


THE TRUE STORY OF ONE MAN'S JOURNEY

LASERS, CAVERS AND MAGIC



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STEVEN D. KELLEY

Lasers, Cavers And MAGIC

A True Story of the one man's journey from guns and lasers,
to metaphysics and spirituality

By Steven D. Kelley

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To my dear Danelle and my children

Thank you for your patience

Introduction

This story represents a personal journey of evolution thirty years in the making. My intention is to only show the series of events and experiences that have helped me to realize the path that I would learn follow. There are no coincidences that arbitrarily happen to us. Every person we meet and everything that takes place in our lives is intended to move us along to our ultimate destination.

By recounting my steps I hope to show the reader the influences that allowed me to connect the dots and become the person I am today. At times the information may seem heavy and possibly difficult to accept. In order deal with the many revelations, I have been obligated to develop a very open mind and to learn how to store away every bit of information no matter how incredible. This skill has served me well over the years as I would find that what I may conceive as impossible one day will resurface many years later to be reconsidered under new circumstances. This ability to maintain an open mind and to file away vast amounts of disparate information is a very important part of what I would like the reader to develop.

I ultimately hope that you will come away from this with a positive message. The major lesson is that we can choose to become mostly service to others as opposed to being mostly service to self. This is the path of all the greatest spiritual teachers that have lived on the Earth. This is also the most effective way to increase our own human potential. We humans have great power that is waiting to be awakened. This is the magic. The World we live in today is a product of our mass perceived reality. A time will come soon when people will be able to create their own reality. This is the ultimate gift bestowed on humans by our creator. We start by increasing our psychic skills. We grow more powerful when we share this energy with people around us. This is why it is so important to realize we are all related and that we need to learn to love every other human.

Once we have learned to avoid being drawn into the negative effects of being polarized by issues that the media bombards us with we can learn to practice unconditional love. When we watch the news we are force fed stories that play on our emotions and compel us to hate those that are portrayed as evil doers. We take sides and allow ourselves to become polarized which divides us and limits our ability to understand and have compassion. I know this is difficult to do. I personally went through a great shock to my core beliefs before I could come to terms with this concept. If you visualize the yin and yang symbol imagine that it is always spinning. The amount of black and white is ever changing. There is always a small amount of white or black at any spot on the circle. This is a perfect representation of the World we live in. Nothing is ever black or white; it is always shades of grey. Likewise this applies to good and evil. When it comes to humans there is always a small amount of both present. This is the first thing we learn on the road to becoming observers.

There is a list of suggested reading for further research. I hope that everyone will want to learn more about the people I have listed. Several of them have made great contributions and have paid a steep price for their leadership. There is also a Glossary that I hope will help with some of the technical terms I have used. Telling this story is very important to me and I hope the reader can appreciate the commitment and personal sacrifice I make to bring this information to you. My motivation is to help others to grow and become more powerful individuals and leaders. I am very passionate about this message and I look forward to the result of my being able to share it with you.

A day in the life of Steven Kelley

There was a time when I was like everyone else. I was happy and innocent and looked forward to living my life and growing old with my family close by. All of that changed for me in one day in the early 1990s. Like many young Americans I was raised to be patriotic and believed my country was righteous and could do no wrong. Now I was in an office in front of a desk with a man that I thought was CIA sitting across from me. He was smiling and telling me a story about a village deep in the jungle of Honduras. There were people living there, men, women, children, and all their animals. Supposedly these people were sympathetic to forces that wanted to change the Government. One day a group of soldiers came to that village deep in the jungle. They surrounded the area and systemically killed everyone and everything living in that village. They killed every man, woman, and child there was. They killed the animals, every goat, pig, chicken, and dog. And when they were done a big helicopter flew in with a bulldozer hanging underneath it. Somebody got on that bulldozer and dug a big trench. He then scraped the entire village into that hole. Every hut, every person, every dead animal went into the pit. The trench was covered with earth and the helicopter flew away taking the bulldozer with it. The men with the guns disappeared back into the jungle and left behind nothing but a clearing where the village once stood. This was a CIA death squad and these men did this in the name of my country. I was in shock and everything I was raised to believe about right and wrong was shattered. My innocence was taken away from me that day and I could never go back to being the person I was before.

“Every child is born a genius.”

Richard Buckminster Fuller

Early years

I was born in Long Beach, California on May twenty eight, 1958. I came out three minutes after my identical twin Norman. We were premature and spent some time in an incubator before going home to my parents Dorothy and Henry in Los Altos California. My younger sister Erin was born a little over a year later. My parents both came from broken families where the mother had left the father and relocated from the east coast to a small town in Oregon. The kind of place where everybody knows everyone else and you can't get away with anything. My dad was a handsome young guy who had come back from the war in Korea. He worked as a lumber jack and as a fireman. Like all the men in my family back then, he drove a motorcycle. My mom had red hair and was your typical small town beauty that dreamed of moving to the big city and having the best of everything. I never met either of my grandfathers and did not get to meet much of the family that was left behind. I think in later years I resented how an

unhappy woman could relocate her family and cause them to lose the connection to their roots and diminish their standard of living.

When my brother and I were two years old the family moved to a new home on Cherry St. in Los Alamitos not far from Long Beach. Cathy Rigby, the Olympic gymnast grew up down the street from us and I used to play with her younger brother Jeff. I remember as kids, we used to watch her practice on a balance beam in her parent's front yard. I had no idea what a balance beam was but she could do amazing tricks on it. Little did I know that that little girl with the short blond hair would go on to become an Olympic champion. She would even baby sit us a few times. And then there she was on TV in front of the World. The next time I saw her was after the Olympics and we were trick or treating on Halloween. She answered the door at her parent's house and she was wearing a luxurious black fur coat. She had become a bona fide celebrity and we were very proud that she was from our neighborhood.

My earliest memories were when I was five playing in a local park on a huge swing set. My mom would take us kids there because it had the best playground in the area. I know I was five because I remember playing with a little girl there and announcing to her, "I'm five!" I also remember we had a little black dog named Pepper and that my dad planted a maple tree in the front yard. Years later I would go back and visit that house and that tree was enormous. I also remember when I became self aware. That is a very important time in anybody's life. It's when you realize that you are inside your head looking out on the world and that everybody around you is a separate person and not just there for you to see and interact with. I was in my room which I shared with my brother and I was sitting on the top of our bunk bed. Those thoughts and feelings never really go away. Some people call that the center of the universe syndrome. Today I still have to consider everything I experience and why I am here.

Even at that early age I had visions of a great desert war which seemed strange to me at the time. I had never read the Bible but I knew that this was Armageddon and I was going to play a role. Was I having a glimpse of my future? Was this a clue that our lives are programmed in advance and we plan everything to the last detail before we are even born? Is there really such a thing as free will and do we have the power to control our destiny?

My mother had decided to become Catholic when she was young for reasons I never knew. Her family was Protestant and still attends a Lutheran church. My father was not very religious as I recall and went along with my mother but never became Catholic himself. My brother and sister and I were enrolled in St. Hedwig's Catholic School where we also went to church. My brother and I would even become altar boys. This was a good way to get out of class once in a while and was a little fun also. Back in those days the nuns who were all Irish would administer discipline with a ruler on the knuckles. I was a pretty good kid but even an altar boy gets in

trouble sometimes. In sixth grade I was elected class president which just meant that I was responsible when the teacher was out of the room.

My brother and I were both very artistic at a very young age and loved to find a good clean piece of paper to draw on. I remember when we were very little we would tape sheets of paper together to make large elaborate drawings of underground cities with extensive tunnels, elevators, and submarine pens. Where the heck did that come from? Did I live in such a place in a past life? Much of what I write will include stories about my brother because we are two sides of the same coin. The significance of that will be more important in later years.

The family moved to a larger house in Suburbia Estates not far from where we were living before, and we continued at Parochial school until the sixth grade when we were enrolled in a public junior high school. Leaving our friends back at St. Hedwig's was hard; but we made new friends and became quite popular.

Junior high was a rich time in my life. I had several girl friends, some at the same time. I went to all the school dances that were always in the school cafeteria. My sister who was a year younger went with us and would always have her friends with her. There was no shortage of cute girls to dance with. She had one friend that I had a crush on named Sherrie. She had dark curly hair and was very well endowed at an early age. I was madly in love with her; but she felt that I was like a brother to her and let me know she felt that way. Many years later I would see her again and she was finally interested in me; but by then I was married and it wasn't to be.

My brother and I learned to scuba dive when we were fourteen and went on diving trips with my dad and our friends. I had one friend from catholic School whose father was the president of Scubapro which makes the finest scuba diving equipment in the world. We would visit and see diving gear all over his garage. When we were being trained, the instructor found out about our connection and treated my brother and me extra special. We dove in Malibu, Laguna Beach, Catalina Island, and Mexico. Mexico has some of the best diving in the world. The colors and rich amounts of vegetation and sea life is a stark contrast to the land above the waves. We even used to bring our tanks to Newport Harbor and try to make some extra money cleaning the bottoms of people's boats. Scuba diving is an incredibly visual experience and it provided me with great subjects to write about in creative writing class. I feel very lucky to have had that experience; but the deep dark ocean still scares the hell out of me.

My brother and I both joined the boy scouts and did a lot of hiking. A couple of our friends were scouts and it looked like a fun thing to do. We were both fourteen at the time and were a little old to be starting in scouts; but our age allowed us to be involved in the more elite activities normally reserved for the Eagle scouts. Several of my friends were well off and we spent much time on the ocean sailing or enjoying their family's yachts. Being scuba divers, this

was great because it's a heck of a lot easier to dive off the back of a boat than to swim out from the beach. One of our friend's dad was a plastic surgeon and was a member of the Alamitos Bay yacht Club. We would jump in a little sailboat at the yacht club and sail over to Seaport Village on the other side of the channel. After buying some goodies, we would sail back to the center of the bay and relax with our lunch. We rode our bikes everywhere and would go to the beach often. Sometimes one of us would have to sit on the handlebars and hang on for dear life while we zipped through intersections.

Living in Orange County had one major perk; we had Disneyland in our back yard. I used to feel sorry for all the kids that had to grow up in other states with no Disneyland nearby. We used to plan our trips out like military operations. We were always looking for ways to run amuck. We would bring grabbers and try to get jewels from inside the Pirates of the Caribbean ride. We would sneak around the fence on Tom Sawyer's Island and run around in the area that was not open to the public. We even stole the arrow from the chest of the dead settler in front of the burning cabin. One summer I got in trouble at Disneyland and my mother put me on restriction. My brother was with me but I took the rap. I was not allowed to go anywhere or see my friends. I spent most of that summer doing yard work in the back yard. I must have been doing a good job because she decided I needed something else to distract me so she gave me a book to read. It was Ian Fleming's James Bond Dr. No. Of all the James Bond books she could have given me, this was the one that contained a small amount of sex. I don't think that was her intention to expose my young mind to that; but it was just enough to get my attention and caused me to consume every James Bond book in the series. That was the beginning of what would become a voracious appetite for reading. I became addicted and went through more books than I can remember. I spent many hours reading in bed or laying on the beach with a big thick book like the Lord of the Rings. I enjoyed historical novels and would pick an author and read everything they wrote. I read all the Conan books, every Edgar Rice Burroughs. My parents had a good collection in the family library so I read most of their books which were mostly written in the sixties. Eventually I grew tired of fiction and moved on to biographies and historical or scientific subjects.

My parents tried to instill a work ethic in us so I had several jobs when I was young. Living in Los Alamitos my brother and I were both paper boys. I had to get up early and ride my bike around tossing papers at people's doors. Getting up early and sitting on a street corner folding newspapers while freezing was not fun at all. We used to light little fires on the sidewalk to warm our hands. The streets were empty and we could be delinquents. It's amazing how much trouble you can get away with when you have bags full of papers on your handle bars. The police didn't look at us twice. One of my clients was a house of prostitution. I did not know about such things at that age; but I always noticed when I was delivering the large amount of motor cycles parked on the lawn. There also seemed to be constant flow of sailors in and out

at all hours. One time my dad was driving me around as I was trying to collect receipts for the month. The whole house had a big German Sheppard that always barked at me from behind the flimsy screen door. I never got too close to that house but that day, the dog decided to go through the screen door and attack me. My dad jumped out of the car and scared him off but not before the German Sheppard took a chunk out of me leaving a nasty scar on my rear end. To this day I can't understand why my parents didn't sue the property owner.

We moved again right before I was to graduate from junior high school. This time we went to Anaheim where my dad was going to work at his company's new office. The new house was big and very nice, and in those days, there were still orange groves and strawberry fields all over. We kids were not happy to be leaving our friends and starting up at a new school was difficult and traumatic. There wasn't much we could do about it and we did our best to enjoy the new house. We each had our own rooms with big closets. We had a swimming pool installed and the back yard was planted with lush vegetation. More than likely my dad was buying this big to keep my mom happy and give her a showplace to impress her friends.

When we moved I had three girlfriends at the same time and they all found out about the others after I left. Whether or not my leaving would have prevented my getting caught, I don't know. In hindsight I wish he would have just commuted and left us where we were. The best memory I had from that new junior high was a girl I met in Spanish class named Theresa. She was also new to the school and had just moved to Anaheim from Utah. She was a blond haired beauty and I swear she was the prettiest girl in school. When my mother met her she said that, "She had a face that could launch a thousand ships." She was comparing her to the legendary beauty Helen of Troy. We went out together all summer and I introduced her to my friends. Just getting ready for high school is not a good time to be starting over and the friends you make are not always the best quality. I started smoking pretty heavy as I was hanging out with the kids that smoked. Unfortunately she was a very good girl, and at that age my hormones were out of control and I needed a girl that was not so pure. I let her go from my life and always regretted it afterwards. When I was in high school all the guys would fall over themselves when she walked by. When I told them that we used to go out together they said I was a liar that I could never get a girl like that. It took many years for me to get over her. The only time I would ever see her again was at my high school reunion when I was standing there with my wife and she walked up behind me with her husband. We didn't talk but both our spouses knew and I remember the look in her husband's eyes. I think he knew I still had a place for her in my heart.

Though out high school my diet was awful and I didn't eat right. My mother was a good cook; but for some reason we were sent to school without a decent breakfast and insufficient funds for a healthy lunch. For breakfast I would usually have a cup of tea and toast, maybe a bowl of

cereal. For lunch I was lucky if I had a dollar to buy a crummy little frozen pizza from the lunch line. I was not an athlete and I spent a lot of time hanging out with the smokers wherever they would congregate at school. I used to walk across campus with a lit cigarette in my hand without getting caught. Homework was a low priority and almost never got done yet somehow I managed to get halfway decent grades. One thing I did do was to read the newspaper every morning and I was very aware of what was going on in the World and able to astound my teachers with my knowledge of current events.

When we moved to Anaheim I got a job washing dishes at a local greasy spoon called Gilmore's. My brother and I both worked there and we had some other friends that worked there also. They had a Foster's Freeze on the side of the restaurant and we used to make huge ice cream Sundays when the owner was gone for the night. When I was in High school I got a job at Lucky's supermarket bagging groceries. This is where I met my future wife Danelle. The market job helped me afford to buy gas for my first car. It used to take ten dollars to fill it up and I remember thinking how much money that was. My parents had an old blue 64 Ford Galaxy Station Wagon that I was allowed to take over when they wanted to get rid of it. It was a beast but I poured money into it. I ripped out the back seats and covered everything in padding and thick shag carpeting. It had black tuck and roll on the ceiling, black paint on the rear windows, and an eight track stereo with six 6x9 speakers. Of course it also had big tires, magnesium wheels, and all the performance bolt-ons on the 352CU big block V8. I had custom made white aluminized fender well headers that I used to un-cork so I could drive around town making horrendous noise. I especially liked to race past the High School when class was in session making a roar that everyone could hear. It even had a racing transmission that would make that thing chirp the tires when it shifted. The back window was plastered with stickers for all the race car goodies I installed. That car was the last thing you wanted to see park in front of your house when your daughter was going out on a date. It was a so called sin bin. The police loved to pull me over and look for violations.

I did not have any girl friends all through high school. Because I was a smoker, the only girls I was exposed to were also smokers and they did not interest me. When I met Danelle it was almost graduation time for me. She was new to the High School and was coming out of an all girl's Catholic School. She got a job at the supermarket I was working at and I was lucky enough to be the one to train her. That first night I decided that I was going to make her mine. She was tall just a little shorter than my six feet. She was Hispanic with long dark hair and big brown eyes. She had a look that could pass for American Indian or maybe Italian. She used a shampoo that always made her hair smell great. She gave me a little small lock of her hair and I would sit there in class and hold it under my nose, keeping her scent with me. Her dad was an officer for Anaheim police and very protective. He was a big Mexican gut that they called dirty Dan. No doubt that nick name didn't come from him being a nice guy. I am sure when he saw my

station wagon he knew he had to keep her away from me. He blocked her from going out with me for a long time. She was at an age where she was trying to break away from daddy's grip and I was a bad boy that she found exciting. Before school all my friends would sit in our cars out in the student parking lot and smoke. Danelle would watch us from afar and wonder what it was like to part of our group. Psychology being what it is, the more her dad tried to keep me away from her, the more I wanted her. Persistence pays off and eventually I was able to go out with her. Often I would come to her house to pick her up and her dad would be out front talking to a nice young policeman that he wanted her to meet. That didn't work very well; she wasn't interested in dating a cop. Several times I would be leaving my parents house and there would be a police car sitting down the street waiting for me. I would get pulled over and the car would be inspected for violations. The things we put up with for love.

After some time I was somewhat begrudgingly accepted by her family. Her grandmother who lived with her family was nice to me and I got exposed to lots of new foods such as Chorizo and eggs which I now eat almost daily. One night I was sitting in her parent's living room and she told me that both she and her younger brother were both adopted. This was a shock to me and I was not sure what to think. Later after many years of marriage I would come to understand the dynamics of having a spouse with adoptive parents.

Danelle and I dated for four years. It was eight months before I ever touched her. The first time was one night when I was dropping her off in front of her parent's home. She was just as anxious as I was because we both went straight for the goods. Oh my, that was something. She had very white skin with little freckles, and after we would get hot and heavy her skin would get flushed and red on her chest. That was something she could not hide and her parents must have noticed.

After I graduated I would come onto the campus and visit her as she was younger than me and still in High School. I had devoted my artistic abilities into making jewelry using lost-wax casting. I was very good and the woman who taught the jewelry class would allow me to continue to use the equipment at the school. This was a great way for me to see more of Danelle who was in the class. Many of my projects were destined for her. Most of the jewelry I made was sterling silver and sometimes gold. This was back when you could buy an ounce of gold for \$35.00. I told my parents to take all their money and buy gold but they didn't listen to me and thought the bank was the best place to earn a return. God I wish they had listened to me.

“Science is a wonderful thing if one does not have to earn one's living at it.”

Albert Einstein

The electro-optics industry

After high school I went to the local community college and started a business major, accounting, sales and some general education while still taking jewelry making classes. At the time I thought I wanted to open jewelry store. I thought a business major would help me be able to run my own company. My old high school had a ROP job training program that taught precision optical lens manufacturing. A friend of mine took the class and got a job right away. This sounded like something interesting so I enrolled. In the class I learned the fundamentals of shaping, grinding and polishing precision optical elements. Many of my high school friends were becoming electro optical technicians and this would have a profound effect on my future. To graduate from the program you needed to complete eighty hours which I blasted through while absorbing everything I could read about the electro-optical industry.

Looking in the paper I found an optics company that was hiring and went down for an interview. The company was Newport Research Corp. in Fountain Valley. This company was a pioneer in building special tables for use in Holography research. Normally these tables were made of thick slabs of granite. Newport invented a substitute for granite that used a much lighter honeycomb construction. Lasers need to be set up on surfaces that were very stable and were isolated from all vibrations. They also built special legs for the tables that used pneumatics to make the table float and remove the slightest vibration. The company had set up an in house optical fabrication unit to supply precision optics for use with their systems. When I got there many people were waiting in the personnel office for their turn to be interviewed. When it was my turn, I walked down to the way to meet the people running the optics facility. Being prepared, I had with me my certificate from the class, and a display case with some of my handmade jewelry and some of the lenses I had polished. Turned out the boss was an old friend of the guy teaching the class and he was very happy to meet me. Before the interview was over I remember him picking up the phone and telling the personnel office to send everybody that was waiting home. So now I was part of the electro-optical industry. It was 1977 and lasers were just beginning to become practical and the technology was changing the World. My job was to run an edging machine that would grind the edges of the lenses to a specific diameter. I also cleaned the optics and learned about many other operations in the optical manufacturing process.

My parent's house was still my home. They let me build a room in the garage and I set up a tiny jewelry manufacturing area. Whenever I was frustrated about something at work, I would

invest in a piece of equipment. Before long I had everything I needed to create jewelry and do repairs in my little shop. The room was only about eight foot square but I could sit there and access all my equipment and do great things. Things were beginning to get tense at home. My dad began to have health problems and started on a dialysis program. My mom was not there for him and I resented the way she took care of her needs and left him alone constantly. Things at home began to deteriorate fast after that. My mother did not really want me around to witness her indiscretions.

I was spending a lot of time with my Danelle. My favorite place to take her was the drive in Movie Theater where we would occupy the area in back of my station wagon. This was also the time I decided to stop smoking because it interfered with the kissing. I couldn't get enough of her. We were in the back of my station wagon almost every night. It didn't matter what the movie was or how many times we saw it, we weren't watching. My parents weren't thrilled that I was dating a Mexican girl even though she was just as white as us. Even in the late seventies, there was still a good amount of bias. This made me want her even more.

One day when I was working at Newport, I found a small helium neon laser tube broken in the trash can. The tube was very small for the technology of the time. The company was designing a weapon mounted laser aiming device. I thought the broken laser was cool and took it home with me. The next day the senior engineer was freaking out because the laser he tossed in the trash was supposedly a big secret. I was made to go home and return with the tube and promptly fired. The company went on to produce several laser aiming systems that found their way into police and military applications. The laser was made famous when Arnold Schwarzenegger used one in the first Terminator movie. You might remember the scene when he walks into the night club and shines the little red dot on Linda Hamilton's head. Eventually one of the principals of the company named John Mathews decided to separate from Newport Corporation and would form a new company, Laser Products, which would focus on the weapon applications. Newport Corporation would soon become Newport Corp and Laser Products would be renamed Surefire.

After Newport I then went to work for a manufacturing jeweler who I met after I had gone there to have some diamonds set into one of my high school jewelry projects. He was very impressed with my skills and was happy to give me a job. Here I learned to do repairs, sets diamonds, and did all the wax carving and lost wax casting. Those skills combined with my electro-optical experience would come in very handy in the future. I worked there for about a year and would take long lunches so I could rush home and spend some "quality time" with Danelle.

One day a woman came in wanting to sell a diamond ring. The owner of the store looked at it and said he wasn't interested. The girl working the counter brought the ring back to me and

said," take a look at this, your girlfriend would love it". It was a wedding band with five 20 point diamonds totaling one carat. She only wanted \$75.00. Fortunately I had the money to buy it and went back and cleaned up the ring. Turned out the stones were very nice. After showing my boss the freshly cleaned ring, he said he should have bought it. Danelle had moved into an apartment with a friend of hers. She wasn't even eighteen yet and I was spending most of my time with her. When I came home from work and showed the ring to her, she exclaimed," does this mean we are getting married?" I was so naïve it did not even occur to me what would happen when she saw the ring. Of course I gave it to her and we were engaged.

It was not too long before I wanted to get back into precision optics. After being in retail sales, I felt my skills were being wasted. There were plenty of optical companies in the area and I easily got hired at another company, JL Wood in Santa Ana and began to rapidly expand my knowledge. JL Wood was a medium size company named after the owner, Jim Wood. They produced a high quality product and were responsible for designing and building the special camera lenses that made the Star Wars movie possible. They put me to work in quality control, and I spent many hours using a laser interferometer to evaluate optical elements during production and final QC.

I was now beginning to get paid pretty well and could afford to buy myself some toys like my first handgun, a .357 caliber revolver. I also moved out of my parent's home and rented my own apartment. My mother was in a big hurry for both my brother and me to move out of the house. He was very bitter about that as he was not as prepared as I was. On the other hand, I wanted a place where I could be alone with Danelle. When I talked to the manager lady at the apartment complex, I told her that I would move in my wife as soon as I got married. She thought I was wonderful for being so old-fashioned.

Danelle and I got married March first 1980 at St Anthony's Catholic Church in Anaheim. The reception, held at the Phoenix club in Anaheim was relatively big with 300 people. My friend Bill whom I knew from junior high back in Los Alamitos was my best man. Bill and I both were big fans of James Bond books and ice tea. Drinking large amounts of ice tea daily is still a big vice for me. Bill was a major influence in my life and I will return to him many times in this story. For our honeymoon we spent five weeks driving up the California coast in a big white Cadillac that we borrowed from Danelle's aunt. We stopped in Morro bay the first night then we went on to Monterrey and spent a night in San Francisco. On our last night in California we stopped at a little motel in Humboldt and slept on a water bed that was like a big water balloon. Then it was on to Oregon where we visited with my family. It rained a lot while we were there but we got to do some fishing and spent a good amount of time in the little bowling alley in town. Danelle must have seemed exotic to my cousins because they would make suggestive comments when it was time for my wife and me to retreat to our honey moon

refuge. When we returned to California Danelle and I immediately moved into a one bedroom condo which we bought when interest rates were at 18%, ouch!

At the time I was not working because I got in trouble at JL Wood for telling someone how much I was getting paid. That was a big no no, and the personnel department was not happy about it. I made some money doing labor with Danelle's uncle Ernie mixing cement and plastering houses. Ernie was a big Mexican guy with a thick mustache. He had a big old yellow truck that we rode all over the place to the jobs. He would make egg burritos that we would eat on the way to the job site early in the morning. This was a far cry from precision optics or even making jewelry; but I got some good exercise and some sunshine. We worked on mostly luxury homes in locations such as Laguna Beach. This was a different experience for me because often the homeowners would look at me like I was a simple laborer and you could feel the disrespect that they had. This was not a major blow to my ego but I thought that these people had no idea who I was and my back ground. This was my first major lesson in humility. Ernie and I got along very well; but this was temporary and eventually I would get back into optics.

Danelle and I were a very passionate couple and I know the neighbors were a little jealous. There seemed to be several single women in our complex that lived vicariously through us. Our friends didn't come close to the amount of sex we had. There was a swimming pool right outside the front door of our condo. We would get out of the pool and not even make it to the bedroom. Our extended honeymoon lasted for quite a while. We were under some pressure to have children from her parents and Danelle's grandmother. Our first child Michelle was born a few years later. When I married Danelle I knew she would be a good mother and would produce big healthy babies. She was blessed with what they call child bearing hips. She also had wonderful bountiful breasts that her doctor once said could feed all the babies in the nursery. I was happy when she was pregnant and she would give me six wonderful children. I was there in the delivery room for each of them and I can say that the feeling you get when the new child is finally there is the best you can experience. As a father I can only describe how I felt but for those who have not had children I can say that this is what life is all about.

Sometime in the early eighties I was hired by the Perkin Elmer Corporation. Perkin Elmer was started by Mr. Perkin and Mr. Elmer right before World War II because these men knew that most precision optics came from Germany and they knew that the United States needed to develop a domestic source for all the optics the war effort would require. This company became one of the largest and most important optical Companies in the world. They were famous for building many of the large observatory telescopes all over the world. They even built the primary lens for the Hubble Space Telescope. The part of the company that made the large telescope optics was called the Massive Optics Department, this is where I worked.

These were the Reagan years and the optics industry was booming. Lasers and ultra precision optics were driving the semi-conductor industry and I began to make components for microlithography systems that were used to make semiconductors. Micro lithography is a photographic process where an extremely detailed mask is exposed to a light source that projects a pattern onto a substrate such as silicon that has been treated with chemicals to etch the details into material deposited onto the surface of the substrate. This process is repeated several times with many layers of different material being deposited.

It was very rewarding to be able to push the edge of the tolerances and advance the technology further every day. I felt great satisfaction in knowing that my efforts directly affected millions of people and made our country stronger. Eventually I was running a whole area of the massive optics department with many people under me and was responsible for all Plano or flat optics. This included all windows, laser mirrors, reflective optics or anything with a precision flat surface. This was cutting edge technology. The bulk of everything we did went into advanced weapon systems. It seemed like parts I was touching went into everything from tanks, jets, ships, helicopters, missiles and anything you could imagine. At the time I never thought that it all would be unleashed in the not too distant future. I didn't mind working on parts for star wars, what I did not want to do was make components for nuclear missiles. Who wants to work hard and do a good job on something that you hope will never be used.

One of the nice things about Perkin Elmer was that they would pay for expenses for employees that wanted to go to school. Lens making involves all kinds of math and Geometry. In school the teachers never do a good job of showing why it is necessary to learn mathematics. Working with all those prisms and complex shapes illustrated very well the importance of what you could do with math. I decided to go back to school and start at the very beginning with Algebra. Only taking one course at a time allowed me to focus and get an A in each subject. I went all the way up to second semester Calculus. One thing I found to be disconcerting was the fact that by the time I reached that level that I was the last White person in the class. By then all my class mates were Asian, Iranian, or of Indian descent. This gave me a bad impression about my fellow Caucasian students who seemed to want to only take the easy courses. Another great thing about working at Perkin Elmer was that there were Engineers all over the company who were always happy to help me understand a difficult equation. The work was such that I could also do my homework on the job.

Perkin Elmer was a world leader in the manufacture of computer chip manufacturing hardware. At this time they were making a new system for producing six inch diameter wafers. A finished wafer is cut up into tiny squares to yield hundreds of computer chips. This machine was built around a key component called a gas bar which was a large aluminum block precision polished on four sides and served as an air bearing that complex optical elements slid on during the

scanning process of the wafer exposure. Meanwhile the company was only able to produce two units a week of this component and it was causing major issues with assembly line production and the corporate bottom line. This was unacceptable and I knew that I could change all this but to do so I needed to be given free rein to come and go as I pleased and have final say on equipment and methods. Like many skilled polishers, I was a major prima donna and couldn't stand the corporate environment. One night I slipped a note under the door of the plant manager. I was working the second shift so I was unable to talk to him in person. On the note I told him that if he gave me full freedom and allowed me to work without any control of a supervisor, I would deliver to him at least six gas bars a week. I knew if I could do things my way and control who touched the parts, I would be able to turn thing around.

The next morning my now ex supervisor came to me and said, "I don't know what you did but you are on your own now and you better deliver". This was great. I could work when I wanted to, and put in as many hours as I felt like. Company engineers were provided to me and I designed new machines and developed new methods to produce these parts. The first week I surpassed my promise and delivered twelve units. This would continue and many units would flow out of my area. As I could also control the hours of my crew, one of the guys I had working with me was able to take advantage of this. He could spend more time completing parts for another project that went into the M1 Abrams tank. This would prove to be very important very soon when the gulf war started.

Because of my success, whole assembly lines were now able to produce large numbers of a machine that sold for close to one million dollars per system. By the end of the year the corporation was able to realize a significant increase in revenue. Almost everyone involved with this project from planners to production control personnel received raises and promotions, except for me. At the Christmas party that year the general manager gave me a pat on the back and said thank you. The plant manager took me out for a prime rib dinner. It's like they say, the better you are the more you stay where you are, and everyone rises to their own level of incompetence. The good part of the extra overtime was that I was able to buy Danelle a nice two tone Rolex watch for Christmas that she is still wearing today.

Needless to say, my success and independence made me a target for some people that felt snubbed by what I had done. In the optics industry we have a saying that nothing you do matters unless you can actually finish the part. Getting something close to specification doesn't count. We had lots of people that thought getting the parts close was being productive and equivalent to actually finishing a job. They would toil for days on something and depend on me to bring it into specification and completion. One day I came into work and was told that some important part was very close to being complete, and I only had to take it off the machine in a few minutes and perform the final test. The guy promptly punched out and left expecting to

get credit for all his hard work. Needless to say, the part was not finished and would require much more work to pass. The next day, this person complained and was able to convince my ex supervisor that I had dropped the ball and allowed the part to miss being completed. This ridiculous story was seized on and used as an excuse to relieve me of control of my department. There was no way that I would let them get away with humiliating me and continue to receive the benefit of my labor.

That night I called my brother from the office and told him I was going to leave and wanted to help him with his company. The next day I went to see my doctor, told him I was stressed and with the note I got from him I returned to Perkin-Elmer and took an immediate leave of absence. The personnel department was shocked and the effects were instantaneous. The remaining crew was unable to maintain production levels. Work had to be sent to other areas and contracts were lost. The department I had built was eventually closed down. The special machines I designed were sold to Japan and the end result was a loss of strategic capacity that I believe hurt our country.

“Whenever you are asked if you can do a job, tell 'em, "Certainly, I can!" Then get busy and find out how to do it.”

Theodore Roosevelt

NK Entertainment

My brother Norman like many of our friends also went into precision optics manufacturing, except he was involved in another aspect, thin film coating. This is the process of evaporating micro thin layers of material onto the finished surface of a lens such as magnesium fluoride for an anti-reflective coating or aluminum for a reflective coating. Magnesium Fluoride is what gives the bluish color you see on the lens of a camera or binoculars. He did this for several years before starting his own business that was involved with specialty lighting for the entertainment industry. This was the era of discos and night clubs and there was a big demand for the installation of dance floors and lighting features associated with such. Many restaurants decided to build these areas into locations to increase revenue and sales of alcohol. Norman had several contracts to retro fit whole chains of restaurants and was doing quite well.

Besides installing off the shelf lighting systems, music systems, and related hardware, he also designed and marketed his own line of lighting controllers and a variety of laser projectors. A laser projector is a system that shoots out laser beams to perform a laser light show. This was an industry in its infancy and he was able to offer product at a substantially lower price than available from other sources. One of the more interesting people that became involved with my brother in his laser endeavors was a brilliant yet eccentric person named Fred Lord. Fred was a protégé of a laser pioneer named Gary Stadler who in turn was a protégé of the eminent scientist Dr. Bob Beck. I mention this because Fred would go on to be instrumental in future developments of both Norman’s company, and my company, the one that I would form later. Bob Beck would also reemerge later in my life and be responsible for important developments historically and technologically.

One of the ongoing projects that Norman was working on with Fred was the attempt to construct a three hundred watt continuous beam Argon laser projector system that would be capable of displaying graphics on anything from the side of a mountain to the surface of the moon. At the time, nothing existed capable of such a feat and effort was focused on finding a corporation interested in using the system for the purpose of advertising. Images of a laser beam writing on the moon were used by NK Entertainment to promote their laser projector systems. This was not lost on certain entities operating on levels of the US government. This was a time when anybody involved with laser technology was closely watched by the CIA.

By the time I left Perkin-Elmer and went to work with my brother, he was already well established and had built many night clubs and sold numerous laser projector systems.

About the time I started he was contracted by the Hilton hotel in Las Vegas to produce entertainment theme aspects for a large private party being put on by Conrad Hilton for New Years Eve. This was a lavish affair that had a James Bond theme. The contract required large murals depicting different James Bond movies, a huge mock up of a moon lander type structure located in the center of the ball room, numerous lighting and pyrotechnic effects, and a high power laser light show. Norman brought in an artist from Hollywood who was famous for having done major portions of the set design for the recently released Star Wars movie. The artist brought with him an associate named Gil that would prove to be a very interesting character.

When I came to Vegas to get involved in the project, we were down to two weeks time to complete the job before the party. Things were going slow and we were having difficulty dealing with the local Vegas Hilton production personnel who were not at all happy with "Hollywood" people coming into town to produce a show that they felt should be done in house. We were not allowed to use any Hilton equipment or facilities. We were constantly subject to back biting and unfavorable comments. Fortunately the work was completed and the show proceeded.

One of the perks that came with the job was a suite at the Las Vegas Hilton that I stayed in for the two weeks and a table at the party for my brother and I and our family and guests. This was a black tie event with the best food and live entertainment that the Hilton Hotel could muster. Before dinner the guests gathered in one ball room where the bond murals were located. There were tables all over loaded with hors d'oeuvres. I have never seen so much shrimp. When it was time to move into the main ballroom, I was so worried that all this food was going to be wasted. The main course was prime rib and there was a show put on featuring dancers portraying characters from James Bond movies. Once midnight arrived and the show was over, their ball room doors were opened and I was amazed at how fast the people cleared out and began gambling.

The next day, our crew tore down the installation and prepared to return home. That night, when I went back to my room for my final night at the hotel, I was met in the hall by Gil, the mysterious associate of the Hollywood artist that had already left for home. Gil was an older guy, balding with his hair going grey. He spoke with a thick accent. He advised me that he had been sharing a room with the artist and needed a place to sleep and would it be ok to stay with me that evening. Sure, no problem, I told him yes and he was happy to sleep on the floor. That night he used to tell me about himself and things got strange. Gil explained that he was from Lebanon and he was working with the US government and some well known high ranking

people. It seems that he was involved with the CIA in some capacity to assist Iraq in its war with Iran which was going on at the time. Apparently something bad happened to Gil's family in Lebanon at the hands of the Hezbollah and Gil had a grudge against Iran. In the short time he spent with me that evening not too many details were disclosed. Most of the information and activity was handled by my brother. Apparently this person needed to spend some time with me to determine something about me personally. This was my initiation into covert activities involving the CIA.

"In time of war the first casualty is truth. "

Boake Carter

Helping Saddam

The deal was simple. Saddam Hussein needed American made equipment to bolster his forces and give Iraq a tactical advantage. Items that were provided would be purchased with a one hundred percent mark up being paid by Saddam. The first items on the list were Motorola hand held communication devices. Now why would the CIA need assistance from naïve young Americans such as us to be involved with supplying goods like this to a warring country? Was this a test for future assignments or were we just disposable patsies that could be used and discarded should things get bad?

Norman did most of the work and had several meetings with important individuals involved with this operation. At one time I contacted an Iraqi engineer who I knew that was still an employee of the Perkin-Elmer Corporation. He told me that he would not be interested in being involved and said that he had great fear that his family still living in Iraq would be in great danger. I had no idea just how evil Saddam was and his history of violence against the people of Iraq.

One of the persons that we recruited to help us was my friend Bill who was working at that time for Hughes Aircraft ground systems division. Bill was an engineer and was working on advanced phased array radar systems. This is a special type of radar that can track up to fifty objects at a time. Turns out that Saddam knew this and wanted to acquire this technology for installation at the Baghdad airport.

This was something far more sophisticated than Motorola radios yet we initially did not see a problem. It was about this time that we became aware that the FBI was getting involved and began to investigate what we were doing. Bill withdrew immediately and became very paranoid that he was being monitored. Everything came to a halt and all the agents involved disappeared from the country. Nobody got in trouble and no money was ever exchanged. Reagan was president at the time and it would be many years before the US government would admit to being involved with supporting Iraq in its war with Iran.

“There is no future in any job. The future lies in the man who holds the job. “
George Crane

Return to Optics

I continued to work for my brother doing installations and servicing clients who were using his products in their night clubs and restaurants. Eventually I returned to the optics industry taking a job with Pyramid Optical as a production supervisor. This company had a manufacturing staff that was almost one hundred percent Laotian. My job was to assimilate with these people and to somehow gain control over the leader of the group who was the son of a Laotian chieftain. His name was Sid and he was very resistant to my efforts and did everything possible to defeat me. He was a short guy, a little dark with black hair. He had a thick accent and I could barely understand him. As nasty as he was to me I respected him and did not let him bother me. One day when he was being extra difficult, I told him, “someday I would have my own company and I wanted a guy just like him working for me”. Sid was taken aback by this and said to me, “what is wrong with you, I say all these terrible things to you and you say something nice?”

Sometime after that I was having some difficulty with another worker that said to me he would just go to another company rather than cooperate with me. I found out that the company he thought was going to hire him, named Precision Optical, had a vice president of manufacturing that was an old friend of mine from some years ago at another place I worked for called KMS. I informed the worker that I knew this individual and I was going to call him and advise him not to hire this person. When I actually did make that call, my friend talked to the other managers and convinced them to offer me a position there as senior engineer. They offered me a nice

wage and included a provision to provide me with gas for my commute. This was a good deal and I accepted the position.

The engineering position involved evaluating proposals, using blueprints to plan methods of fabrication and design tooling and test procedures. One day I was in the front office collecting my mail. I looked up and there was Sid, the Laotian prince from the other company. He had been fired and was looking for a job. I think they blamed him for me leaving. My new company had many employees that worked for the other company and left as a result of Sid's tyranny. In spite of this I promised him that I would do my best to get him hired. I spoke to the President and the general manager and promised them that I would make sure that Sid did not cause trouble, and that I would talk to the other employees and would assure them also that Sid would not be allowed to harass them in any way. They agreed to hire him on the strength of my endorsement and Sid became one of my closest friends.

The company was having problems with becoming certified to produce certain components for military contracts that they were competing for. Before long I was asked to replace the quality control manager in the effort to bring up the standards. I had to write a new quality control manual which is the bible that the company works to and sets the rules for how everything is done in order to maintain acceptable levels of control to satisfy several mandatory government specifications. This job also relied heavily on my ability to be diplomatic and convince government and factory source inspectors that the company was in compliance and had the integrity to maintain it. I was successful in this effort and they were able to secure a major contract. Very soon after that I was asked to assume the position of the production control manager. Now I had to generate documents and controls to ensure traceability and integrity of all parts as they moved from each stage in the manufacturing process. This was the last key step to satisfy the final level of government source inspectors that allowed the company to ship finished product. Again accuracy as well as charisma and diplomacy were critical to achieving this. After all of this, that company was able to shed any negative history and become a Certified Vendor. I remember asking the government source inspector if I could apply for a position as one of them and I was told, "Sorry, you need a degree". My reward for everything I had done was to be let go and the positions I held were filled by people I had trained who were paid less than me.

That day, I made a phone call to another local optical company called Prisms Unlimited Incorporated. The owners name was Tom Bialek and I had met him when he was doing some consulting at Perkin Elmer. Tom hired me and I started work the next day. My old boss at Precision Optical could not believe how fast I was able to be hired by another company and insisted that I had been planning this for some time. The new company was very small; but had a great reputation for delivering extremely high quality product. They also invested heavily in

the finest equipment and testing instrumentation. They had a lunch room that was fully stocked with massive amounts of food and snacks and a full kitchen to prepare meals. On top of all that, it was the cleanest factory I have ever seen.

In spite of my experience I was actually put back onto the production floor. I was made to run some polishing machines that I had no experience on, while nearby there were several machines that I was an expert at using. I did my best and learned to operate the equipment and learned some new skills. After about only two months on the job I was injured when one of my fingers was smashed between two moving parts. The boss sent me to a clinic which promptly sent me back to work even though I clearly could not operate my machine with my injury. The boss let me go. I should have filed a worker's compensation claim, or even for unemployment assistance; but I didn't.

Before I left Tom gave me an old single spindle grinder/polishing machine called an idiot stick. I took it home and used it to make some money doing optical fabrication services in my garage. Luckily I was still friends with the person who started the Optical shop for Newport Research Corp. and he helped me by giving me a second polishing machine and a fair amount of miscellaneous equipment. The general manager at Precision Optical also helped me and let me have a bunch of old tooling such as cast iron grinding surfaces and old diamond cutting wheels. It's amazing what you can do with old surplus equipment. I now had my own optical company.

“I am enough of an artist to draw freely upon my imagination.”

Albert Einstein

Electro Forming

About this time Danelle became pregnant again and we needed to find a larger place to live. I was still making money by selling jewelry I made in my small shop, doing some consulting in electro optics and the occasional remodeling project for friends and family.

Before the second child was born we decided to save some money for a new home by renting out the condo and staying with her parents. I spent some time building a large living area in their attic as the house had a very high vaulted roof line. It really was nice, about nine hundred square feet of new living space with a stairway located in the garage providing a separate entrance. We had two large rooms with a small kitchen area and a bathroom; but we had to come downstairs to take showers.

During the time I was building our new living quarters, a new opportunity for business presented itself. A friend of mine who was familiar with my jewelry manufacturing experience had a sister who was working for a fashion jewelry designer in Santa Monica, California named Susan Cummings Design. This company was selling a line of jewelry consisting of bracelets, pins, and earrings to upscale stores such as Nieman-Marcus and similar high end boutiques. The main component used for these items were a variety of small animal shapes that were made from wax and coated with a thick layer of fine silver. The process was known as electro forming and at the time this process was primarily done in two places, South Africa, and Israel. The problem for Susan Cummings was that production was being halted due to labor unrest from apartheid in South Africa, and the intifada in Israel. They needed a domestic supplier for this manufacturing service. Because I was operating a complete jewelry manufacturing facility inside of my parent's garage, I already owned all the equipment needed to perform electro plating of precious metal such as gold and silver. I performed several experiments with different conductive coatings on the wax forms and eventually was successful in producing finished products using a special organic paint that I had located.

First thing I did was design and built two fifteen gallon plating tanks, one for copper and the other for fine silver. These tanks were first set up in a bedroom of a house my brother was renting. He was using another bedroom to build large high power laser projectors for his entertainment company. One day the police decided something was going on because of the hoses and ventilation systems in the windows and came into the house to look around. I am

sure they did not know what to think when they saw the unexpected sophisticated technology occupying the bedrooms. They left everything as they found it.

The plating tanks each held a rack suspended in the center between two rows of anodes, solid copper for the copper solution and solid fine silver for the silver bath. Each rack held a minimum of fifty four parts, twice as many if the parts were small. Susan Cummings paid five dollars for one part or animal figure. Each rack would generate two hundred seventy five dollars minimum every six hours. The tanks were run twenty four hours a day seven days a week. A typical finished bracelet sold by Nieman Marcus held seven animal charms and retailed for four hundred dollars. When Christmas came around you can bet that Danelle got a collection of this jewelry. My mother insisted that she should get just as much. Eventually I was consuming up to twenty pounds of pure silver every month that was supplied to me from a friend who was a refiner. The silver used to come to me in big long bars that were called dog bones because the edges were extra thick. I paid market prices and did not have to deal with any middleman. The original plan was to plate each part with a base layer of copper with a final coating of fine silver.

It became evident quickly that copper would not cover the parts as well as silver. The realization of this fact would prove to be a very significant piece of information. This lesson would come back in the future when I would discover just how important pure silver is as a building material with applications I could not even imagine at the time. During the plating process, silver is transferred from the anode which has a positive electrical charge to the surface of the work or cathode which is negative. Silver molecules, or ions, separate from the surface of the anode and travel through the plating solution or bath and attach to the surface of the negatively charged cathode one ion at a time. What makes the silver ions so special is that unlike any other material you can use, it has the ability to find and enter the smallest details of an intricate part. This means that silver is the best material available if you want to construct something with microscopic precision. Eventually I would discover other secrets that make this material so important and useful for advanced technological applications.

By now the construction upstairs at Danelle's parent's house is complete and we are ready to move in. Danelle is pregnant with our second child and we have a crib set up in our bedroom waiting for my first son. There are so much extra spaces that I even have a separate enclosed work area to set up my plating operation to continue production twenty four hours a day. By now the volume has increased to the point that I contracted some labor to perform all of my pre plating processes. I was good friends with the owner of a jewelry supply company and he referred to me a person who came into the store looking for an opportunity to make some extra money. This person was from Viet Nam and he recruited several members of his family to become involved. When he came over to meet me at my in-laws house, my mother in-law commented that now she knew I was going to be successful because I had Vietnamese people

working for me. Primarily I dealt with two brothers, Mai, and Man. Man was a little older and had served in the military in Viet Nam.

We used to socialize and often I would join him for Sunday breakfast in the little Saigon area of Westminster. This would usually involve first having iced coffee in a little Vietnamese coffee bar. Enjoying ice coffee is a ritual to be done very slowly usually in a room full of men smoking cigarettes. A small metal cup with tiny holes on the bottom is filled with some finely ground French roast coffee and a metal filter screen is placed over the coffee. This sits on top of a coffee cup and hot water is poured into the metal cup containing the coffee. The thick rich brew slowly drips into the coffee cup underneath. This is a slow process and provides time to relax and enjoy conversation. When all the hot water has dripped through, the coffee has sugar added and is poured over a glass full of crushed ice. The result is a thick sweet syrupy drink that is delicious and energizing. It's not recommended to drink more than one.

Sometimes we would be joined by one of Man's senior officers from his military service and being the only white guy there the other patrons would assume that I was CIA catching up with old war buddies. After coffee we would go to a second floor restaurant in the heart of little Saigon called the Seafood Palace. Here we would enjoy Dim sum. Dim sum is a Cantonese term for a type of Chinese dish that involves small individual portions of food, usually served in a small steamer basket or on a small plate. Going for dim sum is usually known in Cantonese as going to "drink tea. Naturally we would drink tea but usually have a bottle of Heineken also. They say there are a thousand different types of Dim sum and women would push carts around the room loaded with many steamers filled with several different varieties of Dim sum. By the time we were done eating I would be very full and usually have a bit of a bear and caffeine buzz. My association with this family would continue for many years and lead to many interesting future endeavors.

In addition to my plating operation, I also set up a small lab downstairs in the garage where I would do some electro optical manufacturing processes for a small company that produced infra red aspheric optical components for programs such as the stealth bomber. The plating operation was generating a decent amount of revenue, yet did not require very many hours of labor. I would load up several racks with parts from the constant flow of material my helpers delivered and every six hours one complete batch of parts came out and a new one went in. This meant that I would have to get out of bed, and walk across the house every night to change a rack; but so what. It was essentially a money machine that spit out five dollars bills all day.

Our first priority was to save enough money to buy a house as soon as possible. California's housing market was overheating and the cost of the homes we were looking at had increased over one hundred thousand dollars in twelve months. I decided to rent a commercial building

that could be use as a business address and a base of operation for my plating as well as optics production and also give my brother a place to construct his laser projectors.

“Find out what you like doing best and get someone to pay you for doing it.”

Katherine Whitehorn

S.K. Industries

To help me find a good location to rent, I enlisted the help of a broker whose name I saw on a sign in front of a commercial building. It turned out that this broker was an old classmate from my days at St. Hedwig School back in Los Alamitos. He took me to see several locations on the upper and lower end of the spectrum. He helped me to locate a suitable building that was two thousand square feet and most importantly was set up in such a way as that allowed me to install modifications to the plumbing and sewer lines for the type of work I wanted to do. The rent was very reasonable and probably the lowest in the area. This was October 1989 when I filed for my DBA to register my business name, and established S.K. Industries.

The warehouse was empty so I drew up plans for the office space I wanted to construct there. This included several rooms for work areas as well as a special place for the plating and the necessary electrical power and plumbing required for high power lasers. Because I was generating all of my income still at home and had plenty of free time I was able to build my new office space at my leisure and take quite a bit of time to complete it. Naturally I used overkill and made everything as strong as possible including a mezzanine floor over the office space that you could park a tank on. I always thought that should there be a major earthquake that my office space would hold up the building. Yes, I built it all by myself. In the back of the building I left a large area open for ware house space.

As everything was subsidized by the silver plated jewelry sales, I was able to let my brother store material and build his laser products rent free. We eventually brought in an associate of his that was constructing a small personal low power laser projector for home use. His name was Vince and he would often have his young wife accompany him working on his systems. I don't know how Norman met Vince or how long he knew him; but I can tell you that he was

Mormon. Norman was involved in the marketing and we dreamed of securing a large contract to retail these items from a company such The Sharper Image. At the time the only lasers that were available for low power applications like this were glass tube helium neon ion lasers. These lasers were about the size of a regular hot dog and required a separate power supply that was about half the size of a pack of cigarettes. They produced a thin red beam about five milli-watts of output power at 632.8 nano meters. Lasers such as this had only been available for a few years but were very important for use in measuring machines such as laser interferometers that were used to make advanced electro optical components.

Before the introduction of these lasers, technicians used mercury vapor lamps that had a much longer wave length, and before that in the old days, lens manufacturers actually used sunlight to produce the interference patterns necessary for seeing the curvature and irregularities of a lens during the polishing process. So you could say that advances in lens making led to the introduction of ion lasers which allowed the ability to produce lens of higher accuracy and tolerances which ultimately led the manufacture of semi conductor computer chips. The key to all this is the ability of the laser to produce a color of light that is only a very exact thin slice of the electromagnetic spectrum. That means that the smaller the number of the wavelength, the smaller the increment of the measurement. This means the yardstick was able to measure with microscopic precision. For many years American companies such as Perkin Elmer Corporation dominated the market for machines used to produce semiconductor computer chips. Japanese companies such as Canon started to build equipment that used an even shorter wavelength, ultra violet light that allowed for much smaller and more complex computer chips. This was the end of American domination of that industry.

Eventually semiconductor production led to semi conductor lasers. Early semiconductor lasers were primarily built in Japan and were used for new products like compact disk players. These devices emitted a relatively long wavelength of near infra red light that was barely visible to the human eye.

As with the glass tube ion laser, advances were made in semi conductor laser technology that led to shorter wavelengths that were visible to the human eye. The earliest of these visible semiconductor laser diodes produced a dark red light that was six hundred and seventy nano meters. To the human eye this was far more visible than the earlier near infra red lasers, yet less bright than the helium neon laser tubes which were closer to six hundred thirty nano meters in wavelength. The advantages of the semiconductor lasers are obvious. Besides being a tiny fraction of the size of even the smallest helium neon laser, there was no glass tube that could easily break and the amount of power needed was equally small in comparison. The driver electronics that powered the laser could also be much smaller. The main difference between the ion tube and the laser diode was that the ion tube produced a very thin coherent

beam of light output, and the laser diode put out a fan shaped beam with an elliptical cross section. These required the use of a small lens to collimate, or focus the light into a beam.

At the time when the first visible laser diode came to the United States, they were very expensive and very rare. We were trying to produce small laser projectors so this was a technology we were very interested in. The first step was to design a small electronic power supply. We acquired some laser diodes and got to work on it. Remember, back in those days, lasers and people who built them were a rare commodity.

“Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun.”

Mao Tse Tung

The Ollie North Gang

Some time before this my brother Norman was in Washington DC doing a laser show for an event being held at the international airport. It was at this time that he would meet Don Nixon, the nephew of President Nixon. Norman would become friendly with him and Don would become very interested in the development of our laser systems. Don fancied himself as some sort of CIA operative and was well connected with the intelligence community. As I mentioned earlier, Norman had already attracted their attention with his advertising portraying high power lasers being projected on the moon. This relationship would continue for some years and my brother would be questioned about developments that they were interested in that unbeknownst to either of us, I would develop in later years. This was very strange? How did they know about laser technology that I had not even invented yet, and I had no idea they were even talking about it.

Pretty soon Norman was asked to talk to some CIA people about a laser contract. For whatever reason Norman was uninterested or felt he was too busy. I don't think Norman realized how big or important this project was. I don't think he had any moral reservations about dealing with the CIA; he was just kind of flakey that way. He asked Vince to go to the meeting and see what this was about. Vince was a young guy and decided to have me be involved because of my experience with electro optics and government requirements for manufacturing military components.

The meeting was held in an office building in Costa Mesa, California. The man we met was named Bob Bosio. The name of the company was API which stood for American Precious International. What that stands for I will explain shortly. Just inside the office there was a conference area with a long table. On the wall to the right were numerous assault weapons on display, some equipped with a cylinder shaped laser device that we would learn was a product they produced. A woman sat at a desk up front who was introduced as their Chief Financial Officer. Two young men dressed in black military pants and combat boots wearing handguns in tactical holsters at their sides served coffee and seemed to be employees. We went into another office where we met the man in charge. Bob was heavy set with dark hair and a receding hairline. In the corner of the room was a black flag with white letters spelling NSA.

Bob explained that API was formed to provide goods and services for CIA operations and was positioned to take advantage of marketing opportunities that would arise from the availability of advance knowledge gained during covert operations. We were told that American Precious International was originally involved in the sales of precious gems such as rubies, sapphires, and emeralds that were smuggled out of the Far East by Viet Nam era soldiers who were listed as dead or missing in action. I have to assume that these were men who didn't have families waiting for them or didn't care about those they left behind. According to Bob, it was common for men being recruited by the CIA to disappear in combat, stay behind after the war, and reemerge later with new identities. Vince and I never discussed how we felt about this revelation.

API had a new product line which was called the Predator Laser Sight. The first version of this product used a small helium neon tube and contained two nine volt batteries to supply power. They were now assembling a newer version that used a solid state laser diode module in lieu of the helium neon tube. A laser module is basically a small metal tube that contains a laser diode, a focusing lens, and a small circuit board to drive the laser. They were looking for a new source for laser modules to go into the Predator Laser Sight. The sight was a tube, one inch in diameter about five inches long. The tube assembly attached to the weapon like a conventional optical scope using one inch scope rings. The module was less than two inches long with a smaller diameter and fit inside the front of the longer tube. There was a rubber base that fit on the end of the module and at the front, four small set screws were positioned at ninety degrees to provide adjustments for aiming the beam. A battery fit into the back and there was a length of wire with a pressure pad to activate the laser.

This was a very primitive design typical of the very early laser gun sights. The sighting system was available for sale to the general public but the main priority of API was to provide the units to the laser module fighting the Sandinista government in Nicaragua. I don't know how many units had been sold prior to us getting involved but I do remember seeing a Predator Laser Sight

in a magazine once. Bob told us that the laser was well suited for use in the jungle because the thick canopy blocked the sun and made the laser spot easily visible. He also told us that when the laser was attached to a laser module, it was very easy to take out a truck because of the flat trajectory of the rocket.

API wanted us to build forty thousand laser modules and deliver them over a twelve month period starting with one thousand modules the first month and increasing the number every month until completion.

We went home and started to make a plan. Vince would design a small laser driver power supply and I would design the housing and source the vendors for all the parts. This included a machine shop to produce the aluminum housing, a supplier for the laser diodes, and a lens to focus the beam.

The next day I went to my parent's house to talk to my dad. He was not working because of health problems. He was suffering from kidney failure and had to receive dialysis several times a week. It was not a good situation. Still I needed his opinion so I told him about the meeting and what they wanted. I said that these people were CIA and asked him if he thought it was a good idea to get involved with them. He told me he didn't see a problem and said I should go ahead and take the contract. At this stage in my life I was still naïve and didn't think about the reality of what these lasers were being used for. Like all of my friends we had grown up with the Viet Nam war hanging over our heads. We had the fear that when we got out of school, we would be drafted and sent overseas to fight against people who had been fighting since childhood. Learning how to shoot and develop combat skills to stay alive was a big priority. All the guys I hung out with invested in rifles that we all learned to shoot with. I felt that developing technology to improve shooting skills was important, and a good way to serve my country.

The first step was to locate a collimating lens so I acquired samples from many companies foreign and domestic. Eventually I settled on a small plastic aspheric lens made by Diverse Optics Inc. in San Dimas, California. An aspheric is a lens that has a special curved surface that allows it to do a job that would normally require multiple lenses. This was the same lens used in countless compact disc players. First I designed a threaded lens housing to hold the lens with a slot on the front to allow for adjustment with a tool. Diverse Optics would produce the housing from plastic and provide the complete assembly to SK. The spot quality from the plastic lens was not as good as the more expensive glass elements; but Bob decided it was fine for his purposes. I'll always remember what he said, "we don't care what the spot looks like; we just want to be able to see it on a man's chest so we can kill him".

Once the lens was located it was possible to design the aluminum module housing given that we now knew the working distance of the lens to the laser diode. A local machine shop was located and contracted to produce these parts and imprint each unit with a serial number.

Now came the important part. It was time to select a vendor to supply the actual laser diode. Japan was the major supplier at the time with the exception of the Phillips Corporation from the Netherlands. Worldwide production of visible laser diodes was still very limited at this time. Many companies were just entering the market and few could deliver forty thousand units in the one year required. All of them wanted to land this order because at the time this was the largest visible laser diode contract in the World. The major players were Toshiba, Hitachi, Mitsubishi, Sony, NEC, and Phillips. Negotiations were my responsibility and I needed to present an image commensurate with the scale and importance of the project.

S.K.Industries was still a very small company and had any of these companies been aware of our actual size it would have hurt my efforts to secure the best pricing possible. It was time for a good dog and pony show. We had the commercial building but not much inside that would impress the representatives of the corporations I was dealing with. So I focused on my front office and purchased enough furniture and accessories to project the appearance of a much larger company. The door to the rest of the building remained closed and visitors were informed that everything beyond was confidential and no one was allowed to see what we were doing. This worked very well. Our reputation was that of a supplier of the electronic laser power supplies and it was natural that we would not want competitors stealing our designs.

Because of the high cost of the materials needed to build forty thousand laser modules, the deal with API was that they would be responsible for purchasing the laser diodes, lens, and aluminum housings. In order to protect our interests and ultimately maintain control, my plan was to withhold the ownership of the electronic driver board and absorb production costs for that part of the assembly. This would prove to be a very shrewd decision.

All of the vendors and potential vendors were informed that the ultimate end user and financial backer was the CIA. Naturally this gave the project a special air that magically fascinated the people who I was negotiating with. We all too some extent find this secret stuff sexy, I know I did. I was raised on James Bond and these people were no different. When you combine the notion of lasers for aiming weapons you create a futuristic science fiction adventure flavor that grown men leading average lives find hard to resist.

The cost of visible laser diodes was very high at the time, approximately one hundred forty dollars for one unit. Because of our projected volume and the prestige of our client, I was able to secure a price of thirty three dollars for a three milli watt and thirty six for a five milli watt diode. This was from Toshiba; Mitsubishi bid thirty dollars but were unable to deliver the

quantities required. So you could say that I was instrumental in bringing down laser diode prices for the rest of the World.

I remember when Toshiba representatives first met with API to complete the deal; they sat at the conference table in API's office and were served coffee by gun toting employees. Quite an impression must have been made on them and it cemented my reputation as a contractor for the CIA.

Before delivering anything, I decided it would be a good idea to have an attorney draw up a contract detailing the relationship between S.K.Industries and API. When I delivered it to Bob, he told me it didn't matter if the contract was twelve inches thick, he would be able to do whatever he wanted and get away with it. This was to be my first clue to the integrity of these people. There was so much money involved that I decided to continue regardless and to be careful not to let them get any advantage over me.

Vince had completed his design for the laser driver. I was securing the components and was in the process of having circuit boards created. Fortunately I had a great connection for circuit boards. The Vietnamese brothers that were doing the pre processing for my electro formed jewelry parts had set up a circuit board company. One night I was at home visiting with my friend Bill who was an electrical engineer. We were looking over the specification for the Toshiba laser diodes that we were going to use. Bill noticed a critical detail after looking at Vince's design for the laser power supply. The laser diodes contained a semiconductor chip that emitted raw laser light when power was applied. The chip emitted light in two directions. Light went out of the front which produced the beam; but it also went to the rear inside of the laser to a photo conductor which allowed for the power supply to continuously monitor changes in output. This was important because the output power would go up or down as the temperature of the diode changed. Laser diodes have a specific operating temperature rating that needed to be controlled. That means that if the laser was used in a cold environment, the output power could increase to beyond the required levels for eye safety as well as overdrive and potentially kill the laser diode. If the laser became too warm which lasers will do as they run, the output power would go down and the beam would become less visible. This is the nature of the two types of power supplies for laser diodes, constant current types, and constant output types. Cheap inexpensive lasers tend to be the constant current type.

That night I went to the shop with Bill and we met with Vince who was working on his laser projectors. We took one of the laser module prototypes and proceeded to test it. We turned it on and measured the output. We then put the module in the freezer for a few moments and took it out and measured the output again. Sure enough the output had gone way above the desired level. Regrettably I had to inform Vince that his power supply was unacceptable and I would have to immediately find a new source. This was his only contribution to the project and

he was no longer of any use. He could continue to use the space he occupied for his projector fabrication; but he would no longer be involved with the CIA project. This was very harsh I know but we were on a schedule and his failure could not be tolerated.

Immediately I contacted Fred Lord, the laser expert I mentioned earlier and asked him to produce a constant output power supply that would utilize the optical feedback function of the laser diode. Fred was my first choice because I knew he could do it and he deserved to be involved. Fred had no moral dilemmas about dealing with the CIA and looked at this as another opportunity to stay ahead on the technology. He designed a simple yet elegant driver and had the unit produced in Oregon where he lived and shipped the first one thousand pieces to us very soon. Needless to say, Vince was not very happy and moved his operation out of my office.

We took delivery of the first one thousand laser diodes from Toshiba. Bob had decided to go with the cheaper three milli watt diode in order to save three dollars. I was very disappointed in his decision and thought he was being a cheap skate. My hunch would prove correct. The total contract for the forty thousand laser modules would be two point four million dollars. My personal profit would have been six hundred thousand dollars. This was going to be a very good year for me.

Fred came to California to help and I hired a small crew to assemble the modules. We had to perform several operations like cutting lengths of black and red wire, stripping the ends and filling the assembled modules with black epoxy. You really get a feel for the size of the number whenever you have to do something one thousand times. We were having about one percent failure of the laser diodes. Laser diodes are sensitive to electro static discharge as well as voltage spike. Toshiba insisted that we were doing something wrong or that there was something wrong with our power supply. Failure was common with early visible laser diodes and one percent was not a high amount yet seems like a lot when you have one thousand units.

When the first batch of modules was completed I delivered them to API. Bob was not happy with the power of the beam and decided he could not use them. Even though he had seen the first prototype laser module, he didn't complain about the brightness of the spot then. This was ridiculous considering that he was the one to make the poor decision to use the lower power obsolete laser diodes in the first place. I knew the 3mW were not going to be good enough. We were not paid for building these modules and it was up to me to try to sell them to recoup the expense. This was the beginning of major problems I would have with API. Unfortunately I discovered a major flaw in my contract, I had not specified a firm delivery schedule and he was able to so delay and string us along. Things would get worse. API contacted Toshiba and made arrangements to change the order to the five milli watt laser diodes. Toshiba was not about to let API string them along so they insisted that API take

delivery of ten thousand of the 5mW laser diodes. I took twenty-five hundred of these new laser diodes back to SK and we started to assemble more laser modules.

At this point it was clear that these people could not be trusted. The decision to keep control over the power supply production proved to be very important. Bob did everything he could think of to hijack the assembly from me. I had several meetings with him and every time it was something different. Besides the laser gun sights, API had big plans for other projects for a war that was about to happen in the Middle East. Bob tried to entice me to get involved and I read the prospectus for the new products. There were to be stealth speed boats that were going to be made with Kevlar instead of standard glass fabric used in most fiber glass boats. There were going to be drone aircraft for surveillance and armored dune buggy's for fighting in desert terrain. Bob took me to a vacant building close by where they intended to set up a new manufacturing facility. This was all supposed to impress me and convince me to fall under their wing, something I knew I would never do. Bob also told me that eventually they would relocate to somewhere in Nevada where they would buy property that butted up against a military base. The purpose of this was to allow for the movement of material back and forth over the fence without scrutiny. There were times when I was with Bob that men would come to the office that made an impression on me. They tended to be white guys with dark glasses, safari shirts and the obligatory pack of cigarettes rolled up in their sleeve. To me these guys were comic book CIA types. Bob did his best to intimidate me and force his will. He would look at me and say, "You've obviously never been in combat before". I learned an important lesson dealing with these people that would continue to serve me well. Even though I knew they were no good and out to screw me over, I never let on that I was upset and continued to work with them without ever saying what I was thinking.

One day Bob told me something that would change my life forever. I was in his office sitting across the desk from him. He told me a story about a CIA hit squad that would go into villages in the jungles of Honduras. These were villages that were thought to be communist sympathizers. The squad would kill everything in the village, men women, children, dogs, pigs, and chickens. A big helicopter would fly in with a bulldozer hanging underneath it. That bulldozer would dig a trench and scrape the entire village into the hole and cover it up with dirt. By the time the helicopter flew off with the bulldozer and the hit squad departed, there would be nothing left except a clearing in the jungle.

Years later I would read in the news paper about mass graves being unearthed in the jungle. The man sat there and told me this with a smile on his face. I knew then and there that we were not the country I grew up thinking was, "one nation under God". Who has the right to kill innocent men, woman, and children? For some reason his description of all the animals being killed really affected me. My innocence was gone and I would never be the same. I was in

shock, and didn't know what to think. If the good guys could be evil, did that mean that the bad guys were also good sometimes? The last thing I wanted to be was a tool of evil. I don't want to go to hell for making money off of a product that I was building. My concept of good and evil was shaken and I had to go back and relearn everything I knew about history and what motivated people to do what they did throughout time.

"A coward is a hero with a wife, kids, and a mortgage."

Marvin Kitman

New home

We moved out from my in laws attic and bought a three bedroom home not far away from them and close to my parent's house. We still had only two children, the girl and the boy and a little black cat named Midnight that I picked up as a hungry little stray in front of the market. Housing prices were going nuts and I spent around two hundred thirty thousand for a property that was barley good enough by my standards. The Realtor was an ex cop that knew my father in-law. I think he knew the house was not worth the money because you could tell he did not respect the seller very much. That did not stop him from doing his best to pressure us into committing as soon as possible. I wish we would have held out a little longer; but we needed to get out of her parents home a little sooner than expected do to some turmoil that had erupted between her mom and dad.

I put down twenty five percent to get a no qualifying loan, about seventy thousand dollars cash. We sold the condo and made about thirty thousand from it. Our new house was a one storey on a corner with a big oak tree out front on a big lot. In the back yard there were several fruit trees and against one wall there was a black berry vine growing. The house had a two car garage that was big enough to park our cars in and still give me room to set up my plating operation. There was a park behind us and all the schools were in walking distance. What I really wanted to do was tear that house down and put up something nice on the lot. Unfortunately this was the start of the nineties and California real estate was going to crash.

Still I was dealing with API and the word from Bob was that George Bush senior was going to move against Saddam Hussein who had recently invaded Kuwait. Bob was in a position to know what was going to happen and told me about satellite surveillance and Special Forces that were being placed in Iraq in advance of our assault. He led me to believe that our lasers would be used to indicate targets. He told me that units would be placed on roofs with special timers that would activate and illuminate impact areas for laser guided weapons. The World was waiting to see what would happen. One day I had a meeting with Toshiba at their offices in Irvine where I sat down with a room full of executives. They asked me if we were going to war, I told them yes, it was going to happen, the process had already started.

These were the days where the World would see what the Reagan defense build-up was all about. Many people had assumed that America had lost its dominance in the World and were under the false impression that Japan had become the technology leader. The truth was that when they were building cars and consumer electronics, we were building advanced laser guided weapons, M1 tanks, fighter aircraft, and cruise missiles. Working in the optics industry I had spent many years making components for these systems and assumed that like so much material that came before, it would never get used. When the war started I like everybody else was glued to the television watching the spectacle unfold. I had a case of the flu so I spent many nights on my couch up all hours watching the live feed. Because my fingers had touched so many of the weapons being used, I could feel a connection to the extreme violence taking place. When the war ended and Saddam's troops were retreating on the road from Basra, I remember feeling quite sick. General Mc Caffrey was slaughtering several hundred thousand retreating Iraqi troops and like they say in the Star Wars movie there was a great disturbance in the force.

By now I was no longer dealing with API. They were not paying me and had no intention of honoring the contract. Fortunately they were responsible for paying all the vendors and found themselves being sued. I had taken possession of over one hundred thousand dollars worth of laser modules and began to sell them to recoup as best I could. I thought for sure these guys would try to take me out. For the time being they were being kept busy by angry vendors and had been run out of town. Still I needed to watch my back.

Right away I placed ads in the major laser trade magazines, Photonics Spectra, and Laser Focus World. I offered a three milli watt laser module for seventy nine dollars. Back in those days, this was a very low price. The response was excellent. I was contacted by major corporations, universities and research institutions from all over the World. Everybody wanted a module to test. I even took laser modules to sell at computer swap meets that were common back then. It was at one of these swap meets that I would run into Peter Houk, the chief scientist for Laser Products Corporation. This man was the same person who had me fired many years ago from

Newport Research Corporation for taking home the broken helium neon laser tube. When he came to my table to inspect the modules, I said to him, "Hey Peter, those laser tubes aren't worth crap now, huh". He made a stupid look and walked away. The next day I got a call from a man I knew was one of his engineers. He wanted to come to my shop and purchase a laser power supply. This was a multimillion dollar company and they still thought they needed to steal technology from a tiny startup such as my company. I was becoming a threat.

My module sales were doing well and I was able to continue a good relationship with the vendors I established with API. They had no problem with me and would continue to supply material at the same rate as I had previously negotiated. Eventually I started to produce new stock using the more advanced five milli watt laser diodes. Soon I started to receive inquiries from countries I had never heard of, with names like Bosnia, Croatia, and Slovenia. Like many others I was unaware of the civil war that had started in the former Yugoslavia. They would ask questions like, what was the spot size at two hundred meters and could they withstand shock and recoil. Obviously they intended to use them for laser gun sights. Of course I had no idea who the players were and who was fighting who. Very often I would get faxes from these people from Wien, the capitol of Austria. Vienna was a hot bed for spy activity back then. By itself, a laser module was not much good for using as a laser gun sight. It needed to be assembled into a housing that provided a means of aiming as well as a battery and activator. Because I had experience working with API, I knew the limitations of their system and the frustration of having the laser being unable to maintain a zero point of impact.

The predator system was large and contained many variables that would move and when combined would make it impossible to maintain accuracy. Laser gun sights were still a new concept that had yet to be taken seriously by professional users of guns like the police. Some SWAT teams had incorporated them for use by snipers; but they were still impractical for use by rank and file police officers. One day I read a story in the newspaper about a fourteen year old Mexican kid that was running away from the Police in Santa Ana, California. He was climbing over a wall and a police officer shot him in the back and killed him. I decided right there that if I could make a laser that was good enough to be used by every cop on the street that a fleeing suspect would see the red dot and could be convinced to stop running to avoid being shot. So I began to design the next generation of laser gun sights.

In the years that would follow after I had actually put lasers on the guns of thousands of police officers all over the country I can proudly say that many people are alive today because of my product, criminal and police officer alike. Unfortunately many people are also dead; but I must consider that those casualties may have killed others had they not been shot. Effecting the life and death of so many people is a burden that gives you a certain gravity. This must be similar to the feeling a soldier has after being in a war. Eventually when I was making product for the

military I was no longer able to tell myself that the laser was preventing the target from having to be shot. Military lasers are always invisible infra-red that the target can't see and has no way of knowing that a bullet is about to impact where the laser spot is. In warfare there is no deterrence or alternative to lethal force.

"It has become appallingly obvious that our technology has exceeded our humanity."

Albert Einstein

LAW-17

One day I was sitting in shop building lasers when I received a call from a young man from Portland, Oregon named Robert Toole. Rob was building laser sights into the Glock handgun. It turns out that he had been purchasing my laser power supplies from Fred Lord. The company that was doing the assembly of the power supplies had begun dealing with me directly and Rob was no longer able to buy them from Fred. Rob was in trouble and needed to deal with me. When I asked him who was selling his systems in California. He said, "Nobody", and I said, "I am now." Now I needed to apply for and become a FFL which is a Federal Firearms License. Rob sent me a Glock fitted with one of his lasers. The name LAW-17 came from laser aimed weapon and 17 which was from the Glock model seventeen being the first model of Glock sold, a full size frame nine millimeter caliber handgun with a magazine that held seventeen rounds of ammunition. The Glock handgun has a frame or lower made from a polymer material very much like plastic. There is a cavity in the back behind the magazine in the grip. What Rob had done was create a housing that contained the laser diode and the lens only. The housing was mounted to the front of the trigger guard by four small bolts. Adjusting these bolts allowed for aiming of the laser beam. A wire ran from the housing through a hole drilled in the trigger guard to the cavity in the back where there was the power supply, activator and battery located. The battery was rechargeable and this was accomplished with a nine volt battery connected to an adapter.

The quality and finish of the work was very crude but the concept was superior to other laser sighting systems available. I began to show the sample gun around to some of the major gun stores in the area. One of the larger stores, B&B of Westminster, California showed great interest and provided several Glock frames for installation of the laser. These were shipped by me to Rob in Portland. It was time to begin contacting local police agencies to schedule demonstrations. Before one such event I arrived early at the site and experienced a failure of the laser after shooting only a few rounds. Apparently the wires broke inside the frame due to recoil. Fortunately this happened before the law enforcement people showed up and I was able to cancel the event and leave.

Some time had passed and I had not received the laser installations back from Rob. The customer was getting concerned and it became apparent that I was going to have to jump on a plane and retrieve them myself. When I arrived at the Portland airport I was met by Rob and his friend Johnny who was driving a stretch Honda limousine, I thought that was humorous; but they wanted to impress me. Rob was tall with short dark hair. He was younger than me and had served in the Army. He smoked cigarettes and like many soldiers, had developed the habit of keeping half smoked cigarettes in his pocket which did not smell very good. Rob took me to his home where I met his rather large pit bull, his couch and the dog's fleas. The home was modest to be polite and I did my best to be comfortable and not complain.

In the morning we went to see the place where the lasers were being built. The facility was not very sophisticated in many ways. The methods being used to modify the Glock frames were crude and the result was damaging the frames. There were no instruments to measure laser output and he was guessing at best at what they were set to. The quality of the basic components was poor and I discovered that Portland did not have local sources to purchase simple necessities such as quality wire. This was a problem because the frames I had shipped were incomplete and the work that had been done so far was unacceptable. Because of this I knew I would have to bring the guns home and finish the job myself. While I was in Portland, Rob took me to meet a man named Don Coones. Don owned a Police supply store in Oregon City and was responsible for most of the Glock sales in the Pacific Northwest. Don had a PhD in forestry and apparently was the person who had conceived the idea to build a laser into the Glock originally. Don had supplied Rob with the frames to work on and had absorbed most of the losses from botched installations. Don was a good guy and seemed happy that I was getting involved.

Rob also told me about his brother Ron and the controversy between them involving the laser system. According to Rob, when Don contracted with Rob to create the original laser system, his brother Ron convinced him to file for a patent and put it in Ron's name because Rob was going through a divorce and his ex wife would somehow gain rights to the venture. Rob agreed

to do this and Ron provided the funding for the patent application. Things went bad soon after that and they became estranged.

It was time for me to go home, so I packed up my customers frames and got on the plane to California. When I got back, I immediately began to design and build my own housings to allow me to install the laser system in my own facility. About the same time that I had completed my first system, I received a call from Rob. He was in trouble because he had many incomplete Glock frames and needed my help to satisfy the commitment he had made with Don Coones. Now I had to decide if I should continue to do this myself or if I should absorb Rob into the operation. There really was no advantage in bringing Rob to California; but I decided to do it anyway. It seemed like the right thing to do and I am a bit of a softy that always wants to help someone when I can.

Rob arrived and brought with him his meager tools and a number of Glock frames that belonged to Don Coones. It would take some time to repair and complete the units for Don and I had to take on this responsibility. Rob was not allowed to perform any more work on these guns or any future installations I would take in. His job was to be creative and think about ideas for new applications. For this he would receive a fee for each laser we would install. Being a jeweler, I had the equipment and experience to do the work on the frames by hand without destroying them in the process. Rob was getting a good deal and didn't mind not having to do the work anymore. He was also living with me for free and not paying rent. One day I took him with me to go sailing on a forty two foot yacht that a friend of mine owned. This kind of lifestyle was a far cry from his existence in Portland Oregon. He told me later that when he saw me sitting there behind the wheel of that boat how it made him think back to how out of place I was when he made me sleep on his flea infested couch.

Quickly I designed new laser housings and instituted new assembly methods that solved the failure problems experienced I had experience before when Rob was doing the manufacturing. The product was now reliable and suitable for use by Police in life and death situations. One day I remember Rob talking on the phone to his friend Johnny and telling him that every laser sight we produced was a work of art. It's true, being handmade; we were the Ferrari of laser gun sights. Because of the unique configuration of the system we were also the most accurate and durable laser gun sight in the World. This fact would endure throughout the history of this laser and would not be disputed. It is not often that a person can do anything and be able to say that it is the best in the World. I am very proud of this and happy that at least this one accomplishment can be said about my life.

Being a small company, I wore many hats and marketing and promotion was also my responsibility. We decided that our first major advertisement would be large in order to impress the other media sources and convince them to give us the greatest amount of editorial

coverage possible. We placed a full page full color ad in Police magazine in 1991. Police magazine had a good circulation and it would get the attention of potential customers as well as the other magazines that would want a portion of our advertising dollar. The plan worked well and I was contacted by every other law enforcement trade magazine as well as every gun related magazine in the business. I convinced them to provide free editorial of the product in order to ascertain the results of their distribution. This provided significant exposure resulting in sales. Eventually I would place small quarter page ads in several of these magazines and the product became well known.

In those early days when laser gun sights were first being introduced we had many competitors. Everybody wanted to get in on the action. One of these companies was Applied Laser Systems. They were located in Grants Pass, Oregon and created a system that was a direct copy of ours in many ways. They ran the wires through the frame the same way we did and put the battery in the back of the gun similar to what we were doing also. What they did differently was to use a laser module complete with the power supply mounted to the trigger guard with three bolts similar to the LAW-17. The module was much larger than the housing we were using and the activator they used was a pressure pad located on the front of the pistol grip. The result was a much less accurate system that would not fit into holsters as well as ours and provided less control for activation by the user. To make matters worse, Applied Laser Systems would be granted a patent for the laser module. This was a farce because the concept for a laser module was universal and many people had been building them for years. This was a perfect example of what is wrong with the American patent system. ALS would use this patent with a team of twenty lawyers to coerce and profit off of every other company producing laser modules as well as S.K. Industries. They sent me a letter demanding that I stop selling laser modules in 1993. This was incredible coming from a company that was so obviously copying our design. With ALS having twenty lawyers and a million dollars there was not much I could do. I continued to sell laser modules but I could no longer advertise them. There was one other company selling a laser sight built into the guide rod of a handgun located under the barrel inside the frame. That company was Laser Max who I mention because they would become a pain in the future. We had also designed a guide rod type laser sight but decided it was a bad idea because it could not be adjusted and would fail from the heat of the gun barrel.

There was a day when one of my customers invited me to speak at a meeting of the Orange County Range Masters Association. This group was composed of every range master and training officer for all of the law enforcement agencies in Orange county. Naturally I was proud to do this and looked forward to speaking about our product. So I wrote a speech and went to the meeting. When I got there I was informed that John Mathews, the president of Laser Products was a member of the association and would not allow me to talk about my product. This put me at great disadvantage because I had to throw out my speech and ad lib on the

general topic of laser gun sights in law enforcement. The audience was already very intimidating and John had put me on the defensive. I grew up being harassed by police, and now here I was in front of a room full of them and I had to give a speech. Public speaking alone is one of the scariest things you can do. When I was done speaking John got up in front of the room and did his best to trash me and implied that I was not an actual engineer and that my product was garage made. My experience with the CIA taught me to maintain my cool in such a situation and after the meeting I went to shake hands with Mr. Mathews. He told me in so many words that he had invested millions of dollars developing his company and he wasn't going to let me get in the way. What a nice experience that was.

“Friends may come and go, but enemies accumulate.”

Thomas Jones

ARO-TECH

One day the LAW-17 was featured in a magazine that was doing a story on modifications for the Glock handgun. Several other companies had products featured in this article. One of them was Aro-Tech.

Aro-Tech was a machine shop in Washington that had made a name for themselves stealing designs from several manufacturers of accessories for the Glock hand gun. They contacted S.K.Industries with the intention of doing the same with us. Rob got wind of this and promptly gave them a call. He decided to go behind my back and make a deal with them. He began to collect samples of our components and informed me that he was going to go back home and visit his girl friend. The entire time he was with me in California, he was living in my home and was treated like one of the family. My kids used to call him the Rob dog. We even took him along for family excursions like camping trips.

So Rob was gone and the extent of what he was up to would soon become evident. One day I went to visit one of the machine shops that were making components for me and the owner told me he had faxed copies of all of our drawing to Rob in Oregon. I could not believe that they would do that without contacting me. It did not occur to them that this was suspicious.

Of course I was very concerned at this point but still shocked by what happened next. Every major gun magazine simultaneously ran advertisements for a laser gun sight from Aro-Tech that looked exactly like the LAW-17. This new laser was called the LAW2000 and was being billed as an advanced version of the LAW-17. Close inspection of the photo in the ad revealed that this laser was a mock up and clearly did not even exist at the time the ad was made.

To complicate matters, Ron Toole emerged with the patent having been granted for the LAW-17 laser system. I decided that I would make a deal with Ron and have him go after Aro-Tech. Ron agreed to make a contract with me and I had to pay him so much money up front and so much per laser after that. To counter Aro-Tech I began a series of advertisements trying to educate the market that we were still in business and that the LAW2000 was a knock off. It was my decision that money was better spent on advertising than on attorneys who would have to take them on out of state. Besides violating the patent, they were clearly using a deceptively similar trademark. It was several months after the initial Aro-Tech ads ran that an actual product was created. The final product did not look like the first ads that had run and several steps were taken to make the laser slightly different than the patented LAW-17 design. It turns out that these changes substantially affected the laser's performance and it turned out to be an inferior product. The battle between SK and Aro-Tech would continue for many years with Aro-Tech ultimately ceasing to produce the LAW2000 laser system. Rob would eventually stop working with them and become friendly with me again. For the purpose of continuity I will continue with this chain of events and return to an earlier important happening later in the story.

S.K.Industries would introduce several other laser sighting systems for weapons used by military and law enforcement. Our focus was on this market because our standards for performance were very high and we could compete best against the other companies because our customers could stake their lives on our products accuracy and reliability. We had even sold several systems to the U.S. Secret Service when they were still using the Glock. One day when Rob was still with us, we both went to lunch at a local restaurant with a Secret Service agent who was using our system. He asked me to consider not selling our laser site to the general public. I asked him if they were going to give us a substantial contract to compensate us and what about our competition that they were not concerned about. He said he could not promise anything and I told him that we could not limit our sales at their request. They eventually went to a new sidearm as standard issue and we would no longer install lasers for them anyway.

Being a small company and trying to do so many things by myself, I was never as adept at promotion as my larger competitors. Had I been properly funded during the first year that the LAW-17 was available, I could have secured a much stronger market position and realized far

greater growth. One year I did attend the SHOT show in Dallas Texas. The SHOT show is the shooting, hunting, outdoor, trade show and is the premier trade show for the firearms business. Aro-Tech did this show before me and was the darling of the industry at that time. It was time that I would go there and do my best to re-establish our product. I flew to Dallas with my wife Danelle and enlisted her father, a retired police officer to assist me at the show. We stayed with family of hers that lived nearby.

All of the major players were there including Aro-Tech, Applied Laser Systems, LaserMax, and Laser Products who were now known as Sure Fire. Sure Fire was now primarily involved with producing a high quality flashlight that was intended to be mounted onto weapons as well as hand held. The light was very durable and capable of enduring the stress of high recoil from weapons. Sure Fire still produced a laser sight; but it was very large and not as practical as the LAW-17 system. One very successful product that Sure Fire produced was a replacement fore-arm or hand guard for the very popular German made Heckler & Koch MP5 sub machine gun used by numerous police and military agencies. This fore-end featured a Sure-Fire flash light built into it that extended under the barrel of the weapon. This allowed the user to illuminate an area and target during tactical operations. I had produced a laser that was incorporated into this fore-end and could be used in conjunction with the flash light. This was an extremely effective system and eventually would be used by many special operations groups all over the World.

It amazed me to see how many people stopped at my booth. Little did I know that some of the connections I made that day would be more than impressionistic in my future. In fact, one of them was a straight and handsome man from Spain; who later became my primary rep for our international sales. We even got a visit from John Mathews who inspected the laser system I had built into his MP5 fore-end. He recognized the benefits of what I had done and admitted to me that his company had become primarily a manufacturer of flash lights and that we produced a better laser. I was very happy to hear this and proud to say that we are friendly to this day. He had found respect for me and informed other people in his company to assist me in the future.

Ron Toole was also at the show and spent a good amount of time at my booth talking to me. He wanted royalties and I was anxious to show him that I was working hard to promote the product and kept him informed of every major contract I was pursuing. Two of the larger agencies I was pursuing were New York City Transit Police with eight thousand Glock carrying officers and San Antonio, Texas with four thousand. During the show I also showed him two examples of a prototype laser system that was integrated into the removable rubber grip of a Colt forty five automatic and a Beretta nine milli meter handgun. Unfortunately I had no idea that everything I was telling him would come back to bite me in the rear.

When we returned to California I ended up on the same flight as John Mathews. My father in-law was there also and he was aware of the incident that took place at the range masters meeting. He confronted John and said something rude. This was embarrassing; but John continued to be friendly toward me afterwards.

“The secret to creativity is knowing how to hide your sources. “
Albert Einstein

Crimson Trace

The competition for the New York City Transit police involved every major laser manufacturer at the time. S.K.Industries provided one Glock model 19 which was a smaller version of the full size Glock model 17 in nine milli meters. SK was in a very good position to win this contract because almost every other laser had been rejected. When the final results of the preliminary tests were made I was in for a shock. The only laser to pass the test was the LAW-17 and an offering from a new company called Crimson Trace. The Crimson Trace laser was similar to the LAW-17 with a battery in the grip but had a modular laser assembly that was mounted snugly onto the trigger guard that was modified slightly. Crimson Trace sold its first Glock laser in July of 1994. What was amazing was that Crimson Trace was a machine shop in Oregon that had made a deal with Ron Toole to produce laser gun sights. Ron was using all of the information I was feeding him to start a new company to compete with me directly. It was no surprise that we were the only two systems to pass the testing because we were similar in many respects. Needless to say I was not happy about this but I continued to be licensed by him and Crimson had to also accept that I was going to continue to produce the LAW-17.

One of the other major contenders for the New York Transit Police contract was the guide rod laser produced by Laser Max in New York City. Laser Max was known for doing whatever was necessary to win contracts. There was a rumor that one of their female vice presidents of marketing had even had an affair with a senior Glock executive to advance their product. The Glock executive apparently lost his job as a result. When the time came for the next stage of testing for the Transit Police contract, S.K.Industries and Crimson Trace were each asked to provide thirty lasers to be installed on Glocks for field testing. These lasers were to be

purchased from each company. Laser Max, who had already been rejected, offered to provide sixty guide rod laser units to the Transit Police at no charge. Both S.K. and Crimson were informed of this and we were asked if we would also be willing to provide lasers at no charge. Both of our systems would have been sold for about three hundred dollars each. This was unacceptable. At the same time the national television news was reporting the story about New York and featured the guide rod laser on TV. The results of the test showing how the guide rod laser had failed were smuggled out of the agency by someone on the inside who felt this was a rotten deal. Both Crimson Trace and I contacted the New York Transit Police chief and implied to him that something corrupt had taken place and we would let it be known. The chief retired very soon after that.

Crimson trace would eventually introduce a new product that would change the World and make millions of dollars for the company, the laser grip. The laser Grip was introduced in 1996. I am certain that the inspiration for this product was provided by Ron Toole from when he saw the prototype that I was working on. It was my intention to mount the actual laser under the barrel on axis with the guns aiming sight, with the batteries and electronics located in the rubber grip. They had done something different by locating the laser in the grip also, with the beam being projected from the side of the gun. To a purist this was not ideal but it was simpler to manufacture that way and it didn't matter to the laser buying public, the idea was a winner. Sales were explosive and the laser grip is one of the most popular sighting systems available today.

Even though I had stopped paying Ron fees for every laser I produced, I was still friendly with him and the president of Crimson Trace, Lew Daniels. At another SHOT show I attended that was held in Las Vegas, I had a meeting with Ron and Lew and they asked me if I would be interested in moving to Oregon and working with them. I had one of my workers with me who had been a loyal employee for many years and I could not make a deal with them having him there. Soon I actually began to purchase components from Ron such as laser diodes and the special focusing lens that we both used. Crimson had a larger volume than

S.K. and I was able to buy these items at a good price. It wasn't long before Ron and Crimson Trace parted company. I never knew what happened but I suspect that Ron was pilfering the material he was selling to me. In spite of this I was still able to deal with Lew and purchase the components from him. Naturally this confused some of the Crimson Trace sales people who could not understand our special relationship and why the company would be helping a competitor. Such is the nature of the brotherhood of laser gun sight manufacturers.

“Faith is believing what you know ain't so.”

Mark Twain

Jay Dreyfus and the Aliens

Early in the history of the LAW-17 and shortly after my time with API, I met a man named Jay Dreyfus who sold body armor for a company called US Armor. Jay was familiar with API because they had contacted him about supplying Kevlar for the stealth boat project. He knew about my situation with them and offered to help me by supplying me with body armor in exchange for installing a laser on his Glock. This was relatively soon after my negative experience and I was still afraid these people were going to come after me, so I thought getting some protection was a good idea. I went to the factory and was introduced to the president as well as a man named Easy who was in charge of the manufacturing. Jay gave me a tour of their facilities where I learned about the different levels of protection and methods of construction. I was measured and fitted for a top of the line level three A concealment vest. It was an interesting experience and before I left Jay made it even more interesting.

Jay was sitting at his desk and he pulled out a book and showed it to me. In the book were photos of what I was told were flying saucers or UFOs. At the time I had never seen anything like this and didn't take it very serious but at the same time I remember thinking that these were some pretty incredible photos. I went home and filed this in the back of my head not really giving it much thought. As I was doing a laser installation for Jay we continued to talk and each time I would be given a little more information. He would tell me more about himself and give me more literature and VHS movies. Everything he gave me became more fantastic and always related to aliens and UFOs. All of this was new to me and I took everything with a grain of salt.

Eventually I would learn that Jay was associated with some people who had also enlisted Jay to help them with some security issues. Three of the people I would come to know were Lee and Brit Elders and a man named Wendell Stevens. These people were involved with a Swiss man named Billy Meiers. Now Billy Meiers was a one armed Swiss bus driver with a big bushy beard who claimed to have made contact with an extraterrestrial from the Pleiades star system. This man Billy was becoming quite famous and had supposedly taken many photographs of flying saucers or beam ships. Supporters insist that the images are exceptionally high quality and that a one-armed man could not possibly have fabricated them. He had also written a book about his adventures called Message from the Pleiades' which I was able to read. He was also in the possession of a sample of material said to be a small chunk of an actual flying saucer given to him by his alien contact.

The Elders and Mr. Stevens were helping Billy to disseminate the information and were responsible for helping to provide security for Billy. When Billy began his mission to tell his story he met with a great deal of scorn and derision in addition to twenty-one assassination attempts. Some of these were allegedly initiated by hostile extraterrestrial entities and subsequently defeated largely through the intervention of his Pleadian friends. Jay was involved with this effort to provide security and I was brought in to assist him. Eventually I was asked to help the group to market some unrelated products. After having been exposed to the UFO material in its entirety, I have to admit that I was inclined to believe the events had indeed taken place and that Billy's experiences were legitimate. I saved everything they gave me but still intended to remain objective to the information.

Almost as soon as I began to have contact with these people, strange things began to happen. Right away I began to notice strange clicking noises on my phone whenever I used it. We also started to get numerous calls where there would be no one there and the phone would hang up as soon as I picked it up. This would continue for many years and would actually get worse as I became deeper involved with covert groups and unconventional activities. All of the information that the Elders were producing was being sold. Even if I believed in the content, I found it distasteful all of the effort made to generate money from the sale of the information. This feeling would continue for me as I eventually became involved with metaphysics. Everybody needs to eat and survive but as soon as you start charging for a gift you discount the value of it.

Jay Dreyfus would disappear from my life for a few years and reappear later when he was down on his luck. Like Rob Toole, I would take him into my home.

Almost any information I think is valuable and I believe we should absorb information from every source and always remain objective and keep an open mind. I leave it up to the reader to learn about Billy Meier and draw their own conclusions.

One of the videos that were given to me dealt with the metal sample given to Billy. This video was particularly interesting to me because the metal was silver. Because of my electro forming operation I was intimately familiar with special construction capabilities of this material. In the film the metal was shown to have microscopic channels laced throughout it and also contained traces of materials that were some kind of crystal. This also intrigued me because of my experience with laser diodes. Semi conductor laser diodes contain very tiny chips of material such as gallium arsenide that produce large amounts of energy in the form of laser light. It stood to reason that if you were trying to push something at the speed of light the only thing that would do that was light.

It was becoming obvious to me that the strange experience I was being subjected to were the result of the people I was talking to, my work with electro forming with its consumption of large amounts of fine silver, and the fact that I was an electro optics laser pioneer. The combination apparently was making somebody nervous. These strange occurrences were also experienced by my family and friends.

There was a woman named Gale who was a neighbor of ours when we lived in the condo. She was a Jewish girl who was a little older than me and used to be a playboy bunny when she was younger. Gale was very well endowed. She always had a crush on me and tried to get my wife and me to spend some time with her. We never went down that road. I was a good boy though and never touched her.

Gale was ambitious and was always looking for something that she could sell to make a few dollars. One day she brought me some quartz crystals to see if I could use them to create some jewelry using my Silver plating system. I selected some pieces of quartz and glued some metal rings to the top and applied a little of my special paint to the tips to allow them to conduct electricity and become plated with silver in the desired area. To my surprise some of the crystals became coated with silver on the entire surface of the crystal. This was not supposed to happen; quartz is like glass and should not be conductive. This was long before I knew anything about the special metaphysical properties of crystals. It would take many years before I would understand the potential significance of what I had discovered. Even if I was unaware of what I was doing the resulting increase in bizarre activity would happen immediately. My intuition told me that I had inadvertently discovered some great secret and the more reaction it caused the more I knew I needed to pursue that path.

Gale still lived in our old condominium complex. She had a two bedroom unit and used to rent out the extra room. She had rented this room to a man and very soon she became suspicious that something was not right and that this person was keeping her under surveillance. Naturally I thought she was being silly and there was no reason for her to be getting special attention. Then one day she brought to me a passport that she had secretly removed from the room of the person she was renting to. Gale knew me enough to know I was someone that could help her deal with her problem. She knew about my experience with CIA types and she thought I could help her locate any electronic devices that may have been planted in her home. She also felt that I was well armed and could deal with someone who would threaten her. I looked at the passport and showed it to Jay. She was right; this person was not your average tourist. His passport was stamped with countries that an average American would probably never visit. There were stamps from countries such as Syria, North Yemen, Nicaragua, and more. This person was what we would call a spook.

We told her to return the passport to where she found it and do what she could to get him out as soon as possible. Even after she was able to get rid of him, she continued to be paranoid and constantly thought she was being watched. How much of her fear was warranted I will never know. I had a small photo of her in my office. I thought perhaps someone was in my place of business doing surveillance and decided there was something going on between us. The man moved out of her apartment soon after that but she still worried that she continued to be watched.

An even stranger thing happened to my cousin Mark. Mark was a truck driver that drove a semi truck across country. Now Mark was a big guy who lived in Oregon with my aunt and uncle and had served in the Army. He wasn't the sort of person that would get easily scared and he had no idea of what I was involved in and what had been going on. One day I was out with the family doing something. When we came home, there was a semi truck parked in front of the house. We had no idea who would park a truck like that in front of the house or who was the driver. When we got out of the car Mark appeared from the side of the house and he was as white as a ghost. I had not seen Mark in many years and we had had no warning from him at all that he was in the area and was going to stop by and visit.

He told us that something very weird had happened to him. According to Mark he came to the house and we were not home. He decided to wait for us so he went around the side of the house and let himself into the garage where he sat down to relax and drink a beer on a large upholstered chair that I had set up near my plating tanks. No sooner had he sat down and became comfortable when he became aware of two men that had suddenly entered the garage from the back door he had just used to come in. Before he could respond something happened and he was frozen still and unable to move. His vision became blurry and he could not turn his head to look at the intruders. He said that the men spoke to each other and said something like, "It's ok, he's just another loser". The men turned around and left and he was suddenly able to move again. He got up and ran out the door to see where the men went. There was no sign of them anywhere and when he went out front to look for a vehicle, there was nothing there and we had just pulled up. I tried to explain to him what was going on in my life and realized that the reason he had received the special treatment from these mysterious people was because he had not called us and whoever was watching the house and our activities did not know what to think of this strange person that showed up out of the blue driving a semi truck and going into the garage where the plating operation was going on.

Were these the so called men in black, or were they phase shifters that could appear in a location using advanced mind control equipment and disappear without a trace? Were they there to protect my family, or were they just caught by surprise by someone who had slipped through their surveillance? I firmly believe that Mark was not having a hallucination. He ended

up staying with us a few days and was able to better understand the situation. He told me that he could never try to tell his parents about any of this because they wouldn't understand and they would think he was crazy. He did not think they would have minds that were open enough to believe any of the things I was telling him. My wife took this all in stride as she was getting used to the funny phone activity that she also had to deal with on a regular basis.

In the future I would become familiar with these mysterious people and what they were capable of. In the mean time I was becoming more convinced everyday that these occurrences were directly related to what I was doing and that I would pursue this route even more vigorously.

“Neither fire nor wind, birth nor death can erase our good deeds. “

Buddha

My father's past

My dad was becoming weaker every day. The dialysis was taking its toll and he was wasting away. One of the reasons I bought a house so close by was so I could be nearby and visit often. One day I was out in front of my new home soldering a new valve to my plumbing where the main water supply came into the house. My dad came over and sat down to watch me. Before long my brother showed up for some reason. He asked my dad if he had come over to help me work on my plumbing. My dad told him.” No, I am just there to watch”. My brother seemed surprised by this. He had trouble understanding that the torch had passed, and my dad was just happy to sit and watch me do the chores that would be the responsibility of a father and homeowner. He would not live much longer.

My sister was always the favorite I think but I had produced a son that would carry on his name and I know this was important. One day during a dialysis treatment he suffered a heart attack and slipped into a coma. Before he died our family assembled by his bedside. I drove off and fetched his mother who was living in a convalescent home nearby. I brought her inside to see him one last time. I told him that we would be ok that it was alright for him to leave. He died very soon after that. Danelle would give birth to my second son soon after he died and I would

name him Henry after my father. I always felt a little cheated because my dad was only sixty when he died and I missed him and wished he was there to see everything that was happening and to be there to help me and give me support. Although I had a twin brother, I was the daddy now and became the leader of the family. Even if my mother disagreed with my opinions about the course her life would take she eventually had to admit that I was right.

My father was a quiet man and never spoke much about his past. We knew that he served in Korea and I was given the understanding that he was some kind of clerk working in an office. I had seen the old photos that he saved and they seemed average enough, pictures of buddies and that sort of thing. There was one photo of him standing with some General that was unidentified. We had no clue about what he did in Korea but we believed that something he was exposed to over there was the reason for his kidneys failing later in his life.

After he died, his remains were buried in Riverside at the military cemetery. My mother had hired an attorney or something to help her contact the government about locating any kind of benefits that might be coming to my father's estate to help with expenses. What he found out was the secret my father had hidden from all of us. It turned out that he was CIA. He had been involved with some secret project that was very important but so terrible that He wanted to get out and have nothing more to do with it. He was told he could leave but he would have to give up medals he had been awarded as a result of his work. To this day I don't know what he was doing or if whatever it was contributed to his future health problems. I was told that he was a hero and he was greatly respected in Japan.

Learning about his past gave me a new perspective on his feelings about my getting involved with the CIA for the laser project. I came to realize that this is the nature of these organizations. There tends to be a legacy system that recruits new blood from inside of the family of those already involved. Very often this happens after the death of a member. I would learn that the Masons had a similar practice although my father had no desire in becoming involved with them.

“Think for yourselves and let others enjoy the privilege to do so, too.”

Voltaire

The United Arab Emirates

I had come to be aware that the country of the United Arab Emirates wanted to purchase a number of Sure-Fire fore ends for the HK MP5 sub machinegun equipped with my laser to be used by Special Forces that protected the airport from terrorists. There was a man that got in touch with me who was the defense liaison officer in the UAE embassy in Washington DC. We discussed the system and he relayed the information to the people back home responsible for awarding the contract. Numerous companies contacted me and submitted quotations that were highly inflated. The UAE Government was very insulted by this as there was an opinion held by these companies that this was a rich oil producing country and that they could be gouged. This happened over and over delaying the opportunity for me to sell the product.

One morning I came into the office and there was a message on my answering machine. The person on the recording was asking to talk to a person that I did not know who he had just spoken too regarding the Law-17 laser for the MP5. His phone call had been intercepted by someone who pretended to be working for my company. I assumed that this was done by the CIA and that someone, presumably Israel did not want the UAE to have this technology. The man who called lived in South Carolina and wanted to secure the goods in the United States and fly them to his connection in the UAE. I told him about all of the other greedy people who had come before him and told him exactly what he should charge his country for the product in order to insure success. He followed my instructions and was promptly awarded the contract. Soon I received the funds and delivered the merchandise.

Shortly afterwards I called the UAE man at the Embassy in Washington and told him that I was going to fax to him a copy of the End User License. He gave me his fax number and I sent it off. When I called him back to verify that he had received it, he said he didn't. We checked the number he had given me and concluded that I had used the correct fax number. At this point he became very alarmed that the fax had been intercepted by “someone”, and that we should have no further discussion of the matter. From that day on, I assumed that it would be better to disregard any request for sales to Arab countries even if they were friendly because the U.S Government did not want anybody other than Israel to have this technology

“A nuclear power plant is infinitely safer than eating, because 300 people choke to death on food every year.”

Dixie Lee Ray

Hanford

One day I received a fax from Westinghouse Corporation who was doing work at the Hanford Nuclear plant in the State of Washington. This was the place that made the Plutonium that had been used for one of the nuclear bombs dropped on Japan. They were looking for a very high powered laser. I called the man who sent the fax and he told me how he had come to contact me. He was on a plane and was talking about a project that required a huge laser to a person that happened to be sitting next to him. Whoever this person was, they told him that they knew of a laser company that could do amazing things with a very small amount of money. That company was S.K. Industries. He did not tell me the name of the person he was talking to on the plane that day and I still wonder who it was.

He told me that they were looking for a very powerful laser that could be pointed at the ground and would be able to burn a hole up to a mile deep that would vaporize the soil and allow the escaping gas to be analyzed for radiation. He said there was a problem with contamination and that this laser would need to be able to be moved around the area of the plant to locate how bad and how far the radioactive contamination had spread. He said that trees in the area were testing positive for radiation. He had a budget of one million dollars and wanted to know if we could do it.

I called my friend Fred Lord and told him about the request. He said it was possible to do what they wanted within the budget allowed. So I called back the man from Westinghouse and told him we could build his laser. He told me he would immediately get on a plane and fly out to California to see me. He never showed up. I didn't hear from him again and I don't know what happened. I suspected that he may have arrived at my building and decided that my company was too small. Perhaps he was told to not do business with me, I don't know.

Sometime afterwards, President Clinton declared 195,000 acres surrounding Hanford a national monument called the Hanford Reach. No doubt this was done to conceal the fact that the entire area was hopelessly contaminated from nuclear waste.

A similar area was created surrounding the China Lake military base in the California Mojave desert. My friend Bill and I had for many years traveled to this part of the desert to camp out

and go shooting. If you have never been there you should consider visiting, it really is beautiful. The skies are clear and blue and the view goes on forever. In the spring for a short time after the rains the ground is filled with California poppies. Everything is covered with orange as far as the eye can see.

There was an old man named Virgil who lived like a hermit at a place called Steam Well Springs. The dirt road to his place was called Steam Well road. Virgil had an old Plymouth Valiant and when he drove into town he would drag a tire behind him to help smooth out the road every time he was on it. Steam well was a pipe that came out of the ground on his property that spewed small amounts of sulfurous water; you wouldn't want to drink it. After Virgil died, Senator Diane Feinstein created the Steam Well national monument. Bill and I drove out to the area to investigate. When we drove down the old dirt road to Virgil's place we found rocks had been placed in the road to block our passage. Having a four wheel drive, it was easy enough to go around and continue to where Virgil had lived. When we got there, the shack that was Virgil's home had been demolished and the pipe that was the steam well was smashed and no longer produced the water that gave the area its name.

It was obvious that this national monument was not to honor the steam well or the man that spent so many years of his life protecting the entrance to the Indian petro glyphs located just past his property. I was sure the most likely reason for this areas designation as a national monument was to create a larger buffer zone around China Lake to protect their secrets and make it harder for people like me to witness what they were doing in the skies above.

“To invent, you need a good imagination and a pile of junk.”

Thomas Edison

My Russian friends

I had been doing many gun shows to make sales and educate the people who attended these events. Over the years I became well known and had met thousands of people. These became social events and much time was spent shaking hands and catching up with the attendees as well as my fellow exhibitors. One of these vendors that I would become friends with were two

Russian brothers, Ilya and Israel, who owned a night vision company called Night Optics. These were good guys that I came to know over time and they sold me night vision equipment whenever I needed it. They were both born in the former Soviet Union. They were Jewish yet at the same time atheist like so many people born in the Communist country. This seemed very strange to me to not believe in God.

Over the years we worked together on projects and occasionally they would refer people to me that they thought could be potential employees or were involved in research they felt I would be interested in. One such individual was a scientist that they seemed to think could be a potential employee. I had a meeting with this gentleman in my office and he told me about his background. He had been a director of a research department at a university in Leningrad. They were working on a project that appeared to be some sort of large scale micro lithography deposition experiment. Unlike typical American micro lithography used in semi conductor manufacturing, this was a wet process involving something similar to a large electro plating tank where several highly focused laser beams were used to expose the substrate and cause selective materials to be deposited. By now I was formulating concepts for possible methods of constructing super large semi conductors that could be grown over a long period of time into a beam ship or flying saucer. I already knew that fine silver was the ideal material because it was the only substance that could be assembled ion by ion. The future of semi conductor advances was dependant on being able to make smaller and smaller details. Ultimately this would mean that the limit would be reached when structures would be assembled on the molecular level. Besides being a unique construction material, silver also had excellent optical and reflective properties as well as great electrical conductivity. In the future I would become involved in a research project that would show me even greater properties of fine silver.

Even though I wasn't able to give the man a job, I was grateful for the information he had given me that day.

Another Russian was referred to me that had an idea for a project I wanted to work on. He was also a scientist who worked with the Russian military during their war in Afghanistan. America had supplied the mujahidin with Stinger missiles and Russian aircraft was being shot down at an alarming rate. He had worked on a project to use high power Carbon dioxide infra red lasers to locate a threat and deliver an intense laser beam to blind the attacker or defeat the sensors used to aim the weapon. The concept was simple. An optical scanner system would be located beneath the aircraft. The scanner would spin around and use a raster pattern to project a low power laser beam at every angle below the plane. If the beam struck any surface that would return the energy back onto the source, a detector behind a beam splitter would identify the exact location and would direct a much stronger full power beam back to blind the threat by burning it out with intense laser radiation. Any sort of optical sensor, scope, camera, or even

the human eye would return the signal from the locator beam. This method could defeat any type of weapon that could be aimed at an aircraft or any other target for that matter. We built a prototype optical system to test the theory and were successful. I created a proposal and sent it to the U.S. Department of Defense. There was a requirement for this technology to protect American aircraft from terrorists and enemy attack.

My proposal was rejected and I received a letter saying so. It seemed like a no brainer and it was hard to understand why they were not interested. Later I would learn that a similar technology was already in place on Air Force One. Eventually Boeing would introduce a device that did exactly what we had proposed for use on commercial aircraft. I would learn many times that it did not matter how good an idea was, if your name was not Boeing or Lockheed, you had no chance to win a Government contract. Gosh, do you think maybe they thought I would build a system for myself and mount it on my truck?

“In times of universal deceit, telling the truth will be a revolutionary act.”
George Orwell

Tom Hansen

One of the strangest events in my life would occur in ninety three and would involve my mother. My dad was dead and she would meet someone who remains mysterious to this day. My mother worked for a local branch of Bank of America. She was the manager of a branch in East Anaheim, where I also had my business account. One day she was golfing with another person from the bank. This was one of her favorite activities, something she used to do quite often with my dad. On this day two other people would join them and form a foursome. One of the people to join them was a man who identified himself as Tom Hansen. Tom claimed to own a computer software company called Hansen Analog. Supposedly his company created software used by most major hospitals. He represented himself as being very wealthy. Apparently he had some charm and convinced my mother to go out with him. Tom was not afraid to spend his money and they did many things together. Needless to say, things progressed rapidly and Tom began to express his interest in learning more about her children. My mother was beginning to think he was a little strange but decided that if he was truly as

wealthy as he was portraying himself, then perhaps it would be ok for him to meet us and maybe be able to offer some financial support in our business dealings. This was primarily directed to me.

She called me up and told me that she was dating this guy who supposedly had millions of dollars and informed me that he was interested in meeting to discuss a possible business venture. It seemed to be worth a shot to see what he had to say. I gathered up some of my laser products including a Glock fitted with the LAW-17 laser. I drove down the street to my parent's home and sat down with this man at the kitchen table. Tom was a stocky man a little shorter than me. His hair was starting to grey and he parted it on the side. He wore glasses that darkened in the sun. At first he didn't say much and I didn't exactly know what he wanted to hear so I talked to him about my company and some of the directions I wanted to go with for future products. He told me he was interested in getting involved with me and told me that he also had several friends who had substantial amounts of money that would also like to become involved. He liked to drop names and mentioned that he had dealings with several prominent political figures such as Bob Dole. He also told me that he was connected with the Drug Enforcement Agency or DEA and that he had access to funds and assets that had been seized. He told me that he wanted to invest ten million dollars with me and that I would be given fifty one percent equity ownership of all funds provided. This sounded ridiculous but I was willing to see where this went. He told me to produce a business plan detailing what I would do with the funds and that we would meet again as soon as this plan was complete. I decided to create a business plan that followed the basic direction I was going with S.K.Industries.

At the end of the meeting he asked me a question that I found very strange. He asked me what I knew about non ferrous metal. Immediately this raised a red flag in my mind. Deep down I knew he was talking about silver and this had something to do with my theory's involving the construction of beam ships, and I suspected that he was aware of my electro forming endeavors which I had not mentioned. So I gave him a cryptic response. I told him that I knew it, (non ferrous metal), had uses that most people don't think of. He nodded his head and said,"Good answer".

Strangely enough I had very recently been having a conversation with Paul, the guy that worked with me about my theories on manufacturing methods for large silver flying saucers. This conversation took place upstairs on the mezzanine of my shop far from any phones or anything that could be used to listen in. I was telling Paul about my conversation with the Russian scientist who was involved with using lasers to direct deposition of materials in a large scale electro forming operation. I surmised that this would be similar to a monstrously large semiconductor wafer that would be up to twenty one feet in diameter and consist of billions of layers of deposited material based primarily of fine silver and lased with billions of tiny amounts

of material such as the material used in laser diodes to produce light. I suggested that if billions of particles of tiny yet powerful amounts of lasing material were scattered though out the entire body of the structure each crystal could be energized via a microscopic conductor and the light could be channeled to a desired location via tiny capillary type tubes that were also microscopic and would act as a light pipe. This laser energy of whatever wavelength was desired could be fed out of the bottom of the craft to provide immense amounts of laser light to push the vehicle to the speed of light, or perhaps it could be directed to some chamber where something like a fusion reactor would be located. This would be very similar to the manufacturing process called rapid prototyping, except the structure would have details far greater than the most advanced semi conductor made today with a huge diameter and so many layers that it could take one hundred years to deposit something perhaps ten feet tall. This would correspond to the information provided by Billy Meier as well as details disclosed by former AREA 51 workers such as Bob Lazar. I would meet Bob Lazar in the future and will discuss that later in the story. In any case my intuition, which is very strong, told me that Mr. Hansen was there in my mother's home as a result of my conversation in my shop with Paul.

So I needed someone to help me prepare a business plan. I had the perfect person in mind. His name was David Kellerman who I had met through my Friend Bill. David was a Jewish guy who was a very good business man, had experience running companies, and was capable of producing the Excel spread sheets this project would require. The only reason I mention his Jewish heritage is because I want to make it very clear early on that I am in no way anti Semitic, because this will become an issue in the future. Many of my friends are Jewish and continue to be so to this day. Polarizing issues are tools used to divide people and are always used to discredit information that is valid, my story being no exception.

It was 1993, Aro-Tech was becoming a problem and Applied Laser Systems had lawyers demanding I stop producing laser diode modules. Ron Toole had been granted the patent for the LAW-17 system. This was one year before Crimson Trace was started and introduced their laser for the Glock handgun and three years before the introduction of the Laser Grip. The first priority of S.K. Industries was to eliminate the Aro-Tech issue. The business plan we created for Tom would address all these details to secure our market share in the short term and position the company to dominate the gun industry in the future.

Plans were made to buy out competitors such as Applied Laser Systems, as well as the purchase of vendors such as Diverse Optical. I had also planned to purchase one of the premier after market handgun grip manufacturers, a company called Hogue Grips. The intention for Hogue was to use their reputation and extensive product line to facilitate the introduction of our laser grip sighting system. So I had planned to introduce a full line of laser sight built into handgun grips a full three years before Crimson Trace. We intended to use our resources to eliminate

Aro-Tech legally and secure a permanent licensing agreement with Ron Toole via this endeavor. So these acquisitions and short term plans would have provided S.K Industries with substantial growth and profit. The long term plan was to create a new generation of weapon systems that would incorporate electronics such as laser aimers and range finding technology directly into the weapon as an integral part and not a bolt on accessory. These were plans that I developed personally based on the initial ten million dollar investment.

Our completed business plan was delivered to Tom Hansen. After reading what we had prepared he informed me that more investors wanted to be involved and what could we do with substantially more money. He repeated this process each time making the investment amount higher and causing us to modify the business plan accordingly. Each time he did this the story became more elaborate and he would allude to this being only a preparation for creating a company that would eventually embark on a much more sophisticated manufacturing project. S.K. Industries was going to be a well funded front company for something secret. Each time I would meet with him he would also make a subtle reference to wanting to talk about the subject of non ferrous metals. Again my intuition told me where this was going; but I wanted the money and was determined to be patient and ride this out. There were several other things that Tom would do and say that were very strange. Every time I spoke with him on the phone he would use a pay phone. I asked him why he didn't use a cell phone and he always claimed that he would get one soon. He drove a modest car and claimed to have a secret compartment in one of the wheel wells that contained a handgun. He also insisted that my brother Norman be included in the flow chart of the company as a free floating entity that would be paid a salary without having any responsibilities in the company. He continued to talk about making money from the sale of seized automobiles. He also continued to make reference to well known and powerful people. I had asked him to please hurry and make some funds available so that I could take care of some debts including some money owed to the IRS. One day I received a call from him and he was actually in the Federal building in San Francisco looking at my Federal tax records from inside of the IRS offices on their computer. All I could think was what sort of person could gain access to my records from inside of the IRS.

I was beginning to get frustrated with Tom by now and became more forceful in my requests for him to provide at least a token amount of the money promised. It had gotten to the point where the investment we were expecting had reached sixty three million dollars of which I was supposed to own fifty one percent. We were also going to receive a fleet of Ford Taurus's. He promised that he was on his way to the bank to make a deposit or some kind of transfer that never happened. A lot of time and energy had been invested by me and Dave Kellerman. I was going around negotiating with many companies to buy them out, some of which were not in a hurry to be acquired.

At this time, Tom was on a ski trip in Colorado with my mother. I was sitting in my office when I received a call from him. He told me that he had some friends from Skunk Works he wanted me to meet. One of them was from Raytheon Corporation, the other from EG&G Corporation. Alarm bells were going off in my head. I now knew for sure that that this entire exercise involved getting to me for the purpose of some project involving alien space craft. There was a moment of silence on the phone, I did not speak. Finally I said to him, "This non ferrous metal you keep asking about is silver, isn't it?" Another moment of silence and he said. "Yes". I now knew for sure that my conversation with Paul regarding Beam ship manufacture had been heard. I said to him, "and you know more about me and my family than any of us have told you, how is that?" He replied, "Through parabolic means". Instantly I envisioned someone in the building across from me using a microphone with a parabolic dish to amplify the sound. I then realized that it was more likely a satellite had been aimed at the roof of my building in the general area of where I was sitting with Paul. I had worked on spy satellites at Perkin Elmer, and I knew that sound waves can be focused much like light using a very high precision parabolic reflector. It would be very simple to place a sensitive microphone at the focal point of a large parabolic reflector dish the same way a photo array sensor would be used to see galaxies many light years away.

By now I was angry, I knew I was being spied on and this man had slept with my mother to gain access to me. I told him that when he returned from Colorado with my mother that he had better be prepared to deliver the funds that he promised and that I did not want to hear any more bullshit. I knew when the plane would land and I lived so close to my mother that I rode my bicycle over to the house to try to catch them. It didn't occur to me that he would bolt; but I did consider confronting him with one of my Glocks and demanding the truth about whom he was and who he was working for. I rode my bike back home and decided to return with my truck with the intention of blocking his car in the driveway and preventing him from leaving until I had gotten some answers. By the time I returned which was only a few minutes later, Tom had arrived and immediately jumped out of the car, pulled my mother's bags from out of the trunk, dropped them on the driveway. He then jumped back in the car telling my mother he had to leave and sped away. When I pulled up, she was carrying her bags into the house and told me that Tom had suddenly driven off without even taking a moment to help her bring her luggage inside. She was shocked at this behavior and had no idea of what had transpired during my phone conversation the day before.

I decided to investigate and see what I could find out about this person, something in hind sight that I should have done from day one. Looking at his business card I realized there was no address or phone number. I called a local hospital that was supposedly using his software, and was told they had never heard of him or his company. Within a day or two my mother received a hand written letter from him explaining that he would no longer be able to see her because of

a problem he was having with “her son”. The letter had no return address and I still have it in my possession. I have two photographs of him that were taken by my mother. Considering that he is a non person, I see no reason not to publish them in this book or online.

I was left to wonder just who this person was. There were several possibilities. Was he a simple con man? Was he an agent working for one of my competitors? Was he CIA or FBI? In the future I would learn more about secret organizations what would make me wonder if he was something even more sinister and obscure. Was he even human? Some of his bedroom habits I would learn about made me question if he was a man not used to living amongst normal people. My friend Dave who worked so hard and devoted so much time to this was angry and wanted to sue him thinking he was a con man. My friend Bill insisted that none of this ever happened and that I was a habitual liar, and had made the whole story up. Talk about denial, it would be many years before he would even talk to me after this incident. Either way it was clear that these people were afraid of me and I had failed their recruitment process because I knew too much and would not allow myself to be manipulated into getting stuck on some secret base working on alien technology and probably never seeing the light of day again. This was no different than what Bob at API was trying to do except these people were more sophisticated and conniving in their efforts to get to me.

“If you're in a bad situation, don't worry it'll change. If you're in a good situation, don't worry it'll change.”

John A. Simone Jr.

Big Changes

About a year after the Tom Hansen incident, we were about to lose our first home. The California real estate market had crashed and whatever equity I had was gone. The value of our house dropped about seventy thousand dollars, the same amount I put down in cash. I still had the highest mortgage payment and paid higher property taxes than anybody on my street, and we for sure did not have the nicest home. By now we had five children, two boys and three

girls. Danelle was not working, and we had a woman that came to the house and helped her with the kids and the housekeeping. Her name was Julia and she helped take care of Danelle's grandmother Lupe. After Lupe died we had Julia come to work with us to keep her in the family. Julia was from Mexico and didn't speak English. I did my best to communicate with her using the Spanish I learned in high school. Julia had a little crush on me and would call me Mr. Steve. We had four cars, a Volvo that I bought when we lived in the condo, a Pontiac Fiero GT that I bought when we lived at her parents, a white Cadillac that was my dad's that my mom sold me after he died, and a big monster Ford F350 4x4truck that I recently had purchased. I had to let Julia go and I gave her son the Volvo to help out her family.

I was no longer making the jewelry for Susan Cumming design because they had stopped paying me and was behind by about seventy thousand dollars. I sold whatever silver anodes were left back to my refiner. I tried to make a deal with our bank to see if I could modify our loan payments. They told me that if I could show a reduced income that there was a possibility they could do something. I generated financial documents to illustrate our situation and was told we didn't make enough money to qualify for a new loan. We decided to file for bankruptcy and ended up squatting in the house for a year. The credit cards were gone and our spending was greatly curtailed.

Before we moved out, God smiled on us and Danelle spotted a small sign on a nearby street advertising a home for rent. The house was nearby located on the other side of the park that was behind our home. The house was huge; it was intended to have seven bedrooms but was set up to have four bedrooms and a giant bonus room over the garage. The family that owned the house was Korean. They had never made any improvement to the home over the years, everything was still original. They only wanted fourteen hundred dollars a month which was over two hundred less than my mortgage and I didn't have to pay for property taxes or insurance. This was an incredible deal. I met with the owner and explained to them that I was self employed and that we had recently filed for bankruptcy. I offered to give them double the amount they wanted for a security deposit which would be twice the amount of the rent. They agreed and we had a new place to live. The day we moved out of our old house, it was raining. My boys were getting pretty large so they were a big help moving our furniture. We had one more child that would be born and life would get even more bizarre for me and the family.

There was a very large master bedroom. I set up a long row of tables on one side of the room. Here I placed my computers and other equipment such as scanner, printer, and a fax machine. I had a wonderful view of the tree tops from a window just behind my computer monitor. I enjoyed watching the birds that would frequent the bird feeder I placed just outside the window. When I came home from the office at night I would do my work on the computer such as building my web site and creating advertising for the laser systems. I also spent many hours

doing research. Many years would be spent doing this, studying everything from ancient history to all of the World's religions. I was on a quest for answers. I also had a television in the room and I constantly monitored the cable news network and C-span. There came a point when I thought I had the answers. In the years I spent in that house with my family, the World would change and my beliefs and confidence in my understanding of the big picture would be shattered.

"China is a big country, inhabited by many Chinese."

Charles de Gaulle

China connection

Bill Clinton was president and I was becoming more of an activist and hardened every day. I was disgusted by the political situation. I was angry with the murders being by people in our Government. I was writing to the newspaper editors and keeping a scrap book of every newspaper article that showed complicity and deceit by the CIA and people in power. Too many puzzle pieces were falling into place and I did not like the picture.

On June 17, 1994, I went to the home of one of my customers, a man named David Chow. David was an older Chinese man who had come to the U.S. to make his fortune. He told me that he was a martial arts advisor to the producers of the well known television show, Kung Fu that starred David Carradine. He also had made a lot of money importing concentrated food flavorings. David lived off of Sunset Boulevard on Mocking Bird Lane in a house once owned by George Harrison of the Beatles. The Beatles have a song that mentions the home on Mocking Bird. His house was very nice and had a wonderful view of the city below. David was still active in Hollywood and considered himself some sort of talent agent. He owned a Bentley and had a young man that worked at the house and chauffeured him around town. In his office he had a very long stack of photos of young women who were looking to be discovered. This stack must have been at least twelve feet long. It was fun to go through these photos to look at all the pretty girls and see if I could find and that had become famous. I remember seeing a photo of Anna Nichol Smith in the stack. I asked him about her and he made a face and said something derogatory. Apparently he was not impressed by her.

I had been to David's house many times; he owned a LAW-17 laser on his Glock as well as a K-grip laser for his Heckler & Koch SP89, a compact nine milli meter sub gun. David always wanted personnel service from me and insisted I come to his house for whatever he needed. One time he had his driver take him to my shop.

On this particular night he wanted me to meet some important visitor and make some adjustment to his laser. I arrived at his house early in the evening and was let in by his servant. David was in his bedroom with four other Chinese gentlemen and two very pretty young blond girls. They were watching something on the television very intently. When I came in the room I could see that it was OJ Simpson making his famous low speed chase from inside the back of his white Ford Bronco. David seemed to be very concerned and sadden by what he was watching. Apparently he knew OJ and said, "This is too bad, OJ always had the nicest parties at his home for the fourth of July". I was introduced to his guests; the most important person was the Consul General for the People's Republic of China. Two of the other men were introduced as his staff and the last man was a wealthy owner of a chain of luxury hotels in China and other countries in the Far East. I don't remember if I was introduced to the girls; but I think they were there for the pleasure of his guests.

After watching OJ for a while David announced that it was time to go get some dinner. I was expecting that it would be time for me to leave; but instead David sent the girls away and asked me to join them. This was a surprise as it didn't occur to me that my presence was important. The Consul General was in town ostensibly to be involved in a Hollywood event meant to promote Chinese films in America. This was a front for the actual business to be conducted.

The group left his home and we went in two cars to a Chinese restaurant in Hollywood. The two staff members rode with me in my mother in-laws Toyota Camry that I had borrowed. They were impressed with the car and asked me if it was a BMW, I said," no, it's Japanese". When we got there, I stopped in the street by the front door and a valet took the car for me. When we all walked into the restaurant I discovered that the business had been closed to the public that night and the owner of the restaurant was standing just inside the door with the entire staff lined up for inspection. The owner greeted us and we were led to a large table in the back. The restaurant owner joined us for dinner and the menu to be served was specially prepared to include food from the home province of the Consul General. I remember that there was a lot of tofu. The conversation over dinner was very interesting. The Consul General did not say much and seemed to be a little reserved and possibly nervous. The others were much more talkative. The topics ranged from how proud they all were of the progress of China to the superiority of Russian and Polish hookers hired to work the luxury hotels in China.

I became aware that the staff members were actually high ranking officers in the Chinese military and they worked for NORINCO. This is a large Chinese company that manufactures

ballistic missiles, artillery, machine guns, tanks, lasers, radars, surface-to-air missiles, ammunition and land mines, to name a few.. These men were very comfortable and confident and I began to believe that the entire trip to the U.S. was for these men to do something important. I enjoyed the meal and did not feel out of place as they all spoke English that evening. The owner of the restaurant apologized to me assuming that the food was a little too ethnic for me and said that he, "was not expecting any westerner to be there". One of the other men, the hotel owner I believe commented on my skill with chop sticks and said I was very cosmopolitan. At one point the senior military man made the comment that unlike other nations, China had never invaded another country. I corrected him and reminded him that China had just recently invaded Viet Nam, and that the Vietnamese military had successfully fended them off. He suggested to me that this was just a police operation similar to what Ronald Reagan had done in Grenada.

After dinner went drove back to David's home for drinks and cigars. The two military men traveled with me again, and big surprise, the conversation turned to lasers. They asked me about my products and about my philosophies on laser gun sights in general. They also made a comment about Aro-Tech and I had the impression they were confused about the difference between the two companies. We retired to David's study to drink some cognac and smoke the cigars. The mood was light and everyone was having a good time sharing laughs. I decided to surprise them with a treat. I excused myself and went out to the car to retrieve something I had in the trunk. What I returned with was a fully automatic Heckler & Koch MP5SD sub machinegun. The MP5SD has a large integral silencer and is the premier silenced nine millimeter sub machinegun in the World. They were very impressed and I offered to let them shoot it in the back yard as this was a gun that was extremely quiet and they could easily fire it into the hill side behind the house without anybody being able to hear it. David declined because he said he was afraid it would start a fire.

At this point one of the military men went out to their vehicle and returned with a piece of advanced Chinese made body armor. The vest was dark green and had many pouches that held Titanium plates that overlapped each other like scales on a dragon. I was informed that this vest was capable of defeating the AK47 round which normally would be able to pierce the soft armor worn by most soldiers and police. I was really hoping that they would give this to me; but instead David insisted on keeping it for himself.

The result of the evening was that they wanted me to go to China to engineer lasers for them. Being a patriotic American, I was not interested but was willing to hear what they had to say. They offered me one hundred thousand dollars to fly over there for a short period of time. I suggested that I would want to have the money first and leave it behind with my family before I

left. This idea sounded bad to them which made me suspicious. Before I left to go home they told me they were going to travel deeper into our country to conduct some business.

Sometime after our meeting the news broke about a scandal involving Bill Clinton and Norinco. It was reported that Norinco frequently confronted the Clinton administration in a number of arms scandals, including attempts to sell Chinese-made machine guns to U.S. drug dealers. In 1996 Gary Webb wrote an expose in the San Jose Mercury News alleging that CIA backed Contra guerillas fighting the Nicaraguan Sandinista Government used drug dealers to funnel cocaine into Los Angeles to be sold by gangs and the profits shipped back to Nicaragua to fund the Contras. I talked to Gary sometime after this story came out and told him about my experiences relating to this subject. The controversy effectively ended Webb's career as a mainstream journalist and I wanted to offer him support. On December 10, 2004, he was found dead from two gunshot wounds to the head. His death was ruled a suicide. How someone can shoot themselves in the head twice is a mystery to me.

“What the American public doesn't know is exactly what makes them the American public.”

Dan Akroyd

More revelations

One day in June, 1996 my friend Steve asked me if I wanted to go to an auction. It was a U.S. Customs Service auction of seized property. There were also items from the D.E.A., and the IRS. He had seen an advertisement in the newspaper and one of the lots listed was a quantity of lasers made by one of my competitors that were seized when someone tried to take them out of the country. I thought, sure why not, maybe I could get them for a good price and resell them. When we arrived there were many people there. The auction was held inside a large ware house that was filled with valuables as well as samples of commodities of everything you could imagine. Many of the lots were from cargo ships that had come into port with some discrepancy on the manifest that caused the entire cargo or perhaps a shipping container of goods to be confiscated. For instance one of the lots was for a huge supply of Chinese mad Q-tip swabs, the kind you might use to clean your ears, only this was millions of packages. There were many luxury items and pieces of expensive furniture that I imagine once adorned the

home of someone caught selling drugs, or perhaps someone who didn't pay their taxes. One item that caught my attention was a wedding ring. The band had been cut on the bottom of the shank, suggesting that this ring was forcibly removed from some poor woman's finger. To me this was horrible, a wedding ring is sacred. The whole atmosphere inside that warehouse was evil. People were there to profit on the misfortune of others. The whole thing was very depressing. We were given a catalog that was about half an inch thick. We were also given several pages of pink paper listing all the items that were removed from bidding before the auction even started. I remember having the distinct impression that many of the people bidding on the items were insiders that worked for Government agencies. The entire process seemed to be corrupt, and something was definitely not right.

I left the auction with my friend feeling sickened. On the way home I was looking at the catalog when I notice something significant that was right in front of my face the whole time. The name of the company running the auction was EG&G Dynatrend. EG&G, holy crap!!! EG&G is a large multinational super high technology company that is also a major contractor for black projects at the Groom Lake Nellis military base in Las Vegas, known to most people as AREA 51. The same company that the engineer Tom Hansen wanted me to meet worked for. What was a company famous for advanced optoelectronics and other high tech gear doing running the U.S. Governments asset forfeiture and seizure program? The answer was obvious. The proceeds from all of this loot confiscated from all these people was being used to fund top secret black programs being conducted at Area 51 and probably at other secret locations scattered across the country. This would also explain the list of items on the pink pages that never made it to auction. The cream is probably removed and sold by the insiders and never makes it to the auction floor. This reminded me of Tom Hansen. He was always talking about confiscated cars. These people grow fat off the goods they take. Profiting off of the sale of confiscated goods would become a reoccurring theme I would see. Some say that half the Gross National Product, or GNP, is spent to build an underground world. Fortress bunkers, miles below the surface. The Government will tell us they are for, "Continuity of Government". They are modern day Noah's, Arks, allegedly built preserve our civilization in the event of a worldwide cataclysm. Or are they for something else?

“Kings are in the moral order what monsters are in the natural.”

Henri Gregoire

The Metropolitans

My Vietnamese friends started a circuit board company. They made me president because they thought it would be easier to gain clients if there was a white guy in the figure head role. I was happy to help them get their new business off to a good start. I remember one day coming back from a sales meeting in the San Fernando Valley. My friend Mai Pham was driving and we were heading south on the 405 freeway passing through the Santa Monica mountains. I looked over to the side and I saw what appeared to be a tram going up the side of the hill just off the freeway. My first impression was what the heck is that for? Was this some kind of theme park ride? My intuition told me something was not right. Whatever it was, I was getting a bad feeling about that location. On December 16th, 1997, the new 1.3 billion dollar Getty Center would open. This is the main subject of my story. The secrets that would be revealed are the most important and explosive facts I have to share. The risks involved in doing so are massive. I have no time for skeptics; they are a force of the dark side.

My brother Norman lives with a friend named Don who is a certified public accountant. Don has a friend that he once worked with named Jim. Jim was also an accountant. Don and Jim remained close and as events in Jim's life began to become strange he always would share the details with Don. Now Jim's father was a high level Mason. One day a package arrived at the family home for the father. Inside was a Jade statue of a dragon. The statue had a hole going through the center of it in the stomach area. His father did not know where the dragon statue came from or who had sent it. He decided to display it, and placed it on the mantle. Very soon after the statue came into the home the father would die. Jim did not know it; but he was about to become a legacy. He was to take his place among the elite of the elite. His recruitment began with an offer of a new job. He was to become the trust fund manager for The Getty Museum. He would meet a man we will call Aaron, who would become his handler. Jim was offered several incentives to make the new job irresistible. He was given a luxury home, a large amount of cash, and a box of Cuban cigars.

As this was happening he told his friend Don everything. Don in turn shared everything with Norman, who in turn reported every detail to me, his brother. I noticed immediately the similarities of what was happening to Jim with the experience I had gone through with Tom Hansen. I had regular conversations with my brother and informed him everything I knew about the secret groups, and my knowledge of extraterrestrials, and metaphysics. This

information was all shared with Jim so that he was constantly being briefed as his handler brought him into his secret World. Before the Getty opened, Norman and Don were invited by Jim to tour the facility and were able to go behind closed doors. This was quite an honor; even Hillary Clinton had requested to visit the Museum early and had to wait until sometime after my brother was able to do it. The Getty is a wonder of architecture that some suggest is reminiscent of King Solomon's castle. I will discuss my perception from my visit soon; but for now I will focus on what my brother saw when he first went there. It would still be some time before my first visit.

When you arrive at the top of the hill and disembark from the tram, there is an opening in the wall to the left that leads down a narrow corridor to the security area. The normal museum visiting public never sees this section. From inside of the security area, there are entrances that lead deep below the mammoth concrete foundation of the building. It should be noted that this foundation was the thickest and largest concrete pour in the United States besides the Hoover Dam.

The tour went down long hallways and passed several rooms that seemed to contain immense amounts of art and paintings stacked in rows in such quantity that it seemed to dwarf the amount of art actually on display for the public in the museum above. The person leading the tour actually stated that The Getty was storing a large amount of art for the Vatican as this location was essentially a bunker. My brother also told me that they saw a room that was filled with weapons such as M16 assault rifles, the same as used by the military. This seemed to be far beyond what would be required for a museum's security. This was an arsenal, enough to equip a small army. Nobody seemed to think this was out of the ordinary and thought to ask questions. As the tour progressed deeper under the museum, the levels of security increased and doors began to be equipped with sophisticated palm scanners and other types of biometric security access systems. Eventually the group came upon an extremely massive steel door. The door was open and led to the inside of an enormous elevator large enough to hold something the size of a tank or even a large truck. As the group stood there my brother said in a loud voice, "that's a nuclear blast door!" The man leading the tour instantly became alarmed and shouted, "No, it isn't", and quickly led the group away.

When my brother came home and told me about everything he had seen it became clear to me what we were dealing with. Jim's indoctrination was only beginning and I would feed him questions through my brother to ask his handler Aaron. Here is a small sample of some of the questions and some of the answers. When Jim asked, "why was flight 800 shot down", the answer was, "Because we missed the first plane that went up before it". Remember that the plane that went up before flight 800 was a Saudi airliner that reported a strange flare like light streaking past the nose of the plane. It should also be noted that the plane went down off the

coast of Long Island New York in very close proximity to Montauk Point, which is the location of our east coast Star Wars weapons. It is also directly across from the Brookhaven National Laboratories that contain enormous particle accelerators capable of generating the beams of charged particles necessary to guide a directed energy weapon. To the skeptics, I would point out that I was invited to The Directed Energy Weapons Conference held in Arlington Virginia on June 28, 2005. Further proof that such technology exists can be found in the November 1999 issue of Photonics Spectra magazine on page 100 in an article titled, Beyond Franklin's Kite. In the article it reports that research is being conducted that uses a pulsed beam of charged particles to act as a conduit capable of delivering a huge amount of electricity reminiscent of Benjamin Franklin's famous kite string conducting a lightning bolt. In the case of this type of star wars weapon, the string is a beam of charged particles and the lightning is manmade and travels upward to the target.

I remember many years earlier traveling out to a remote location of the Mojave Desert with my friend Bill to watch the mysterious lightning displays coming from the China Lake naval weapons base on a clear night. China Lake is the location of the west coast Star Wars facility. Bear in mind that this method is not the only technology possessed by the United States to shoot down enemy missiles or the occasional passenger jet or Space Shuttle. We also have high energy chemical lasers, and X-ray lasers. This technology has existed since the Carter administration.

Remember that the Space Shuttle Discovery first reported problems as it passed over the California desert and ultimately disintegrated over Texas, February 1, 2003. It is also important to remember that this flight had Payload Specialist: Ilan Ramon, a colonel in the Israeli Air Force and the first Israeli astronaut. Colonel Ramon was a holocaust or blood sacrifice offered up to the Pagan God of War to insure success for the military campaign that began on March 20, 2003, otherwise known as the war of Iraq.

Jim also asked Aaron if we have bases on the moon. Aaron's response was, "We landed on the Moon in 1969, and do you think we haven't been doing anything since?" According to Billy Meier, his Pleadian contact showed him moon bases as well as a massive joint American, Russian space station type facility floating around Mars. This is not extremely farfetched when you consider that the Nazis developed Space ships that the American pilots dubbed foo fighters during World War II using technology developed by the scientist Viktor Schauberger.

Another very important fact to consider is that during the entire time that the Space Telescope has been in orbit, it has never been used to observe and photograph the Moon. The official excuse for this is that the light from the moon is too bright and that the delicate sensors on the Space Telescope would be damaged. Do you believe that?

Jim told us that one night during his recruitment, he was visited in a dream. His visitors were two men that tested him to see how much terror he could tolerate. One of the men removed his own head and asked Jim if that bothered him, Jim said no. The other man removed his face and asked Jim how he felt about that, Jim said it didn't bother him. Jim had passed this very weird part of his indoctrination. As Jim began to reach the Climax of his recruitment he was instructed to read two books, one was on the Templar's, and the other was about The Magna Carta. There are actually two versions of the Magna Carta, one for the common people, and the other for the Nobles.

Many people are familiar with the Templar's from the popular book, The Da Vinci Code. Although the book was a fiction, the Templar's actually exist to this day and truly believe that their mission is to locate and protect the descendants of Christ, the real Holy Grail or royal bloodline. The Magna Carta should be read by everyone. It was a document forced upon King John by the Barons he was being defeated by in 1215. Aside from declaring certain rights for the people, it also forced entities such as the Catholic Church, The Templar's, The Hospitallers, the Jews, and the Nobles, to respect each other's right to exist and to not interfere in the practices of the others. This was contingent on twenty percent of the assets of each being pledged to the crown for perpetuity.

Jim was also instructed to fly to the Island of Malta. Once there he was to deposit a certain amount of money into a certain Bank and go to a particular bar located in a restaurant. When he went to the bar, he was greeted by a man who seemed to appear out of nowhere who represented himself to be a relative of Colin Powell, the American General, who apparently is also a Templar. From there he was taken to a secret underground location where he participated in an ancient rite to initiate him into the Templar's. The details of this initiation were not revealed to us by Jim as he was now becoming one of them and began to accept and believe what he was be told.

Jim would still continue to relay information to my brother and we would hear many fantastic things. Almost everything that I had learned and filled away from my time dealing with Jay Dreyfus and the Billy Meier people was verified by Jim's handler Aaron. He said that after a UFO crashed in Roswell New Mexico in 1947, the United States entered into a treaty with a race of aliens called the Greys. It was at this time that we were told of an impending attack by another alien race called the Reptoids. The Greys worked for the Reptoids and they provided us with much technology. In 1997 a book was written by retired United States Army Colonel Philip J. Corso, a former aide to Strom Thurmond titled, "The day after Roswell". Corso claimed that alien technology recovered from the downed craft was provided to private industry to reverse engineer. These items included semi conductor computer chips, lasers, fiber optics, and photo multiplier technology used in night vision devices. These are all items I have

personally been involved with. Jim told us that time was like a rubber yard stick. That they were using alien technology to stretch time to try to give the Earth more time to advance our technology to give us a chance to defend ourselves from the threat of hostile aliens. He said that as the rubber yard stick of time was being stretched that at the same time it was getting shorter. We were down to the last inch and it couldn't be stretched any more. He also said that we possessed the technology to travel into the future and the past; but that they could only go as far ahead as 2012 and after that would hit a black wall. He said that they could see what people were going to do in the future but that those who would do something that touched the lives of everyone could not be touched because the universe would prevent it. He told us that the time travelers were called phase shifters and that a favorite technique they used was to phase shift from bathrooms of restaurants that they knew had been in business for long periods of time. I suspect that the men who visited my cousin Mark in my garage were phase shifters. Jim also told us that he was starting to develop strange psychic skills and that he could now break a glass with his thoughts.

Eventually Aaron would suspect that Jim was being briefed by someone that was aware of the most controversial aspects of the indoctrination Jim was going through. Aaron decided that he wanted to meet the source of all this information. Aaron was amazed that someone on the outside could be aware of so many closely guarded secrets. He wanted to know how we knew these things. Everything I told my brother had come from metaphysical sources such as psychics and chanelers, people who believe they are receiving information downloaded from entities such as aliens or angels and such.

Now Norman had a friend who lived back east who was some sort of eastern European blue blood. Her name was Bora and she lived in a great big mansion, had a lot of money and was a gifted psychic. Bora was also very skilled at remote viewing which is the process where a psychic can travel or use astral projection to visit any location and observe what is there. This is well documented as something done by the CIA to gather information on enemies and was illustrated recently in the movie, "The men who stare at goats". There is a great book on remote viewing written by Joe Moneagle titled, "Mind Trek". In his book Joe talks about his experiences working for the Government seventeen plus years on the secret Star Gate program where psychics such as Joe used remote viewing skills to gather intelligence. Bora was asked to use her skill to visit the Getty and explore beneath the museum. Bora came to California and went to the museum. That night she went back to my brother's home and used remote viewing to return to the Getty a travel deep below the building on top of the Santa Monica Mountains. What she reported afterwards would scare the hell out of us and create a moment of fear that we would be killed for sure.

Bora said that the elevator my brother had seen went down several miles. It did not use cables but some form of advanced magnetic drive to go up and down. The first level she reached housed two hundred psychics that she said were Nazis who were there for the purpose of defeating incursions by other psychics attempting to probe below them, apparently they failed. She said that below this were several levels of construction that consisted of large tunnels that radiated from a central hub like spokes on a wheel. Inside of these tunnels were living areas and support facilities like you would need for a city. People were living there. She said that everything was extremely luxurious with large amounts of art work, fine marble and gold fixtures. She said there appeared to be additional entrances to this underground city that led up to private homes in the area near the museum. She reported that the lighting and power used in this city seemed to be of some advanced technology unavailable to us on the surface. Bora also described a transport that was like a train that moved at super speed in two directions from this complex. One direction went out to sea and traveling underground and would emerge at a similar base located under Santa Catalina Island, where there was access to a submarine pen. The other direction went on to an additional underground complex beneath the China lake military base and from there to more bases such as Area 51 and beyond.

In November of 2000 England's Prince Andrew, made a tour of California. His first stop was at Edwards Air force base ostensibly to inspect a new generation of strike fighters because he had flown military aircraft during his time in Britain's Royal Navy. His next stop was the Getty museum, to view a collection of Raphael drawing on loan from his mother, the Queen. What he was really doing there should be obvious. From Edwards, he would be able to go underground and jump on the transport and take a ride to the metropolitan under the Getty. He could then go upstairs and reappear as if his actual mission was to see his mom's art collection. If anybody was paying attention, they would remember that J. Paul Getty received a knighthood from the Queen right after the Getty Center was completed. What was he being rewarded for? Why is the Queen of England concerned about a museum in Los Angeles, California? Remember that the Magna Carta pledges a portion of Templar assets to the Crown. Mr. Getty was being knighted for being a good Templar and building a nice new underground castle for the greater glory of the Queen.

At the very bottom of the facility under the Getty Bora described a place that was used for worshiping Satan. Now this is where Bora would show her true colors. She knew what was going on in this temple and she immediately made excuses for what was happening. Bora was your typical new age Goddess who believed in the divine feminine and embraced pagan philosophies. She said things like God and Satan are the same thing. I would hear this again in the future and it always amazes me how quick people with pagan beliefs will try to defend Satanic worship and blood sacrifice. Blood sacrifice is never acceptable and the God of creation will never ask us to destroy any of his creation for his glory.

Norman and Don took Bora to have lunch at the Getty with Jim. As they were sitting outside at the café, Jim was asked if Aaron would be joining them. Jim told them that Aaron was away out of state and that he would not be able to meet them that day. Bora immediately said, "No he is not, he is below us right now sitting in the spa and he is watching us and listening to everything we say". Soon the meeting ended and Jim went back to work. He was shocked when Aaron appeared very angry and clearly had truly been nearby the whole time. He told Jim that he was to never have any contact with those people again. Jim was not to be easily swayed. He informed Aaron that if he was going to assume this position that he would build his own team and it would include his friends. Aaron was not going to give up on his charge and knew that he would have to work with Jim, and decided to allow him to incorporate his friends into the team.

Bora had had enough by now and went home and would no longer be involved. She was disturbed by what she found below the Getty. She knew that this was more than she wanted to be involved in and the satanic temple no doubt caused her to become uncomfortable with her own belief system. My brother would go on to have meetings with Aaron and meet psychics that would test him and see if he had any skills. Aaron as well as Jim still had no idea that I was the one providing all of the information that impressed them so much. My brother was becoming caught up in all the attention he was getting and was starting to believe what he was being fed. This is a typical strategy of the Masons; they start out filling you with praise and convince you that you are special. One day Norman was invited to a meeting at a motel with Aaron and an Asian woman, who was some sort of psychic, she was to probe my brother and test his abilities. She asked him several questions and seemed to be trying to trick him. The conversation turned to aliens, chanelers and other controversial subjects. He really had no idea what their conclusion was of him; but they made it clear that they felt that the majority of people especially in the United States were extremely ignorant almost to the point of being like animals because they could not comprehend or believe in concepts such as aliens.

Eventually they wanted to send Norman on a mission. He was to go to Mount Ararat and investigate something that was believed to be Noah's Ark. We assumed that they wanted to do some sort of psychic investigation. The expedition was being funded by Israel. The Israelis are very interested in collecting genetic material with the hope to be able to trace every human back to the Ark, and to identify people who could not be linked the Noah's descendents. There is an ancient book called the Epic of Gilgamesh thought to be one of the oldest books ever written. It is a Sumerian text predating Babylon. The book describes a great flood similar to the flood story in the Bible. In the epic of Gilgamesh there is another great boat that is built by someone other than Noah. The story even makes reference to the biblical ark and suggests that Noah was not the only one warned to prepare for the flood. This would explain why today there are two great anomalies that have been identified as possible locations of Noah's Ark. One is high up on Mount Ararat and the other is on a plain in Iran. As is common with people

who struggle to grasp unorthodox ideas, they would rather argue about which anomaly is the real Ark and whether the Ark actually exists. Nobody wants to consider that there were two great ships built and that people other than the occupants of Noah's Ark survived the flood. This is why Israel wants to locate genetic material from the archeological site up on Mount Ararat. World leaders including President Clinton wanted to collect DNA and medical records and by using the human genome project hoped to identify who in the world's population could or could not be traced back to Noah's Ark. It should also be noted that the great archive of medical records that our government is creating and digitizing is being stored in Israel.

Before Norman could embark on this expedition, he would need to first need to assume a military rank, and would receive a salary of seventy thousand dollars a year. The problem with the military rank is that you lose all your rights and can easily be thrown into a military prison. The problem with leaving the country is that you lose all your protection. The biggest issue was that Seventy thousand dollars a year was not enough money to make the proposition attractive, so he declined.

I continued to insulate myself from these people and would only communicate with them through my brother. Bill Clinton was still President and I was very partisan and unhappy with many of the events that had occurred during the administration such as Waco and the many scandals. I was also heavily involved in the weapons business and was being financially affected directly by Attorney General Janet Reno's attack on the second amendment and gun owners in general. I was very outspoken and would often write letters to the editor of the local newspaper to attack issues I was concerned with.

Aaron made a plea for us to help with something very serious. We were told that the Earth was being threatened by invasion from hostile extraterrestrials. The time to develop some kind of effective response was short and we were all humans and should put aside any political differences and work together for the common cause. So I was being asked to take the weight of the world on my back and try to think of a way to defend the Earth from alien invaders. This seemed very reasonable and I decided to devote my energy and thought to coming up with a solution. I only had one stipulation, no more shooting down airplanes. I would have nothing to do with human sacrifice.

I thought about every type of weapon system and reasoned that any technology we could develop would easily be defeated by countermeasures already created by an advanced civilization. I knew that anything that relied on mechanical, chemical, or electrical power could be overcome. I thought about my Christian beliefs and wondered if the use of scripture could be incorporated to create an advantage. I considered everything from holy water to enclosing bible passages inside of bullets. I eventually rejected all of these ideas and decided that the only advantage an Earth human might have is our soul and our ability to develop our psychic

skills. This is when I decided to stop focusing my creative energy on further developing the science of death. I would now begin studying metaphysics and learn to increase and develop my psychic skill. Metaphysics is the combination of science and spirituality. Modern science does its best to explain the secrets of the Universe; but only the most gifted scientists realize that they must embrace metaphysics in order to advance understanding of concepts beyond our comprehension. Although I continue to consider myself to be Christian and I use my belief in Jesus to filter everything I learn, I have also studied several forms of Buddhism and embrace the theories of energy and human potential that are common in those beliefs. The whole time that I was devoting my thought to this endeavor, I felt very alone and that I had the weight of the World upon my shoulders. There was nobody I could talk to about this without them thinking I was crazy. I wanted to spill my guts to my parish priest. My wife knew everything that was going on and she would ask me, "How do I fit into all of this?" She was very patient and had to put up with the phone surveillance and the occasional incident involving our car being followed. This saving the World mentality was taking its toll on my marriage. My children were also exposed to these things when I would discuss them, and I am happy that they would develop an understanding of reality that I hope will stay with them and make them deeper thinking individuals with open minds.

Something would happen very soon that would discourage me and make me think twice about my desire to continue working with the Templar's of the Getty. I was becoming very aware that pagan beliefs and close attention to astrological formations influenced every major decision and that the use of holocaust, or blood sacrifice, usually involving humans would always precede an event such as war. I knew that the planet Mars was fast approaching an important position. I also knew that Halloween was based on an ancient Celtic holiday that involved human sacrifice. I was concerned because I felt I knew something bad was coming. On October 31, 1999, at around 01:50 EST, the aircraft designated Flight 990 crashed into the Atlantic Ocean not far from Long Island and the area where flight 800 went down. This was the last straw, I couldn't be involved with Pagan human sacrifice and I would become an out spoken critic of anybody that would not renounce the practice for the pure evil that it was.

“Animals are such agreeable friends - they ask no questions; they pass no criticisms.”

George Eliot

My animals

Animals have always been a big part of my life and there is no way I cannot devote some time to talking about some of the special critters that I have known. I have always been a cat person and growing up we had several over the years. Each of these animals had a unique personality and was memorable. There Muffin, a big boy kitty that adopted my wife and me when we lived in our condo. He spent so much time with us, that when his owners moved out they told that he would rather stay with us. He would stick by me all day if he could. When I would sit out by the pool, he would lie under my lawn chair. When our first child was born, we were told that it wasn't safe to keep the cat in the house because. The old wives' tale is that the cat will get into the crib and smother the baby. Poor Muff had to go outside at night and he couldn't understand what he had done to deserve such treatment. One morning my neighbor knocked on my door and said Muff was gone. She saw him standing in the little street that went around our complex. A car came and he didn't get out of the way. She told me that he seemed to know what he was doing. The cat's heart was broken and he didn't want to live anymore. My neighbor was a cat person too and she knew how close I was to Muff, so she took care of his body and saved me the pain of that.

Several of the cats in my life were strays that I would find and bring home. One day I was walking out of the market and right there by the front door was a little kitten sitting alone shivering with its nose pointed toward an empty cup of yogurt that was lying on its side in front of it. How could I walk away from such a pitiful sight? White cats were my favorite and I had several over the years. One that was special to me was another stray we called Jeff. He was white with blue eyes and had a black tail. He used to enjoy hanging out in the bathroom when I took a shower so he could jump in and splash around after I got out. This was very funny behavior for a cat. He was a boy who wasn't fixed and he wanted to roam around at night. One night someone knocked on our front door about four o'clock in the morning. When I got up and answered the door there was a person who said there was a cat outside that had been hit by a car and maybe it was ours. I ran out there, and it was Jeff. He was still alive but badly injured. I brought him inside and put him in a box and set him by the side of our bed. It was too early to take him to a Vet and he sat there patiently and waited till morning.

A few hours later the Vet opened and I took him in to be looked at. He was in bad shape, his pelvis was broken and his tail was broken close to the base. The Vet thought it was one of

those situations where the best thing to do was put the cat down. I was not about to give up and let him go that easy. The Vet agreed to perform the surgery and I was going to pay whatever it cost. Jeff was a very good patient and the doctor and his staff grew very fond of him. That cat endured a lot of pain and never complained. Sometimes he would knock over his food dish and the doctor would say, "That's OK, its Jeff." When he finally came home his tail was gone so now he was all white with a little black nub where his tail was. Cats have a lot of nerves in the base of their tails so when they are injured down there they lose control of their bladder functions which is not good for a house cat. Jeff lived for several years after his surgery; but eventually he developed bladder problems like many male cats do and his situation was worse because of the nerve damage. We went to the Vet and when I got home he was already gone. I should have just stayed with him. Sometimes when an animal is suffering, they just let go.

When someone is into cats you would not expect them to also have birds; but I had many in my life and they continue to be part of me. One day I was in the back yard of our first house. Underneath one of the fruit trees there was this wild bird jumping around. I'm not sure what kind of bird it was. He was larger than a sparrow and a little bit darker in color. He was hopping around chirping and making a lot of noise. I reached down to play with him and he didn't fly away. Eventually I walked away from him and he flew after me and landed on a cement slab where a hot tub had been. I had four cats that were standing by waiting for a chance to get at him. The bird landed in front of me and the cats decided to make a move all at once. Like a flash I dove to protect the bird. Each hand went out and grabbed a cat while each foot pushes a cat out of the way. This all happened in an instant and I remember the look on the face of that bird as his eyes got big seemingly in shock at what had just happened. From that moment the bird wanted to be by my side.

We named him Poopy because of his little bird messes he left everywhere. He flew around the house and insisted on sitting on my shoulder chirping and playing and wanting to sample whatever I was eating. I got him a cage to sleep in at night so I could get a rest without him sitting on me. When I would get up in the morning I tried to sneak out into the front room as quiet as I could so I could get a few moments to read the newspaper. If I made the slightest noise he would realize I was awake and start to loudly insist that he be let out to play. When I would take my shower, he would follow me into the bathroom and jump up on the shower door. He loved the water and would jump on my shoulder and take his morning bath. He would go to work with me and fly around the office. One day the mailman opened the front door and Poopy flew up to the startled carrier to say hello. The man was afraid that the bird was trying to escape and apologized for opening the door. I told him it was OK that if he wanted to leave he was free to go.

One day the family went to a large park for a get together and Poopy came along. He had so much fun. He would sit on my shoulder and I would pick him up and toss him into the air. He would fly around the park making a big circle and land high up in a tree just above me. When I would raise my hand he would drop down and land on my shoulder. He was more fun than a kite or a remote control airplane. People were amazed that a wild bird could be so trained.

One day the family went to my in-laws house to go swimming and have a barbeque. The bird came with us and was enjoying being able to play with the kids and me in the pool. He would fly back and forth teasing the girls and splashing in the water. Later that afternoon I put Poopy in his cage and went to visit with my friend Bill. When I came back to the house where my family was still visiting, it was dark out and had started to get cold. I came inside and asked where the bird was. They had left him outside in his cage. I ran out back to fetch him and found him lying on the bottom of his cage. I ran back in the house and tried to warm him up with a hot towel. It was too late; he looked up at me one last time and died in my hands. I was so upset and angry. I couldn't forgive myself for leaving him assuming that he would be cared for. These people were not animal lovers. They never had pets and didn't have a clue to how to care for a fragile creature like this bird. He had caught a cold from sitting in his little cage out on the patio in the dark. I regret that I never filmed this amazing little bird and all the crazy things he did.

On another day I was also in my back yard when I heard a commotion on the side of the house. I ran over to investigate just in time to see one of my big black tom cats jumping over the wall with a colorful bird in its mouth. As soon as he hit the ground I was there and he dropped the bird and jumped back over the wall. This was a cute little peach faced love bird. He must have escaped from his home and got captured by my cat. Fortunately he was uninjured. He was mostly green with a reddish head and a little blue and yellow on his tail. He had a look on his face that reminded me of how Poopy looked when I saved him from the cats. He didn't try to fly away and was happy to come into the house with me and explore his new home.

I bought him a cage with a little swing and invested in bird food to keep him happy. He was full flight and was allowed to come out of his cage to fly around or sit on my shoulder. He was very vocal and had a little attitude that he would display by trying to bite fingers with his little beak. That is what birds do. They like to test you with little bites to see if you are afraid and to tell what you taste like. Big parrots do this too and you need to have trust and let them go through this process. I called this little guy cat food because of the way he came into my life. He was most happy when he was sitting on my shoulder doing his little love dance.

Wild birds would continue to be a part of my life. One day I was walking out of the local shooting range when I looked down and saw a young crow walking around on the ground. This was a fledgling that had jumped out of the nest but was not able to fly yet. His parents were

nearby up in a tree and were calling to it trying to coax him to fly. It was clear that he was not able to so I decided to pick him up and take him with me. I held him up high to make sure the parents could see that it was getting into the truck with me. Driving home only took a moment because we lived relatively close to the range. When I got there I could see that the parents had followed me and were sitting on a streetlight in front of the house. Again I made sure that they could see the little crow was alright and took him into the house.

Young crows are easy to spot because of their size and they have pink inside their beaks unlike adults that are black and they have bluish eyes. They also have a distinctive cry that tells the mother they are hungry. I took him upstairs to my bedroom and made him a perch near Cat Food's cage. He would need to spend a few days with me until he was a little stronger and able to fly away on his own. The next morning I came down stairs to sit and read the paper. I looked out my front window and could see the parents were there still sitting on the street light out front. So I went upstairs and brought down the little crow so his parents could see that he was alright. Once out front, I held the baby up high so they could see him. Both parents immediately started to fly around in low circles and began to make a lot of noise as I stood in the middle of the street. This was a quiet cul de sac and it was Saturday morning, my neighbors were still inside probably sleeping. Looking out on the horizon, I could see small black shapes begin to appear and converge on my street. Soon I could see that a large group of crows were coming from every direction to assist the worried parents. Eventually the street was filled with crows cawing and making all kinds of noise. The baby could still not fly so I took him inside and fed him some scrambled eggs that he enjoyed thoroughly.

Being a wild bird, I was concerned that he might have bugs so I took him into the shower and gave him a bath. He seemed to enjoy this and afterwards I made him practice flying across the room to his perch. We would repeat this exercise many times until he was ready to leave. His parents were still keeping vigil and by now had set themselves up in a tree outside my bedroom window where they could watch their baby. One day I knew he was about ready to go so I left the window open and removed the screen. When I got home that afternoon he was gone. Mission accomplished, the baby survived and rejoined his happy parents.

From that day on, there was a group of crows that settled in the tall trees around my home. Every morning after breakfast, I would gather up all of the food scraps, bread crusts, leftover eggs, and whatever the six kids did not eat. Everything went onto a paper plate that I would sit out on the grass in the back yard. There would always be at least one crow that was the designated sentry sitting in a tree overlooking my back yard. When the food plate came outside he would start making noise to call all the others to come and get breakfast. This went on for years and the crows got very used to their daily meals. Some mornings we would have Chorizo burritos and it was so funny to see a crow flying away with a tortilla in its beak. One

night we had trout and I put out the scraps from dinner for them. This meal must have been extra special because I had never seen them so happy before.

It amazed me how smart these birds were. When my family would go out they would post sentries on the corners of the streets that led into our neighborhood. When one of the sentries saw my truck pulling into the area, it would follow us home and alert the others that we were back.

Crows weren't the only birds that got fed around my house. The sparrows had their own feeder and small flocks would congregate there all day. On one side of the house the pigeons would congregate. From one of the upstairs bedrooms the window looked out the side of the house to the house next door that was very close to us. If you looked out the window there would be a flock of pigeons sitting on the roof of the house next door waiting for their free meal. I would take a tall glass and fill it up with wild bird food, then add water to moisten the seed so it would clump together. This would be dumped onto a paper towel which I would use to make a ball. I would take this upstairs and toss the ball of food out the window and onto the roof. The pigeons would sit there and patiently wait for this and would eat every bit of seed that landed on the roof. When they were done they would fly home and return the next morning.

We also had a chicken that lived with us at our first house. The people across the street had several and most of them were white. This chicken was black and the white ones didn't get along with it so my neighbor gave it to me. I believe this was your basic Rhode Island Red and it laid brown eggs. Chicken food is cheap and with six kids to feed a couple of extra eggs every day were a good thing. Like all the birds that came into my life, this little chicken became my friend.

One night I couldn't sleep and was up in the front room watching television. Suddenly there was a lot of squawking in the back yard, the chicken was in trouble. I ran to her aid to find her backed up to the glass door being cornered by a possum. I was so angry at that possum that I chased it off and beat it with a stick. The chicken had that wide eyed look on it and you could tell it was grateful for having its life saved. She would follow me everywhere when I went out back. When I went into the garage to sit and relax in my big chair, she would come in and hop up on the ottoman and sit next to me.

One day we were removing a small bush in the back yard. The chicken seemed to be very distressed about this. When the bush was lifted away, low and behold there was her secret egg stash with dozens of eggs sitting in a neat pile. We had that silly chicken for many years and eventually she died of old age. The other chickens across the street had been slaughtered long ago and she was the lucky one who lived a full and happy chicken life.

Probably the most interesting bird that came to live with us was a large adult raven. This Raven was given to us by someone who raised her from an egg. Her name was Aki and she was huge with a long beak that I was sure could take off your finger if she wanted it. She had a large cage that we set up in front of a window so she could watch us when we were inside the house. She was a meat eater and when we first brought her home I gave her a chicken leg. Watching her devour that leg convinced me that she was dangerous and I was afraid to ever let her out of the cage.

This bird could talk and was very loud when she did. She knew her name and several other words. She must have spent some time with an old man because she would hulk and cuss up a storm. I am sure the neighbors must have wondered who was yelling in our back yard. She could also be very sweet and I knew she came to love me by the way she would tilt her head and make gentle noises when I would visit with her. One morning I got up and went downstairs and opened the vertical blinds covering the window behind Aki's cage. She was lying at the bottom and was dead. I started to freak out and started to scream. Danelle came downstairs to see what the problem was. I was very distraught and could not bring myself to look. She had a hole on top of head. I don't know what happened to her. If it was an animal it would have had to be very big and fast to tangle with this monstrous bird and her large beak. She would have made a lot of noise if anything got close to her cage. I know that Ravens are prominent in the Bible as well as the satanic circles. I was convinced that the cavers had paid me a visit and killed my Raven because they thought I was using her for some pagan purpose that they wanted to prevent.

My brother would follow me in keeping birds and he began to collect macaws. He now has one of the largest collections of macaws by a private owner. We would use these birds for entertainment events and also take them to film shoots and Hollywood functions. We were professional bird wranglers.

Over all these years of making friends with animals and wild birds I knew that this something was special. I call it the Saint Francis effect.

“In some of the countries where we operate, there is a tradition of corruption, in which the political elites work with business in the framework of unsavory relationships.”

Lee R. Raymond

The Abu Sayyaf

In 2000 I opened up a retail office inside of the shooting range owned by my friend Evan. It was the largest shooting range in the area and hosted many local police departments and other agencies who trained there. I occupied a large front office that had a wall of windows facing the street. I set up a display featuring several types of body armor and ballistic vests. The first day we opened the shades and let the outside World see what we had, the neighbors thought surely Armageddon was upon us. Besides the front office, I also had a bank of display cases inside of the main showroom across from the windows looking out onto the shooting area. In side of these glass display cases I kept a collection of laser equipped Glocks and sub machine guns also fitted with different types of laser sights including units fitted with multi-beam laser systems intended for special operations groups. The display was quite impressive and contained items that the general public would not see anywhere else. Jay Dreyfus was back with me at the time and I had him manning the counter and helping to answer questions about our products.

Now this was a time when I was reaching the peak of my dark phase. My attitude and appearance reflected my feelings and my increasing militaristic tendencies. My daily wardrobe consisted of black battle dress uniform pants, black combat boots and a black tee shirt usually adorned with some type of machinegun image. Over that I might wear a black tactical shirt of the type worn by a SWAT officer. My hair was relatively short and I wore it slicked back. I had a mustache and full beard. I didn't smile very often. I was referred to as the man in black.

One day I was walking out of the shooting range when I noticed a Pilipino gentleman was paying attention to me. He approached me and introduced himself, his name was Fernando. He told me that he was an agent for the Philippine equivalent of the CIA. He was a former race car driver and he was based in the United States. He said that he had worked under the former president Marcos and that he had been given the job to assassinate Benigno Aquino, Jr. in the United States should that decision be made. He did not get the order and someone else did the job in the Philippines. He asked me to help him assist his country with a terrorist group named the Abu Sayyaf that had kidnapped several people including Americans and had taken them to the Island of Jolo. He said I was a Doc Holiday type character. He was working with a highly decorated Philippine general named Adam Jimenez. They were looking for help in several areas. They somehow were familiar with my background and seemed to think I could help

them enlist the assistance of the CIA. I told them that this was the Clinton administration and there was no interest in helping a predominantly Catholic country. I was right, when George Bush came into office, one of the first things he did was offer help to the Philippines’.

They wanted advice on planning a tactical operation against the guerillas holding the hostages. They were thinking of dropping massive amounts of sleeping gas onto the camp to render everybody unconscious. I told them that this was unacceptable because the doses inhaled by everyone would be different and that many people including hostages would die as a result. This is similar to what happened in Russia when gas was used to subdue a theater full of people who were being held by Chechen rebels. I recommended that a commando team be assembled and equip them with tactical body armor, silenced sub machineguns fitted with infra-red lasers, and night vision goggles. I was told that their soldiers did not believe in using body armor protection and put more faith in the power of holy medals or talismans. Either way, the Philippine Government had approved a bill to modernize the military and had voted to spend something like fifty six million pesos which at the time was several million dollars US. Joseph Estrada, the Philippine president was coming to the United States to attend the 2000 World summit celebration. He would be stopping in San Francisco and I was asked to go there with Fernando, and the General to meet him and present a proposal for rescuing the hostages. Once again I left my family at home and ran off to save the World. I packed some equipment for a demonstration which consisted of some body armor, some laser equipped weapons, and an assortment of night vision devices. The president and his entourage were staying at the posh Saint Francis Hotel. Our party checked into a much more modest accommodation.

The next day I located a local shooting range and obtained permission to use the facility to do my demonstration. I sat there all day; but the people I was supposed to meet did not show up. I went back to the hotel that evening and prepared to have a breakfast meeting the next day at the Saint Francis with the Director General of the Philippine National Police, Panfilo “Ping” Lacson. I was warned that this was a very evil man who was rumored to have killed suspected criminals in order to rob them of money. He would later be indicted for the murder of a journalist and would flee the country. I sat down with the man in the hotel restaurant and ordered breakfast for us both. As he ate I described my proposal to him while he said very little and maintained a blank expression. When the meeting was over, he excused himself said thank you and left. My impression was that the man was not interested in what I had to say.

Our group headed home and I was informed that Ping being the corrupt man he was wanted to control the defense modernization bill himself and that the only way to force a degree of scrutiny on the process was to introduce items into the list of materials to be purchased such as my lasers that could not be had by another source. So this was a game to expose Ping and to bring legitimacy to the appropriations bill.

Before we could go all the way home, General Jimenez insisted that we stop in San Jose to visit a girl friend of his that lived there. General Jimenez had converted to Islam to placate his constituents on the Island of Jolo, and to allow him to have more than one wife. This woman was one of them prior to coming to the United States. We met her at a mall where she worked and she joined us for dinner. The General wanted very much to spend the night with her; but she having been living in the US decided that she did not want to be a second wife anymore. The General actually asked me to use my diplomatic skills to try to convince her that she should do it for her Country. She still declined and we ended up leaving and taking the General to the airport to catch a plane back to the Philippines. The group was concerned that someone would try to kill the General before or after he got on the plane, so we escorted him as far as possible before he boarded. I sent him home with some body armor and some other equipment. He gave me his solid 18K gold Rolex GMT watch which is one of my prized possessions.

When I got home I took the list of military hardware which included items such as howitzers and fire control computers, and I called a friend who was an agent with the Israeli Shin Bet, the Israeli equivalent of the CIA. I reasoned that Israel would be an excellent place to locate surplus American made hardware to sell to the Philippines. I faxed him the list of equipment and the next day he called me back with his report. He told me that the howitzers, which are large cannons, on the list were obsolete and that fire control computers for this out of date hardware did not exist. I called Fernando and asked him to come to my office. I told him what I had learned from the Shin Bet agent and asked him what kind of game was going on. He told me that all of the equipment that was to be purchased was already sitting in a warehouse somewhere in the Philippines, and that the intention was to collect the money and deliver equipment that was already bought and paid for. I told him, "you guys are really corrupt". He said to me that the Philippines were no more corrupt than the United States and where do you think they learned this trick. I realized that he was right. Whenever Congress passes a bill and approves the funding of some military budget such as Star Wars, the items to be funded already exists and the money is actually going to be spent on something else that we are not told about. A perfect example of this is when Ronald Reagan asked for money to build a Star Wars system that had been in place since the Carter administration. Once again my naiveté about the workings of our countries Government was being shaken.

“In order for the light to shine so brightly, the darkness must be present.”

Francis Bacon

The Plasma Beam

One day I was working in the office and I received a call from one of my customers that had my laser installed on his Glock. He had a friend that he wanted me to meet. He told me that they would stop by the office after lunch. When he arrived I greeted them in the lobby and I was introduced to Gaston. Gaston was a young Frenchman, a little short with brown hair and a thick French accent. I remember that when met he had an overpowering smell of onion presumably from whatever he had just eaten for lunch. He proceeded to tell me his story.

He had been working for a company in France developing a super high powered flash light. This light had many unique characteristics. Special electronic techniques were used to compress the arc from a short arc Xenon bulb into the tiny ball of Plasma material. This tiny sun like ball of light was then precisely focused in the exact focal point of a precision parabolic reflector which gave the Plasma Beam a super efficient beam of light. The French company was not interested in pursuing the project. Gaston decided to go out on his own. Almost immediately he was approached by the CIA. He was taken in by a gentleman who was based in Alaska. Funds were provided to develop the system and prototype units were built. According to Gaston, the light was being used by some special forces but there was no attempt to generate any volume that would pay him enough to live on. He told me that he was being used to create miscellaneous devices such as listening equipment or bugs that were used to do surveillance.

One of the groups that he became involved with in his association with his CIA handler was the Laotian freedom fighters led by General Vang Pao. I found this interesting because I had worked with a man who served under Vang Pao.

Gaston was brought to meet me because it was known that I had some experience dealing with CIA types and the nature of my business was conducive to this type of project. I told him I was interested in getting involved and to not worry because they would not bother me.

Now this light really was the most powerful hand held flash light in the World. Many manufactures claim to produce light capable of emitting millions of candle power but the claims are false. There isn't an instrument to accurately measure the output and the only way to do it is through complex mathematical computations. Because the very tiny round point of light is so well focused by the precision high efficiency reflector, the beam of light produced has about one degree of divergence. This mean the light is like a shaft that when pointed at the sky seems to go on forever. It's like a giant light saber. The color of the light is 6200 Kelvin. It's

almost the same as sunlight. This means the Plasma Beam can penetrate smoke and particulate better than any conventional light. If it was pointed at a person they would be temporarily blinded. Adding an infra red filter makes the beam invisible for use with night vision.

I took the light to a magazine editor I knew and had him write a story. When the editorial came out there was a good amount of interest. The light in its current configuration would have cost about twelve hundred dollars. There was no inventory and I needed Gaston to complete designs so we could go into production. But then things started to get strange again. I was getting calls from people who were interested in buying the light who I had to inform that we would contact them as soon as it was available; but I was starting to receive more clicking sounds and hang up phone calls. It was happening even more than I was used to. One morning I came into the office and received a phone call. The caller asked for someone that I didn't know and said he had decided that he wanted the Corvette. I didn't know what he was talking about and asked him to explain. He told me that he had just called S.K. Industries to purchase a Plasma beam and that he had the money to buy it immediately. Somebody had answered his call and identified themselves as an employee of S.K. Industries. He told them that he wanted to buy a Plasma Beam and the person he talked to tried to talk him out of it. The guy said he had bunch of cars and how would he like a good deal on a Corvette instead. The potential customer said he would have to think about it and that he would call back. Next time he called, I picked up the phone. This was not a case of him having dialed the wrong number. This was the second time a call to me was intercepted.

The story of the Plasma beam would continue, and several new players would emerge. One of them would give his life before this story is over.

“Everything that irritates us about others can lead us to an understanding of ourselves.”

Carl Gustav Jung

The man Vince

I was approached by a person who wanted to help me market the Plasma Beam. His name was Vince. He said he was a marketing expert and he was involved with a very large supplier of law enforcement equipment named Kroll International. We had a few conversations and made arrangements to meet. Vince was a likable guy, somewhat slight in stature; but well dressed with a lot of energy. He had a funny way of talking that is hard to explain; but he used sentence structures that seemed to contain way too many words. He wrote like he talked and when he created some webpage advertising for me, the language was equally strange. He was primarily interested in the Plasma Beam; but tried to do what he could to help me sell all of my other laser products.

Over the time I knew him, he told me many things about himself. He had worked for the CIA in Africa helping the US compete with China who was trying to win hearts and minds by investing heavily in infrastructure programs in several African countries. This was a difficult job because China was putting a lot of effort into establishing Africa as a future base of operations and was investing huge amounts of money. He also told me he worked with the Bilderbergers. These were the people who lived in the underground bunkers and told me that he called them, “the cavers”. I thought about the people under the Getty and decided that this was an appropriate name for them. I would now use the term Caver to describe the elitist kings of the Earth including the Templar’s.

We made arrangement to meet in Las Vegas at the SHOT show so that I could demonstrate the Plasma beam for his client that owned Kroll International. Jay Dreyfus, who was living with me at the time, also went and I had a suit altered to fit him. We met Mr. Kroll and demonstrated the Plasma Beam.

Now being the World’s most powerful hand held flash light, you would think that was enough to generate significant sales to law enforcement and emergency services. But Mr. Kroll wanted more. He was mostly interested in the strobe function and could we tune the pulse frequency to induce an epileptic seizure in people it was pointed at. He only cared about using the device as a method to control crowds of people. Such devices already exist and I refer to them as flashy toys. This is similar to the gadget that Will Smith used in the movie, “Men in black”, that would erase people’s memories. I suspect that a similar device was used to incapacitate my cousin Mark in my garage, and I also suspect this type of unit may have also been used to blind and incapacitate the driver of Princess Diana’s car when she crashed and died in France.

That night we went back to my hotel room and we were joined by my European distributor, Andrew Soler who always travels from Spain to attend the SHOT show. Before long Vince, Jay, and myself were talking about UFOs, aliens, and underground cities. Andrew had never been exposed to this information and suddenly he was getting it from all sides.

When we got back home, I reported to Gaston the results of my meeting with Kroll International and told him we had the opportunity to market enough Plasma Beam units to generate a large amount of money. Suddenly Gaston decided he wanted to renegotiate our deal and position himself to be in more control and receive a greater amount of any potential profits. I told him that I would give him one day to back down from his demands or I would have nothing more to do with him. He remained intransigent and I would never speak to him again.

“Heroism on command, senseless violence, and all the loathsome nonsense that goes by the name of patriotism -- how passionately I hate them!”

Albert Einstein

Back in Bed with the CIA

I decided to contact the man in Alaska that recruited Gaston, and make a deal with him to pursue the business with Kroll International. I called him and he was not opposed to the idea. I told him that I had a problem before with the CIA when I was dealing with Bob at API. He told me he would look into that and let me know what he found out. The next day he called me back and told me that the people I was dealing with were NSA or National Security Administration and that it was the, “Ollie North gang”. He said, “don’t worry, there are bad apples in every bunch and they all were not like that”.

I told him about Kroll and the request to develop the crowd control potential of the Plasma Beam. He told me about some of the application that the light was used for involving the infra-red filter. During the war with Serbia, the rescue team used a plasma beam equipped with the infra-red filter to project an invisible shaft of light into the sky that USAF Lt. Col. Darrell P. Zelko could see with his night vision device after his F117 stealth fighter was shot down over Belgrade. This allowed him to tell his rescuers where he was in relation to the beam in the sky. He also told me that an infra-red filter equipped plasma beam was used at the Branch

Dravidian's compound in Waco Texas to shine into the windows to illuminate and blind the people inside. Interestingly enough later I would contact a man who made special infra-red filter material that I was investigating as an alternative to the expensive coated glass window that we were using, and it would turn that he knew Vince. This fact would become relevant soon in the future.

I had to go back to Las Vegas, this time for a Soldier of Fortune Convention to retrieve another Plasma Beam from a company that my CIA contact was dealing with, as Gaston had taken the unit I had before. Interestingly enough this company was one I was familiar with that sold parts for AK47s and HK machinegun components. I always suspected that they had CIA connections and when I met with them, the owner gave me a knowing smile and wished me luck. I took the new unit home and tried my best to adjust the strobe to where it would induce a seizure effect but to no avail. It turns out that only thirty percent of the population would have been susceptible anyway. That is not enough of the population to work as any kind of crowd control.

On another occasion I was at The Soldier of Fortune convention at my booth that I had rented to display my laser products. On the table that day I was also displaying the Plasma Beam, when Bob Lazar would walked up to my table. I recognized him from the videos that Jay had given to me. Bob was a physicist who worked for EG&G on alien technology at area 51 in Nevada. He had tried to leak information to the news media about what was going on there and was quickly discovered and fired from his Job. His work history and education background was erased and they tried to turn him into a non person. He now has a website where he discusses alien technology and what he saw at Area 51. He walked up to the table with a friend of his who was wearing a hat that said, "If it's anti-matter, it doesn't matter". I thought that was pretty funny. He walked straight up to the Plasma Beam and said to his friend, "hey, we could use this to vector in UFOs!" I shook his hand, said it was nice to meet him, and took his card. I would see him again at other shows; but never was able to discuss his experiences or mine in any great depth.

Sometime later I was exhibiting at TREPPO, which is a convention in Los Angeles aimed at the tactical special operations community or SWAT teams. In the evening I went with my friend Evan who was a gunsmith and was also exhibiting to a special demonstration of silencers and the latest tactics for the use of night vision equipment at the LA County Sheriffs training facility near Valencia. I decided to bring the Plasma Beam with me. The people putting on the demonstration had several machineguns fitted with different silencers or sound suppressors available for all of us to test fire. One that really impressed me was made by Reed Knight and was mounted to an M16 assault rifle. It was being fired right next to a HK MP5 fitted with a Navy suppressor at the same time. I was amazed; I had to walk right up to it. The .223 caliber M16 which is way louder than a nine milli meter MP5 was much quieter and both weapons had

silencers. They went on to demonstrate the latest techniques for using the ANP/VS 14 monocular night vision device in conjunction with two types of optical sight, the aim point red dot, and a Trijicon scope. The Aimpoint and the Trijicon are both popular optical sighting systems used by the US military. All of this was being done in extreme darkness. At one point one of the demonstrators dropped something and asked if anybody had a flash light. I couldn't resist, I grabbed the Plasma Beam and turned it on. Several people said, "Oh shit!" The person doing the demonstration shrieked and said his night vision was ruined, (his eyes, not his goggles). I said oops, turned the light off and set it down on a table behind me. I thought those guys were going to kill me.

A few moments later I turned around and noticed a man was standing over the Plasma Beam and seemed to be staring at it in stunned amazement. I walked over to talk to him and to my surprise; it was none other than John Mathews of Sure Fire Corporation. I said, "hey John, what do you think of my flash light?" He said, "What is it, short arc xenon?" I said yes and began to describe it to him. He said thank you and walked away. Years later Sure Fire would introduce a line of high powered lights with up to 500 lumens that would be intended to temporarily blind a target as well as light it up at a great distance away. Once again I influenced the industry.

One day I had a customer who had my laser on his Glock come in to have some minor service performed. He was an older Jewish gentleman who told me he was retired and used to be a school teacher in New York. I took care of his weapon and he asked me if I would have lunch with him at a small restaurant down the street. He was a nice enough guy and we had a pleasant conversation over lunch. Toward the end of the meal he made some observations that seemed a little strange to me. He told me that he believed there were two groups of people in the World that he felt were the most gifted, the Germans and the Jews. I got the impression that he was referring to me because I have a significant amount of German heritage although I had never mentioned this to him.

After lunch we returned to the office and continued our chat. For some reason I decided to pull out the Plasma Beam and show it to him. I turned it on to demonstrate how powerful it was and then I began to share some ideas I had about the technology. I told him that I developed a theory that the tiny ball of plasma could be modulated and made to resonate producing high frequency sound waves that would be reflected off the parabolic mirror the same way the light is reflected and focused into a beam. But this beam would be delivering high frequency waves that could shatter crystal the same way that a singer's voice can shatter a crystal glass if the sound reaches a high enough frequency. I told him that technically steel is a crystal and it was conceivable that given the correct amount of power and frequency, the Plasma Beam could become a weapon able to shatter a tank. He thought this was interesting and we concluded our visit. The next morning I had received a fax from Israeli Military Industries or IMI, asking for

information on how to obtain a Plasma Beam. I thought this was too funny and that clearly my visitor was working for the Government of Israel. I told them that I would be happy to provide information; but first I wanted to know how they heard about it. The next day they repeated their request but said nothing about where they had learned about the light. Again I told them that I first needed to know who told them about it. Of course I knew who it was; but this was amusing to me to see what they would say. Eventually they gave up asking and I considered this just one more funny experience. I never got the support I needed to market the Plasma Beam and I eventually decided to stop putting effort into it.

“Ignorance is not innocence but sin.”

Robert Browning Hamilton

Vince’s Final Chapter

Poor Vince, he tried so hard, and even though he was a bit annoying and his sentence structure was from another planet, He was the man that told me about the Cavers. He may have been their tool; but he was a nice guy. One day I sent him an e-mail to test his response and see if he was familiar with the source of the material I would send him. I e-mailed him a single sentence that I had copied from chapter 13, passage number 9 of one of the most inflammatory and controversial books ever written. It was a line from the almost one hundred year old pre Russian revolution book, the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion. This is the sentence:

You may say that the GOYIM will rise upon us, arms in hand, if they guess what is going on before the time comes; but in the West we have against this a maneuver of such appalling terror that the very stoutest hearts quail - the undergrounds, metropolitans, those subterranean corridors which, before the time comes, will be driven under all the capitals and from whence those capitals will be blown into the air with all their organizations and archives.

I sent this to him because even being close to one hundred years old; it seemed to describe the underground city beneath the Getty Museum. I suspected that the Cavers inside would use a nuclear bomb to destroy the museum in the event that the “mob” should discover what was going on and wanted to enter the underground to escape a cataclysm or to defeat the elitist so called kings of the Earth that resided there. A small nuclear bomb would be a perfect way to seal the entrance and would prevent anything, human or otherwise from being able to enter

the city miles underground. And that certainly would destroy the artwork that could be considered archives.

I wanted to see how he would respond. He could have very easily said he didn't know what I was talking about or that he was unfamiliar with the passage. What he did say was very extreme and almost exactly what Bora had said when she reported to us about the Satanic temple at the bottom of the Getty. He said, "We are not all Jews, we are also Nazis, and God and Satan are the same thing".

Once again I was in shock, I thought I had it all figured out. I had to go back and start all over again with my research. Nazis and Jews working together, the concept was inconceivable. This was an idea that would take me a full year to get used to and understand. Now please believe me, I love every human and harbor no hate toward any person or any group of people. I do believe you can hate actions; but never the person. We are all children of the creator and every person that has ever lived is a part of every other person alive or dead. Polarity is a tool of Satan that only exists on this level that we occupy at this time. This is the yin and the yang, the ever changing dynamic of good and evil, black and white, and service to self versus service to others. It became clear to me that every aspect of our human existence is constantly forcing us to become emotionally polarized so that we become divided and fight amongst ourselves over artificial issues such as politics, religion, and race.

I learned that the Templar's even though they are considered a Christian brotherhood of knights dating back to the crusades, also had Jewish origins going back even farther. I would also learn that the Templar's had two factions both of which had primarily German ancestry tracing back to European royal families, and that there was a division when Hitler arrived between those that supported the dictator and those that did not. These two sides would be known as faction A, and faction B. The one that did not support Hitler went into hiding and it has been suggested that these people are being sought out as another version of the royal blood line, or Holy Grail. I would also learn that when the World War two intelligence group known as the Office of Strategic Services, or OSS was disbanded, that the new Group, the Central Intelligence Agency or CIA, was staffed almost entirely with German Nazis brought into the United States under operation Paperclip.

Now I am not saying that any of these people are bad. Because of this incredible confusing concept I have had to accept, I discovered that I needed to become an observer, and resist the urge to judge and become emotionally attached to my feeling about what these people were doing. To them, they are the ancients that have the wisdom to make decisions that affect the lives of innocent people. What I do not agree with and condemn with the harshest terms is the practice of Human sacrifice. I can control my emotions and love these people but I will forever hate those actions.

Vince disappeared soon after his unfortunate response to my e-mail. I would hear later that he had suffered a “heart attack” in New York City. I was told that he was taken off the street screaming that he was fine and that he had places he needed to go. I could just see him resisting and trying to reason with whoever was taking him away. I would learn in the future that the Cavers possessed weapons invented by Nikola Tesla that could induce a heart attack in a victim using scalar wave technology. I will perhaps write about this in the future in another book; but would recommend that the reader Google Nikola Tesla and scalar waves for further explanation. I know Vince was high strung; but I also know he may have opened his mouth too much and revealed too many secrets to me in his effort to perform his job for his Caver masters. The man I mentioned earlier who produced the alternative infra-red lens also told me that he felt Vince’s death was suspicious and that he believed that Vince was murdered. Rest in peace Vince, I’ll never forget the funny way you talked or the name you gave me for the Bildeberg, Templar types that inhabit the Metropolitans, the Cavers.

“An honest politician is one who when he is bought will stay bought.”

Simon Cameron

Charlie Gabard

Sometime around 1999, I was contacted by a man named Charles Gabard who was referred to me by a police officer friend of mine. Charlie owned a television repair shop in Corona Del Mar, California. Charlie considered himself to be an inventor and was looking for help on a project involving lasers. Charlie wanted to create a system that would use a laser beam to stop a car in the event of a police pursuit. He wanted to prove his concept and create a prototype to exhibit at the dedication of the Police officers memorial in Washington DC.

I visited Charlie at his TV repair shop and talked to him about his project. He agreed to provide some funds to develop his idea and I got to work. His concept was that every car made would contain a laser detector that could receive a signal from a laser device used by a police officer. The laser detector would be connected to the engine in such a way as to disable the car should the driver be trying to flee from the police. The laser needed to be invisible or infra red and would need a special code so not anybody with a laser could go around stopping peoples cars. I

enlisted my friend Bill to help me with the project. I purchased a modulated infra red laser for the police side of the device and a photo detector for the civilian side of the system. Bill developed a sophisticated digital code and an electronic driver circuit to deliver the desired signal to the laser. He also created a similar circuit design for the receiver that would identify the code being detected and deliver the signal to stop the car. For the purpose of the demonstration and to give Charlie something to display on his table at the exhibit coinciding with the memorial dedication, I selected two toy cars, one a police car, and the other a blue corvette. I installed the modulated Infra red laser into the toy police car and built the detector assembly into the Corvette. There was a button on the police car that would activate the laser. On the corvette, there was a green and a red LED light that would turn from green to red when the detector picked up the laser signal. The display looked very simple but the technology inside those toy cars was very advanced. The night before Charlie was to fly to Washington was mother's day. Bill and I had to complete the assembly of the electronics that night while Charlie stood over us. We finally finished the construction late that night, boxed everything up and drove Charlie to the airport in time to catch his flight. Once again I was absent for my family who were celebrating mother's day at a restaurant.

Now Charlie was doing a considerable amount of lobbying to try to force the public to have this device installed into cars. He was giving money to several politicians to solicit help in this effort. He told me he gave Senator Diane Feinstein \$75,000. He also gave large amounts of money to the election campaign of Orange County Sheriff Michael S. Carona and required investors in the company he would create, CHG Technologies to also make donations. The resulting scandal helped to bring down the sheriff and others with Mike Carona eventually going to Jail. Personally I liked Sheriff Carona; he had made it much easier for a citizen to obtain a concealed weapons permit.

As for Charlie, when he came back from Washington he refused to pay me the \$4500 he owed for the prototype and he went on to open a factory in Huntington Beach where he hired a young man named Vince to help him continue to advance the system. This was the same Vince who I removed from the laser module project for the NSA.

Charlie eventually never saw his dream realized and was fined \$54,000 for his illegal campaign contributions. Senator Diane Feinstein is still serving and never was punished for the money she received. Many people spoke out against the proposed system as a big brother attempt to trample liberties. The Clinton administration thought this was a wonderful idea. Imagine how easy it would be to stifle mass protests if all you had to do was push a button to stop everyone's car on the freeways approaching the capitol. Owners of vehicle with Onstar should also consider this.

“You can't say civilization isn't advancing: in every war they kill you in a new way.”

Will Rogers

The Universal laser

In the early 1990s Heckler & Koch of Germany designed a new main battle rifle called the HK G36. My man in Spain that was my main international representative gave me the plans for this rifle so I could develop a new state of the art laser system to be mounted onto it. I decided to create a low profile modular laser unit that would be able to contain three separate lasers each capable of being independently aimed for point of impact. The plan was to have a visible red laser as well as two invisible infra red lasers. One of the infra red lasers would be focused to a small spot the same as the visible laser to indicate the impact point of the bullet. The second infra red laser would be defocused to create a large diameter spot that would be used as an illuminator for a user wearing night vision.

The concept of using multiple lasers to indicate and illuminate is my original idea. This was a result of my experience with the NSA guys from API. They had an infra red version of the predator laser that was infra red. They told me that an operator would defocus the beam of an IR laser unit to be used as an infra red flash light. Depending on the amount of defocus the person wearing night vision could light up an area at a distance or a room or even a document being read in the dark. The problem with this is that when a laser is defocused you lose the adjustment for the impact point. The solution was to incorporate more than one laser. Conventional lasers are large and trying to mount two or more large lasers is bulky and impractical. My designs are very small and can allow for multiple lasers in a small package that minimizes the weight added to the weapon and still provide for a very high level of accuracy and durability. Whenever I design a new product, I always photograph it and post it to my website immediately. The whole world gets to see it at the same time. So this makes me a loose cannon that teaches everyone about the latest technology at once. The big corporation that produces the laser gear used by the US military has to watch what I do and change their designs to keep up. I found it amusing when I saw the soldiers being issued new lasers that incorporated a second illuminating beam some time after I introduced the concept.

I remember when I sat down to design the Universal Laser. I was sitting in my office in the room where my drafting table is located. I do all my drawing the old fashioned way with paper and pencil. It was late in the afternoon almost time to go home. I was by myself as my help had gone home for the day. I was almost done with the new design and I was looking at the drawing and enjoying the result of my creative efforts. It was then that I had the distinct feeling that someone was looking over my shoulder. Even though I knew I was alone, I still turned my

head to look as if I expected to see someone standing there. This was an important development as far as laser aiming technology was concerned and I would not be surprised if there was a spook keeping tabs on what I was creating.

With the drawings complete I could take them to my machinist and have him produce the parts for me to assemble. It never ceased to amaze me how a person could think of something, put it on paper, have those parts made, put everything together, and end up with something new that did not exist before. This is the creative process in its purest form. This is what makes humans special and closest to our creator.

Around this time military was beginning to look for the next generation of all purpose laser sight that would incorporate all the bells and whistles. This new sight would be the Holy Grail for militaries everywhere. It would need to have a visible laser aiming beam as well as an infra red laser aiming beam. It would also have an infra red illuminator laser and a white light flash light that could also be fitted with an infra red filter for use with night vision. This system needed to be modular to be able to fit on several types of weapon from a handgun to a rifle.

I was first contacted by the Israeli Shin Bet about helping them develop a laser system called the Cricket. The Shin Bet is like the American CIA. The man I was working with was the same person who tried to help me locate the military gear for the Philippines during the Abu Sayyaf incident. Several times I was approached by these people to provide product for them but every time I tried to deal with them I was always expected to practically give away my designs for free. I could never make any kind of deal that I felt was fair to me.

Eventually after many start and stops The man I was dealing with finally came to me and told me that every other laser making company had failed in being able to produce a laser could stay on target and pass the stringent testing process of the Israeli military. Unlike the US military that will only buy product from large corporations usually owned by the CIA, these people actually expected the product to work. Our military will field product that produces the most profit and provides the best kick back to the retired military personnel that have the connections for acquiring the large contracts. The very same product that is sold to our Government for use by our soldiers is unacceptable to the Israelis who don't have the soldiers to waste.

I decided to do my best to cooperate and help this customer develop a system that would meet the requirements set forth in the Cricket weapon illumination and laser marking device specifications which were released by the Israel Defense Forces in August 2000. This was not easy for me because the customer insisted on making design changes that did not adhere to basic concepts that I felt were mandatory to insure the performance that is the hallmark of my laser systems. On top of this I continued to experience difficulty getting paid for what I was

doing. My frustration got to a point where I felt that I was being robbed and I decided to tell the customer that I would just give them whatever technology I had supplied up to that point and I would no longer be involved. I really did not want to have anything more to do with a product that was going to be used to kill Arabs.

My international representative brought to me a significant opportunity to sell my Universal laser system. The Greek Navy wanted to buy my laser and created a procurement proposal that was written in great detail to encompass all of my Universal Laser's specifications. The customer's intention was to make sure that my product was the only system that would qualify for the bid. The configuration that they were interested in would have sold for \$1200 per unit and the total contract would have amounted to \$700,000 for me. It seemed that this sale could not fail because nobody had anything that could compete or fulfill the specifications outlined in the proposal. After submitting my bid, I learned that a French company, Thales Optronics Corporation had offered a product that was alleged to be essentially a copy of my system. On top of that the French Government was subsidizing this company so that the offered price would undercut me to the point that even if all of my middle men received no money and I highly discounted the product, I still could not compete. This is in spite of the fact that this company had not even produced a prototype laser system. Once again I was defeated by an entity that was immensely larger than me and funded by an entire Government. How could my tiny company compete with that?

After the United States invaded Afghanistan I was approached by a Texas company that wanted to sell my Universal Laser System to the US Army. This company was headed by a retired Army General who was well connected to personnel that were capable of steering contracts his way. The intention of this collaboration was to equip every soldier in the Army with my laser system. The numbers were huge and the potential dollar amount would have been very large. Very soon I realized that this company intended to pay me a fraction of the net sales which would be calculated after the majority of the profit was absorbed by the General and his company. The amount that I would ultimately receive was a pittance compared to what would have been siphoned off of the gross. I was disgusted by this and dropped from the effort immediately.

Not long after that I would get a request for a sample of the Universal Laser System directly from Fort Hood. I knew that with the war I had the opportunity to cash in and probably make a Billion dollars, yet I declined. Even if it was my destiny to be involved in this Great War and provide the technology that would be directly used to kill so many people, I decided not to do it. I had reached a point in my life where the money was not worth the blood that would be shed. I was sick of all the companies that were racing to become rich off of this new crusade.

“The governments of the present day have to deal not merely with other governments, with emperors, kings and ministers, but also with the secret societies which have everywhere their unscrupulous agents, and can at the last moment upset all the governments' plans.”

Benjamin Disraeli

Back to the Getty

I made my first visit to the Getty August 26, 1999. I went with my brother Norman, and my wife Danelle. We arrived before the public and we were admitted early because Jim had put us on a list at the guard shack at the front of the parking structure. I still have the parking pass stamped EM for employee. I was very interested in photographing the building because I wanted to be able to use the photos to illustrate that the structure was actually a fortress. The trained observer would notice that many of the walls and tall planters surrounding areas of the building are concrete three to four feet thick. Every surface is covered with four inch thick travertine marble which is extremely hard and works the same way as ceramic armor does to defeat armor piercing projectiles. The tram system visitors must use to get to the museum is designed to keep vehicles as far away from the fortress as possible.

Jim told us that once a man managed to drive his car up the fire access road but it was stopped at the top by steps you need to ascend to reach the entrance. The man was screaming something about Jesus; do you think he knew something? The entrance to the security area is a long narrow corridor lined with Travertine, a perfect choke point that could easily fend off an assault. The hills surrounding the Getty are steep and have sparse vegetation and are loaded with sensors to detect intruders and banks of camera watching every square foot. At night the perimeter is patrolled by German Sheppard's trained to only respond to commands in Yugoslavian.

The walls at the top of the hill are sloping and several stories high also covered in a thick layer of travertine marble. On top of some walls grow thick sections of bougainvillea, a natural barb wire. On the most southern point of the complex is a massive round perch known as the cactus garden. It is placed well away from public access and rises several stories up from the hill top with walls that have a significant amount of slope. These walls are also concrete several feet thick and covered with a thick layer of travertine marble. The planter bed of the so called cactus garden is well over one hundred feet in diameter. The cacti that are planted there are insignificant and probably have very shallow root balls. The view from this patch of dirt is well over 180 degrees and looks down over nearly all of Los Angeles all the way out to Catalina Island. Millions of dollars were spent to house a mediocre amount of cactus, why? The answer

is simple; there is a massive weapon underneath those cacti capable of rising up and striking any threat for many miles away.

In several places there are towers that rise above the walls like the battlements of medieval castles. Everywhere you look there are shooting positions protected by thick travertine covered concrete walls. These look down on killing zones. There are sunken areas such as the garden that could instantly be flooded by the million gallon water tank nearby creating a moat or a trap. High up on several walls there are high powered lights behind bullet proof glass that shine down into the courtyard to help defenders fight intruders.

On my first visit we were followed the whole day by a man wearing a white shirt and tie. I photographed him. He was there as soon as we got off the tram. When we came out of the door to walk toward the "cactus garden", I played with the man. I sprinted to the end of walk way and he ran after me and took up a position over by the railing overlooking the cactus garden. This guy was not discrete. These people are NSA agents and you would think they would be smarter.

I really do like the artwork at the Getty, the impressionists' collection is wonderful and my favorite is the Irises by Vincent Van Gogh. Another favorite painting that I always enjoy is the Penitent Magdalene by the Italian artist Titian. One thing I do notice when inside the museum is the energy in certain rooms, and the way certain paintings of past Masonic leaders seem to be placed in positions of dominance almost as if they were meant to provoke reverence and respect. One time my brother and I walked through the museum with Jim and he quizzed us about what we were feeling and what sort of energy we could sense in each room. This was a test of psychic skill. I have always wanted to take a field trip there with a group of gifted psychics, someday I will.

One night I went out to dinner with my brother, Don, and Jim to a Greek restaurant. Jim is pure Greek which is one of the reasons he was selected for his Job, they don't like to have mutts or people with mixed heritage inside of the bunker. In a modern day Noah's Ark, they want all the animals to be pure. So we were enjoying Greek food and drinking Ouzo, a traditional anise flavored alcoholic drink of Greece. Jim would have many interesting things to say this night that I will never forget. Up until that night Jim and his handlers had focused on my brother Norman and treated him special assuming that he was a gifted psychic; but this night the focus would be on me.

“Often pagans, with their eyes wide open, do not see very clearly.”

Georges Rouault

Olympian Gods

It's no secret that I have been trying to maximize my human potential. I believe that humans can rediscover gifts and abilities that were lost long ago. The human body can produce massive amounts of Electro-magnetic energy, also known as magnetic induction. The human brain produces 100.10-15 T units of magnetic induction. T is a Tesla unit which is named after the famous scientist Nikola Tesla. The same man who practically invented the twentieth century and is responsible for most of the top secret weapons the Cavers have built. Books on Tesla were banned in the United States from the time of his death in 1947 to 1985. I remember when the first Tesla books reappeared in the United States. It was during the Arab oil embargo. A Tesla biography was imported from England to be distributed to the universities for student's studying Quantum Physics. My buddy Bill was taking Quantum Physics at Cal State University in Fullerton and came home with one of those Tesla books that he let me borrow. It had a gold sticker covering the name of the publisher presumably to maintain some control over other people trying to get their own copy. Before this experience, I would have not believed that my country banned books. I thought that was something only done in communist or fascist countries. The government probably decided that it was time to bring Tesla back so maybe some bright student might be able to become inspired and solve the energy crisis. Unfortunately even if somebody did develop a true source of zero point energy, they probably would never be allowed to actually produce such a device. I recommend the reader learn about Tesla immediately.

In a human, magnetic induction is manifested in the form of radiation that surrounds our body, this is our aura. The magnetic poles of the Earth produce magnetic induction a trillion times greater than a single human. The largest amount of manmade magnetic induction was created by an atomic bomb test in Russia. It created 2800 T. What this means is that a human brain is capable of generating energy similar to that of an atomic blast. Never underestimate the power of the human brain, especially the power of many humans working together.

Massive amounts of energy flow through the universe. It is produced by everything from the largest black hole to the smallest particle we can detect. It flows through or bodies in many directions. The energy that flows from the Earth upwards through our body is considered the female energy and the energy that flows downward from head to toe and into the Earth is considered male energy. The Chinese refer to this energy as Chi. The Hindus refer to this energy as Prana. Call it what you want, cosmic energy whatever. It is the ability of a human

learning to harness this energy that allows us to become psychic. It allows us to perform healing, telekinesis, clairvoyance, channeling, remote viewing, telepathy, fortune telling, and other skills that we can refer to as magic.

Every human has the power to develop this potential. I believe some humans are born with these skills. It was my original intention to study every source of information and develop my own skill beyond what I am already capable of. My original motivation was to help defend the earth and to teach others to do the same. Eventually as I became disillusioned with the great evil I perceived from the Cavers, my thoughts turned to using these skills to defeat them. Eventually this would change but that is another chapter.

The night of our dinner at the Greek restaurant, Jim made it his mission to get me to tell him what I was capable of. He started out beating around the bush but eventually came right out and asked me what I could do and if I could demonstrate anything for him. I told him that God gives us gifts that are intended to be used for a specific purpose, at a specific time and place and that they are not for our personal enrichment or for achieving political objectives. He insisted that I tell him something to give him some clue to what I was capable of. To satisfy him, I told him, "I could knock the Satan right out of you". He stopped asking me after that. He then tried to persuade me to become involved in a geopolitical matter that I am not sure if it was a ploy to determine where I stood on the issue or if he was serious. He told me we needed to help Yasser Arafat. He said that the Palestinians were being persecuted and would I be willing to devote energy to help them in their cause. I told him that it was not our place to become involved in such a political matter and reminded him that God would determine when it was appropriate to use this power and it was not our place to decide when and where. At this point he turned to my brother and told him, "You are just a pale shadow of him". I am sure my brother Norman did not feel very happy to be told this; but from that point on, the Cavers knew that I was the one they were looking for.

After dinner the four of us went back to my brother's house to drink more Ouzo and enjoy some cigars. We sat around the bar and continued our discussion. When Jim was just beginning to be recruited into the Templar's, we told him that he would need to use Christ as his anchor so that he would not be lost to the deception that he would be subjected to. By this point in the process he was already lost and committed to the Pagan beliefs that came with his position. He had become a polytheist and believed in Roman gods such as Apollo and Mars. He had accepted the belief that he was among a group of people that were superior to normal humans much like the masons do and likened his kind to modern day Olympians. We did our best to reason with him and tell him that his polytheist pagan beliefs in Roman, Greek, and Egyptian gods were false, ignorant and just plain ridiculous. He wouldn't listen to us. He went on to say that like him, my brother and I belonged to an exclusive fraternity, "The can't be killed

club". I knew what he was talking about. First of all, the Templar's are bound to not only locate; but to protect the people that they determine are of the royal blood line. This could portend to the Templar's belief that these people are the descendants of the union of Christ and Mary Magdalene or the lost faction B of the Templar's that went into hiding. This royal blood line is thought to trace back to the Egyptians and further back to the Babylonians, eventually to Adam and possibly beyond to previous epochs all the way to a race of aliens.

My brother and I can remember many times where persons who sought to harm us or harbored great malice have come to suffer as a result. My brother recalled when he was having trouble with Don Nixon and that Nixon ended up being tossed in a Cuban jail. I can remember many occasions when this happened for me also. Once when I lived in my condo, my next door neighbor's brother tried to sell me stolen weapons. I called the police on him and my neighbor found out and was coming to get me. He never made it; that night he crashed into a truck on his motorcycle and died. The person that was responsible for me losing my position at Perkin Elmer developed a very painful and debilitating spinal disease shortly after I left the company. The NSA people who tried to screw me over got sued and had to leave town. When the owner of Aro-Tech, the company that stole my laser design, gave the laser manufacturing portion of the business to his son, the son promptly died in a car accident. This sort of thing has repeated many times over the years.

The other issue that supposedly protects us is the concept that persons who are destined to do something that affects the entire World are unable to be touched because the universe will intervene and somehow prevent anything from interfering with historical destiny. A good example of this was all the people who failed at assassinating Hitler; nothing could touch him until after his mission on Earth was complete. In spite of all the great evil he was responsible for, his ultimate purpose in the Universe was to cause the rebirth of Israel after 2000 years.

It would appear that this fear of cosmic retribution or the belief that we possess supernatural skills is pervasive in the people who seek to monitor or control us. I remember walking out of my front door one day with a couple of young friends of mine. As we stood on my porch I looked up at a small airplane that was passing overhead and commented to the guys that the DEA maintained a fleet of 250 small planes to monitor people. One of the guys raised his arm and gave the plane a one finger salute. As soon as he did that the plane made a radical maneuver and then quickly recovered and continued on its previous course. Clearly someone in that plane was probably looking down at us with a pair of binoculars, saw that we had spotted them and caused the pilot to panic for a moment. Was this a nervous reaction or did these people actually think something bad was about to happen to their airplane.

After my dinner with Jim, I would run into him one more time at my brother's house. This time he would ask me about some of the items on my web site, www.law-17.com. Besides featuring

my entire line of laser sights on many types of weapons, there are also many other items that would be used by a tactical team or a special operations group, items such as state of the art night vision and tactical body armor. He seemed particularly interested in one item, a rain coat fitted with Kevlar armor that went down to the knees. Besides selling the types of armor a police officer might wear under his uniform or a full cover tactical vest that a SWAT officer would wear, we also sell armor sewn under civilian clothing such as a leather jacket or even a London Fog rain coat. Jim acted like he was interested in purchasing this item. The first thing that tells me is that he, and perhaps many others were looking at my web site. He even went so far as to suggest that I was the leader of a militia. The Cavers seem to have the idea that I intend to raise an army to storm the Getty and somehow go down the elevator to do battle with them in their underground cities. I don't know what time machine told them this; but I am not stupid. Just getting to the elevator would be incredible difficult. Sure I do produce advanced weapon systems that may give me an advantage over the troops they have defending the museum and the secrets below. Yes I have been known to have a lot of young combat age friends that I teach about tactics and the use of weapons. I may have even indoctrinated them about the Cavers and all the little secrets they have. Do they really think an army of young men is going to show up one day all wearing bullet proof London Fog rain coats? For all the wealth and technological resources these people have at their disposal, they are not very creative. Aliens would not even use weapons in a battle with men, they would use mind control to have the soldiers use the guns on themselves and each other. Besides, like it says in the Bible:

"For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." (Ephesians 6:12)

To me this means that we do not draw each other's blood. We do not hurt fellow humans. We combat ideas and institutions. The Bible also says:

"...People will hide in caves in the rocky hills or dig holes in the ground to try to escape from the Lord's anger" (Isaiah 2)

So maybe it's not such a good idea to be hiding down in a bunker.

The last I would hear of Jim was that he had gone to Israel to do some kind of archeological research regarding the Al Aqsa Mosque and the Temple mount. He was trying to prove that the site of the Temple that was destroyed by the Babylonians in 586 BC, and the Romans in 70 AD, was actually located at a different site than where the Al Aqsa Mosque is located today. He believed that if he could prove this that he could solve a major source of friction between the Arabs and the Jews. Jim thought that if this issue went away, that Armageddon could be

prevented. Perhaps he really was concerned about the plight of the Palestinians when he talked about helping Yasser Arafat at dinner that night. From what I understand, this position may have led to a falling out, and Jim is no longer holding his position at the Getty.

“Every war results from the struggle for markets and spheres of influence, and every war is sold to the public by professional liars and totally sincere religious maniacs, as a Holy Crusade to save God and Goodness from Satan and Evil.”

Robert Anton Wilson

The days before 9/11

Well before the events of September eleventh 2001, I was predicting that our country was going to create a crisis and that we would be, “Pearl Harbored “and that would be used to justify a new crusade. I posted my thoughts on my web site and I outlined what would happen and that our ultimate goal was to invade Iran so as to access Caspian Sea oil. I wrote letters to the editor of the local paper, warning of this also.

Several events were going on in the World that should also be noted for reference. From August 31 to September 8, the UN World Conference against Racism, Racial Discrimination, Xenophobia, and Related Intolerance was being held in Durban, South Africa. As in the two previous conferences, efforts were made to equate Zionism with racism.

In the weeks prior to the conference, the United States had warned organizers that it would withdraw from Durban if the early anti-Jewish charges and the condemnations of Israel remained unchallenged. In addition to the UN government conference against racism, Durban simultaneously hosted a UN conference of non-governmental organizations (NGOs). The final resolution of the NGO conference, which was overwhelmingly adopted, called Israel "a racist apartheid state," guilty of the "systematic perpetration of racist crimes including war crimes, acts of genocide and ethnic cleansing ... and state terror against the Palestinian people." Copies of the anti Zionist book, The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion, were offered for sale at the conference. Clearly, all of this was very alarming to both the United States and Israel who each boycotted the conference.

On September 7, 2001 the European Union voted overwhelmingly to adopt measures to defeat the NSA electronic eavesdropping network known as Echelon. The US officially denies the

existence of Echelon. In May, members of the committee travelled to Washington DC to investigate, but members of the CIA and National Security Agency thought to be responsible for running the network refused to meet with them. The Echelon backlash was triggered by suspicions that trade secrets were being stolen from European businesses, specifically that information from inside Airbus was passed on to Boeing. American authorities have repeatedly tried to justify the interception of telecommunications by accusing the European authorities of corruption and taking bribes. Often Heads of state were presented with evidence of bribery and were convinced to re-open bidding or to reward contracts to American companies. What this means is that anytime we were able to gather dirt on a World leader, we would use this information to extort money out of them in the form of sales to that country.

After 9/11 the US proudly reported that it was able to intercept a call from Osama Bin Laden to his mother and the criticism of Echelon went away. I have found echelon to be monitoring visitors to my web site after reviewing the data from my visitor counter service.

The day of 9/11 my local news paper The Orange County Register, reported that the Islamic population in the United States had passed that of the US Jewish population. The cover of the paper featured a large photo from an Islamic school featuring young girls wearing the Habib. This image was in sharp contrast to the anti Islamic sentiment that would dominate the media immediately after the attacks.

I have no interest in defending the terrorists or disputing the official explanations for what happened on that day. I do believe that ever since Sun Tzu's wrote the book Art of Art of War, many World leaders have used false flag operations to incite their populations into frenzy to launch great wars. I remember that morning on 9/11 very well. I was upstairs in my bedroom on my computer with the television on tuned into CNN. When the first building collapsed, I ran out of the room and yelled to my wife downstairs, " Oh my God, the building just collapsed!" I couldn't help but think of how much it looked exactly like the controlled demolitions I have seen so many times of old Las Vegas hotels. I was in disbelief of what I had witnessed. I even made a phone call to the restaurant on the top of the Trade Tower to see for myself if anybody would answer the phone, it just rang.

Shortly after 9/11 George Bush pushed through the Patriot act, stripping Americans of our rights and Constitutional protections. I knew then that I could no longer be a loose cannon publicly challenging the CIA and US government policy. I removed my posting from my web site predicting a new Pearl Harbor. I stopped writing letters to the editor of the newspaper. I stopped reading the newspaper every day. I no longer monitored the news or watched CNN. I went into a quasi exile.

“All violations of essential privacy are brutalizing.”

Katherine Fullerton Gerould

Private eye stint

After my father in law retired from his job as an investigator for the Orange County district Attorney’s office, he started to do some private eye work. He hired me to help out and paid me \$50 an hour. This usually involved being on stakeouts and sitting in the back of an old Dodge van keeping an eye on someone. One job involved a Mexican produce vendor that wanted his competitors monitored to document when they moved their trucks and how long they would be parked in a given location. The issue was that city ordinances required them to move the trucks after so many hours and they couldn’t park in certain locations. The client wanted to show that his competitor was not following the rules, so I ended up sitting in the back of a cold van parked in a barrio watching a truck and occasionally filming it with my video camera. This was not a very glamorous or fun job; but \$50 an hour was descent and helped me pay my bills.

On one job the client was a man who was getting divorced and wanted to prove that his wife was having an affair before he went to court. I was expected to stake out the home of this woman and watch to see if her lover would show up. She must have seen the van parked down the street because one day she raced out in her car at high speed to lose me. One of the more difficult aspects of that job was that I was expected to lie to people. This was something I couldn’t do. I was supposed to walk up to the neighbors houses and give them some phony story to try to get them to tell me information about this woman. This is something that police officers probably do every day; but it wasn’t in me.

Another job that was a little more interesting involved a woman who lived in Atascadero who was having problems with someone breaking into her home to steal her underwear. Because I was Mr. Technology guy I was expected to build for her a covert camera system to catch the perpetrator on video. I called her up on the phone, told her what I wanted to do and she gave me her credit card number to get started. The first thing I did was drive out to her apartment in Atascadero to survey the premises and learn the details of her story. I rented a car and drove up the 101 freeway to Atascadero. It was a beautiful drive that took me through almond orchards and vineyards. Atascadero is famous for one thing, the mental institution for criminals. The client was a psychologist that worked there counseling the inmates.

When I arrived I met the woman who hired me. She was pretty with shoulder length brown hair and a just little older than me. She had a small apartment that was upstairs. When I came

inside the first thing I noticed was that she was a minimalist. There was no furniture except for one couch in the living room and a queen size bed in the bedroom. She had a refrigerator in the kitchen area with a pad lock to keep intruders from tampering with her food. Clearly this woman was having some issues. She showed me around the apartment so I could get an idea of how I wanted to install her covert camera system. She took me into her bedroom where I got to see the little pile of dirty laundry in her closet where the underwear was allegedly stolen from. None of this took very long so when I was done she we took a drive westward to visit Morro Bay for lunch. I had been there with the wife a few times and it was a favorite place to visit.

Back home I had to think of a good way to hide a camera in an apartment that was essentially an empty room. Ideally I needed something that I could plug into a wall so the camera could be on for hours and not depend on batteries. I came up with a creative idea that was perfect. I had an extra vacuum cleaner that was an upright. It was easy to install the tiny camera inside the vacuum looking out of a small hole drilled into the plastic handle. The camera was hooked up to a transmitter that would put out a signal that would be picked up by a receiver connected to a video recorder hidden up in the attic. The vacuum could sit in the middle of the room looking towards the front door and could be plugged into the wall with the vacuums cord. This was perfectly natural and should not attract attention. I drove back out to her home and installed the system and then I got involved beyond the scope of my duties.

By now she had told me all the details of what had happened to her to cause the intrusions and who she thought was responsible. Apparently she had been involved with a sexual harassment lawsuit with a Doctor she worked with in Los Angeles. After she won her case she was awarded a settlement and moved up north to begin a new life away from the problem. She believed that this person had connections with other professionals working at Atascadero and this person was responsible for the effort to drive her nuts by violating her privacy. She believed that someone possibly the person next door to her was being paid to watch her every move and break into her home repeatedly. Just in case this was true, I made a show when I arrived the next time of putting a gun into my waist when I got out of the car. I wanted this person to see what they were dealing with. After installing the camera she took me to for a drive to see the mental hospital. Then we went to visit a local gun store where I had her purchase a Glock nine milli meter hand gun. She never shot a gun before so I had to teach her how to load it, how to chamber a round, and how to shoot it. I told her that she was now just as tough as any man that was going to bother her. By now it was too late for me to drive home and I wanted to impress whoever was watching so I spent the night with her.

What I learned from this adventure was a shock. It would seem that within the legal community there was a mafia of sorts. Everybody was connected from the judges, to the

prosecutors, to the doctors and attorneys and even the private investigation firms like the one I was working for. These people were all in cahoots and they all watched each other's back. There was a strong possibility that the very firm I was working for was secretly involved with the man that she had sued in LA. If this was true then the intruder would have been told about the camera. Sure enough on the first day the system was active, she forgot to turn on the video recorder. The intruder came in and discovered the camera. My father in law had seen the vacuum cam before I delivered it and if he was involved, could have let the perp know where to look. Whoever it was may have discovered the camera; but did not find the recorder, so even though she didn't have it on they probably assumed that they had been seen. This solved her problem. She was very happy with my work and wanted to pursue a romantic relationship with me; but I was married and that was not going to happen.

“An act of love that fails is just as much a part of the divine life as an act of love that succeeds, for love is measured by fullness, not by reception.”
Harold Loukes

I lose my family

By the end of 2001 my wife of twenty two years, Danelle said she was going to leave me. I asked her not too and told her I did not want a divorce. I asked if we could get some help and she said no. She had been planning this behind my back for almost a year and she was not going to change her mind. Her parents who adopted her did never really let go of their child when she got married and wanted me out of the picture. I admit that I made mistakes, not respecting her enough, expecting too much from her including sex which was something she was becoming less interested in due to age, six children, and from being exhausted at the end of the day. I was too focused on making the huge amounts of money needed to house and feed our family. I was constantly preoccupied with world events and my dealings with the Cavers. She didn't get enough affection from me and I regrettably never told her I loved her enough. I was spending too much time with my friends and we were growing apart intellectually and spiritually. On top of that, the business was suffering and too much money was going out to support the family and not enough was going back in to maintain inventory. The stress of

making the money to pay the bills every month was taking its toll on me and I was not getting the emotional support I needed to fight the great fight, I took it out on her.

I cried in bed at night over it. We were still sleeping together. An old friend that lived in Tennessee called and asked me what was wrong. She had dreamed that I was drowning and called me the next day. I told her that Danelle wanted to leave me and she said she would talk to her about it. Afterward she told me there was nothing I could do. I talked Danelle into getting some counseling with me but that also didn't work.

I couldn't pay the rent on the home and keep the office at the same time. I decided the business need to survive so I took some money and built a shower in one of the rooms at the shop. I also installed a free standing wall in my warehouse to create a little more privacy in the back where I was going to create a kitchen area. I converted my front office into a bedroom and we moved into the shop. My oldest daughter moved into the living area I had built in the in-laws attic and the five younger children lived with Danelle and me at the shop. It wasn't the end of the world; we survived and celebrated Christmas that year in my industrial building. Danelle's Mother came to visit us and decided to report to the social services the situation and get Danelle on the fast track to receive housing, or section 8 support. The problem with these services is that they promote the breakup of families. Danelle could not get any help unless she would leave me. There was a financial incentive to get divorced. Her family also would not help her unless she left me. If I was unable to support my family when they were with me, what would change that would make it any easier to pay the district attorney's office after they left. The system is inherently evil and seeks to destroy the institution of marriage while siphoning off funds to support a bloated bureaucracy. Once she had secured an apartment through housing, her mother tried to engineer a situation that would allow Danelle to move out of the shop and take what she wanted when I wasn't there. It didn't work; but when she was ready to leave I did not fight her over it and allowed her to take what she wanted. This approach was also extended to the whole divorce. I put myself at a great disadvantage for the future, but I did not contest her and she was able to get everything she sought in the process.

She didn't want to tell me where she was living; but being intuitive I was able to zero in on her location almost immediately. We never know what we have until we lose it. Eventually she would come to visit me on occasion, secretly of course, and I would make love to her and give her affection and tell her I loved her. She said to me, "Why couldn't you be like this when we were together." I was becoming very depressed and didn't want to see anybody that I would have to explain my situation to. I stopped going to the gun shows or anywhere else where I would have to run into people that had known me for years and knew about my family. I was embarrassed and humiliated. I stopped cutting my hair and let it get long. It would be at least seven years before I would cut it again. Deep down I think I wanted to grow it out to harass the

Templar's and their Holy Grail beliefs. If they were going to be looking over my shoulder I was going to play the part.

I wasn't getting enough sex and needed an outlet for my pent up testosterone. I started lifting weights and eating a lot of steak. I began to put on muscle mass and was in better shape than I had ever been in. On one occasion I went to Danelle's apartment for one of my little girl's birthday party. My mother and sister as well as several of Danelle's friends were there. I was wearing a sleeveless shirt and none of them had seen me since I started working out. Danelle said, 'Look kids, your dad has Pecs!'

It took me three years before I discovered internet dating and decided to start looking for some female companionship. I had one friend that was a girl friend of Danelle's who I liked a lot, and we spent time together; but there was never any romance. The first time I was with another woman it was a humbling experience, I had been with only one woman for my whole life. Needless to say, I would meet more people and I would learn to put the ladies first and my skills would develop considerably.

"You can tell the strength of a nation by the women behind its men."
Benjamin Disraeli

Female energy

I met a one woman on the internet and she came over to meet me on Halloween. Turns out this was appropriate as she was a witch of sorts. She was Jewish and studied Kabala as well as Native American shamanism and other sorts of mystic beliefs. She introduced me to Tantra, and the basics of moving energy. Like many practitioners of goddess based theory focused on the divine feminine, her energy source was centered on the Earth. Energy needs to travel either up or down, and in and out. She preferred to imagine the energy moving up through one leg into the body and back down through the other leg. Although this is common with those that are focused on the feminine side or to the traditional shamanistic methods, it is not as balanced and therefore has limitations.

The beauty of Tantra is that it recognizes that although men and women both have certain amounts of male and female energy traveling up and down through the body, it is through the

union of two bodies that this energy is allowed to circulate and build up. The path to enlightenment and increased psychic energy depends on a person reaching the highest level of balance between the flow of male and female energy through the body. This not easy for people to do by themselves as men tend to have higher amounts of male energy flow and the opposite applies to women. The male and female body joined together during sex, exchange energy and help each other in the process. This is why people tend to seek out a partner that fits them best by having corresponding amounts of the opposite energy to compliment them. Very masculine men seek out very feminine women. Men that are slightly feminine may look for a woman that has more masculine qualities.

The more I learned about this, the more I began to become concerned. As a person, I was very much on the yang side or masculine half of the equation. I exhibited all of the stereotype male tendencies associated with heavy yang influence. I was a male chauvinist; I predominantly wore nothing but black clothing. I wore a full beard and mustache and ran a business devoted to weapons and weapons development. I collected guns and lifted weights. I was preoccupied with sex and had a sex drive that was stronger than most. I had produced six children, three of which were over six feet tall. My oldest son would reach six foot eight inches, weigh 300 lbs. and be the biggest kid in school. Both of my boys would play football and several of my girls would play basketball, and I was never interested in sports throughout high school.

I knew that the odds of me developing my feminine side and increasing the flow of the yin or female energy in my body were very slim. I was becoming a male caricature, and then I realized something important. My identical twin brother was becoming more feminine. At first I did my best to ignore the clues. He was losing the hair on his arms. He was wearing his hair very long. Eventually I found out he was taking female hormones and was becoming Trans-gender. Although he would never get an operation and in the future start going back in the other direction, his swing into the feminine side seemed to mirror my deep emphasis on the male characteristics. He even produced a magazine about the transgender culture and became the inspiration for the movie, Trans America. So what did this all mean? I had heard that in the Amazon rain forests, that when a pair of twins was born, that they would be thrown into the river because the Indians believed that two people could share one soul.

Is it possible that my brother and I are two sides of the same coin and that we each possess opposite sides of the yin and yang? Is there some divine purpose for this? My first thought was that I was destined to become some sort of warrior that although having predominantly male energy, would still be able to develop my psychic skills without the need for the balance like everyone else. This would seem to coincide with the fear the Cavers had that my purpose in life was to bring about their demise.

I then met a woman that would help me to learn that there was another avenue to pursue in order to achieve my goals.

“Minds are like parachutes - they only function when open.”

Thomas Dewar

Poets

Her name was D Marie. She was a beautiful Italian woman with dark hair and brown eyes and a great body. She was a couple years older than me but was very interested in metaphysics and wanted to learn about my experiences with the Templar's. The first night I met D Marie, I showed up at her door dressed in my usual fashion. She said I looked like a biker Jesus. Her first impression of me was that I was not someone she would be interested in. Then I gave her a foot rub and she melted in my hands. We would become very close and develop a strong bond.

When I first met D Marie she was living in the home of another woman, who was very much associated with the dark side of the metaphysical community. This other woman was a psychic and decided she did not like me. I would learn later that she had a guy friend that wanted her to recruit D Marie to get involved in a sexual scenario involving the three of them. I was in the way of these plans. This woman had a dark energy that permeated the home. I remember seeing dark shadows that would lurk in the high corners of the ceiling.

They had a Christmas party at the house that I attended. There was a Christmas tree that was decorated with ornaments depicting Egyptian objects like pyramids. To me this seemed a little strange and not exactly congruent with a Christian holiday. Everybody that attended the party was into some form of psychic activity. They all took turns doing readings on me. Someone read my palm and another did a reading with Tarot cards. Someone else did a reading using numerology. I think the intention of all these people was to learn everything they could about me. Things would get heated between D Marie and the woman she lived with and she would need to move out. She found a new place to live and I helped her move. During the move I would have to stay outside because by this time I was not allowed in the home.

D Marie had a meetup group which I joined called POETs. This stood for People Of Expanded Thought. Poet's was a metaphysical group that would eventually have several hundred members. Many of the people who attended were skilled psychics or had other talents such as channeling, communicating with spirits or telling fortunes. I came into all of this with my Christian beliefs but an open mind. I wanted to expand my psychic skills.

Most people will be inclined to dismiss all of these things as Satanic and evil. What I learned is that we all have a subconscious that is connected to our conscious mind. Each of us has our subconscious mind attached to a super conscious which we share with everyone else. This allows us to connect to each other. When someone looks into your future all they are doing is using their subconscious to link to yours via the super conscious. This is how most methods of fortune telling work such as pendulums, Tarot cards and others. This is how a psychic looks into a person's mind. There is nothing evil about it. Most of these techniques involve intuition and it helps if you already know something about the person you are doing the reading on. I do believe there are demonic entities out there that can interfere and look for opportunities to confuse and corrupt us. I think that it is dangerous to ever use an Ouija board and people who believe they communicate with any entities should be very careful to not believe everything they are told. Satan uses half truths to deceive us. We are given information we know is true so that we believe the lies that follow.

There are so many concepts that have to be understood in order to move forward and become enlightened. It is extremely important to have an open mind and be willing to consider all ideas. Most people especially people in America have been trained since birth to only accept limited amounts of information and insist that the World must provide proof of any idea before they will open their mind to something different. The reality is that we should never stop learning. As soon as we restrict ourselves by saying that something is a fact and it will not change, we have stopped learning and our brain stagnates. Ideas do not need to prove themselves; we are responsible to do our own homework. Forbearance means not being content to be ignorant.

As a Christian I saw no conflict in what I was doing. I have had to accept many ideas into my understanding that do not have a place in scripture. Ideas like aliens and human life on planets other than Earth. I can believe in Adam and Eve and still understand that this planet has witnessed many epochs over time and many civilizations have come and gone prior to the time that we live in today. For those that choose to limit their beliefs to the strictest interpretation of the Bible I say that is OK, you don't need to know everything. As far as all of the other religions are concerned, I believe in the blind men describing the elephant theory. They are all feeling different parts of the elephant and describing the section that they are touching. Each may describe the elephant differently based on the part they touch; but they are all still

describing an elephant. They are all partially correct. The Bible says do not change anything, do not add or remove anything yet that is exactly what has happened already many times. The council of Nicaea in 325 AD threw out many parts of the early Bible that would be rediscovered with the finding of the Dead Sea Scrolls. It is still debated whether the council had anything to do with selecting which verses and gospels would be included in the Bible, or whether Christianity agreed or disagreed with the concept of reincarnation.

I do believe in demons and I do believe that Lucifer was cast out of Heaven. I do believe that Christ will return. I also believe that there are alien entities that are among us that serve Satan and that there are humans on Earth that have placed themselves in position of kings to rule over their fellow humans for the reward of power and wealth. We all have a role to play and some people that walk the Earth today have a great responsibility to help their fellow Earth humans to prepare for the great changes and challenges that face us all.

The most important lesson that I credit D Marie with bestowing on me is that I do not need to do battle with those evil entities that rule the Earth. It is better and nobler to instead devote my energy to helping the victims of those in power to minimize their suffering and to help them by sharing with them the truth of this reality that has been so carefully hidden from the masses for so long. The most important thing that we can do during our life is to learn to serve others and to teach others to do the same. I am not saying that service to self is bad, you can't have one without the other; but we all need to try to be a little more service to others than service to self. This is the key to everything. This is how we graduate from this existence and move on to a higher level closer to our creator.

The entire universe is divided into two sides' service to self, and service to others, STS and STO. Each side believes that it is right and each side ultimately wants to return to its source, the creator. The method each uses are different. The service to others side tends to believe in not interfering with more primitive life forms. The service to self side thinks that it knows best and directly imposes its ideas upon the life forms it wishes to improve. A good example of such thinking would be the Conquistadors and how they came to the new World and forced their religious beliefs upon the natives. They may have had good intentions but their methods were very bad. This analogy applies very well to the aliens that have made contact with Earth humans. The ones that make their presence known and have entered into treaties with world leaders are STS. Ultimately they are the ones connected to Satan. The ones that will eventually come to deliver mankind from the slavery of evil are the STO and will be led by Jesus Christ. This is what I prefer to believe. How and when this comes to be we have yet to see.

When I was in POETs, I often felt like I was a Christian spy that had infiltrated a group of pagans. I also came into the group from what you might call a very male oriented dark side. I often

tried to impress upon the members that I believed that enlightenment required being aware of everything around us, even the good, the bad, and the ugly. This I feel is part of the problem with the love and light crowd; they only want to focus on the so called higher vibrations and not give any energy to the negative aspects of our reality. This is not balanced and therefore does not lend itself to the process of enlightenment. The other problem is that these people tend to focus on the divine feminine and believe that the old male dominated religions are responsible for everything bad in the World. In a way this is very much like a pendulum that swings from one extreme to the other never achieving a balanced equilibrium. This leads to a disproportional dependence on old pagan cultures and practices and leaves the believer susceptible to being manipulated by the forces of the dark side. A good example of this is the inability of practitioners of the divine feminine to renounce pagan acceptance of any kind of blood sacrifice. This is what I encountered with the Cavers and it was an issue that I also encountered with certain members of POETs and eventually was to become a source of friction. POETs formed a Toastmasters public speaking club and I would use this topic as the subject of my tenth speech. I have a video of that speech on you tube and it can be seen by going to:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=am63OqZVuu4>

I did several lectures during my time with POETS that were also filmed and can be seen on you tube. One was on Nikola Tesla and can be seen by going to:

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6r7BqvYi5_s

Another was on energy healing and can be seen by going to:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=disM1jNhAn4>

In spite of my disagreement with some people over the more pagan aspects of the group the overall experience was very rewarding. The energy that flowed in the group was very powerful and every meeting we had increased our collective knowledge and skill. I did my best to introduce scientific explanations for all of the more mystical areas of our metaphysical exploration. Quantum physics plays a big role in the understanding of the mysteries of the universe. One of my favorite experiences was being able to study and actually meet a great physicist named Nasim Hariman. Nasim produced a series of lectures showing the connection of so called sacred geometry to the understanding of quantum physics and astro physics. He demonstrated how everything from the largest black hole to the smallest particle we can detect operate by the same principle and how energy travels in opposing directions and also transmits information at the same time. Again these concepts are extremely complex and I will only be able to offer brief explanations in this story. It would be very rewarding to the reader to

explore the work of Nasim Hariman as his thesis will soon become widespread and as influential as the work of Einstein. For me what he proves reinforces scientifically what I have learned about the use of energy for everything from healing to manifestation. I will talk about the concept of manifestation soon; but first I want to discuss some of my personal explorations and research.

“If there is magic on this planet, it is contained in water.”

Loren Eiseley

Secrets of the universe

After I left POETs, I assumed the role of president for our Toastmasters speaking club. Several members continued with the group and many new people joined also. At one time we had up to 180 members. We met every other week and eventually I instigated a meeting in between the traditional Toastmasters meeting to devote a day to lectures to be given by members on metaphysical subjects similar to what we were doing before at POETs. During the times that I would present I chose to discuss subjects that were very controversial yet important to the understanding of the overall concept of energy and the scientific explanation of how it works and can be used.

I did lectures on crystals and why they are able to do the magical things that are associated with them. I talked about the magical properties of water and the important work of Dr. Masaru Emoto. Doctor Emoto demonstrated that if human speech or thoughts are directed at water droplets before they are frozen, images of the resulting water crystals will be "beautiful" or "ugly" depending upon whether the words or thoughts were positive or negative. Water is incredibly important to humans because we need it to live and our bodies are seventy percent water. Water is a superconductor of chi or cosmic energy. The molecular structure of H₂O is very similar to the structure of a quartz crystal. This is significant when you consider the metaphysical properties associated with crystals. Hydrogen and Oxygen are the most plentiful elements around us and the most basic building blocks that exist. To understand the nature of water and its components allow us to begin to unlock the secrets of the Universe.

I talked about the life and theories of Wilhelm Reich and his belief in energy he called Orgone. Reich was a contemporary of Sigmund Freud and developed theories regarding sexual energy that conflicted with Freud and would eventually lead to a schism between the two men. Reich became to believe that he could accumulate this Orgone energy using a box that he called an Orgone accumulator. This box had alternating layers of organic and non organic material and acted very much like a capacitor. The construction of his Orgone accumulator is reminiscent of the way the Biblical Arc of the Covenant was built that we will discuss soon. Reich believed that the energy that his box collected could cure cancer and other diseases.

Reich continued to develop new ways to visualize, measure, and harness Orgone energy from the atmosphere. The cloud buster, for example, was an experimental instrument that could affect weather patterns by altering concentrations of Orgone energy in the atmosphere. It comprised a set of hollow metal pipes and cables inserted into water, creating a stronger Orgone energy system than that in the surrounding atmosphere. Water, which strongly attracts and absorbs Orgone, draws the atmospheric Orgone through the pipes. This movement of Orgone from a lower to a higher energy system was used by Reich to create clouds and to dissipate them. This is important because it again shows the importance of water and the ability to cause Hydrogen and Oxygen to combine or to separate. A psychic can perform this process simply by using the power of the human brain. This is the most basic form of transmutation also known as alchemy or magic.

The most controversial and last lecture I would do for that group was on the life and inventions of Viktor Schauberger, the Nazi scientist and naturalist that developed advanced anti gravity technology based on his understanding of fluid dynamics. Schauberger observed that water travels in a spiral path or straight path. Water that moves in a spiral path has an electric charge, while water that travels in straight paths has no electrical charge. Schauberger concluded water was alive and went through various life, death and transformation cycles. Like Doctor Emoto and Doctor Reich, Schauberger demonstrated how important water is to our life and the importance of consuming water that is alive and containing the cosmic energy that we need to be healthy and increase our human potential.

This is why we need to be so concerned about the poisons fed to us in our water such as Fluoride and Aluminum. Each of these ingredients is intended to remove the Chi energy from our water and diminish our psychic abilities. Aluminum oxide powder is being dumped into our environment everyday right in front of our faces by planes overhead spewing chemtrails. It is amazing that people can go about their daily lives and never think twice about the whites lines in the sky that spread into clouds and ruin what should be a beautiful clear day. People need to wake up and realize that these are not commercial airplanes that do this. Every one of these aircraft is military and that this is happening all over the world. The Government is now using

the excuse that this is weather modification to combat global warming. This is a lie, the reality is much more sinister and the masses should demand that it is stopped before the effects of this poison kill large amounts of the population.

This particular lecture which was also filmed dealt deeply with Nazi occult practices and their connections to aliens, and Hitler's belief in the hollow Earth, and the races that live there. This particular lecture must have been the last straw for the Cavers because my computer was dead the night I returned home from that meeting. There was nothing that could be done to repair it and no computer expert I would bring it to could find an explanation as to what the problem was.

Losing that computer did not stop me from learning. I had added a section to my website offering precision optical manufacturing services. For fun I decided to mention heavy silver electro forming to see if there was anybody interested in developing silver as an optical product. Sure enough I got a call from a research department at the University of Colorado in Fort Collins, Colorado. They had a project that required a heavy coating of fine silver onto a copper substrate. They sent me samples of the copper parts, I plated them and they were happy with the results. Each time they would complete the experiment; they would refinish the copper and return the parts to me for a fresh layer of silver. Whenever they called I would ask questions and eventually I knew what they were doing and what they had discovered.

I learned that the silver was being used as a lasing medium and they were able to produce ultra violet laser light. The silver coated copper part was surrounded by a strong magnetic field. A powerful electronic spark or arc was then introduced inside of this field. The arc would create plasma similar to the spot of light made by the plasma beam flash light. The plasma would be contained by the magnetic field and could not escape but the silver would degrade on an atomic level and silver ions would convert into ultra violet light that would not be restricted by the magnetic field and could escape. The light produced would be coherent meaning that the rays of light would be straight and parallel just like a laser beam. The shape of the beam would be determined by the shape of the silver coated surface. This means that a perfectly flat surface would produce a perfect narrow beam as wide as the width of the silver surface. The mass is being converted into energy. The silver degrades one atomic layer at a time. This means that a very thick layer of silver will produce an immense amount of UV light for a very long period of time. Now imagine a disc made of solid silver that was twenty one feet in diameter with a perfectly flat bottom. Surround this disc in a magnetic field and create plasma over the surface with electrodes around the perimeter of the disk. The resulting beam of light would be a gigantic UV laser that was twenty one feet in diameter. The photon energy would be like sitting on a giant fire hose that could push the disk up to the speed of light. This is beam ship research. It makes sense that this would be done in Colorado because it is close to the

Denver airport which is also home to an underground city like the one under the Getty. Each of these facilities has a specific purpose. The Getty's purpose is to act as a repository of western art and culture. The purpose of the Denver airport facility is devoted to aero space research.

I suspect that this technology was also the secret of the Ark of the Covenant. The Ark also was enveloped in a strong magnetic field that made it float off the ground. The lid of the ark was at least four inches thick of solid gold. That alone would have weighed a ton and could not have been carried by four men as was depicted. The box was made of wood with a layer of gold in the inside, and on the outside. This means the box was a giant capacitor capable of building and storing a large amount of electricity. This is very similar to Wilhelm Reich's Orgone accumulator box. The wing tips of the angels on the top of the lid would have acted as electrodes that would have been capable of generating a spark and plasma just like the plasma beam. This would cause the outer layer of the surface of the solid gold lid to degrade and produce gold ions or mono atomic gold particles. This is Mana. This is the source of the divine food that Moses fed to the Israelites and was also consumed before that by numerous Pharaohs. The Egyptians called mono atomic gold white bread and it was believed to give the Pharaohs psychic skill. All of this may sound very farfetched but careful study of the Bible and Egyptian history will support this. There is an excellent book about the Ark by Lawrence Gardener titled, "Lost Secrets of the Sacred Ark."

I also devoted considerable time into researching free energy or as it is called zero point energy. Many people have developed advanced methods of generating free power and many have paid for it with their lives. One recent example is the inventor Stanley Meyers who developed a fuel cell that could power a car using only water. The fuel cell used electricity to create oxygen and hydrogen through electrolysis. Many people today have created similar devices to generate hydrogen and use the gas to supplement the fuel of internal combustion engines. What they don't realize is that the actual energy used by Stanley Meyers that provided the combustion for his engine was not the burning of the hydrogen as a fuel but is actually the energy released from the separation of the hydrogen and the oxygen from the H₂O. This is similar to the energy released from the splitting of Uranium atoms in an atomic reaction. This is called transmutation and has been known throughout history as alchemy. People always thought that the ancient alchemists were trying to turn lead into gold, guess what; it is actually silver into gold. This energy is actually coming from a higher level or density than the one we occupy at this time. Stanley Meyers would have changed the World but he died mysteriously at a restaurant March 21, 1998.

Other inventors have created batteries capable of producing unlimited power using Barium Titanate crystals and thin films of metal. Many crystals including quartz produce piezo and thermo electricity. That means that when you put pressure on a crystal or make it warm, it

produces electricity. Not long ago you could purchase devices that used quartz crystals to generate small piezoelectric charges that were considered to be healthy for the body. The FDA banned these devices and aggressively sought to remove them from the market almost as if they were afraid of the technology. This is very reminiscent of the persecution of Wilhelm Reich and his subsequent incarceration and destruction of his equipment and the burning of his books. Yes we do burn books in the United State, it was not just the Nazis that did that.

Remember the Caver's reaction when I started coating quartz crystals with thick layers of fine silver. Many years later after learning about the nature of energy and my studies on Tesla and the lectures of Nasim Hariman, I would conclude that a silver coated quartz crystal could act as a generator of electricity. We know that silver and quartz are both crystalline in structure. We also know that the atomic structure of quartz creates helical channels that are like the structure of human DNA. These channels spiral up and down in opposing clock wise and counter clockwise directions. Quartz crystals channel and conduct cosmic energy. When we consider that cosmic energy travels in opposite directions using the same spiral shape as our DNA we can see that this creates a rotation capable of causing the electrons in the outer layer of the silver to turn the same way a spinning rotor of a generator causes the electrons in the armature to rotate and flow becoming electricity. My ability to pursue this research would be interrupted.

“Don't let anything stand in the way of you claiming and manifesting the life that you choose rather than the life you have by default.”

Joy Page

Power of Manifestation

One of the more popular tenets of new age metaphysical thought is the concept of manifesting. The belief was made well known by the popular book titled, *The Secret*. Manifestation is basically the concept that the Universe is waiting to deliver what a person wishes for by acting upon the thoughts and intentions of the recipient. Numerous celebrities, popular lifestyle coaches, and self help gurus follow and preach some form of the manifesting beliefs. The power of human thought and intention is well documented in quantum physics and is also a

major component in the research of Dr, Masaru Emoto who was mentioned earlier. Most people who practice the art of manifesting tend to focus on bringing possessions such as a new car or home into their life. I can say that this is real and we do have the power to will changes and things to come to us. The energy that we put into our thought and the detail we use make a difference. It is also necessary to have faith and keep continuously positive that our dreams actually will become reality. I would also learn that we need to be careful what we wish for.

When I was living with my wife's parents in the attic apartment I built. I would often give Danelle's grandmother a ride to the salon to get her hair done. I remember on more than one occasion when we were driving to the salon that I would see a big four wheel drive Ford truck and I would say to her that one day I would own one and I would precede to tell her all the features that I wanted that truck to have.

I'd say," See that truck over there; someday I want one just like it." She would smile and say," someday you will." I was very specific about the features I wanted. It had to be a white 4x4 F350 crew cab. It had to have big tires and custom rims. I wanted a bed liner and a rear window that opened. I wanted it to have tinted windows and an upgraded front seat with a console. I also wanted it to have a CD player and a cell phone. These trucks are very rare to begin with and finding one with all of these features would be extremely difficult.

Years later, after Danelle's grandmother had died and my family had moved into our new home, I would decide it was time to go look for my truck. I looked in the newspaper and found a Ford dealer that had two F350s on the lot. Both of them were stock with no added features and the both were fire engine red in color. There was no way that I wanted a red truck but I decided to go anyway and have a look. When I got there the salesman took me back to where the two trucks were parked and I was disappointed. Besides being factory stock and red, they both had skinny tires that looked funny on such a big truck. As we were walking off the lot with me thinking that I would have a difficult time finding what I wanted I turned and looked and there behind a fence in an enclosed area was a big white 4x4 F350 with big tires, custom rims and everything I wanted down to the last detail. I told the salesman that I want that truck. He said it was a lease return and that it was not ready to be sold. I told him, I don't care, that is the truck I want. Of course I put myself at a negotiating disadvantage but it didn't matter I got the exact Truck I wanted with all the features I dreamed about and I found it at the first dealer I went to on the first day I went looking. I liked to think that finding my truck was a gift to me from my wife's grandmother for all those days I drove her to the salon to get her hair done. We always did get along well. At the same time I also came to realize that this was the first time I can remember using the power of manifesting.

Another time I remember using power was when I brought a person into my life. Again I was very specific. I wanted to meet a girl. I said to myself that I wanted her to be a little young Mexican woman. I wanted her to be beautiful and a little street smart. I wanted her to be passionate and a little wild. Beyond that I did not get any more specific. One day I received an e-mail from a dating site. The photo was of a beautiful young Mexican woman; she was contacting me and even provided her phone number. I couldn't believe it; I thought someone was playing a joke on me. I called her up and she was real. She was five foot three and lived in the San Gabriel Valley. On the first night I met her I was taken with her immediately. She was light brown complexion with dark brown eyes that were accentuated with dark eyeliner. Her hair was cut relatively short and was brown with red highlights. She was very cute and had a great body. That first night we met at an El Torito restaurant and had a margarita. We dated for a long time and she was everything I was looking for, very much fun. She would eventually break my heart but I still love her very much.

The concept of manifestation has some basis in quantum physics it is also known as the law of attraction. The belief is that human thought broadcasts intentions to the universe and matter is somehow affected to become reality in response. Many people have made careers promoting this belief and promise adherents that love, wealth, and happiness can be attained by focusing on your desires and maintaining faith that your wishes will come true. Personally it is my hope that people who practice the art of manifesting will do more than concentrate on building wealth and will learn to use this skill for making the Earth a better place for everyone. It is natural to desire better possessions and an enhanced lifestyle. In the true spirit of service to others we can easily see how the power of manifestation can be used to bring about positive change that will help everyone. If we all work together and combine our energies we can overcome any obstacle.

I find hope in the darkest of days, and focus in the brightest. I do not judge the universe.
Dalai Lama

Decisions, Decisions

Much of the information I have presented may cause the reader to be uncomfortable and possibly have fear or anxiety. I have expressed my opinion that being aware of some of the negative darker sides of reality is beneficial to achieving a level of enlightenment that is key to understanding the big picture. Many people will disagree with me about the result of sharing this message and will suggest that there is no positive benefit to making this information available to the masses. I have purposely avoided discussing in great detail many aspects of the information that is truly disturbing. To me it is very important that the average person remove their blindfold and see the monster that is standing in front of us. In a way we are like the cattle living happily in our pens oblivious to the presence of the Slaughterhouse on the other side of the fence.

It isn't my intention to smack everyone in the head to get their attention. I have the opinion that it is better to experience fear in small doses so as to minimize the effect as opposed to having it all dumped on you at once so it will render you incapacitated and unable to respond. Being unaware of unpleasant realities does not protect us by limiting the amount of energy that we project into a lower source of vibration. What it does do is contribute to making it easier to be manipulated by the entities that would seek to control us. There is no group or place or side of any issue that has not been infiltrated by dark forces that would seek to control our thoughts and create polarity between people.

I personally do not wish to destroy or remove those that would promote the service to self lifestyle. I believe that ultimately we will all return to the source of our creation. We are all part of the creator and that makes us all one. If I choose to lift up a rock and let the light of the sun shine down upon the creatures that live in the darkness, it is not because I would seek to step on them or ask others to do so. Whether those entities that hide in the dark chose to accept the light or flee from it is a decision that they will have to make. I reject the concept of good versus evil.

The transition we are moving into involves attaining a higher level of spirituality. This is a good thing. Sometimes we go through traumatic events that will help us to reevaluate our lives and cause us to seek out answers that will help us to achieve this goal. There is an old saying that there are no Atheists in a fox hole. This refers to the belief that a soldier in the heat of battle that is facing the possibility of eminent death is more inclined to recognize his mortality and embrace his creator. Heart break and our ability to overcome loss and pain make us stronger. Another example could be a person who survives cancer and rededicates their lives after beating the disease. This could involve a desire to become closer to God or family or a commitment to becoming a better person. Very often a person that goes through a near death experience returns with a greater appreciation for life and a new perspective on the meaning of their existence. It is also common for such a person to develop skills such as psychic abilities that they did not possess prior to the trauma they went through.

There are those that believe we make arrangements for our entire life in advance. They believe that we choose our paths and our experiences before we are born. It is true that our life is a series of lessons and that together our cumulative experiences add up to produce a universal knowledge that benefits all humans as a whole. Some people are born to be victims while others are destined to be victimizers. Likewise it is impossible to serve other without having someone to serve. I believe that before we make this great transition we need to choose from among the choices we are given. We must choose which path to dedicate our lives to, be it service to others or service to self. I believe that this level of existence that we occupy at this time is the last domain where those who are predominantly service to others will coexist with those that are predominantly service to self. It is not my intention to judge one over the other. I will not suggest that one philosophy or way of life is good or evil. Whether we are to believe that we are born with free will or not depends on our perception of the linear forward progression of time. Are the decisions we make truly spontaneous or do we merely go in a direction that we have already predetermined in advance? Our perception of time is based on our position and connection to our planet that we live on. If we are removed from this Earth does time continue at the same speed and direction as we perceive it from our Earthly perspective? We occupy a realm where matter is composed of compressed energy. We are preparing to transition into a new level where energy is composed of compressed time.

This is why we will benefit from embracing our spiritual component and learning to utilize our energy and our creative abilities. In our future our reality will be based on the thoughts and intentions that we create with our minds. Our intentions and our creative thoughts will create the reality we perceive. This is an excellent time to begin to practice projecting our energy and our intentions. It is my hope that the reader will realize that the negative aspects of our current existence can be overcome and transmuted with the power inside of us all. We have nothing to

fear and everything to gain. I believe that there are several ways to increase our energy flow to maximize the strength of our auras and our psychic abilities. Meditation and the opening of our minds to the wisdom of the universe is an excellent way to increase our human potential. Cleansing our bodies and being careful to avoid contamination in our water is also helpful. Yoga or exercise and an effort to avoid harmful negative emotions will also help. Being able to love ourselves and those around us is a wonderful and powerful source of energy. Striving to achieve a balance of our male and female energy through Tantra or the union with a partner with a complimentary corresponding energy is a very pleasant way to mutually serve and improve our energy flow. When we gather together to share joy and community we share energy with each other and walk away invigorated and with greater levels of positive energy. I believe that the most powerful method of increasing our human energy potential is through service to others. Great joy and sense of accomplishment can be realized when we do this. In my opinion this is the most noble and rewarding endeavor that we can perform during our lives. I would suggest that we all try to be at least a little more service to others than service to self. Very few humans have ever been able to completely devote their lives to being purely service to others with the possible exception of Jesus Christ and perhaps Gandhi. Being service to others does not only apply to our fellow man. We can also do our best to be kind to animals and serve life forms that are beneath us. I am not saying that we must all stop consuming meat; but we can try to respect life and be reverent and thankful for the contribution of animals to our existence.

If we chose to have open minds and decide to expand our human potential by recognizing the energy that we have and is flowing through us, we can truly become capable of immense magic. We can learn to improve our health and our lives and that of those around us. We can obtain skills that are gifts to benefit ourselves and our fellow humans. We can change the negative influences around us and protect each other from harm and sources of fear.

To share this message of hope and empowerment is to be a light worker. There are many people in the World today that are dedicated to helping others to become informed of the choices we will be faced with as we approach transition. These people are leaders and we should be thankful for their efforts to desire to help their fellow humans to grow and realize their human potential.

I want to personally thank everyone that has chosen to receive these messages by reading this book. I love you all and wish the greatest amount of hope and joy to be part of your life and your daily experience. May God bless you all and those you love.

Notable people worth researching:

Billy Meiers

Dr. Bob Beck

Dr. Masaru Emoto

Nasim Hariman

Nikola Tesla

Ollie North

Stanley Meyers

Viktor Schauberger

Wilhelm Reich

Suggested reading list:

Joe Moneagle titled "Mind Trek"

Lawrence Gardener "Lost Secrets of the Sacred Ark"

Philip J. Corso "The day after Roswell"

Sun Tzu's "Art of Art of War"

"Da Vinci Code"

"Epic of Gilgamesh"

"Magna Carta"

Glossary

ANP/VS 14 monocular

The designation AN/PVS translates to Army/Navy Portable Visual Search. The AN/PVS-14 Monocular Night vision Device (MNVD) is in widespread use by US Armed Forces

Air bearing

Unlike contact-roller bearings, air bearings utilize a thin film of pressurized air to provide an exceedingly low friction load-bearing interface between surfaces. The two surfaces don't touch.

Anode

An anode is an electrode through which *electric current* flows *into* a polarized electrical device. The flow of electrons is always from anode to cathode.

Apartheid

Apartheid was a system of legal racial segregation enforced by the National Party government of South Africa between 1948 and 1993, under which the rights of the majority 'non-white' inhabitants of South Africa were curtailed and minority rule by white people was maintained.

Beam ships

Beautiful glowing space ships utilized by the many different alien species visiting the planet. Beam ships are seven meters in diameter carrying a crew of three and have interplanetary capabilities. They weigh 1.5 tons. Some of the ships have time travel capabilities.

Beam splitter

A beam splitter is an optical device that splits a beam of light in two. It is the crucial part of most interferometers.

Bilderbergers

Even though many still deny their very existence, the fact is... in 1954 the most powerful men in the world met for the first time under the auspices of the Dutch royal crown and the Rockefeller family in the luxurious Hotel Bildeberg of the small Dutch town of Oosterbeek. For an entire weekend they debated the future of the world. When it was over, they decided to meet once every year to exchange ideas and analyze international affairs.

CIA

The Central Intelligence Agency was created in 1947 with the signing of the National Security Act by President Harry S. Truman. The primary function of the CIA is to collect information about foreign governments, corporations, and individuals, and to advise public policymakers.

Carbon dioxide infra red lasers

The CO₂ laser produces a beam of infrared light with the principal wavelength bands centering around 9.4 and 10.6 micrometers.

Cathode

A cathode is an electrode through which *electric current* flows *out of* a polarized electrical device. The flow of electrons is always from anode to cathode outside of the cell or device

Chemical lasers

A chemical laser is a laser that obtains its energy from a chemical reaction. Chemical lasers can achieve continuous wave output with power reaching to megawatt levels. They are used in industry for cutting and drilling.

Circuit board

A printed circuit board, or PCB, is used to mechanically support and electrically connect electronic components using conductive pathways, tracks or signal traces etched from copper sheets laminated onto a non-conductive *substrate*.

Collimating lens

A collimator is a device that narrows a beam of particles or waves. To "*narrow*" can mean either to cause the directions of motion to become more aligned in a specific direction (i.e. collimated or parallel) or to cause the spatial cross section of the beam to become smaller.

Dialysis

Dialysis is primarily used to provide an artificial replacement for lost kidney function in people with renal failure.

Eagle scouts

Eagle Scout is the highest rank attainable in the Boy Scouting program of the Boy Scouts of America (BSA). A Scout who attains this rank is called an *Eagle Scout* or *Eagle*.

Electro Forming

Electroforming is a metal forming process that forms thin parts through the electroplating process. The part is produced by plating a metal skin onto a base form, known as a mandrel, which is removed after plating. This process differs from electroplating in that the plating is much thicker and can exist as a self-supporting structure when the mandrel is removed.

Electrolysis

Electrolysis of water is the decomposition of water (H_2O) into oxygen (O_2) and hydrogen gas (H_2) due to an electric current being passed through the water.

Electromagnetic spectrum

The electromagnetic spectrum is the range of all possible frequencies of electromagnetic radiation. The electromagnetic spectrum extends from low frequencies used for modern radio to gamma radiation at the short-wavelength end, covering wavelengths from thousands of kilometers down to a fraction of the size of an atom.

Electro plating

Electroplating is a plating process in which metal ions in a solution are moved by an electric field to coat an electrode. The process uses electrical current to reduce cations of a desired material from a solution and coat a conductive object with a thin layer of the material, such as a metal.

Fine silver

Fine silver (99.9% pure) Sterling silver is an alloy of silver containing 92.5% by weight of silver and 7.5% by weight of other metals, usually copper.

Foster's Freeze

The Fosters Freeze name comes from the fact that it is best known for its soft-serve milkshakes and ice cream, which is reflected in the marketing slogan, "California's Original Soft Serve." Its mascot is an ice cream cone wearing a chef's hat.

Glock handgun

The Glock Safe Action Pistol, colloquially known as the Glock is a series of semi-automatic pistols designed and produced by Glock Ges.m.b.H., located in Deutsch-Wagram, Austria. Despite initial resistance from the market to accept a "plastic gun" due to concerns about their durability and reliability, Glock pistols have become the company's most profitable line of products, commanding 65% of the market share of handguns for United States law enforcement agencies as well as supplying numerous national armed forces and security agencies worldwide.

Guide rod

Recoil springs fit over a pistol's guide rod and control how the pistol's slide functions.

Helium neon

A helium-neon laser or HeNe laser, is a type of gas laser whose gain medium consists of a mixture of helium and neon inside of a small bore capillary tube, usually excited by a DC electrical discharge. The best known and most widely used HeNe laser operates at a wavelength of 632.8 nm in the red part of the visible spectrum.

Hezbollah

Hezbollah is a Shi'a Muslim militant group and political party based in Lebanon

Hospitallers

The Knights Hospitallers, also known as the Order of Hospitallers or simply Hospitallers, were a group of men attached to a hospital in Jerusalem that was founded by Blessed Gerard around 1023 out of which two major Orders of Chivalry evolved, the Order of the Knights of St. Lazarus and the Order of the Knights of St. John, later to be known as the Sovereign Military Order of Malta

Hubble Space Telescope

The Hubble Space Telescope (HST) is a space telescope that was carried into orbit by a space shuttle in 1990. Although not the first space telescope, Hubble is one of the largest and most versatile, and is well-known as both a vital research tool and a public relations boon for astronomy.

Idiot stick

An idiot stick is a machine used for grinding or polishing optical components. It has a single spindle driven by an electrical motor with a swing arm controlled manually by the operator (the idiot).

Infra red light

Infrared (IR) light is electromagnetic radiation with a wavelength longer than that of visible light, starting from the nominal edge of visible red light at 0.7 micrometers, and extending conventionally to 300 micrometers.

Intifada

Intifada is an Arabic word which literally means "shaking off," though it is usually translated into English as "uprising" or "resistance" or "rebellion". It is often used as a term for popular resistance to oppression.

Kevlar

Kevlar is the registered trademark for a para-aramid synthetic fiber. Currently, Kevlar has many applications, ranging from bicycle tires and racing sails to body armor because of its high tensile strength-to-weight ratio

Laser

A laser is a device that emits light (electromagnetic radiation) through a process of optical amplification based on the stimulated emission of photons. The term "laser" originated as an acronym for *Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation*. The emitted laser light is notable for its high degree of spatial and temporal coherence, unattainable using other technologies.

Laser diodes

A laser diode is a laser where the active medium is a semiconductor similar to that found in a light-emitting diode. The most common type of laser diode is formed from a p-n junction and powered by injected electric current. The former devices are sometimes referred to as *injection laser diodes* to distinguish them from *optically pumped laser diodes*

Laser interferometer

Interferometry refers to a family of techniques in which electromagnetic waves are superimposed in order to extract information about the waves. An instrument used to interfere waves is called an interferometer. Interferometry is an important investigative technique in the fields of astronomy, fiber optics, engineering metrology, optical metrology, oceanography, seismology, quantum mechanics, nuclear and particle physics, plasma physics, remote sensing and bio-molecular interactions

Magnesium Fluoride

Magnesium fluoride is an inorganic compound with the formula MgF_2 . The compound is a white crystalline salt and is transparent over a wide range of wavelengths, with commercial uses in optics.

Magnetic induction

A magnetic field is a field of force produced by moving electric charges, by electric fields that vary in time, and by the 'intrinsic' magnetic field of elementary particles associated with the spin of the particle.

Men in black

Men in Black (MIB), in popular culture and in UFO conspiracy theories, are men or aliens dressed in black suits who claim to be government agents who harass or threaten UFO witnesses to keep them quiet about what they have seen. It is sometimes implied that they may be aliens themselves. The term is also frequently used to describe mysterious men working for unknown organizations, as well as to various branches of government allegedly designed to protect secrets or perform other strange activities

Metaphysics

Traditionally, *metaphysics* refers to the branch of philosophy that attempts to understand the fundamental nature of all reality, whether visible or invisible. It seeks a description so basic, so essentially simple, and so all-inclusive that it applies to everything, whether divine or human or anything else. It attempts to tell what anything must be like in order to be at all.

Micro lithography

Microlithography and nanolithography refer specifically to lithographic patterning methods capable of structuring material on a fine scale. Typically features smaller than 10 micrometers

are considered micro lithographic, and features smaller than 100 nanometers are considered nanolithography. Photolithography is one of these methods, often applied to semiconductor manufacturing of microchips. Photolithography is also commonly used in fabricating MEMS devices. Photolithography generally uses a pre-fabricated photo mask or reticle as a master from which the final pattern is derived.

Montauk Point

The Montauk Project was alleged to be a series of secret United States government projects conducted at Camp Hero or Montauk Air Force Station on Montauk, Long Island for the purpose of developing psychological warfare techniques and exotic research including time travel. Jacques Vallée describes allegations of the Montauk Project as an outgrowth of stories about the Philadelphia Experiment.

Mujahidin

Mujahidin are Muslim fighters. The mujahidin were significantly financed and armed (and are alleged to have been trained) by the United States Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) during the administrations of Carter and Reagan

NSA

The National Security Agency/Central Security Service (NSA/CSS) is a crypto logic intelligence agency of the United States Department of Defense responsible for the collection and analysis of foreign communications and foreign signals intelligence, as well as protecting U.S. government communications and information systems.

Nano meters

Nanometer is a unit of length in the metric system, equal to one billionth of a meter. It is also the most common unit used to describe the manufacturing technology used in the semiconductor industry. It is the most common unit to describe the wavelength of light, with visible light falling in the region of 400–700 nm.

Non ferrous metal

Non-ferrous metals are metals that do not contain iron. There are two groups of metals; ferrous and non-ferrous. Ferrous metals contain iron, for example carbon steel, stainless steel (both alloys; mixtures of metals) and wrought iron. Non-ferrous metals don't contain iron, for example aluminum, brass, copper

Parabolic

Parabolic usually refers to something in a shape of a parabola. A parabolic reflector (or dish or mirror) is a reflective device used to collect or project energy such as light, sound, or radio waves. Its shape is that of a circular paraboloid, that is, the surface generated by a parabola revolving around its axis. The parabolic reflector transforms an incoming plane wave traveling along the axis into a spherical wave converging toward the focus. Conversely, a spherical wave generated by a point source placed in the focus is transformed into a plane wave propagating as a collimated beam along the axis.

Phased array radar

Phased Array radar has a unique antenna that collects the same information as conventional radar in about one-sixth the time. Phased arrays use multiple beams, sent out at one time, so the antennas never need to tilt. Scanning takes only 30 seconds, and it already has dual-polarization capabilities.

Phase shifters

Phase shift is any change that occurs in the phase of one quantity, or in the phase difference between two or more quantities. A phase shifter is a person that uses advanced technology to move backwards or forwards in time and space.

Photo array sensor

A photodiode is a type of photo detector capable of converting light into either current or voltage, depending upon the mode of operation. The common, traditional solar cell used to generate electric solar power is a large area photodiode. A digital camera uses a sensor array of millions of tiny pixels in order to produce the final image.

Photo conductor

A photo resistor, cell is a resistor whose resistance decreases with increasing incident light intensity. It can also be referred to as a photoconductor.

Photo multiplier

Photomultiplier tubes (photomultipliers or PMTs for short), members of the class of vacuum tubes, and more specifically phototubes, are extremely sensitive detectors of light in the ultraviolet, visible, and near-infrared ranges of the electromagnetic spectrum. These detectors

multiply the current produced by incident light by as much as 100 million times. Elements of photomultiplier technology are the basis of night vision devices.

Pirates of the Caribbean ride

Pirates of the Caribbean is a dark ride at the Disneyland, theme parks.

Plano

A lens or mirror surface that is perfectly flat.

Pleadian

Nordic aliens (Pleadian) are said by contactees and UFOlogists to be a group of humanoid extraterrestrials who resemble European racial images, or more specifically Nordic-Scandinavians, characteristically 1.8 to 2.4 meters with white (pink) skin, blue eyes, light blond hair.

Rapid prototyping

Rapid prototyping is the automatic construction of physical objects using additive manufacturing technology. The first techniques for rapid prototyping became available in the late 1980s and were used to produce models and prototype parts. Today, they are used for a much wider range of applications and are even used to manufacture production-quality parts in relatively small numbers. Some sculptors use the technology to produce complex shapes for fine arts exhibitions.

Scalar waves

A Scalar Wave is a multi-dimensional standing wave pattern that emanates out of a fixed point of sound -tonal vibration - within the Morphogenetic Field (MF) of the Cosmic Unified Field of Energy. Scalar waves appear to move from one place to another, but in truth they are *stationary points of light (stay in one place)* that are strung together in sequences, within the fabric of the cosmic morphogenetic field. A scalar beam can be sent from a transmitter to the target, coupled with another sent from another transmitter and as they cross an explosion can be made.

Semiconductors

A semiconductor is a material with electrical conductivity due to electron flow (as opposed to ionic conductivity) intermediate in magnitude between that of a conductor and an insulator. Semiconductor materials are the foundation of modern electronics, including radio, computers, telephones, and many other devices. Such devices include transistors, solar cells, many kinds of

diodes including the light-emitting diode, the silicon controlled rectifier, and digital and analog integrated circuits.

Short arc Xenon

A xenon arc lamp is an artificial light source. Powered by electricity, it uses ionized xenon gas to produce a bright white light that closely mimics natural daylight. Xenon short-arc lamps were invented in the 1940s in Germany

Skunk Works

Skunk Works is an official alias for Lockheed Martin's Advanced Development Programs (ADP), formerly called Lockheed Advanced Development Projects. The designation "skunk works", or "skunk works", is widely used in business, engineering, and technical fields to describe a group within an organization given a high degree of autonomy and unhampered by bureaucracy, tasked with working on advanced or secret projects.

Star wars

The Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI) was created by U.S. President Ronald Reagan on March 23, 1983 to use ground and space-based systems to protect the United States from attack by strategic nuclear ballistic missiles. The initiative focused on strategic defense rather than the prior strategic offense doctrine of mutual assured destruction (MAD). The Strategic Defense Initiative Organization (SDIO) was set up in 1984 within the United States Department of Defense to oversee the Strategic Defense Initiative.

Templar's

The Knights Templar was among the most famous of the Western Christian military orders. The Templar's' existence was tied closely to the Crusades; when the Holy Land was lost, support for the Order faded. Rumors about the Templar's' secret initiation ceremony created mistrust, and King Philip IV of France, deeply in debt to the Order, took advantage of the situation. In 1307, many of the Order's members in France were arrested, tortured into giving false confessions, and then burned at the stake. Under pressure from King Philip, Pope Clement V disbanded the Order in 1312. The abrupt disappearance of a major part of the European infrastructure gave rise to speculation and legends, which have kept the "Templar" name alive into the modern day

Tom Sawyer's Island

Tom Sawyer Island is an artificial island surrounded by the Rivers of America at Disneyland. It contains caves with references to Mark Twain characters from the novel *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, and provides interactive, climbing, and scenic opportunities.

Ultra violet light

Ultraviolet (UV) light is electromagnetic radiation with a wavelength shorter than that of visible light, but longer than X-rays, in the range 10 nm to 400 nm, and energies from 3eV to 124 eV. It is so named because the spectrum consists of electromagnetic waves with frequencies higher than those that humans identify as the color violet.

Wavelength

In physics, the wavelength of a sinusoidal wave is the spatial period of the wave – the distance over which the wave's shape repeats. It is usually determined by considering the distance between consecutive corresponding points of the same phase, such as crests, troughs, or zero crossings, and is a characteristic of both traveling waves and standing waves, as well as other spatial wave patterns

X-ray lasers

An X-ray laser is a device that uses stimulated emission to generate or amplify the electromagnetic radiation in the near X-ray or extreme ultraviolet region, usually in the order of several nanometer or tens of nm.