My Lord, I see some words written in a circle. These words say, 'Center for Disease'. And in the very center of the circle is a skeleton, playing a piano. He has a single red rose on the piano in a small bud vase. The skeleton plays a tune. My Lord, it is a funeral march. Saddam makes an entry in each column, at number eight and he writes, 'satisfied.'"

My Lord, The Queen enters The Vatican. But does not look like The Queen. She looks like a beggar. She wears a plain tan and yellow plaid scarf around her head. Her hair is very gray. I notice large calluses on some of the toes of her left foot, but none on her right foot. The toe next to the big toe on her left foot appears to be broken."

"Child, go up to the mailbox and look in."

"My Lord, I am here. As I look in the box I see a 3"X5" card. On it is a picture, which is covered by clear cellophane. I am opening this; so as to get a better view. My Lord, it is a picture of a keyhole. There is gold metal around the hole, and I see that a skeleton key will be needed to open this."

"Climb through, Child."

"My Lord, I have climbed through this keyhole and I find myself on a yellow kitchen counter. I see a bear below me on the floor. He is reaching into a tree and taking out blocks of honeycombs, which are covered with bees. He is eating this honey, and these bees are flying all around his mouth. But, the bear does not seem to care. The bear, My Lord, is The Pope. First the bear, then the Pope. The face is not of Pope John Paul, II, but of someone else. He has something of a ruddy complexion with rotund cheeks and brownish hair. He wears the cap of an archbishop, but looks like a pope. He is dressed in white. Now, he is the bear, eating honey again, with the bees all around.

He has emerged now as The Pope only, My Lord, and I see him on a platform with wheels. He paddles over the ocean, then travels over the land, basking in the sun. This man has dimples and he carries a gold knife, attached to his right ankle. This knife is covered so others do not know about it. My Lord, he is basking in the sun when suddenly he hears an explosion. The Earth rumbles. It cracks. I see lava running forth from a mountain and down the streets. Where it travels is fire. Houses, trees, everything is burning. There is a volcano, which has blown. Rocks and ash are spewing forth everywhere. The Pope runs inside and dials 911.

I see Queen Elizabeth run from the back door. She has two bags full of gold bricks. Saddam is waiting. They direct the driver out of The Vatican and they leave in a fury through an archway. Then, I see this pope/archbishop go to the uppermost floor of The Vatican. He smells smoke and sees fire for great distances. He is very nervous. He has a chain of gold keys which go all the way around his waist. He looks off in the distance and sees the great destruction. He paces back and forth, as he has called 911, but no one has come.

A large rat appears and says, 'I will give you a ride.'

The Pope/Archbishop gets on the back of the rat. He puts on a brown monk's robe, so that he will not be noticed, and climbs aboard a tiny platform with wheels, driven by a large rat. The rat carries him swiftly through the streets and out to sea. The hot lava pours into the sea, and the sea is becoming very, very warm. The Pope/Archbishop says, 'I am drowning,' as he fights the heated sea. He looks around and the rat scurries into a big, black hole. The rat beckons for The Pope to come into the hole. Frightened, The Pope goes into the black hole.

He looks around in the hole and sees several Mafia types, each of them wearing heavy, black chains. The Pope/Archbishop looks at his own legs and arms to see that he is in heavy, gold chains. One of the Mafia types pulls out a very large, sharp, black knife and cuts off the right ear of The Pope. He spits on the ear, and then mashes it beneath his black and white striped shoes. Then he says to The Pope, 'I will make you a deal. Your freedom for half of your gold chains.'

The Pope/Archbishop thinks for a moment, then says, "Deal." Then, the Mafia type cuts his thumb, and The Pope/Archbishop cuts his thumb. They bleed into each another--a blood covenant. Suddenly, The Pope/Archbishop looks very old. His hair is very white. He grabs his stomach and keels over. The blood of the underground, Mafia type was laced with cyanide. The Pope became poisoned quickly and died.

The underground rat comes out of his hole, all dressed in white. He is big, round and fat. His black and white striped shoes stood out like two zebras on his feet. He smokes a very large cigar, as he stands on the wall at The Vatican. He boasts, 'I own half The Pope.' Then, he reaches down to the other side of the wall, where a frightened, old, thin, white-haired man crouches. And, he drags him up by the nap of the neck and puts the old man on the wall, 'The next pope,' he says.

I look at the next pope who is old and emaciated. Several rats/people are goading him in the side with black swords and he is stumbling to remain erect. I see him go into his study late at night. The clock on the desk reads 11:59 PM. The date is June 02, 2001 and the pope says, "I am dying." He puts his head on his desk and quickly disintegrates into a pile of dusty bones. I hear the sounds of the ambulance in the distance as it comes up to the door of The Vatican to get the corpse. But there is no corpse, only a short, wide board which reads, "Never again."

"My Lord, this is very lengthy, and most definitely way above my powers of understanding. Please help me."

"Child, you see Queen Elizabeth come up to The Vatican in her gold chariot, but it is driven by black horses of Saddam Hussein."

"Why two horses?"

"Child, he has grown to twice the stature."

"And the toy soldier is..."

"Her toy soldier. She has been relegated to the position of toy soldier in the world."

"And, her appearance?"

"Child, her rotten tooth is her blood agreement with Saddam Hussein. Her lower gums are infected and swollen. Child, these are her outlying possessions. There is sickness therein, caused by germ warfare."

"And, the tan brocade coat?"

"The frills of royalty. She continues with the appearances, even with a white shirt. She wishes to appear pure. This frill is laced with US currency--the green on the ruffle. She has a mini-skirt, as her legs, her outlying holdings, are exposed. These legs are covered with thin stockings, and are ill equipped to protect themselves. She is holding up these outlying areas through darkness--the black garter. She has problems, real problems here; as her skirt is short, it does not cover her legs. Her military power is inadequate in these areas. Her rear is plump and exposed. She is focused on her appearance, and does not see that these outlying areas are not covered.

Hussein has a black book. Child, this is an evil book of his works. He carries it in the carriage with The Queen. The bookmark says, "Seal of Approval," because she approves of his works. Remember the blood covenant. The Book is the black book of The Devil--The Red Dragon--Lucifer himself. The Queen and Saddam are adding to this book. They work for Lucifer.

Saddam's suit is black, as he is evil. His shoes are large, black and shiny as military shoes, but with large toes, like clown shoes. Is he a clown, Child? No. But, he may look like a clown to some. The back is out of his shoes. In its place a black strap. Yet, both his shoes have thick, black doors behind these green and tan plaid socks you see.

Child, look at this teeth. They are gold and sharp. Hussein is a rich man. His teeth represent his military. They are polished and are like gold, with platinum screws behind each tooth."

"My Lord, what of the platinum?"

"Child, is platinum more valuable than gold?"

"I do believe so, My Lord."

"Then, 'tis so, his teeth, his military might are expensive, with costly reinforcements in place. He is armed to the hilt in the underground city. The heels on his shoes show green and tan socks. These are military socks. Behind these socks are dark doors, which lead far into The Earth to great military installations. He leans forward and pops The Queen on her exposed rear end, but she does not know it. She is busy trying to straighten out a wrinkle in the covering between her big toe and the toe next to the big toe. Child, these toes are on her right leg. This is the leg she leads with, the leg from her home. Then, as she bends to focus on the smaller picture at home, he swats her with his military on her behind. This is one large area governed by The Queen.""

"And, this area, My Lord?"

"Child, it is Canada."

"And, how so, My Lord?"

"Through bacteria and germ warfare Saddam strikes her in a silent way. She does not know this, and continues to go arm in arm with him. She cuts a jig with him and rejoices as The US has fallen. It is only a ghost of self, with no military might. It has only a head, a president, but this head is locked and barred by The UN--the white wall behind the bars of the mouth.

The smoke of destruction flows through its eyes, the people (of The USA). And through its ears, the people. Long before, the people stopped looking and listening. Now, it is too late. For, The US has been utterly destroyed from within and without.

The Water, The Spirit of Truth, My Spirit, flows freely from My Fountain--My River, from within the ghost. But, it goes nowhere. Communism is abound, Child. Blackness, darkness abounds all around the ghost of The US."

"What does 'around' mean, My Lord?"

"Just that, Child--all around, everywhere. The Spirit of Truth cannot spread."

"And, what of the black goo?"

"This darkness pours from the US and its boundaries--Canada, and Mexico. The Queen and Saddam rejoice in this. But, The Queen does not know that he has brought germ warfare against her in Canada. She sees that her shoes and stockings are black with this stickiness, this darkness, and she casts aside her



shoes and stockings for a ride Saddam, and she leaves these other areas to fend for selves. For, she is looking out for self. She and Saddam get back into the carriage, and goes to the rear of The Vatican. She gets out looking like an old hunchback with no shoes, as she has tossed out the covering of her feet--her outlying areas. Now, she is bare behind, and her feet and legs are bare. She looks like an old hunchback with a tan plaid scarf. She wears this tan scarf like the military wear in the desert, like that of Hussein. She is no longer able to defend herself."

"My Lord, she goes into The Vatican. Why?"

"Child, for gold. Did you not see her emerge with two very large bags of gold bricks, carrying them into the waiting carriage with Saddam Hussein? She gets gold from The Vatican to survive. She is half-naked."

"Then, My Lord, what of the journey through the keyhole into the kitchen?"

"The new pope/archbishop/devil is dipping into the honey tree--the tree of liquid gold--to secure gold for The Queen. The bees are the warplanes. They are flying around the mouth of The Pope. What is the mouth, Child?"

"My Lord, I do not know."

"The mouth is the opening to The Vatican."

"Which is?"

"The Square, Child. War is near The Vatican, but the Pope never believes that war will touch The Vatican. He believes that The Vatican is untouchable."

"And, My Lord, what of Hussein in the carriage?"

"Child, it is his record of germ warfare. It is the black book of darkness, of death."

"Why page 493?"

"Child this is his code. The four represents the four horses--red, black, white and the pale horse of death."

"And, 93 represents?"

"Child, nine is for minus, or negative. And three is for God, --The Father, Me, and The Holy Spirit. In other words, 493 translates war, death and the absence of God."

"The three columns are numbered 1-25. Why, My Lord?"

"There are three, who ride with Saddam."

"And, these are?"

"Victory, power and destruction."

"And that he makes a notation at number eight?"

"Child, he is 1/3 of the way through with his destruction."

"And, the title of the book mark, Center for Disease?"

"He is the center for the spread of much disease. That is the plan of the devil to kill many, many through germ warfare. The skeleton of death plays a death march. The red rose represents the blood, which will be shed, Child, by this man and his. Yet, the appearance will be through good, beautiful things that this blood is shed. Many will be deceived, even the Queen."

"So, there will be a new pope?"

"One in the stages of confirmation, acting as pope, basking in the sun unawares."

"And, a volcano will blow?"

"It will, Child. And war."

"Is this pope rescued from a sea of angry people?"

"He is rescued by The Mafia, who kill him."

"Then, The Mafia gets their own pope?"

"They do, Child, but this one is for only a very short while. The Papacy dies--it is done away with. The ambulance you hear is the sound of 911 coming to rescue The Pope. The noise is loud, like an ambulance. But, the people cannot rescue it. All that remains is a board. And the board, the governing body of the world, says, 'Never again.'

"My Lord, I thank you, and pray that I have seen and heard as you have directed and spoken."

"Go in me, My Child, and I show you through my eyes and ears. For, I am Jesus. Yea, Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 26th day of July, 1997,  
Linda Newkirk

**FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES****Book I****"UNITED NATIONS PROPHECIES"****Chapter Seven**

"Hear me, Oh, child, from The Mountain. It is my voice, the voice of Your Savior, Teacher and Confidante, Jesus, Lord of Earth. You have cried out to me in earnest, as you seek my truths, my direction. You sit high upon The Mountain. The air is most pure and cleansing, the garden, most radiant. Yet, all is not devoid of Lucifer and his traps set for you. Behold the dark tree. It has many dark roots, but no leaves. It has a dark door; and across the path leading down the mountain, he has placed a stumbling block. There are many paths down the Mountain, Child, the least of which is to walk.

Now, be aware of your son-glasses. And know that your feet are shod in my word, my wisdom and power. Behold your ears as large radiant cones for receiving my word, and My Spirit, enveloping you. Child, I have given you extra protection today; for, you shall need this in your travels. Now, Child, behold in your hand a radiant umbrella of golden light. Take it and open it, and glide slowly down The Mountain. Write as you see, and record as you are told."

"My Lord, I have the umbrella. It is opened, and I feel myself rising above The Mountain. I go now among clouds and feel the moisture on my face. I am aware of a thick shield--a force field--around me. Lord, I see the angel, Kikiara, beside me. I am approaching now the land below, and find myself on a wall. I am not sure what this wall is. It looks at first like The Great Wall of China. I see mountains to my left, and to my right I see a paved courtyard, a brick square. There are several flags, flying outside. I see The Canadian flag, The US flag at half-mast, The UN flag, and several other flags. I do not recognize many of them. My Lord, I am counting, and have stopped at 20 flags. There are many more than I had originally thought. I am looking past these flags at this huge building, which is United Nations World Headquarters. I see this sign over a set of double doors."

"Go up to the doors, and go in, Child."

"My Lord, I am here, and am trying to push these doors open, but they are stuck together with a substance that is like chewing gum, but thicker."

"Shine My Light upon it, Child, from the flashlight you have in your pocket."

"My Lord, I have done so, and the goo is now melting, falling onto the floor, and making a puddle. I have opened the doors, My Lord, and see a large rotunda below, filled with many rows of seats. I see open walkways around this area, with a vaulted ceiling. I see a vine hanging in front of me, My Lord."

"Ignore it."

"Yes, My Lord."

"Go down into the rotunda and up to the podium."

"Yes, My Lord, I am doing so, and am now here. All are gone, and it is very quiet in here, except for a cricket."

"You know who this is."

"Yes, My Lord, I know that it is another of Lucifer's tricks to distract me."

"Look at the manila folders in front of you, filled with many papers. Place it on top of the podium."

"I have it, My Lord. The vine has now moved over, My Lord, and is wrapping itself around the podium. It is trying to keep me away from these papers."

"Curse it."

"Hayi heshno odi!" The vine became dust, My Lord."

"Open it up."

"My Lord, I am trying, but here is the glue again. I shine the flashlight and it has melted it into a puddle, which is dripping into the dust. I have opened the folder, and the papers are starting to fly out one by one."

"Command them back."

"I command you back in the name of Jesus Christ! My Lord, they are returning, but I smell the most peculiar odor."

"Command it to die."

"Hada ishi oyih! Oh, My Lord, the evil herein is so thick, so terrible. It is an awful thing."

"Yes, Child, 'tis so, but you are in charge here. You go under my power, which is far greater than that of any evil on Earth. Now, Child, look at the first page."

"My Lord, I have it. I see a library card on the left, and it looks as if many have checked out these pages. They are stamped by many, many countries in various years."

"'Tis this, and much more, Child. Now, look at the first page and record."

"My Lord, I see some writing and a date, but this sticky stuff is all over the page again. But shining your light makes it clear. It is written: 'We have entered into an agreement among undersigned nations to pursue this war to the end for purposes of a better government, designed to serve all equally in government, in restitution of trade, and balance of power. Military force will be used as deemed necessary to make sure that all are governed fairly under this agreement of freedom for all. All for one. One for many. The United Nations World Government, June 03, 1999.' My Lord, once again I am lost in this. Please explain."

"Child, as is written...one government for all, all treated or deemed equal by this government, world communism, the forerunner of the Antichrist takeover. He is orchestrating all, and will shortly embody."

"Oh, My Lord, this is most frightening."

"And should be, for the hourglass moves to the last few grains of sand. Turn the page, Child."

"My Lord, I have turned it and see a limb of a tree devoid of leaves. It is a limb divided into two parts. One part of the limb goes away from me. It shoots down, and is burned. It is smoking. There is one part of the limb, which is brown. A bluebird is sitting on the limb. The bluebird is very fat and is whistling merrily. I believe this fat bird must be one of the 'R' families."

"This and more, Child."

"How so, My Lord?"

"'Tis a blue bird with a red stomach. Is it not?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"It is red with communism. It sings opposite the decree for one world government. It is more than just The Rothschilds; for these have swayed many nations to join the Bluebird Way. Remember the bluebirds, flying as bats, then bluebirds. Well, this is what you see. The flag of the USA is at half-mast. The Rockefeller arm is still smoldering, burning. War abounds. And this arm rises to world prominence. Did you not see that Germany was the one to help in the tossing of the casket of a dead USA over into The Swiss Alps? They nail the nail in your coffin through finances in The Swiss banking system. Child, this has been planned for much time. Be not brokenhearted in this. The greedy must fall. These must be brought down, and it will happen, one by one, until my return. Many innocents will go, but do not be overcome by this. Child, there is a higher way."

"So, My Lord, the fat Rothschilds are now in charge of world communism?"

"They are ringleaders, but not all. There is a group, who has long sought world dominion, called the Bilderbergers. These are the red stomachs of the Bluebird, and these include many world leaders as well as others of leadership quality. The rich wish to get richer and keep the masses as slaves. They are closing in on you more and more every day. Truth is a scarce commodity among them; and they have taken such control over your media that you, as a people, are strangulated. You starve for truth. You are served their rendition of truth. You are to know no hint of war, Child, until you are destroyed. Many parts of the world know of the great military maneuvers being performed with the sole purpose of bringing you down. Your secret government most certainly knows; but you, as a people, are being kept in the dark. Child, your time as a free country wanes."

"God, help us! God, help us!"

"Precious Child, many of you shall not make it through The Great Tribulation. This is so, and this great tribulation is upon you. You sleep. Awaken in me! Serve me that you--all of you--have eternal life! Now, Child let us continue. Look to the next page."

"My Lord, I am here, but this page is covered with a dark page, coated with a sticky boundary. I will take your light and burn it off. I am lifting this top page, which is gray in color. Now, My Lord, I see a page radiant with your light. And I see a leader. I believe he is the ruler of Egypt."

"'Tis so, Child."

"He talks with a woman. She looks like a dark-skinned Indian woman, adorned in Indian dress with a red dot in her forehead."

"She represents The Country of India."

"So, he is speaking with India, My Lord. She puts her hand on top of this small glass table, and he puts his hand atop hers. I see blood flowing from her hand onto the table, and off onto the thick, red carpet. He is sticking what looks like a very sharp nail right through her hand. He has her hand pinned to this table, but she makes no attempt to get up. He gets up and walks off hurriedly, and she gets up, My Lord, with a big hole in her right hand, which looks like a burn hole. She gasps and runs from the UN Building. There are German warplanes overhead. The Indian woman is frightened. She is running; and the warplanes are chasing her into the mountains where she hides.

I see a German commander walking the streets of India. Every now and then, he clicks his heels and salutes someone, who comes by. My Lord, I cannot make out their faces. They move by quickly and are fuzzy in appearance, like ghosts."

"'Tis so, Child."

"My Lord, I am quickly becoming lost in this. Please explain."

"Child, you have seen the Egyptian befriend India under false pretenses."

"How so, My Lord?"

"He gave India a hand. India believed it was sincere, but Egypt 'stuck it' to India."

"Stuck what, My Lord?"

"Child, bloodshed through war."

"Egypt attacked India?"

"It blew a hole in her hand."

"And, her hand is?"

"Her hand is her youth."

"I still do not understand."

"Look at the piece of white paper, Child, folded and then folded again. Open it."

"My Lord, it is opened. I see a piece of paper with a hole burned through the center. Behind it, I see dry, dusty earth. Sitting amidst this dry, dusty earth, I see an Indian peasant woman, washing filthy clothes in a tub of filthy water. Behind her is an army tent, and outside the tent is a German soldier with a telescope. He looks at a mountain far, far away. Across many mountains is desert. In this desert, I see the country of Egypt.

The Egyptian President is in his office. He picks up the phone and calls the tent of the German soldier. The Egyptian says something to the German soldier, which I do not understand. And, The German soldier says, 'Well done, My Friend.'

So, My Lord, Egypt has double-crossed India, promised them something, yet teamed with Germany to help invade India."

"There is more, Child."

"Like what, My Lord?"

"Child, see the old lady washing clothes? She has no shoes. Her teeth are rotten, and all but gone. She is a beggar with no food in her tray. In her pockets, she has a large roll of money--a loan from many countries.

Yet, this money is still in her pocket, as she is truly a beggar. It was never spent on her youth, who are truly starving. She cannot defend herself, as she has no shoes--no military. Her military might--her teeth--is gone. Remember that Germany is in charge. The Egyptian has double crossed India, and has actually helped The Germans invade her."

"But, why, Lord?"

"To eradicate, to kill and to control in the quest for world power."

"And, India is washing dirty clothes. What does this mean?"

"She is washing her sins, Child?"

"Which are?"

"Everything under the Sun. India has degenerated into the foulest of behaviors. She washes through superstition and religiosity."

"My Lord, are there not some Christians in India?"

"Yes, Child, but few."

"My Lord, what of the German soldier and the ghosts?"

"Child, the German soldier in India salutes ghosts of people quickly passing into oblivion. Death is rampant and moving on at a very fast pace."

"So, India was given money by those in power, yet they had no intention of her ever using it?"

"Tis so."

"And, Germany/UN quickly took over India?"

"There is more?"

"Like what, My Lord?"

"Every disease known to man."

"So, Germany and the UN One World Government unleashed germ warfare on them?"

"Along with nerve gas and chemical warfare. This is why you have seen the people in India flee to The Mountains, where she will not be hunted by the military."

"Oh, My Lord, this is terrible."

"Yes, Child. You must remember that The Antichrist has given orders to decrease the population of the world, such that the remaining numbers will be small. When he comes, the world will be in a terrible

state, and those, so suffering, will be eager to take 'the mark.' Those, who establish themselves far into the mountains, will have a chance to survive this.

Now, Precious One, I see you tire. Get these typed. I am Jesus. I am Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 29th day of July, 1997,  
Linda Newkirk

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**FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES****Book I****"UNITED NATIONS PROPHECIES"****Chapter Eight****The rise of Germany, The fall of England, and other countries**

"Precious Child, it is I, Master Jesus. You come, seeking My Way, My Light, My Life. I know your heart, your mind, and your soul. And, I know that you are about my work. Sit upon This Mountain most pure, and breathe this rarefied air. Swing my swing, which goes back and forth in My Word, My Truth, and My Light. Fear not the lion, which approaches from arrears, for you go under my protection. I empower your mind with My Mind, your spirit with My Spirit.

Now, Child, see the three angels of great light behind you. Take the stairway down The Mountain. Your feet never need touch the ground, lest you so wish, for you go under my power. Now, Child write what you see, and as given you to write."

"My Lord, I am skipping along down these steps, aware of these three radiant angels. They are very tall, maybe twelve feet tall or more, dressed in white, with eyes of white fire. I come now to a step, which is broken. I will glide over this one."

"It is an illusion, Child."

"I see, My Lord, that this is an illusion. I look to my right now to see a black and white spotted rabbit. It looks like a cartoon character; it is about five feet tall, sitting on its hind legs. It is looking my way, laughing. He most certainly thought I would fall, but I am gliding under your power, My Lord Jesus.

I notice that I am wearing a small round, white cap on my head. My feet are most radiant of golden-white light. I am wearing a white robe, like yours, My Lord, with a golden sash. I lift my arms, and am now levitating, gliding above these stairs, gently descending This Mountain. The air is crisp and clean. I am looking far below where the darkness is dense. These steps follow right into the middle of this great darkness."

"Tis so, Child. And, for this reason, I have sent three mighty warrior angels to accompany you. These have great skills in warring the darkness; and you will need this.

"Yes, My Lord. I have come now into the fullness of the darkness at the base of This Mountain. I am looking behind me at the great light atop Your Mountain, and am aware of such great contrast. I find myself here in the courtyard of The United Nations for a second time. I see flags, still flying high, but the numbers flying have diminished considerably since my last visit. All is dark within The UN World Headquarters Building, except for a faint light, which I see flickering from one of the windows.

My eyes are brought to these flags again. One of these angels is holding up The Flag of Canada, which has fallen into the mire. Dirt and muck are all over this courtyard. This flagpole for The Canadian Flag is broken off clearly at the base. I am getting an image that black horses have trampled this flag. There is much black mire and red muck all over this flag that I can hardly discern this as a flag.

The Flagpole of the USA flag is broken, and the flag is almost invisible. It has not been severed at the base, but is pushed over within a foot of the ground, The Flag in the mire. The stripes have been trampled, so they are no longer visible. All but ten stars are gone. I see ten gold stars at the top of the flag, shining brightly. The rest of the flag is virtually covered in red muck.

I see a black flag, flying high with a gold half moon. I do not know what this represents. Other flags are flying high, but I do not recognize which countries they represent. My eyes are guided toward a hill in the distance, where I see the Australian flag waving.

Next to the Australian flag on the hill is an army tent. I see soldiers come and go from this tent, carrying wounded soldiers into the tent on stretchers. The wounded keep going in, but I never see any come out. I see a soldier hobbling, with one wooden leg. He carries a sign, which reads, 'I hate Iraq.' Then, I see a red cloud start to descend upon the hill. A fine, red mist covers this flag, and the Flag becomes deep red, as the mist is soaked into the flag. Soon, deep red drops begin to fall from the flag.

Elsewhere, the red cloud hits the ground and begins to saturate the ground with red moisture. This liquid moves to low places and collects. Small tributaries begin to form in the low places. These meet one another and form red rivers. These red rivers move fiercely sucking people under their currents. I see homes, factories, and farms disappear. Everything in the path of these red rivers is sucked into them, and carried along.

I hear a rooster. Then I see it--a red rooster-- sitting atop the flagpole. It crows repeatedly. The red storm has settled and all in sight is utterly destroyed. The forests look like someone has taken huge machetes to the trees. Everywhere, houses are rubble. I see untold numbers out in the streets of the cities, dead. I see the Pope go here and there holding mass. Yet, only a handful of people are at his feet, worshipping him. Most run the other way when they see him. Here and there in the forests, I see the eyes of those seeking shelter. They collect in small numbers of two or three, shivering from fear. Tanks and army trucks rumble over the terrain, pushing the dead up into piles. The soldiers, running this military equipment, are Chinese. These poor people and their land have been utterly destroyed by The Red Chinese.

"'Tis so, Child."

"My Lord, I am wondering where The Queen of the Kingdom is."

"Child, we shall come to this. For now, go back to the flags."

"My attention is now back to the front of The United Nations World Headquarters. I am looking at these flags here amidst this darkness. I am aware of five flags toppled and consumed by this red muck. I see others swaying, about to fall. I do not recognize many of these flags. The Flag of France is hanging low, but Germany's flies high. As I think of England, I am getting a vision of her overrun by black boots, which have trampled this flag into the black mire. I am searching for flags of South American countries, but I see none. Instead, I see a ring, which reminds me of a key ring. Within the center of this ring is a white flag-- The Flag of The UN. I am looking for other European countries. Belgium is still flying high, alongside The UN flag. It looks like the flags of most European countries are trampled into this mire. I see The Flag of China, flying high on her soil. Yet, I see the sword of China--the red sword--clash with the black sword from of The Arab alliance. This is taking place on Chinese soil."

"Child, you see the war go after the industrialized nations. One by one, these will succumb."

"Then what remains?"

"Some of the smaller island countries?"

"Like what?"

"Look for self: The Philippines, Singapore, some of the South Pacific Isles and other remote island countries."

"My Lord, it is very dark here at The UN. In the window a candle flickers, giving off little light."

"Child, go in."

"My Lord, I am trying, but all is locked and barred. One of the angels with me now takes a swipe across the doors with his sword of light, and cuts the doors into four pieces. Then with the power of his hands, he melts the doors. They vanish."

"That is my power, Child."

"My Lord, I am so tiny and they are so tall and mighty with your spirit. I am so humbled. I do not feel that I am worthy to behold such power."

"Were you not worthy, Child, you would not be called. Now, walk the trail of light."

"I am walking this trail of Your Light, as it goes before me. It leads up to the podium, where I came for the last UN Prophecies. As I look around, I see that no one is here. All is quiet. The lone, white candle is nearly burned out. It has dripped much wax onto the table, and has cascaded from the table onto the red carpet. All that remains of the white candle is a bit of liquid wax in the candleholder. The wick is black and almost burned away.

I have moved to the podium, where I see the same manila folder on a shelf just beneath the top of the podium. I take the folder and place it atop the podium. All is very easy to see and to read, as the light is most brilliant. I am very aware of these great beings standing around me, and am very grateful for their presence."

"Open the folder, Child, to part two."

"My Lord, I have opened this folder to Part Two. Beneath the words, 'Part Two', is written 'Gulf War Syndrome.' Why this, now? The Gulf War Syndrome is something of the past."

"No, Child, it is not in the past. This is very much alive, here and now."

"How so, My Lord?"

"Open it and you will see."

"I have opened 'Section Two', to find several pieces of white paper. On the second page is a skeleton at a black, grand piano. Sitting on the black piano, above the keys and to the left, is a red rose in full bloom, placed in a white bud vase. The skeleton is playing a catchy tune. He plays harder and louder, with many base notes. It is a funeral dirge. To the left of the skeleton on the wall is an open window. The wind howls through the open window, causing the curtains to flap furiously. I am noting that these curtains are white with a small amount of black trim.

As I look through the open window and into the distance, I see the castle of The Rothschild and Rockefeller families. From previous prophecies, you have shown me that this castle is divided into two parts. One door, I have seen labeled 'Rockefeller'; and the other door I have seen labeled, 'Rothschild.' You have shown me that these wish their works to appear as good, but that their works are in fact dark and evil. Now, I see that this castle has taken a hit through war. The Rockefeller side of this castle is now empty; and the door bearing the Rockefeller name is gone. In fact, the whole wall bearing the door is gone. Two partial walls and a floor remain. The third wall is part of the Rothschild section of the castle.

I see great activity around The Rothschild part of this castle. Large, black bats are swarming over this castle. Before my very eyes, these bats turn into black helicopters; and they darken the sky. Behind the castle, I see a large, bright sun in the sky. The sun is playing a tune. In the castle, I see men in black suits sitting in small chairs like those of children. These men are playing musical chairs. When the sun plays the music they stand and move around this circle of chairs. When the music stops, each takes a seat in a child's chair. I see many vacant chairs. As I count, there appear to be 24 chairs, but only eight men.

As I look at this sun, I am aware that this is no ordinary sun. It has bright, golden flowers around the borders. In fact, this border is rather thick with bright, golden flowers. Within the center of this sun is a smiley face. Suddenly, half the sun disappears before my eyes. It is as if someone took a knife and cut half of this sun away. A dark gray area takes the place of the missing half. This darkness seems to be causing a shadow to fall on the remaining half. It appears that the remaining half-sun shall be setting soon, as it is just above the horizon.

Suddenly, the game of musical chairs comes to a halt, and one from The Rothschild Family stands. He puts a telescope to his eye and he looks far in the distance toward Ireland and beyond. He focuses on The Bank of Man; then picks up a walkie-talkie and speaks to someone in this bank, saying: 'We will be shutting down this thing soon. Get ready for the new system.' My Lord, what is the new system?"

"Cashless, Child, cashless."

"Then, I see the man with the telescope compress the telescope until it appears to be a round object of approximately three inches in diameter. He puts this round object into his pocket. As he does so, a great explosion ensues. This explosion causes streaks of light, similar to lightening, to go in all directions from the castle. I look closely at one of these beams, and see written on it: 'I hear everything.' What is this, My Lord?"

"Surveillance, Child."

"So, The Rothschilds will be surveilling everyone?"

"It is their specialty."

"So, they are behind the cashless society?"

"They are."

"But, why?"

"They have managed to acquire a vast amount of it and they wish to keep others as slaves--keep others from having any."

"What is this sun?"

"Is it real or is it fake?"

"It is fake, My Lord."

"Who is the fake son?"

"Lucifer, My Lord."

"Well, he smiles on The Rothschilds, directs their every move. They obey him. He has led them to great wealth."

"And, they continue on, My Lord?"

"Yes, Child. They wish to rule the world."

"It seems that many wish to rule it."

"Yes, Child, they have worshipped Satan for much time, and each has been told that he would rule the world. Is this not his way?"

"Yes, My Lord. I see that eight play the musical chairs now. Each of these eight thinks he will rule the world?"

"Remember, you saw eight of The Rothschild clan play musical chairs. These are eight, who have joined The Rothschilds. They know that they are in The Rothschild Castle."

"And the black helicopters?"

"They belong to Germany."

"So, this worldwide blitz of black helicopters belongs to The Germans?"

"And to Lucifer."

"How, My Lord?"

"Child, you have heard of the men in black, the clones in these black helicopters. These have been created of Lucifer in conjunction with Germany, primarily."

"And also in conjunction with the USA?"

"Yes, indeed but at this point, The USA has fallen."

"So, Germany will use the clones to terrorize?"

"They will use them to terrorize and to spy."

"In what way?"

"Child, they possess super-human abilities. They are part Luciferian--given to have abilities of mind reading, and mind altering, which you do not have."

"So, these so-called aliens, or Luciferians, kidnapped women? Then, mated with them and created these clones, or the men in black which some have seen?"

"'Tis so."

"And where are these mostly?"

"Underground."

"Are some in military bases?"

"Yes, within mountains, deep within Germany. Also in your military installation currently within the desert."

"So, these clones, or the so-called men in black will be unleashed in great numbers? How many are there?"

"In excess of 200,000."

"So, they will help round up Christians?"

"'Tis so."

"Are they expendable?"

"Yes."

"In what way, My Lord?"

"Through sickness, disease, war--the same as you. They are half human."

"This is disgusting. Will these be done away with?"

"Yes, when I return all will be wiped out instantly."

"So, you know each one and his whereabouts at all times?"

"I know every one."

"What can people do to defend against them?"

"Be free in me. Live my laws. Know that the physical body is for a short while, only. I promise eternal life to those, who love me, and honor me through living my laws."

"So, My Lord, when the US military acts like they do not know anything about the aliens or the men in black, they lie."

"They do."

"Are all flying saucers Luciferian?"

"The USA and Germany have them."

"Those over Mexico?"

"Man-made."

"And, the rest of the flying saucers?"

"Luciferian."

"My Lord, do those of your kingdom, or others on benevolent missions, ever use such crafts?"

"We do."

"Do you use them to come her into our midst?"

"We do not."

"Why?"

"These are not needed for me or mine to come therein. You have My Holy Spirit. My angels travel therein by projection. In other words, they image a place and are instantly there."

"And, Lucifer and his do not?"

"They can."

"Then, why the vehicles?"

"For transport, for research."

"What do they transport?"

"Dense objects."

"Like?"

"People, animals, equipment."

"So, The Luciferians created these flying saucers to operate in this sphere?"

"They did."

"My Lord, would you use them to travel to other galaxies?"

"Possibly, but they are not necessary, as we have The River."

"I read many years ago of other beings coming here in spacecraft from other stars to help with the ascension and Great War. Is this true, My Lord?"

"It is most untrue. The Father has entrusted Me with much power--all the power I need, and more. Remember, I have huge numbers of angels and saints at my disposal. Child, there are many, many, who commune with demons, and with Satan and his. Many are lost in this. What is coming upon you is one, great purge. It will rock the lifestyles of the comfortable. You will be forced either in My direction or in the

direction of Satan and his. The force against you to keep you from going My way will be mighty. But, for those who stand for Me, and remain faithful, the rewards are great. Remember who you are, Child, and be not overcome by the darkness, which is surely about to fall."

"Thank you, My Precious Lord. For, I love you with all my heart. I have more questions so please bear with me. Will the British Empire fall?"

"For the most part, Child."

"And, Canada and Australia?"

"Great losses and destruction. When you, as a country, fall they will go swiftly behind you."

"Is there no safe place, My Lord?"

"In Me and My Word, Child. As you know, there is freedom in Me."

"I have picked up this Part Two of the United Nations Papers and have had an explosion of pictures, are there more?"

"There are, but we shall stop for today. Rest in Me, Child. For, the day is The Sabbath. Keep it holy and show reverence toward Me in all things. I am Jesus. I am Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 3rd day of August, 1997,  
Linda Newkirk

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08-04-1997

"Precious Child, it is I, Master Jesus. You have returned to The Mountain, most wondrous; as you heart burns with unanswered questions from yesterday's message. You question the words in Part Two, as is written: 'Gulf War Syndrome.' Are you not given to see death play a mighty tune? You see, as well, the winds blow upon death, the wind coming from the direction of the R. family of Germany. Is this not so?"

"Yes, My Lord, but how is this Gulf War Syndrome?"

"Child, those behind the creation of the Gulf War Syndrome are at it again."

"Please explain."

"The R. Family of Germany remains fully intact. Previous, there were two R. families in the castle on the hill, and a third you have not seen."

"So, the 'R' families concocted this idea to kill our soldiers?"

"They did so, along with other Luciferians. They are following directions from Lucifer, as the same worship him in secret."

"I hear this funeral dirge play. Then, I see this castle minus the Rockefeller family from The USA."

"Child, they turn on one another."



"Who is the third family I have not seen?"

"This shall be given. Shall I say, you have seen this one ride with Saddam Hussein?"

"You mean Queen Elizabeth?"

"The Royal Family."

"Now, I see, My Lord. In the original prophecy regarding the castle on the hill. You showed me the two R. families. But there was a third door. On this door, the screen was rusted and disintegrating. I commented on this screen. You said that all is seen. The screen, which once served a purpose of keeping out was no longer functional. The Royals can no longer hide behind screens.

I am looking behind the third door of the castle, and am aware of Queen Elizabeth in bed over in the corner. The light is very diminished in the room where she is sleeping. She looks very old, like someone of 120 years, at least. She appears to be no more than a skeleton with very wrinkled, pale skin stretched over bones.

The older Rothschild man comes in. He is very tall, and with his hair pulled back, black and balding in the front, he looks like a vampire. He has long, white, sharp teeth, which are dripping with blood. He goes to The Queen's bed. She is turned away from him, and does not seem to notice him come in. He walks quietly to the bed, then reaches down and bites The Queen on the neck. The skeleton-like Queen begins to swell until every wrinkle disappears. Then, of a sudden, this skeleton, which has swollen to look like a balloon, pops. It bursts with a huge blast, and pieces of it fly everywhere.

Then, My Lord, I am aware of an island with a large ship approaching, called The Queen Ann. A woman gets off, who is a semblance of Queen Elizabeth, but younger. A huge crowd awaits. This one of the semblance of Queen Elizabeth begins to disembark. She joyfully looks over the cheering crowd, and tosses upon them large handfuls of popped corn. She wears a large, tan hat with fake flowers around the rim. As she takes off her hat to wave to the people, little, white birds flutter out. These white birds quickly become little, brown sparrows, which fly into a huge oak tree nearby.

She reaches the last step of the gangplank. Prince Phillip is there and, he picks her up and carries her over the last step. As she leaves the boat, I see that she wears no shoes. The crowds quickly disappear as she walks along with The Prince. Along the way, I see that she stops for a minute to bathe her feet in a clear stream. This stream appears just to the other side of the sidewalk over which she and The Prince travel.

She wears the crown of queen, but she complains about the weight of the crown. She rubs her neck as if it is sore from carrying the weight of the crown. Her long skirt has two large pockets in front. She reaches down into the pockets in search of money. There is no money in her right pocket, but in her left pocket, there is one, gold coin. Around the outer rim of the coin is written 'E pluribus Unum'. In the middle of the coin is a plain bridge.

She holds the coin up to her mouth and spits on it. In the saliva, she sees her reflection at a large ball. She is dressed splendidly. Her heels are high, but she walks painfully, as the shoes are too small. She manages to waltz for a while, but soon retires to a side room, where she falls into a deep slumber. A servant comes in and sees her sleeping and fears that The Queen is dead. For, her heart beats so faintly.

Suddenly, she hops up. 'I am not dead! Damn you,' she says. 'The Royals shall never die!' She gets up and goes to the barn where a solitary horse awaits. It has the coloring of a palomino pony, but it is of full size. As she gets on the horse, I notice that she wears a black patch over her left eye. But, with her right eye,

she sees well. She has cowboy boots, with spurs and long fingernails, which look like knives. 'To Ethiopia,' she says!

She goes to Ethiopia and sits with a black man at a table for two. 'I've got money,' she says. And, she pulls piles of currency from her back pocket. Then, she opens a black treasure box, and takes out a small, gold crown, which she places on the head of this man from Ethiopia. 'Follow me,' she says. And, this black man, with this gold crown follows her. She storms into the Rothschild Castle, and puts listening devices in the part of the castle, which had once belonged to The Royals. These devices detect through the walls what is being said in the Rothschild part of The Castle. She is listening carefully. There are whispers, but she cannot make out what is being said.

'Get me the dogs,' she orders!' And, two huge dogs appear. They must have been eight feet tall. One of the dogs scratches a tiny hole in the wall to the Rothschild Castle, and Queen Ann rolls a tape into the presence of these men. After a while, the Queen pulls the tape back and says to the two dogs, 'Read it!'

The two dogs spend two and one half days back and forth, back and forth, trying to read the tape. It is encrypted. 'Get more dogs,' she orders! Then, 18 more dogs appear. They run the tape through many computers. After 21 days, the code is broken. The tape reads:

**I am The Supreme Commander of all world forces.  
I have been given authority, dominion over Earth, and all its people.  
All are subject to me and my directions.**

### **The Rothschild Manifesto**

The Queen puts a telescope to her eyes and looks far away to The Rothschild Headquarters. She believes that she sees The Pope get into a black limousine. Following him are several men in black suits. Yes, he is in a black limousine, following a black hearse; she is sure of this.

My Lord, I am looking within the hearse, and I see a casket, draped with The Flag of the USA. On the side of the casket, is written: 'Freedom, no more.' There is an entourage of eight or ten black limousines filled with these men, dressed in dark suits following the hearse into this mountain. They have gone into the mountain and disappeared. I go in after them, and find myself on some rails, which lead off into the mountain. There is little light, save the small amount, which winds its way back from the opening of this tunnel. But, there is enough light to see before me two very large, polished, mahogany doors. Above these doors I see a sign, which reads 'Hostile Control Center.'

Inside, I see The Pope, lying on a table with others, seated around him. Each person seated around him in a circle says the same phrase, 'Omnibi usha'; and as each says this phrase he pours something from a small pail onto The Pope. What comes from the pail is a green substance. It falls onto the Pope and readily becomes green slime, which quickly finds its way off the table and onto the floor.

Suddenly, I see a large, red spirit emerge. My Lord, they have summoned Lucifer or one of his great demons. This entity is talking to them, and now each one is on his knees with his head on the seat of his chair. There is a foul smell in this room. I see smoke rising from this evil thing, which is speaking, and from the green scum on the floor. This thing--this demon--is now possessing The Pope. It speaks through The Pope. They are all bowing in reverence to this evil. Each is making a peculiar hand signal to the other. I see

Bill Clinton. His hair is as white as snow. He is smiling his agreeable way. This is full-blown devil worship and is disgusting. My Lord, this burning sulfur smell is overwhelming."

"Now, you see, Child."

"Yes, My Lord, I see who gives them power and plots to make slaves of every one of us!"

"But, not for long, Child. Not for long."

"I am focusing once more on the new Queen. I notice now that she is wearing one black shoe on her right foot; her left foot is bare. She takes the black shoe and tosses it into the river. 'Cursed be this evil thing!' she shouts. Then, she gets on the tan and white horse and returns home. She is distraught for what she has seen, and wanders back and forth wringing her hands. She is trapped--closed in on all sides by high walls. She sees no way out.

One day, she sees that a mouse has dug a hole under a wall. She goes face down onto the dirt and pushes herself under the wall through the small hole. She gets out in this way. All looks sunny out. The birds are chirping, and she feels a new day. But, she fails to see an old troll dressed in black behind her. He comes up from behind, and hits her fiercely over the head with a black cane. Then, he proceeds to beat her all over her body with the black cane. The ugly troll then assumes a man's face. Dressed in a black suit, he is riding in a black sedan, with another. The one driving resembles Dracula. The troll-turned-man picks up the lifeless body of Queen Anne, and puts her in the trunk of the black sedan. This evil looking man at the wheel is The "R" man of Germany. He has beaten poor Queen Anne, and she lies lifeless in the trunk of the car. "My Lord, this is sad."

"Yes, Child. One by one, each goes."

"But, not The "R" family of Germany?"

"Yes, Child, even the "R" Family will go in time. Now, you see Queen Anne and her problems."

"Yes, I do. But, what is the situation with The Ethiopian king?"

"An alliance, Child for money. She has it. He needs it. Yet, he has a position in the world, where she needs to be in touch with what is going on."

"And, the walls?"

"She is isolated, sees no way out."

"And, the mouse?"

"A mole, Child, a mole."

"So, she follows a mole, and gets caught by her enemy? Do they kill her?"

"They do not, at first. But will in a short time."

"So, Lucifer has told this "R" man that he will rule the world? And, The Pope is possessed by The Devil or one of his?"

"Most completely, Child, from time to time. As you see, these worship in secret in this dark mountain. Much magic abounds, as you have seen at The Pope's death."

"Well, My Lord, this has answered a lot. This kind of worship is what I have seen with those in the "R" family as they played musical chairs with the fake sun."

"Yes, Child, playing to the tune of a false son."

"My Lord, a question about the clones. How did they get souls?"

"Child these clones are created of Satan and his in a laboratory. They have no sense of self, save that, which is programmed into them. God, The Father has sent no soul to them through The River."

"How do they operate without souls?"

"Electrical impulses."

"But, My Lord, these have abilities much higher than we."

"'Tis so, Child, but these cannot evolve. They are complex machines, created through the alteration of DNA in lab settings. They have been prostituted and do not come in through legal avenues of The Father. It is Satan's attempt to prove that he is God. Each of you has power over them."

"How so, My Lord?"

"Curse them to die in the name of Jesus Christ--my name."

"And, then it shall be so?"

"It shall be so when you speak with My Spirit, and My Power. In fact, many of you shall help in the eradication of these in just this way. For, they are not legal before The Father. Each of you is a legal soul, with legal rights. You have many rights and much power if you honor me and my path set for each of you to follow. I promise you much and I give much."

"So, they do not have a soul?"

"Not a human soul."

"Then, what kind of soul?"

"An aggregation of darkness collected within tissue. Remember, darkness also has power."

"Yes, My Lord, I do remember this. I thank you, My Precious Jesus, for bearing with me. I desire so to do your work, and be some small part of your great victory."

"'Tis not My victory, alone, Child. But, My victory for all. All, who stand for Me in faith across this short time shall be victorious. Come back to me, all who are lost! For, the darkness pushes in on you. I am Jesus. I am Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

Aug 05, 1997

Precious Child, it is I, Master Jesus. You have come once again, seeking clarification. And, your wishes have been granted. For, you have been chosen. And, you have volunteered to be my powerful messenger these latter days. Your heart is known to me. I know of your sorrow at what you behold. But, you must be at peace in me, Child. For, I reveal the same to you, that you might carry truths to many, who are lost in appearances, delusions, lies. It is a dangerous time to believe one's senses. For, the senses are subject to believe what is of the world. And, the world, Child, is based upon illusion, here today, gone tomorrow.

My Spirit is in the spirit of those, who love and honor me. The same honor the ways of The Father and know eternal life. The way of the illusion is self-delusion; and is wrought with cheap good times, which leave one vacant. My Spirit fills to completion. It leaves no holes, but brings to completion all in me. You, each of you, know the physical as a means of ironing out your debts. Yet, soon all will be forgiven those, who walk the straight and narrow. For, grace abounds now in great measure to the humble of heart who honor me.

Now, Child, you have asked several questions. Let us start with your question about Queen Elizabeth. For, you have seen the kiss of death to her kingdom--the kiss of the vampire on her neck--and you now ask of this. Child, the skeleton represents the body of The Royal Family.

"Yes, My Lord, and what does her neck represent?"

"Her neck is the connection of her head to her body."

"And, this is?"

"The Position of Queen."

"So, the vampire does away with the position of Queen Elizabeth--the monarchy?"

"With his kiss, he inflates it. The wrinkles are ironed out briefly. And, then the whole thing explodes."

"How so?"

"Child, what do you see?"

"My Lord, I see the "R" man from Germany digging a hole in the ground. The hole is for a casket. I see a tombstone, which reads 'The Death of Queen Elizabeth, 2002.' I am looking in the casket at this grotesque form. Is this The Queen, or the position of The Queen?"

"Child, 'tis her position as queen. Queen Elizabeth shall be no more."

"So, what of this old, wrinkled, bony skeleton in this casket?"

"It is the appearance of Great Britain."

"So, The Queen is dead also?"

"She is dead, and has been for five months."

"Then, what is this month?"

"See, 'May.'"

"Yes, My Lord, I see May, 2002. What was it that she died of, My Lord?"

"Was she not bitten?"

"I thought that Great Britain, only, was bitten."

"How can she be bitten, and The Queen be utterly spared?"

"My Lord, I do not know."

"What is the specialty of The "R" family (of Germany)?"

"Germ warfare."

"'Tis one."

"So, she was killed by germ warfare?"

"Chemical warfare directed at her. Remember the surveillance within the Royal Family, coming from the "R" Castle on the hill?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Then, 'tis so. She was murdered by this source. This source kissed Great Britain with the kiss of death, which was war. And, through this kiss, most especially germ warfare and chemical agents, this kiss spread rapidly. It exploded among the body parts--exploding within the population, killing not just The Queen, but many."

"Not Prince Phillip?"

"Not at first, but he does not live long."

"Who appoints Queen Anne?"

"This has been decided for some time."

"So she comes to Great Britain on this boat?"

"She comes in on a tide of people. Many will support her."

"What is this popped corn she throws?"

"What do you believe it to be?"

"My Lord, I do not know."

"Look around yourself. What do you see?"

"I see a fairy godmother type."

"Exactly. This white, fluffy substance she throws on the people is fluff. It is airy. It tastes good, but has no substance."

"And, the people leave her?"

"Child, she is Queen in name only. She has no power. Look in her pockets, no money, just a single gold, coin of European currency."

"And she spits on this. Why?"

"She spits to see her reflection."

"What is her reflection?"

"Someone of the social scene. One of status, who is cramped. Her shoes are too tight. She does not like this cramped position. She flees for a while and others think she is asleep. She is angered that they think this, so she comes out fighting."

"Yes, Child, 'tis so."

"And, Phillip is there with her for the last step?"

"Yes, Child, for the last step of The Monarchy."

"My Lord, Jesus, I thank you for your help. Without it we would all be lost."

"Child, I provide truth that all may be the wiser. I am Jesus. I am Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 5th day of August, 1997,  
Linda Newkirk

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**FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES****Book I****"UNITED NATIONS PROPHECIES"****Chapter Nine****Iraq, The Super Power**

"Precious Child, you are upon The Mountain, most high, most wondrous. Look above and you will see my radiance...the radiance of The Son."

"My Lord, I am looking above, and I see a pure radiant, white light. Within this light, I see many angels. I see one with a magic wand, who stands apart from the rest. Who is this?"

"This is Lucifer. Though he may appear as brightness from above, he waves the magic wand. Child, I need no magic wand. Neither do others of mine. For, I have the Light and power of The Father and no magic is needed."

"My Lord, your light illumines all."

"'Tis so, Child. I illumine every dark recess."

"My Lord, I saw a dark flutter, followed by something of white fluttering quickly behind. This seems to be a fight. What is the nature of this?"

"Child, even on This Mountain, tension abounds. Lucifer is becoming ever bold as he is within the Earth sphere. A war herein will soon ensue. He and his will be defeated, and cast therein. Scuffles are taking place daily."

"So, confusion abounds where he and his go?"

"It does."

"Child, I have sent you many protective angels today, to guard and protect you on this journey. For, you shall need them. Go in the Power of God to the base of this mountain. Write what you see, and as given you to write."

"My Lord, I have descended from the brightness of This Mountain, and have come now to its base. From this position in air, barely above the trees, I am able to see many houses. All is dark except for the lights emanating from the windows of these houses. I have come once again to settle in the courtyard of The United Nations World Headquarters'. I note that all the flags are gone except one. This is a white flag with a gold tassel hanging from it near the top of the pole.

One of the angels holds up the flag, showing that the interior of the flag has been cut away. This large jagged hole consumes most of the flag, leaving only a jagged white border, which is no more than one inch thick in some places.



The angel has motioned for me to enter the flag through this hole. As I do so, I find myself in an army camp in front of a green military tent. I am being motioned to the rear of this tent, where I see a fire made of wood. Around the fire is a number of folding chairs. Many of the chairs are empty. Most of the men in the chairs are seated with their backs to me. A soldier stands opposite these men, and seems to be explaining something intently to these men in another language. I am having difficulty hearing what is said, as the tanks are roaring to the rear of the soldier past a long line of tents."

"Move in and listen."

"My Lord, I am here behind these men, squatting on the ground behind them. I am listening, and do hear English being spoken. Someone says, 'We'll take them at 0400.'"

"What more, Child?"

"A man with blonde hair jumps up. He throws down his gloves and says, 'Nein, nein.' Then, he speaks rapidly and angrily. I do not know what is said. Then a fog rolls over these men. They scatter, leaving only burning embers, where once they sat. As morning comes, warfare ensues. I see bombs exploding and hear snipers. These bombs appear to be coming from The Russians. In the distance troops are encamped amidst mountains. These men in the mountains are firing upon the men in the valley.

Suddenly, someone jumps out of a German warplane into the midst of the soldiers in the valley. He is coming down in a parachute. I see writing on the parachute, which says, 'Sickness and Disease.' I get a picture now of a tent with many wounded soldiers. Someone is moving around in the tent with an object, which makes smoke. This one, dressed in white, passes the cots of the sick and dying. As he does so, he says a prayer in Latin, and wafts some smoke upon those, who are sick and dying. Soon, each of the dead and dying are surrounded by much smoke. The one dressed in white is The Pope. A German officer comes up to him and says, 'Job well done.'

Then, I see that the infirmary is suddenly evacuated. It is cleaned of every person and every scrap of paper. Those in the infirmary are loaded like livestock into a train. The dead are stacked several layers deep in boxcars, then frozen. Those who are living are put in many separate trains and sent in many different directions.

The long train with the sick comes to a building on the right of the tracks and stops. This building appears to be a depot. The sign above the door to the building reads, 'UN Peace Negotiations Closed.' A little, old lady sits in the window. The conductor gets out of the train, and gives the little, old lady a note. The note is a white piece of paper, folded in half. On this paper is written, 'call me tomorrow.'

The little, old lady is dressed in a white night cap and pink floral nightgown. She wears gold wire rimmed glasses. From her appearances, she looks as if she is about to go to bed. She takes the note from the conductor, and puts it in her mouth. As she chews on the paper, it swells in her mouth. Her cheeks bulge until they look as if they will burst. Finally, she swallows the white note, and it sits like lead in her stomach.

She starts to get up, and I see that she is a little old lady from the waist up only. She has the abdomen of a very large man. Her lower half is dressed in military pants with heavy, black military boots. She picks up the telephone and dials 'O.' Then, she gives an unintelligible message, yet it seems to go out as the same message in many languages. She removes the cotton from her ears and pours oil into her ears. Next, she pulls long strips of cotton from her nose. Quickly, her eyes begin to roll around in her head. She smiles and I see that her teeth are large, gold and sharp. She blows through her mouth, and her breath melts a candle on the desk beside the window. She takes one deep breath and pops the little, old lady gown. Off

blows the nightcap. Underneath all is a military uniform. A very large man now appears. He flexes his muscles and rubs his biceps. 'Of steel!' he roars. 'Of steel!' He starts to speak in English, then German, 'Get me the deal,' he says. 'Get me the deal!'

A little midget, named 'Italy' brings him a belt with many, huge bullets. He puts on the belt and growls, 'I am not satisfied!' Then, the little midget brings him two more belts full of large bullets. 'More,' he says. So, the little midget named 'Italy' brings him three anklets of large bullets for his right ankle. I look now at his ankles and see that these anklets come with leg chains. The military man is wearing leg chains, put there by Italy.

Now, the soldier is a giant. He growls, 'Get me the sauce.' Then, he seizes a bottle of red sauce, and pours it all over his food. Red sauce overflows his plate and runs from his mouth. I see white streamers flowing from his shirtsleeves. His hair is very black and shiny.

I am searching for his name. I see a patch across the left pocket of his shirt. I am peeling this away to get at his name. As I peel away the patch, I see behind it miles and miles of desert. I see men on camels with binoculars, looking far into the distance. Their eyes travel over deep sand dunes to a nearby country. This is the country of Iraq. I see some peasants just outside the boundaries of Iraq. They seem to be dancing a Turkish dance.

"So, My Lord, this soldier, dressed first as a powerless, little, old lady is Iraq. And, Hussein is indebted to Italy? He is indebted to Italy?"

"To The Vatican, Child."

"How, My Lord?"

"Weaponry."

"But, how did The Vatican get weaponry?"

"Remember who takes over The Papacy?"

"The Mafia?"

"Exactly."

"So, The Mafia feeds Saddam Hussein military might?"

"They do."

"Why?"

"For power, world control."

"So Hussein is very indebted?"

"He is in no way free."

"He has greatly grown in military might."

"He has. And he has deceived many."

"My Lord, the military camp at the beginning, who was that?"

"Did you see one flag flying?"

"Yes, My Lord, what does that represent?"

"The UN Flag. All that remains of it is a fragment of self. It has been cut down to this."

"And, the gold tassel?"

"Gold remains, Child, but little else."

"I heard English and German spoken at this camp after I climbed through The Flag. Explain this to me."

"You see Germans and English disagreeing on how to proceed with war against The Russians. Many chairs are vacant, as many have pulled out of The UN. While they argue, chemical warfare rolls into their midst, brought in by The Russians. All that remains of The UN fire is a little zeal--burning embers. No real fire."

"And, the parachute?"

"The Germans bring sickness and disease."

"I was thinking that The Russians brought sickness and disease through chemical warfare."

"The Russians did in fact bring chemical warfare, but The Germans spread great disease through germ warfare."

"The Germans spread this upon themselves?"

"They spread it upon others of The UN camp."

"Why? Are these not allies?"

"Child, they have no allies. They believe that all is fair game in war. Remember, they desire to rule the world. And, they have managed to attain vast wealth, unknown to many of you."

"So, they send germ warfare among their own allies?"

"Your own army, in collaboration with the three powerful families, sent germ warfare among your own soldiers. You were the first great trial among military. They did this to your soldiers (in desert storm) to see how it disables. Most certainly, they will attempt to take out others in the same way until only they remain."

"So, The Pope moves among the sick and dying with his prayers of antiquity spreading a smoke screen?"

"He does, Child."

"Yet, he is double dealing with The Mafia and Saddam Hussein?"

"He covers all fronts, for he believes he will rule the world."

"And the smoke screen for the sick and the dead, what is this?"

"That their sins are forgiven, that all is well."

"That all is well, and a war is raging?"

"It is so, Child, for all must be kept in the dark."

"And at this point, people are still so in the dark?"

"More than ever, Child, for, they are looking for a religious leader to wave a wand, and make all perfect."

"Why is the infirmary cleaned out?"

"War shuts down in one area, and moves to another."

"Why are the bodies frozen and stacked?"

"Frozen to arrest the spread of disease among their own, and stacked to get a hold on the disease."

"Stacked to get a hold on it?"

"Yes."

"How so?"

"To organize disease, to follow its spread."

"And what of the train which departs for many areas?"

"Child, it is the war train. The train bearing the sick, the ill, leaves Europe and departs for many areas."

"Then, it stops at a building, which says, 'UN Peace Negotiations Closed.' And the little old lady eats the note, which says, 'call me tomorrow'.

"The train loaded with sick and dying, Child, stops and gives Saddam Hussein a note. The note says, 'call me tomorrow.' He eats the note. It becomes lead in his stomach, then makes him strong. What is this train, Child?"

"It is a train of those, killed or diseased by germ or chemical warfare. So, Saddam will use this train in the near future?"

"In the near future. And, it will add to his stature and power."

"Why does this note grow in his mouth?"

"It grows behind his teeth--his military might."

"Why does it become as lead?"

"It is a heavy weight, Child."

"In what way?"

"How is lead heavy, Child?"

"Dense molecular weight."

"True and more."

"Like, what?"

"Its toxicity makes it very dangerous. It is very heavy in the tissues, making it a killer for the nerves."

"So, this is nerve gas?"

"'Tis so."

"Who did he call?"

"He called Zero. What is zero, Child?"

"Nothing."

"Yes, but more."

"Like what?"

"It is a circle, a line which meets itself, a closure, a completeness."

"So, he brings closure to a part of his military?"

"To a large part."

"And, the cotton from his ears?"

"Child, he is removing the stops, those he has listened to in the past."

"And, what does he pull from his nose?"

"From his nose he pulls long lines of troops, heavily equipped in many kinds of warfare."

"What is his breath?"

"Nuclear warfare. After he begins to attack with nuclear bombs, others will see him for the large military threat he really is."

"And, the muscle flexing is war?"

"'Tis so."

"And he is demanding some sort of deal with The English and Germans?"

"He is."

"And what is this deal?"

"Child, he wants more."

"More what?"

"More military might."

"So the English and the Germans do not respond, but The Vatican does."

"Italy arms him to the hilt to help him bring down England and Germany."

"And, the red sauce is communism?"

"'Tis so."

"What are the white streamers?"

"Child, still he wishes to be buddy-buddy with England and Germany, with The UN."

"Yet, The Vatican gives him the military might to fight them?"

"'Tis so. As said, all wish to rule the world, and none can be trusted. For, all will attempt to kill everyone else in the bid for this power."

"My Lord, this is the worst kind of evil and perversion."

"'Tis so. Child, go in my love and power. I am Jesus. I am Jehovah, Most High God of Earth. I come for mine shortly."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 11th day of August, 1997

Linda Newkirk

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**FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES****Book I****"UNITED NATIONS PROPHECIES"****Chapter Ten****The Fall of the United Nations, The Rise of Germany, Christian Revival in India**

"Precious Child, it is I, Master Jesus. You have come to The Mountain, most high and wondrous. The scent is most pure, the flowers most radiant. You swing back and forth upon the swing of my knowledge, my word of truth and honor. Step down from the swing and onto The Path of Truth and Light. Write as you see and as given you, Child. Cherish this honored path. For, it is The Path of The Prophets."

"My Lord, I behold this radiant path. I see that I am only a child with two brown braids, hanging in front, the vision of myself I have seen many times. But, as I step upon this path, I see that I wear a white robe. My hair is golden. I wear sandals and carry a scepter. It is a rod with a dome on top. I have now placed my feet upon the path, and feel its radiance move up my legs."

"Pound the earth three times with the rod."

"My Lord, I have done so. I find myself now at the edge of a very clear pool. It is inviting, and I believe I shall go for a swim. I am jumping into the clear pool with all my clothing. The feel of the water is so pure, so inviting and comforting. I feel renewed. I emerge and sit at the edge of these pure waters. My Lord, I have bathed in the radiant pool, the fire of Your Spirit. I know that this pool is part of The River of Life."

"'Tis so, Child. Now, adjust your son-glasses, and look far into the distance. For, today you shall journey today to another land."

"My Lord, I have done as you ask, and find myself on the streets of a foreign land I believe to be India. The people are very dark. Yes, My Lord, it is India, as I am aware that this is the land of the Taj Majal. A man of very dark skin approaches and offers me a piece of white paper, folded in half. But, I decline. He is very insistent that I take this paper."

"Take it, Child."

"My Lord, I have reached to take it, but it has slipped from my fingers. As it falls, I see that many white petals of daisies have fallen from within the paper. Here and there I see the yellow centers of the daisies, which are separated from the petals. These are numerous, as they fall around my feet. As I look at the white petals, they are multiplying before my eyes. They swell past my ankles, and are fast moving up my legs toward my knees. They have reached my waist. These white petals are spreading throughout the dark, narrow streets carrying a smell of vanilla. As these spread, there seems to be a bleaching, a cleansing. The darkness is fast disappearing, and I see a brightness in the shops. The windows, which were before as dark as soot, now radiate cleanliness.

To my left, I see a new train emerge from around the bend. It rides upon new tracks. I count ten in all. The train is coming, its whistle a sound of glee. I see the train is brimming with people. They seem so happy. They are all waving through the windows, laughing and smiling. A sun of pure white light radiates

upon them. I hear music: 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home' And I see marching drummers, attired in bright blue coats and yellow pants. My Lord, this is most joyous.

But all is not well. To the right of the train I see a black vulture in a tree. The tree is a brown tree with many limbs but no leaves. The limbs are cut off bluntly as if by a saw. The sight of the vulture amidst such joy is deeply oppressing.

Suddenly, the whole scene is gone. I see in its place a short, rotund, balding man with dark hair. He looks somewhat like Danny DeVito, but he is not. This man places a brown hat on his balding head. He is dressed in a dark brocade vest, black pants and a white shirt. His shirt is unbuttoned to the waist, and he wears no shoes. The pockets of his pants are all pulled inside out. He is scratching his head, saying, 'What shall we do? What shall we do?'

Then, he puts a telescope to his right eye and looks to the UN. As he looks, I see what he sees. He focuses on the courtyard of the UN. I see a very large base of a flagpole. A white flag flies atop this pole. The pole is very weak, as it sways with the wind. The flag is a large, white flag. It appears to be made of flimsy, porous material like cheesecloth. In the center of this flimsy flag is a large, faded, red cross.

I see that the doors to The UN are down and have been trampled upon. As I look inside, it looks as if someone has put a match to an accelerant and gutted the interior with fire. Little remains of the rotunda, except for charred ruins. Dust and cinders have claimed the remains. The curtains appear to have been shredded. The windowpanes seem to have burst from the heat, leaving large holes in the walls. As I look toward the front I see only the charred remains of the podium. As I look around I see some papers beneath the charred remains of a seat. As I look closer, I note that the charred chair once read New Zealand. I move in to see that beneath this chair is a manila folder, which is covered with cinders, dust and spider webs."

"Go in, Child, and get the folder."

"My Lord, I have entered the charred UN Building and have moved down the aisle to the charred remains of this chair. I am retrieving the folder, but I see that a spider has woven a web tightly around it. I curse this web to nothingness in the name of Jesus Christ!

My Lord, I now see a large, black spider hiding beneath the rubble. He changes his appearance and now looks like Dracula. Then he goes into a secret door beneath the chair, labeled 'Rothschild Only'.

I have taken the folder. As I open it, I see a pile of papers. The first page reads, 'Bermuda Triangle'. Otherwise, the page is blank.

I turn to the next page, which has encrypted writing. 'I command you, words, to be legible in the name of Jesus Christ.' My Lord, I am now aware of a flow of words moving very quickly. 'I command these words to move slowly in the name of Jesus Christ!' Now, these words move slowly, but German. 'I command these words to flow slowly in English!' My Lord, these words flow now in English as a mirror image. 'Satan, I curse you in the name of Jesus Christ! And command these words to be legible, in English, and to flow slowly.' My Lord, I read three words, 'CLOSE THE DOOR'. These three words are written in big, bold writing. Beneath these words flows a muddy stream quickly over sharp rocks. At the bottom of the page are more words, 'SIT IN QUIET.'

On the next page is a woman high up in a tower. She has very long, brown hair, which she is letting down upon the rotund, balding man. She reminds me of Rapunzel. The rotund man is saying to the woman in the tower, 'Let me up!' He holds onto the hair of the woman, her hair all around him; and he feels



comfortable. He sees the hair as white as cotton; but as the hair leaves the woman in the tower, it is actually deep brown. This woman looks like a witch, but not to this man.

I am focusing now on this fat man. He is holding onto the hair and waltzing around, totally at peace with himself, singing, humming. He is surrounded by a glass dome and has gold leg irons on his ankles. I follow the chains to these leg irons and see that they lead to the Rothschild Castle. Of the three families, which once thrived in the castle, only the Rothschilds remain. The light in the window of this castle is now flickering. The dark branches of the tree still shoot up through the roof of the castle. The branches now have no leaves. At the very top of this tree is one black vulture.

As I focus on the black vulture, it suddenly changes into the older Rothschild man. He is in the castle seated at a table, finishing off a large meal of lamb chops. He licks his lips and fingers vigorously. His plate is now empty, but beside him on the table is a large pile bones. He takes the bones and tosses them to his rear. There, piled up against the wall from previous meals, is a small mountain of lamb bones.

He sits at the table and perceives a peculiar smell. He cannot quite make out the odor, but believes that it is citronella. 'Oh, yes, citronella,' he says. Then, he sees a little, black pot, which is openly brewing it. This little, black caldron is sitting on the table near him. He dips the thumb and forefinger of his right hand into the citronella and puts dabs of it behind his right ear and on both wrists. Then, he takes a cigarette from behind his right ear and smokes it. Smoke starts billowing out his nose and ears. His eyes look like roulette wheels. As I look at his eyes, I see people throwing dice into these wheels. The dice fly off the wheels, just as quickly as they are thrown into them and with a great force. These wheels are turning with such great speed that no one can get access to them. They are totally under control of this older Rothschild man.

He takes three long puffs from the cigarette. Smoke continues to flow from his eyes and ears. With each puff, he fills his lungs completely. He goes to the balcony of the castle, and tosses the cigarette over the balcony. He watches the cigarette as it drifts downward and lands amidst the mountains, creating a fire. The fire quickly becomes a very bright fire of white light. It spreads quickly, and looks very much like a nuclear chain reaction. It seems to light up everything in its path. I see Denmark and Norway burn with the light of this fire. It moves to include Finland. Then, I see that all is black and charred.

Following the fire and subsequent blackness, I see soldiers dressed in red coats playing snare drums. Behind the drummers, I see miles and miles of soldiers, dressed in black, playing flutes. The flute tune is light, airy, and very catchy. I do not recognize this tune, but it is in stark contrast to the dark, charred surroundings.

Now, I behold the bald, fat man amidst the long white hair of the Rapunzel look-alike. The white hair, which was once soft and inviting, is now sharp and prickly. It is beginning to stick into this balding man. The prickly hair cuts into his neck and hands and he is bleeding. He tries to move about, but is resigned to one place, as the thick gold chains with locks on his feet make his movement almost impossible. Every time he tries to move, he is stuck by this thick, sticky, glass-like hair. My Lord, who is this balding man?"

"Child, peel the label off his back, and look underneath."

"My Lord, I have moved around to his back and am now removing the blank label on his back. As I peel it away, I see the large trunk of a hollow tree. This tree has many branches but few leaves. The few remaining leaves are falling to the ground very quickly. I see a red mailbox on the tree."

"Reach into the box and take out the envelope."

"My Lord, I have the envelope. It looks like a Western Union envelope. As I open it, I see a single piece of yellow paper. It reads, 'Europe is paralyzed.'"

"'Tis so."

"Why are the leaves almost gone from this tree?"

"Child, the leaves represent life force. Europe is paralyzed, and has little life force."

"Why is Europe paralyzed?"

"Who controls Europe?"

"The evil 'R' man."

"'Tis so, and more."

"Who else?"

"Lucifer and his. The evil one has fallen."

"You mean Lucifer and his have been booted down to earth? And Europe has fallen into his hands? Does Lucifer possess the Rothschild man?"

"He owns him."

"So, Lucifer keeps him in power for now?"

"For now, but not for long. For, he shall be destroyed along with the rest. He shall be used up and discarded."

"So Rothschild got control of Europe and then knew he had to bring destruction to these three countries?"

"'Tis so."

"And what of the drums and the catchy tune?"

"Child, the red soldiers of communism bring the snare. This snare, this drum, this beat, comes to conquer. It is loud and ominous. Once conquered, the tune is catchy. For, the promise is for one world government under the power of Germany. It sounds good, light and airy, welcome amidst such bleakness."

"And the lamb chops consumed by the 'R' man?"

"The orders to kill my sheep. He will launch an unprecedented campaign to kill Christians and will be responsible for killing millions. The works of Hitler will not compare to the works of this man and his machine."

"What evil! It breaks my heart that one could be so evil. My Lord, I continue to pray for guidance that I might bring more of your precious truths to those who will listen."

"What is the citronella?"

"The attempt to ward off attacks by the enemy. He will do all in his power to ward off the enemy attack, and when he feels that it is most imminent; he will light the fire, the nuclear fire. It will come from his ears and eyes."

"What are his ears?"

"Those aligned with him, who spy for him."

"Which are?"

"The leaves still left on the tree."

"Which are?"

"Spain, Portugal, Sicily, Romania and others. Pockets scattered here and there, especially throughout Europe."

"So, he fears an attack from these countries he attacks with nuclear bombs?"

"He does, for they do not align with him, but he fears with Russia."

"So, he does away with them, and then promises them the moon?"

"'Tis so."

"Do they fall for this?"

"Child, look at these poor people."

"My Lord, I see the devastation of nuclear holocaust. It is an awful sight."

"And, Child, neutron bombs in places."

"My Lord, I see ghost towns. All the people are gone, leaving only the buildings. I sense absolute desolation. There is smoke coming from his ears and eyes and I do not quite understand this."

"Child, where there is smoke, there is fire. Fire burns for him in the areas I have given you. Smoke came from the body of this man. Do you see?"

"Yes, My Lord. And the three times he inhaled and blew smoke?"

"Three great attacks or raids."

"And poor Europe in bondage under the chains of gold now realizes that this soft pure hair is really like fiberglass—sticky and painful."

"'Tis so but they are locked in by the gold, by the money."

"So, the vulture in the 'R' tree is really the devil?"

"'Tis so, Child, but not for long. For, all is moving very quickly now."

"My Lord, what of The Bermuda Triangle and 'Close the door,' and 'Sit in quiet.'"

"Child, The Bermuda Triangle is just that. See Bermuda in the Atlantic Ocean?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"What goes there, Child?"

"My Lord, I see many cream stairs leading up to a very tall tower. The tower itself has green awnings and is situated on the beach. I am adjusting my son-glasses, so as to be able to read what is written on the awnings. The writing has been faded greatly by the sun. I command these words to appear in the name of Jesus Christ, and I command you to be fully legible and in English. My Lord, the words say, 'town house.'

As I stand up by the tower, I see bulldozers pushing heaps of dead bodies out into the sea. There is much death here. The smell is awful. A little gold finch has landed on the balcony next to me and has given me a white piece of paper, folded in half. On the paper is written, 'never tomorrow.' I am confused more than ever."

"Child, get down on the beach and look around. Who occupies the land?"

"The Germans, My Lord, and the men in black uniforms. I look around and see many of these clones, dressed in black."

"So, whose town house is this?"

"The Germans, My Lord. And, the note from the finch?"

"It says, 'Never tomorrow.'"

"Yes, My Lord, but what does this mean?"

"Child, it means that never again will the Germans occupy this land. They shall never again bring such carnage to this land. Their days are truly numbered here, and shall be short, indeed."

"Why did they take it to begin with?"

"To have a stronghold in the area to monitor you as a nation."

"Then, My Lord, what of the white UN flag with the red cross?"

"Child, The UN is gone. The red cross is not the red cross as you believe it to be, but the red German Cross. It is red with communism. The UN has been dissolved. It has been defeated. It is no more."

"And, My Lord, the white petals, India and the new train?"

"Child, the white petals represent My Spiritual Movement."

"And, the golden centers of the daisies?"

'Child, the gold represents the radiance of My Spirit, and the white represents the pure of heart."

"But, My Lord, Your Spirit is a white light fire."

"Yes, Child, but 'tis gold when it hits the human flesh. For, you are human, and not of my strength."

"So Your Spirit takes a hold in India?"

"Child, there is great, great bleakness, great darkness in India, but a great revival in me comes through India. This is the train full of people. Child, they rise up and know me and my joy."

"Why the ten tracks, My Lord?"

"Child, they shall find many depths in me. For, as you know, not everyone is on the same spiritual level. I speak to you and accept you at the level where you are. My word goes deep--the meat--or it feeds the babe with milk, the shallow walk. I love you, nonetheless if you are a babe. You grow with desire and discipline over time."

"The vulture, watching from the tree...this is Europe?"

"Yes, Child, Europe watches India. More specifically the 'R' family of Germany watches India. They do not like this revival. You have seen pile of lamb bones, as these have been eaten by the 'R' family."

"My Lord, I thank you for your help in this, and hope that others will profit along the way. For, we must know the enemy, Lord, that we may be the wiser."

"'Tis so, Child. Walk in My Spirit, all of you, and be free in me. For, I am Jesus. I am Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 21st day of August, 1997,  
Linda Newkirk

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