

From the Mountain Prophecies

BOOK II

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FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter One**

Last night, or should I say, in the early morning of September 15, 1997, I dreamed that some gracious people asked me to eat with them. I accepted the invitation; and when I went was met at the door by one dressed in white with piercing eyes. I took a fresh beef roast and was about to unwrap the meat but the hostess, seeing that I had brought the meat, graciously accepted it and placed it in the freezer section of her refrigerator. Then she went to the oven, opened it, and showed me that the oven was full of meat, which was cooking. Next, she motioned with her arms to the counters, which were lined with meat, cooked and was ready to serve. Everywhere I looked was more meat; and I was really looking forward to the meat meal.

Hebrew 5:14 "But, strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil."

This is one of several meat dreams I have had since I began receiving these complex visions in May of 1997. This meat follows in "From the Mountain, Book II."

THE ILLUMINATI

"Precious Child, it is I, Master Jesus. Behold yourself atop the Mountain, most wondrous. The fire, which bathes you, is My Light, and my grace enfolds you. For, I know your weaknesses and strengths; and I accept your humility before me as a willingness to do my work. Child, I do not look for the perfect. For, there is none among you, who is perfect. But, I look for those who are humble, teachable and sincere in their love for me.

Today you shall go on a trip like none other; so adjust your son-glasses and get ready to travel. I have sent you Kikiara (a known angel) and a long line of warring angels, for you may need them. Now, look far below and follow the map before you. Record as given and seen that others may be the wiser."

"My Lord, I have a map before me, which I do not understand."

"Adjust your son-glasses."

"As I do so, I find myself on the streets of Paris and I keep getting images of Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz."

"Dismiss this image in my name."

"I command this image to cease in the name of Jesus Christ!"

"From looking around me at these buildings I see that this is Paris of long ago. The streets look much older and darker; and are adorned with gas streetlights. A man is coming up in a black buggy, which is pulled by a single, black horse. On the side of the horse is the word, 'Illuminati.' I look closer at the man to see that he is dressed in a black suit with a black top hat. As he stops he looks in my direction and says, 'Do you

wish a ride, Madam?' Sharp, gold teeth fill his cavernous mouth and strike a radiant cord against his black attire. My Lord, I do not wish to ride with him."

"Get in, Child. You have many angels."

"I step into the black carriage, keenly aware of the black surroundings, but I know that these precious angels are my companions and I am not afraid. I seat to the rear of this menacing driver and am immediately aware of a screen directly in front of me. On the screen are many moving pictures, which are crossing so rapidly that I cannot make out a thing."

"Slow the pictures."

"In the name of Jesus Christ, I command these pictures to move slowly and legibly. As I speak, My Lord, the movement slows; I clearly see burlesque dancers and hear the words, 'Moulan Rouge.'"

"Go into the picture."

"My Lord, I walk through the picture as you ask and find myself back on the streets of Paris. An open circus boxcar passes lazily up some tracks and in it is a clown, waving and smiling. The clown looks my way, waves and throws a very large gold coin, which bounces a few times and falls at my feet."

"Pick up the coin."

"My Lord, I have it. The coin has writing around the perimeter, which reads 'Never on a Sunday.' In the center of the coin is a man blowing up balloons. Each balloon has a blank label on its surface; and I feel there may be writing behind these labels."

"Tis so. Go in and open the labels on the balloons."

"My Lord, I walk into the coin, and am now in front of the balloons. I shall reach for the balloons one by one and peel back the labels to see what is written. The first balloon I choose is a blue, and on it is written 'justice.' The second balloon is yellow and it reads 'fear.' The third balloon is orange and states 'baboon.' The fourth balloon is red and spells 'heliotropic.' The fifth balloon is purple and states 'royalty.' The sixth balloon is green for 'peace.' The seventh balloon is black, and on it is written 'death.' The eighth is white and reads 'Tigris and Euphrates.' The ninth is pink and states 'joy.' The tenth is gray and spells 'hope.' Well, My Lord, as usual, I am lost. Please help me understand what I have seen."

"Child, what part do you not understand?"

"All."

"Very well. Child, you have seen a map of Paris and have gone there. You have gone back in time about 100 years. A taxi driver dressed in black with a black carriage and black horse offers you a ride. This is evil, yet bedecked in gold, as you see in the teeth. The gold teeth are sharp, as they allow the evil to cut through much to go places. As you know, evil has thrived on gold for much time.

You have seen pictures pass quickly on a screen before you in the Illuminati taxi and do not understand them. They look like burlesque dancers to you, but when you get into the picture, you see part of a circus pass with a clown. This clown throws a very large, gold coin at you, which you pick up and read. 'Never on a Sunday' is on the outer boundary of the coin; and you see a man in the center of the coin blowing up

balloons. The balloons are many colors, but you must remember that these balloons came from The Illuminati carriage, which is black. It is evil reinforced by gold.

The first balloon is blue, which corresponds to justice."

"Why blue?"

"Child, note that the balloon is round, representing a full container of air. Justice is seen as blue, as it is cold, without life force, full of air. The Illuminati does not give justice except that which is fake and full of air. Child, this group is evil to the core.

You see the second balloon, which is yellow for fear. It is yellow, Child, for these are cowards, who use fear to control and manipulate. And they thrive on controlling the fearful through unjust means, which leads to the next color, orange for baboon. Child, even a baboon has a healthy respect for fear, and will back off when challenged; but these seek ways to be even more intimidating when challenged.

Yet the simple plant is heliotropic. And what these are doing through their means of cowardice and intimidation is turning many of you toward the light, My Light.

Many of these are steeped in royalty--the fifth balloon; but their days of peace, the sixth balloon, shall soon come to an end. For The Illuminati, death shall move in like a snare, the seventh balloon. For, I stamp my foot in their midst. I overturn their money tables, and I release the dread angels of The Tigris and Euphrates. I turn one against the other until utter destruction reigns. And, into the hearts of my people, I bring joy and hope."

"My Lord, I now understand this. But, why do I see darkness thriving in Paris 100 years ago?"

"My Child, the darkness has been thriving in Paris and elsewhere much longer than 100 years. For, this darkness is the same which was from the beginning."

"So, from their secret societies they pass evil from one generation to the next?"

"Yes, Child, and these love and what it can do for them. It is their love of gold, which ensnares them."

"And their children?"

"And their children's children for many generations. For, this darkness lays hold of the spirit from generation to generation and can only be broken by divine intervention."

"How many from the days of Noah are still caught up in this?"

"Many."

"What has happened to the souls of those from the days of Noah, whose bodies were utterly destroyed?"

"Child, many are caught up in darkness."

"Still caught up?"

"More than you will ever know."

"So some of those who 'live' after The Millennium, as stated in Revelation 20:5, could be from the days of Noah?"

"Many are from the days of Noah."

"Some of these are Illuminati?"

"Many are Illuminati."

"Human souls?"

"We speak of human souls."

"Shall hell hold all of these?"

"It is expanding daily."

"So, My Lord, the deceptive Illuminati are one of many secret organizations, who love gold and wish to make us slaves?"

"Child, there is only one."

"You mean, Luciferian?"

"They all server the same master, who is Lucifer. In secret, they have gone since the beginning to serve this darkness. Remember Child, you cannot serve two masters. You serve one or the other. Those, who love gold and the father of darkness, cannot serve me, the Lord of Light. This is impossible. You serve one or the other; and one who sits on the fence and tries to please two masters does not serve me. Child, I cannot be bought with gold, which is what some affluent have tried to do through The Catholic Church. These do not appease me, but Lucifer."

"My Lord, I see that you will crack the whip."

"Child, you see that the whip is cracked. I come in a mighty whirlwind to wipe the Illuminati slate."

"My Lord, it is interesting that their name means illumined."

"Yes, Child, for is darkness illumined of darkness? Nay it is not. In the end they will see that their magic will be short lived, for they are ripe and shall be plucked violently. I am Jesus. I am Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 15th day of September, 1997,
Linda W. Newkirk

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter Two****ALLIANCE, DIVERGANCE USA, RUSSIA**

"Child, it is I, Master Jesus. You have come to new heights on this Mountain through love of Me, My truths, and discipline over time. The mountaintop is more narrow, the air is more rarefied, and you find yourself high above in my clouds. My servant dressed in white, a radiant angel, comes to feed you. Take all."

"My Lord, I see this radiant angel appear in the mist before me with a tray containing twelve food items. She hands me a spatula and tells me to remove each piece from the tray and to eat it."

"Child, what do you see?"

"My Lord, as I eat this food, I see radiant white energy coming from my head and my body. Amidst this light a book suddenly appears in front of me, and my vision is intensified so that I can see minute specks on its cover. Far below, I hear babbling brooks, and catch the smell of bacon as it is cooked at the base of this Mountain. My touch is magnified and I can feel the stripes or plaids in a shirt, suddenly laid before me.

A radiance is consuming me and I look first puffy then thin. The thinness soon vanishes and my body looks normal with much radiance. The mist is gone and I see a great shield protecting this part of the Mountain. Before me is a white doorway, and on the other side of this door is a stairway of golden-white light, which goes straight down the mountain. Everything has the bright radiance of white light. Even my clothes have taken on this shimmer and I notice that I still have the scepter and a great sword of light. Around my waist is a string of keys attached to a chain.

"Child, where do you believe you are?"

"My Lord, in a upper realm of your mountain."

"Yes, Child. There are many levels to this mountain. There remain two more you have not seen."

"I see other souls on this mountain."

"Yes, Child, 'tis so. These are doing my work. They love me greatly as shown through the living of my laws and persevering in my work through humility."

"My Lord, might I be found worthy! For, the material world holds little appeal except for the bare essentials needed to live. I wish only to do your work."

"Child, it is known. Now, let us begin today where we left off yesterday."

"You mean with the balloon man?"

"I mean with the Illuminati. Child, you perceive at a deeper level now and your work shall be easier in some ways; but you will be pursued more by the evil one and his. Fear not, for you have been afforded more help. As Isaiah, (the prophet) warned, those in Me go line upon line, precept upon precept. This is My Way. Take your telescopic eyes, Child, and look far below."

"My Lord, I am looking at a building with a dome-shaped top, which is rolled back half way, exposing the interior of the building. Soldiers are rushing down many flights of stairs to an elevator. On their shirtsleeves is written 'UN' and 'Russia' is written on their boots.'

I see one soldier among them with US on his boots. A Russian soldier, about to get into the elevator, turns to the US soldier next to him and says, 'Let's go at 0900.' This US soldier nods in approval and the two of them enter the elevator.

It is interesting to note that chains attach these two soldiers from hip pocket to hip pocket and locks are attached to these chains. Both soldiers share something in a can called 'lager beer' and a cigarette called 'destiny.' Both share a handkerchief, and as they blow into it a big, black hole is blown out of the center of the handkerchief. Both tear the handkerchief apart and each puts half in his pocket.

My Lord, these handkerchiefs have turned into a series of pictures falling from their back pockets, bound in plastic like wallet pictures.

The elevator ascends and stops in front of a guard shack; but there is no guard present. Beyond the shack is a chain-link fence; and past the fence are planes waiting on the runway. As these two soldiers go past the fence, they pull against one another and the chains break. The Russian soldier goes to the left and the US soldier goes to the right. As they walk off, I see long lines of pictures streaming behind each soldier. But the line, which trails the Russian, is much shorter than the one trailing the American.

The Russian soldier goes into a black building called, 'I spy on you', and the US soldier gets into a green cargo plane. The nose of the plane looks like a big, red button; and when it is pushed it says, 'Get outta my way, Squirt.' As the cargo plane takes off, I am aware of another set of wings above the wings of the plane. These wings look like eagle wings or hawk wings. The plane backfires as it chugs along slowly up the runway, coming to rest in front of a set of locked gates.

The lock bears no writing, and I am wondering who has the key. I peek into the large keyhole on the lock and am aware of a set of eyes peering at me from within the darkness. Someone is whispering, 'Germany.'

My Lord, I am reaching into the hole and taking hold of this person. As I pull him through the keyhole, I see that he is a German soldier. Who sent you here?"

"My Commander."

"Who is?"

"German intelligence."

"So, you were sent to put a lock on US military?"

"On their cargo, Ma'am."

"Why cargo?"

"To stop your expansion."

"What do you mean?"

"To stop your growth."

"So, who gave Germany this authority?"

"You did."

"How so?"

"You spied on us. We spied on you."

"What does this have to do with anything?"

"Everything."

"How so?"

"You must be controlled."

"So, The Germans think!"

"So, we know. Are you not controlled?"

"My Lord, he seems right on to me. Now, what shall I do with him?"

"Child, open the lock and leave him be."

"This I have done, My Lord. The lock was made to look like it was locked, but was not locked."

"'Tis so, Child."

"My Lord, I have removed this lock and have opened the gates. I motion the plane through, but see that the pilot is blind. He has no pupils and irises."

"'Tis so, Child. For, he cannot see."

"Cannot see what, My Lord?"

"That he is blinded by the Germans."

"What shall take place here, My Lord?"

"Child, reach behind the US soldier in the plane and take the first picture."

"My Lord, I reach behind him and take the very first picture from his right back pocket. On the back of the picture is written: 'With love, Peter, Paul, and Mary.' On the front I see a military officer, and across the front of his black boots is written 'US Marine.' He is kneeling at an altar before many, red candles, which are flickering."

I see black curtains moving gently behind the altar as someone moves about. I hear whispers and cannot quite make out the words, so I am fine-tuning my hearing. Someone says, 'What shall we tell the soldiers?' The other one says, 'Tell them nothing. Let them go to hell!' My Lord, as I look behind the curtains I know that the first voice is that of George Bush and the second is that of the evil Rothschild man.

Suddenly, the curtains fly open and the marine is startled to see someone, who looks like Dracula. The Dracula-look-alike stands above the marine, who is kneeled, and says, 'Sonny Boy, you come to worship me?'

"No, I came to pay tribute to my fellow soldiers, who are dying of aids, desert storm disease, rare tuberculosis, chronic fatigue, fibromyalgia, typhoid and malaria. I came to pay homage to those, who are dying of germ and chemical warfare."

"Run along, Sonny Boy. Your concerns shall be short-lived. For, we have a pill for every ailment. You know we own the pharmaceutical trade." Then, the Dracula-look-alike hands the soldier a large cream-colored capsule, which reads 'I die for you.'

The marine takes the pill along with a glass of water offered by the Dracula-look-alike and he begins to feel very dizzy. Quickly, his legs start to paralyze and become spastic. He begins to vomit and cries, 'Help me! Help me! I am dying.'

Nurses go in with red crosses on their sleeves and 'Little Italy' written on their shoes. One of the nurses gives the soldier something, which looks like seltzer water. 'Laced with hydrogen cyanide,' she chuckles. 'He will never know.'

Quickly, the nurse pulls off her disguise to reveal a soldier in a tan camouflage, military garb and a green beret. His face is that of Saddam Hussein. He pats his back pocket, which appears to hold a very fat wallet; but in place of money, his wallet is stuffed with small packets of hydrogen cyanide.

He picks his teeth with a straw, which reads 'ablaze with nuclear war.' He bends over and coughs a few times and large clouds, called 'noxious clouds', come from his mouth. As he continues to cough, watery diarrhea comes from his rear end, falls to the ground and begins to form a pool. In the pool, little gnomes gather to dance in a circle. On their chests are the words, 'out to lunch.' The gnomes break the circle, form a line, and begin to sing a catchy tune. Several play flutes as all hop and skip along, singing:

"Violent thunder! Violent thunder!
Across the desert, across the sea.
Violent thunder! Violent thunder!
From me, from me.

We join fast, one to another,
Arab kings and princes.
We join to one another.

A long line, a long procession
We make war with Russia.
The Americans must go! The English must go!
The Israelis must go, They must go.

Happily along, happily along,
 No one can stop us!
 For, we're buried alive
 Beneath tons of sand
 Many miles deep.

We are safe from our foes.
 Their land is ours.
 No one can stop us,
 Not even Germany!
 Ho! Ho! Ho!
 Ho! Ho! Ho!"

They march across the desert over many miles of sand and come to some heavy wrought iron gates called 'Israel.' Behind them is a procession from many Arab countries with Iraq leading the way. These are the names of the countries I see: Iran, Saudi Arabia, Egypt, Jordan, Palestine, Syria, Turkey, (which is in the rear keeping a distance), and Kuwait which is funneling money their way.

"But, My Lord, aren't these countries allied with Russia?"

"Child, you will see that both the Russians and the Arabs wish world dominion; and for this reason can be no one's ally for long."

"My Lord, I am led now to focus on Saddam Hussein and his desert allies as they take a sword and cut a line right through the heart of the United States from the Gulf of Mexico upwards to Canada. Then with Hussein as their leader, I see Hussein take a sword and cut the trees of Russia in half. I watch as he lays his sword to Great Britain and to England, where he cuts England into three pieces. Afterwards, he does a jig all over England with his black boots.

Then, he turns toward Germany, where he takes his big slingshot and shoots stones at The 'R' Castle. I see the castle begin to crumble as its bricks fall down the sides of the mountain tumbling to the ground far below. I watch some of the bricks as they come together to form a pattern. Adjusting my son-glasses, I am aware of a date-- 2004.

The black horses of the Arab Alliance ride up to The 'R' Castle. From the castle comes a hissing sound, something like steam coming from a boiling kettle. The castle swells and bricks begin to fly in all directions. The 'R' Castle is fallen and little remains but maybe ten feet of the Rothschild tree and remnants of the castle walls.

The 'R' man remains in the remnant of the castle and begins to duel with The Arabs, but they have surrounded him. He curses the Arabs and the day he was born; for he sees the burning flames, which await him in the Lake of Fire. He spits on the floor and a cobra appears within the spit saying, 'Master, what shall I do for you?'"

'Get me iodine.'

'Yes, My Lord,' the cobra replies.

The snake causes the iodine to appear before the 'R' man and he takes the iodine, rubs it all over his body and pours it all over his head. 'I shall change my colors' he says. Then, he begins to do a jig, dressed as an Irishman of antiquity. He taps his heels together in midair as he dances and sings, 'We're off to see the

wizard, we're off, we're off.' Then he puts on a white wig like the one worn by George Washington. He has changed the outer, but on the inside he still looks like Dracula. Beside the stump of his tree he sits at a desk, like those used by high school students; then he takes a fresh piece of paper and begins to write.

'Dearest Comrades:

This is a day like none other. We have seen much war, disease and pestilence. But, let us not lose sight of peace. Let us follow a course of brotherhood that the world may be saved. I offer you this that the world may be a safer, better place to live. For, we mourn for our losses. Our families mourn. Let us call a peace and embrace one another through God, our only God.'

Yet, the Iraqis and their coalition are spying. They watch his deceit and when he stands up with the note, they blast a hole right through his back. He falls in the remnants of his castle beside his wiped out tree. The note catches fire and the fire begins to spread. 'Peace! Peace! We want peace,' the people shout. This message of peace spreads throughout Europe, which is paralyzed through war, disease and famine.

A little bird flies to a gray castle in Belgium and drops the note. A maid picks up the note and whispers; 'You mustn't bother the queen, for she needs her beauty naps.' Outside the castle in Belgium, the people clamor with knives and forks and shout, 'Feed the hungry!' Pans are hurled in the direction of the castle breaking glass. The maid finally arouses the Queen. 'Queen, the people are starving. What shall we tell them?' 'Tell them to look to the direction of the Red Sea,' she growls, 'perhaps something will float in.'

The Queen sleepily decides to finish her nap and as she sleeps she begins to dream. She dreams that a courier, dressed in white, comes to her door. The kind countenance of the courier leads her to believe that the courier is an angel. 'Here is a check for a trillion dollars,' the courier says. 'Feed them corn.'

Suddenly, the castle begins to fill with dried corn kernels and is soon overflowing with corn. The corn rises to the ceilings of the castle and pours out the windows. The Queen and all her help suffocate and die. A sign outside the castle reads 'Out to lunch.'

The poor people clamor and soon The Queen is dead.

News of her death is slow to travel, but when it does get out, the people rejoice for they feel a sense of freedom. But this sense of freedom will be short lived, for the sounds of soldiers and drummers can be heard in the distance. Amidst the rumble of the drums is the airy sound of flutes.

Beyond the sounds are the midjets in single file, who surround Europe. Europe is down and the midjets begin to applaud. In front is Iraq and she reaches in her mouth and pulls from it a long, long hose, similar to the ones on fire trucks. She takes the very long hose and pours foam all over Israel. This foam looks like large, fluffy clouds. Then, she doubles back and pours foam all over Europe and dots it here and there in the USA.

In looking at the terrain of The United States, I see that it looks much different. Houston is mostly gone and The Gulf has moved in. New Orleans and Mobile have been obliterated. Florida looks like a group of large Islands. Atlanta, Ga. looks like a big hole. Macon, GA is greatly damaged and the ocean has moved in to claim most of Savannah Ga. Chapel Hill, North Carolina--a big hole. Virginia--a great line of destruction to Washington, DC. New York City is catastrophic with the ocean moving in to claim 80%. The Great Lakes are enlarged connecting with the Mississippi River separating the country into two pieces. In Michigan I see four, big potholes. Minnesota--one very large devastated area with three smaller ones. Kentucky, not much damage when compared other places. South Carolina has Russian submarines parked near the

coast. West Virginia, people hiding out in the hills. Dallas, clipped by bombs in the South. Oklahoma City, a big pothole. Little Rock, AR to Pine Bluff, great devastation. Tennessee, Memphis is gone with two other areas in TN showing mild to moderate destruction. Minnesota, one very large concentration camp. Iowa, a large prison overflows with civilians. Nebraska, I see no sign of nuclear bombs having been dropped. Utah, The Mormon Church is nothing but rubble. Nevada, the desert base is nothing but waste. California, the ocean has moved in and claimed much. San Francisco is gone. Los Angeles is mostly gone. Three other large population areas in California show considerable damage. Washington State, a volcano has blown. Bombs have hit Seattle and the ocean has moved in. A volcano has gone off in California. The New Madrid fault has blown with cracks going from it into Ohio, Atlanta, GA., across Memphis and down into Mississippi, west to Missouri, and even to Iowa, across AR to Little Rock and west to the border of Oklahoma. It moves east toward W. Va., and North Carolina. Bombs have hit Hawaii and Alaska. A volcano is erupting in Alaska. In Hawaii, the volcano activity has claimed much land and there is little life in Hawaii. Bombs have hit Cincinnati, Ohio and another large area. Indiana, one city seriously hit by bombs, Indianapolis. Chicago hit several times, particularly in the south. Oregon, I do not see much bomb activity, but chemical and germ warfare. I see concentration camps strung out, especially in the South where the people are made to be outdoors. The guillotines have executed many millions. Religious freedom is considered a danger to the new government and is forbidden. The new government of the USA flies a flag with ten gold stars. Churches are burned. The country is divided into different areas, with an appointed governor for each area. This governor accounts to the head of state, who has been appointed by the world government leaders. There is much, much sickness and disease. Many are literally hiding deep in the Earth in caves. My Lord, I hear you say, 'This is the day of reckoning.'

"'Tis so, Child."

"I know that I have probably missed areas hit by bombs or otherwise destroyed. If this is so, My Lord, please guide me back to this."

"Child, you have the most part. What you must realize is that all places are subject to attack by germ and chemical warfare, both of which have already started against you."

"My Lord, I have many questions."

"Child, 'tis so, but as this has been lengthy, let us do so at another sitting. I am Jesus. I am Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 16th day of September, 1997,
Linda Newkirk

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter Three****DARKNESS BEYOND THE ILLUMINATI FACADE**

"Precious Child, you have reached out to me today that you may receive deeper guidance from me, your Lord and Master, Jesus, One with The Father. You find yourself back upon The Mountain, wherein we last talked at a most rarefied level. You see my servants, adorned in white, and you see yourself, clad also in white. Child, go and sit in the chair, named 'Wisdom.' It is My wisdom and the wisdom of those gone on before; it is the wisdom of the prophets, which shall come forth. Sit and write as directed and seen."

"My Lord, you know I have many questions from the last two series of visions."

"'Tis so, Child. Let us begin with the visions of The Illuminati."

"Yes, My Lord, please explain the burlesque dancers and the Moulan Rouge."

"Child, go up on the stage to the line of burlesque dancers in The Moulan Rouge. What do you see?"

"My Lord, I see women with ornate hair styles and scanty clothes with feathers adorning their shoulders. They dance quickly in rhythm for a while. Then, each one takes a feather with her right hand and brushes the feather across the tip her own nose. This seems to cause each one to sneeze; and after each sneezes, myriad pieces of tiny confetti blow from their noses, falling on the stage. Then they turn around in unison and shake their behinds exposing a blank label across their rears."

"Command these labels open."

"I command these labels open in the name of Jesus Christ!"

"My Lord, the labels have burst open and little yellow birds, which look like 'tweety birds,' have popped out singing, 'cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo'"

"Now, command the tiny pieces of confetti to come together to form meaningful pictures with legible words in English."

"I command you, tiny pieces of paper, in the name of Jesus Christ, to emerge as one piece of paper to form a series of meaningful pictures and words in English!"

"My Lord, this is taking place. I see Hitler as he stands on the stage and salutes Bill and Hillary Clinton in the audience. The only ones in the audience are Queen Elizabeth, The Rockefeller Family and The Rothschilds with little children. Bill Clinton is grinning from ear to ear and The Queen is sour and frowning as usual.

There is writing rolling across the base of the stage, facing them. It reads, 'Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb. Mary had a little lamb, who died at our hands. We are the master manipulators of all time. Let us make your day.'

Then, Hitler falls through a trap door, where he speaks with the older Rothschild man. A reddish black cloud suddenly appears and envelops the two of them and they turn into one very, large, green frog with black spots. This frog croaks now and then; and in the midst of this croak, I can actually discern these words, 'I lay eggs.' My Lord, this is very confusing -- from the dancers to the this man laying eggs."

"Yes, Child, 'tis so. But not as confusing as your human mind would have you believe. The burlesque dancers represent that aspect of The French and the world which is showy. With the bright ceremonial dancing of the world, these dancers tickle their own noses."

"How so, My Lord?"

"Child, is red, green and green, red?"

"No, My Lord."

"Then do not believe what you see as pomp and ceremony to be good and pure."

"Whose pomp and ceremony?"

"Who sits in the audience?"

"The Three 'R' families and The Clintons."

"'Tis so, but more."

"How is it more?"

"Who sits with the Three 'R' families?"

"Clinton and his wife."

"Then, he is one."

"One, what?"

"One of them."

"You mean, he is one of the same family?"

"He is."

"You mean by birth, a descendent?"

"Oh, yes indeed."

"What about the yellow birds, which sing 'Cuckoo?'"

"Child, who wears these yellow birds?"

"The burlesque dancers."

"And what do they represent?"

"Pomp and ceremony."

"'Tis so and more."

"Like what?"

"Like adultery."

"Adultery with whom?"

"You mean, among whom?"

"Then, among whom?"

"The Three R's and The Clinton family tree."

"So, Mr. Clinton comes from this family tree?"

"It is known and true."

"But, why the cuckoo birds?"

"Child, this is symbolic. For, the burlesque dancers--these whores among men--are cuckoo, crazy, if they believe that they have the world fooled. Child, others know. You have become so crippled because Clinton's ties to the Three 'R's run deep, very deep. He has worked to sell out you as a country more than any before or any after. His work goes beyond treason. In the end, you who remain will see. But, it shall be too late."

"My Lord we have ceased to vigilant. We as a people have slept while the evil has thrived and my heart is heavy with sorrow. I pray that the greatest numbers awaken to your truths and that their precious souls not be lost to the darkness, which grows among us like a terrible cancer. As we proceed, My Lord, tell me about the confetti."

"Child, the confetti is garbled language blown from the noses of the burlesque dancers, the whores among nations--The Three 'R's and The Clintons. To confuse others, they blow out this garbled language through their pomp and ceremony. But when the picture is put together, Child, one can see that these are directed by the hand of Hitler."

"In what way?"

"Through their ways of stealing and killing.'

"The song of the lamb, My Lord, is about their murder of you?"

"Yes, Child, these are the ones who killed me when my body was placed in their hands at the cross. They are demons who steal human bodies and go from generation to generation to kill and destroy. The Rothschild man of Germany is heading up one of the greatest assaults against Christians since my day, but this is nothing new to him. He has persecuted and killed you before. You see Hitler fall through the door, disappear in the red-black fog and emerge as a very large frog with black spots."

"Yes, My Lord, please explain."

"This is the 'R' man, who bears evil spirits, which also inhabited Hitler. Watch out Jews; your destiny at the hands of Hitler is not finished."

"When the frog says, 'I lay eggs', what does that mean?"

"The Rothschild man with the Hitler demons is the huge frog. By your terms this frog is huge, maybe 75 pounds. And he is reproducing--laying eggs--to hatch more of his kind."

"How so?"

"Through the clones you have seen."

"The half-human men in black?"

"Half-human, half-Luciferian."

"My Lord, I understand now of the burlesque dancers; but what of the open circus box car?"

"The open box car, which is adorned to look like a circus, is The Illuminati car on a destination."

"Yet, My Lord, it is not black but cheerful looking."

"Yes, Child, darkness often comes in cheerful packages. Notice that the car is a single car, which travels on a single track traveling under its own power. Do you see a locomotive?"

"No, My Lord."

"Look beneath. What do you see?"

"I see the old 'R' man, the Dracula look alike; and he has long claws, which look like talons. These claws are black with fire shooting from them. Suddenly he changes into the frog and takes a hop on the track beneath the boxcar. As he does so, he pushes the train along. With each hop, he croaks and through this croak I can hear the words, 'All together now.' In this way, he propels the illuminati car down the track.

My Lord, what is meant by 'All together now?'"

"Child, who lives inside the frog?"

"The demons of Hitler."

"And more."

"Who?"

"Like what, Child?"

"Then, what My Lord?"

"Child, look at Hitler standing next to the door. What is written on the door?"

"Lucifer."

"Then, Child, 'tis so. Lucifer himself inhabits this man from time to time."

"But, he is not considered The Antichrist?"

"Child, would you not consider him an antichrist?"

"I have no doubt about it, My Lord"

"But, Lucifer shall seize another body for victory over nations."

"My Lord, this is?"

"That of The Assyrian, or as you say, 'Syrian.' For, Lucifer shall come to rest among the warring, who were historically anti-Christ, or anti-God."

"And, this shall be after the 'R' man is dead?"

"Remember how these turn on one another."

"Yes, My Lord."

"And the gold coin tossed my way which reads, 'Never on a Sunday?'"

"See for self, Child."

"My Lord, I see a jail cell and in this cell is a clown with a red nose. His clothes are dirty and disheveled. He turns his pockets wrong side out to show that they are empty, save a single gold coin, which falls to the floor. The coin rolls behind the clown and through some parted curtains into a bright shop. The shop is adorned with pastel walls and frilly pink and white curtains. These windows are open, but the brightness of this shop quickly changes as the pastels fade before my very eyes and I find myself looking in a barren, cold gun shop. The clown is now in this gun shop selling guns from various cases. In comes Saddam Hussein who is very fat and he purchases a machine gun. I look at the clown and across his right front pocket is a tag, which reads 'Germany lost the war.'

Saddam takes the gun and does a jig on the glass floor. He is wearing tap shoes; and as he dances, the taps on his shoes make little popping noises, like those of firecrackers. 'I'm about out,' he tells the clown. So, the clown pulls out a Howitzer machine gun, or something like this, which is huge. Saddam takes this gun, taps his heels, turns his back on the German, and salutes huge crowds waiting outside the shop. He leaves the shop and disappears in a cloud with all the people.

The clown rubs his face, then pulls a flask of whiskey from his right pocket. He drinks all, lies down on the counter and begins to snore. He snores so loudly that the building begins to vibrate.

Saddam Hussein returns quickly to find the clown sleeping. He takes the sword to the sleeping man and cuts his head off. Then, he takes a hatchet and begins to cut his body into blocks. Next takes the blocks and throws them into the roaring fire of a stove and burns up the clown. I hear the head of the German clown utter some words from the fire, 'It was a blast. Try it again, sometimes.'"

So, My Lord, Germany starts to look like a down and out clown behind bars, who is dealing arms with Hussein from the store in back."

"'Tis so."

"But Hussein and his Arab group eventually destroys Germany?"

"'Tis so."

"Yet, what does this have to do with 'Never on a Sunday?'"

"Child, what does 'Never on a Sunday' mean to you?"

"That we should keep The Sabbath holy."

"Child, this is correct. But, what do you think it means to The 'R' Family of Germany?"

"Nothing."

"'Tis so, Child. So, Why do you believe it to be on a gold coin, which depicts works about them?"

"My Lord, I do not know."

"Child, it explains self. Those, who love gold, never honor God on a Sunday. For, they cannot honor God on any other day of the week. One cannot love gold and me also. This is impossible."

"And the man in the center of the coin, who is blowing up the balloons?"

"Is this on a gold coin?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Who blows out air from the center of the gold coin?"

"The ones, who love gold."

"These are those, who cherish it above all--especially The Illuminati--and any organization, which honors Lucifer."

"So, Lucifer blows the balloons?"

"He and his."

"But one of the balloons says, 'Joy', and the other says, 'Hope.' How can they blow 'joy', and 'hope?'"

"Good observation, Child. They do blow these without knowing what will unfold. For, many shall turn away from the oppression of evil, in effect turned by it the other way. Joy and hope shall rise out of and above much of the evil, and they shall not be stifled. See that 'joy' and 'hope' come last and come from people turning back to me. These evil ones cannot stop this."

"Tell me about the Tigris and Euphrates?"

"Child, where are these?"

"In the deserts of the mid-east."

"'Tis so, Child. What emerges there in the deserts?"

"An Arab Alliance."

"This and more."

"Like what?"

"Child, the dread angels come to empower The Arab Alliance over Germany and the rest of the world; and the Antichrist emerges in this area to assume world dominion. (Lucifer occupies the second beast.) The word 'dread' is used; for the world will quake under his rule."

"My Lord, I thank you deeply for bringing in more Light."

"Go in me, Child. To all, who love me, honor my laws! For, I am Jesus. Yea, Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 18th day of September, 1997,
Linda Newkirk

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter Four****NEW WORLD ORDER ON THE MOVE**

"Precious Child, welcome to the radiance of this Mountain and the chair called 'Wisdom and Knowledge.' Sit, take your son-glasses, and get ready to view through my eyes. Write as given and seen."

"My Lord, I am aware of such radiance here and feel deeply in awe. I am greatly humbled and thank you that I am allowed to be a small part of Your works. I recognize my humanness and feel so unworthy; for You are so great and I am a mere human. Please be with me as I stand before You and Your mighty angels."

"Do not degrade yourself before Me. I cherish all, who love Me. I know your weaknesses, Child, but you come with love for Me and a willing heart."

"My Lord, I do."

"You have many questions about The US soldier from a previous prophecy."

"Yes, My Lord, let us start from the beginning of the visions of 09-16-97. My Lord, I am curious as to the twelve items I ate from the tray?"

"Adjust your son-glasses and look at the tray. What does it say?"

"It says 'manna.'"

"Child, this is heavenly food, which many of you will receive to empower you; for assaults against you by the evil one and his are unending."

"My Lord, I love You with all my heart, and You know that You are my Life. Your love for us is without bounds and You provide our every need. Yet, Your ways baffle my simple mind. Why did you send twelve food items?"

"Child, look beneath the tray. What is written?"

"My Lord, I have turned the tray to look beneath, and see only pure brightness. From within this great brightness, I see someone emerge with the kindest of eyes. He says, 'I am Peter. I represent The Twelve.' Then, he puts a necklace around my neck. The necklace is made of stones of radiant white light. 'A gift from The Twelve,' he says. My Lord, the radiance from the stones is flowing down my body, my arms and up my head, down my abdomen and legs. There is great beauty and peace in this. Was the manna was a gift from The Twelve Apostles?"

"'Tis so."

"My Lord, know and accept my humility and deep love for these precious souls."

"This is known and accepted. Child, they wish to help strengthen, protect and empower all, who make it back to The Mountain. Theirs is a work you are not aware of; yet, they continue to do a great work."

"My Lord, what happened to Judas?"

"Child, as I forgive, so must you. I have the whole picture and you do not. For this reason, you have been told, 'judge not.'"

"Yes, My Lord. I am curious as to how long this empowerment will stay with me, as I am still plagued with aspects of this autoimmune disease."

"Your life has been saved many times through this power from above, and from the work of My Holy Angels. The Luciferians have tried to kill you many times, as they knew of your work to come. You have had a difficult life, and it will not get easier in some ways. But, you know what is ahead.

Each of you has a shell, a house, called a body. This body is for a while only, Child; therefore, focus on the journey of the soul. And do those things, which bring My Power, My Light, and My spirit to the soul. Do these. Put your focus on these.

Breaking spiritual laws brings darkness to your soul and gives Satan and his dominion over you. He demands an eye for an eye. I provide grace and forgiveness. But, how can I provide grace and forgiveness if you dishonor me, or if you reject me in your life. Many walk blind to my ways.

I am just and you must remember this. But, when you follow Satan, you fall under his demands; and he will lead you into damnation, yea darkness. Remember: salvation comes only through me.

"My Lord, I do understand this. You know I have been in the darkness and I have a sense of great sorrow for those caught up in it.

Now, My Lord, I would like to ask you of the dome-shaped building in the previous visions of September 16, 1997. Please explain this to me."

"Adjust your son-glasses and look down."

"I am looking at this dome-shaped building and cannot quite figure it out."

"Go back through the guard gate to the elevator. What do you see?"

"I am here at the elevator and it is open. As I move in I see a floor mat, which says 'USSR.' I am reaching for the elevator buttons, but I see that there is only one button. An array of fiberglass-like strands has appeared in the air, waving around the button. I curse these strands to nothingness and they fall onto the floor, like powder. But the powder has now turned into big, red ants, which are moving up my pants legs."

"Red ants, I curse you to death in the name of Jesus Christ! My Lord, the ants have fallen down dead and I am taking the elevator down to the lower level, where I saw the soldiers get on. As the elevator door opens all is quiet, but, suddenly to my left, I hear a bird squawking. I see a large raven fighting with another big, black raven. They are standing upon a cylindrical shaped object of about ten feet tall and three feet in diameter. One raven says to the other, 'I will kill you, bastard!' And the other raven says, 'Don't hurt me!' What is going on?"

"Child, who are the ravens?"

"I am looking for a name. Suddenly, they disappear along with the cylindrical object. A door opens, which was behind the cylindrical object. Out comes Saddam Hussein with a smoking gun. I look in the room to see Boris Yeltsin, shot in the chest. You mean, Hussein kills Yeltsin?"

"Child, he does through his Muslim factions."

"What does this have to do with The US and Russian soldiers?"

"Child, see The US and Russian soldiers connected at the hip pocket, the money pocket?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"See them break and go their separate ways?"

"Yes, My Lord."

'Why do you suppose this is?"

"Because Yeltsin is killed?"

"This and more."

"Like what?"

"Treason."

"Treason by whom?"

"Yeltsin and his."

"How so?"

"They have committed the unforgivable."

"Which is?"

"Being joined at the hip with The USA."

"So, the hammer is about to go down in Russia, and this is really brought about by Iraq?"

"Iraq and Muslims in Russia. They despise the USA and all it represents."

"So, to them the USA and Russia have been synonymous."

"'Tis so."

"So, from the vision we see that The Russians go their way to spy on us?"

"This will be amplified. But, as you know, it has been going on for years."

"I see the US Military is blocked from expansion by Germany, and the average person is blinded to this?"

"Yes, indeed! The average person is blinded to this."

"My Lord, I see the unfolding of the pictures from the hip pockets of The US Soldier and The Russian Soldier. Since there are many pictures, I suppose this to mean that I will be given other visions on this."

"Tis so, Child."

"Please explain the picture which reads, 'With Love, Peter, Paul and Mary.'"

"Child, who do you believe these to be?"

"My Lord, not the popular singers, but your mother on Earth, and Peter and Paul, The Apostles."

"Yes, Child. They send their love for the suffering and dying. For, such utter darkness unfolds."

"And, The Marine?"

"Child, it speaks for self. He pays homage to those dying of much disease amidst communist rule, represented by the red candles."

"What is Bush doing there with The Rothschild man?"

"Honoring his agreement."

"Which is?"

"Destruction of many billions of you."

"How long will George Bush be allowed to continue in his evil?"

"Until the water gets hot."

"What do you mean?"

"Until I reach down and burn him personally."

"When will this be?"

"See ... 2002. I will burn him with the steam, the hot water. He shall not escape his evil, neither in this life, nor in the life to come."

"And the marine, who is poisoned by the German pharmaceutical trade?"

"Many of your military are poisoned by their trade."

"Is this actually hydrogen cyanide or something else?"

"Something just as deadly."

"And they will actually be fed this and told it will cure them or prevent disease?"

"Prevent disease."

"And what of the woman with the red cross which reads 'Little Italy?'"

"Child, what does the red cross represent?"

"The Germans."

"'Tis so."

"And Little Italy?"

"The Mafia."

"So, The Mafia is connected to the Germans, ... that is to The Rothschild family?"

"More than you will ever know."

"But the nurse became Hussein?"

"'Tis so, but the shoes said 'Little Italy.'"

"Please explain."

"Where does Hussein get much support early on?"

"The Mafia."

"Then, speaks for self."

"Is this ever a mess! Every evil person on the planet uses and abuses every other evil one to climb to the top. They cannot be separated from one another."

"They represent the same force."

"Why is Hussein carrying so much Hydrogen Cyanide in his pocket?"

"You mean so much poison, nerve and chemical agents?"

"I guess so, My Lord."

"To kill you, to own you, to cause you to worship him."

"And the straw, which reads 'ablaze with nuclear war?'"

"It is in his mouth, is it not?"

"It is."

"And his teeth, his military might, chew on this straw. Do they not?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Then, Hussein is ablaze with military war. It comes from his teeth, his military, and he causes much of it. The noxious cloud, which you see coming from his mouth, is nuclear war."

"What is the cough?"

"More clouds of nuclear war."

"So, he starts this war and this diarrhea follows. Tell me about the diarrhea."

"It follows the cough and creates a puddle, does it not?"

"Yes, My Lord. And, who accumulates in the puddle?"

"His Arab alliance. What is the puddle, Child?"

"I do not know."

"Look at the puddle. Do you see a reflection?"

"I do see a reflection, My Lord, and it is of a fat man, who looks like a king. He is a king, I suppose. And, he is at a very large table eating a huge plate of meat. As he eats the meat, he tosses the bones into a big pile behind him. He is eating legs of lamb. I do not know who this man is."

"Child, look beneath his plate. It says 'Rockefeller.'"

"So, Rockefeller destruction is the puddle?"

"Child, he (Hussein) defecates on The Rockellers, and their destruction is seen in the puddle. The Arab Alliance gathers in the defecation to rejoice."

"Why would they rejoice about this defecation?"

"Child, what is the defecation which comes after nuclear war?"

"Destruction."

"Exactly. It is destruction to The Rockefellers."

"So, Rockefeller is a king of sorts?"

"More than any of you know."

"And he will be responsible for killing your sheep?"

"He has been behind the wars of many religions factions: Yugoslavia, Ireland, and Africa are but three. He has fed the fire to bring about destruction and your press has covered up and lied for him and his."

"So, why do the little gnomes spell 'Out to Lunch?'"

"Who is out to lunch?"

"The Rockefellers."

"Tis so."

"My Lord, I see these Arabs go to the gates of Israel, but do not attack. Is there more?"

"Yes, Child, but, let us stop for today that you can attend to business. I am Jesus. I am Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 19th day of September, 1997,
Linda Newkirk

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter 5****MESSAGE FROM THE APOSTLES****More on Invasion of USA**

"Precious Child, it is I, Master Jesus. You have come to the top of this Mountain, most radiant and pure, after much seeking. As you have seen, the evil one and his, dog you constantly. But always remember, Child, freedom is in Me. Now, sit in the chair of wisdom, knowledge and power. For, a new dimension is added to your journey--more power in Me. Child, go carefully in this greater dimension and always with much consideration. For, with your mouth, your spirit, your being, you shall call much to pass. Step from the chair and receive this anointing. Write as seen and given."

"My Lord, I stand amidst others clothed in white robes and we are bathed in a white light. Someone comes, My Lord. As he gets closer, I am aware that he is the Apostle, Peter."

"'Tis so."

"Child, take the message from Peter and read."

"My Lord, I have a plaque, which seems to be of a metal substance; and it radiates a blinding white light. As I hold this plaque in my hands, I discern that there is writing, but cannot clearly see the words because of the bright light. My hands are radiant with this energy and my body is shaking beneath this power. I feel as if I am in the midst of an earthquake, encircled with bright energies. Gradually this shaking subsides and I see this great brightness coursing me. As Peter stands before me, I see that his eyes are full of compassion and gentleness."

"This is a gift to you and to others on their way to this station," Peter says. "Dry the tears from your eyes and read from the message."

"My Lord, this is deeply humbling. How precious the soul of this one to come in love for us, showing great concern for our journeys. My weaknesses are magnified before such power and love."

"Child, you are who you are," Peter says " and you are no less than heaven's stars. Remember your source of origin. For, the Father has created all; and all created of the Father is to be cherished. Expand His radiant love in your heart through use, as God's pure love grows in this way."

"My Lord, as I stand here and listen to Peter, I have a question. How is it that God, Our Father, allows destruction?"

"Child, the absence of love creates darkness and brings about its own destruction. The Father has created all in this way."

"But, My Lord, you are coming to bring destruction. Are you not?"

"Child, I come in obedience to the Father and bring closure to His Plans. Lucifer has done much to destroy, but I will bind him and destroy his dark handiwork."

"My Lord, you release war?"

"Child, when the fruit is ripe for the picking--ripe with iniquity--and mankind has turned its back on Me and The Father, He allows the inevitable, which is destruction."

"So, you will come as a whirlwind?"

"Child, I come not only as a whirlwind, but a great cyclone. No evil shall withstand my path; for I sweep a mighty sweep. I represent the Father and have His power."

"Others may fear Lucifer, My Lord, but the greatest fear anyone should have is toward You and The Father manifest through you on Earth."

"He is All-Supreme and I am one with His will. But many say 'God is just love. God is love.' Child, God is love. His love expands and its fire burns a white, pure fire, which destroys darkness. When darkness rears its ugly head to fight against the white fire of God the Father, it is destroyed."

"But My Lord, darkness murdered you."

"Tis so, Child, for it was the will of the Father. Remember that the Father's time is His alone and His will is Supreme. He is Supreme God of all, and I follow His Will and Way. I knew I would die at the cross and I anguished over this fate, but I followed The Will of the Father."

"So, My Lord, it is His Will that we go through much darkness?"

"Child, remember The Mountain and that there are many levels on The Mountain. Yet, one level cannot deny the truths of another. As Isaiah said, one learns spiritually line upon line, precept upon precept. In your schools one goes from step to step, grade to grade. If one works hard, he or she may skip grades; but the precepts are still learned line upon line.

Do not fault others if they call you a liar for bringing truths about reincarnation. When their souls are ready, they will open to this. They will come to me on bended knees begging for a confirmation or lack of. Because many have taken from The Bible the idea of one life does not mean that to each is given only one life. This means at least one life. I am the only one among you, who has had only one life. Child be at peace in me regarding this, and let others believe as they will."

"My Lord, I thank you from the bottom of my heart, for I needed this. I am looking now at this plaque, which is radiant--like platinum--and on it is writing I do not understand."

"Child, this is the heavenly writing known in all these realms. You have the idea that this looks like Hebrew, and this is true, but it is not Hebrew."

"Was Hebrew taken from this language?"

"It is a variant."

"So, the Jews had this degree of heavenly closeness at one time."

"You know they did as you were there. Now behold the plaque and what is written."

"My Lord, I have the plaque in my hands and have adjusted these son-glasses. Suddenly, the plaque is gone and I see words bubbling up from a beautiful fountain of pure, clear, white light and landing on a tray which appears in my hands."

"Read the words."

"They are as follows:

The boundaries between man and angels are but boundaries set by the mind. The boundaries between man and God are boundaries set by The Spirit. It is natural for mankind to follow mankind, and unnatural for him to follow God. All must be taught to love and honor God.

In this lack of teaching you have failed as a people and hold a grave responsibility for this failing. For none can be faultless when all fail and all are at fault when one fails. The destiny of all depends on the teachings of a few. How can one be blameless before God when such destiny unfolds? A few hairs growing on a head cannot be separated from all hairs, for they all come from the same head. Neither can a few sand particles on a beach be held apart from all sands; for they come from the same Earth.

Responsibility is the key to a better life on Earth. Who will take it? Who will reach out to his fellow man to show him the truth? Will all fall as The Earth is lacking? Or, will some rise, as a few, to take the plunge to lead amidst oppression. A life lost for the causes of Jesus, Our Lord, is a life gained in Him. Yet, this life lost in His causes can bring many to His Light.

Shall the pig remain forever a pig to wallow in the mire? Or, shall the pig be transformed to a something more through an inner work of God. Marvel not at the workings of the world. For, all fail who are lost to this way. Marvel at the workings of God. For, all are found in this way."

We are the Counsel of The Twelve. And, we work beyond the scope of human. We are not lost to you; for we are you in another space in time. Fear not that you stumble and fall and see no way. For, there is a way through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Be patient in your struggles; for his hand is a sure hand; His way is a sure way. Though you wobble on the Path, stay on the Path. Along the way you will bring many to this Path by the gaining of inner truths. For, inner truths put there by the presence of The Holy Spirit echo from one to another the essence of all there is--God, The Father through Our Lord Jesus.

We are The Quorum of The twelve, The Twelve Apostles, who serve beneath Our Lord Jesus doing a silent work; nonetheless an important work in the salvation of souls. Stay the narrow way even if it means your body lost to the forces of darkness. For this shall come to pass for millions, yea billions. Yet, fear not. For fear is of The Adversary. Be at peace in your mission for a Higher Way. -----THE TWELVE APOSTLES

"My Lord, Jesus, I have written as I have seen, and I know that this is truly from Your Twelve. I honor The Apostle Peter, My Lord, your messenger in this. I know that many of us will die in the coming calamities through war, pestilence, disease and destruction. Yet, let us fear not as we are told; but go through faith, that we do a part, however small, to bring others to Your precious truths."

"Child, 'tis so. You have many questions still about the writings of 09-17-97, of which we were discussing on 09-21-97. Let us continue."

"My Lord, The Iraqi invasion of The USA has been on my mind."

"Yes, Child, on Hussein and his."

"I am thinking on the approximate invasion route of Hussein and feel that this is around the area of I-55 going northward from the area of the Gulf. But I am suddenly impressed that the largest area is still somewhat west of here."

"Child, take your son-glasses. Magnify and look very closely."

"My Lord, I see three ports of entry as they come up from The Gulf of Mexico. As they enter, I see that the bombs have gone off. The most westerly point of entry is around Port Arthur Texas. Going eastward from this point I see an entry around Cameron, Louisiana. Going eastward still further, I see another port of entry around Baton Rouge, Louisiana. They go northward from these points of entry. However, the most westly invasion immediately branches out to flow over Texas and beyond. The middle-most route goes straight up through Louisiana, through Arkansas, to the West of Little Rock, up through the Western part of Arkansas, up Missouri and on up toward Canada. The division, which passes through Baton Rouge, goes somewhat north-easterly up the I-55 area. I see these traveling up I-55 and through Memphis. My Lord, who goes among them?"

"Child, look at the flags."

"I am seeing Iraqis, Pakistanis, Iranians, Syrians and others."

"I see also, Palestinians. Are there more?"

"Look, Child. See Russia, NATO, Germany, Mexico, and Cuba."

"Then, My Lord, it is a great invasion of The USA led by Russia and The Arabs?"

"Don't forget China."

"Where are the Chinese troops primarily?"

"Look."

"I see them flowing in through the East Coast around New York City in huge lines. It looks like they are allowed in by NATO. By NATO?"

"Look at the gate through which they enter. Read it."

"It reads 'North Atlantic Treaty Organization.' My Lord, this is awful! The people will never believe this, not one word of what I write."

"Oh yes, Child! They will believe. For, truth shall cause them to believe. None will escape the effects of the invasion."

"So, what is this date, My Lord?"

"December, 1998."

"My Lord, I am having trouble seeing the day."

"Look overhead, far overhead."

"I see a ONE."

"Then, I believe I see a SEVEN. It looks like DECEMBER 17, 1998? My Lord, I am not too sure of this date. At a later time, I shall ask for further confirmation. As I look at this date, I am wondering why they would pick this date."

"Because of the cold of The Christmas Season and to catch you unawares on a 'pagan holiday.'"

"But, My Lord, this holiday is in celebration of you."

"For few, My Child, very few. You do not find me in glitter or decorated trees. This is Luciferian at the height. When you reach out to the poor and destitute with a spirit of love I honor it. But the greatest numbers of you have become lost in glitz. This is the material illusion at its height. And you shall be invaded amidst this material illusion."

"My Lord, I am looking at a series of things done by Saddam Hussein and his: the invasion of The USA; the striking down of the leaders in Russia; the destruction of England and its division into three pieces; and the invasion of Germany. Please explain what is meant by the division of England into three pieces."

"Child, you have seen Hussein and his allies invade England."

"Yes, My Lord."

"And, you have seen England cut by her height, her breadth and her length?"

"Which is?"

"Cut by her stature, her power and by her leadership, with losses in her ruling family through sickness and disease. With all these losses she is cut in her importance."

"What do you mean, importance?"

"Stripped of her royalty."

"Is this not the same as power?"

"This is far greater, Child. For England is cut of both power and royalty."

"How is she cut of power?"

"Through disease, war, death."

"So, the people starve and die from diseases and war and they are the power?"

"Without the people there can be no power. For, there must be people to follow through on commands from above."

"When does the English Monarchy fall?"

"You have seen Queen Anne emerge in 2002. Watch the blackness, which goes into the fall of 2002. See the castles crumbling in September, October November. See the raven fly from the rubble of Kensington Palace with the date, 'November 2002.' See, The Monarchy is dead."

"Yes, My Lord, I see this and I have seen The Arab Coalition bring down Germany. Tell me about the Belgium Queen and the corn?"

"Child, what is corn?"

"A food item."

"What does Queen Anne feed them?" (This is a in previous prophecy.)

"Popped corn."

"What does this Queen feed them?"

"Hard corn."

"Can they eat what she gives out?"

"No, My Lord."

"Then, they do not eat it. They do not go for it."

"And, she dies?"

"She dies buried beneath the corn."

"You mean buried beneath her unpalatable words?"

"This and more."

'Like what?'

"Like her corset, which is too tight."

"I don't understand."

"Look at the corset. What is written above and across the breasts."

"It reads, 'I love lamb chops.'"

"Then, 'tis so."

"She kills Christians."

"As much as the others."

"So, the unpalatable words and her killing of Christians brings about her death?"

"Look, Child, behind her."

"I see a crazed man with a large, black knife. He stabs her in the back with the knife and twists the knife."

"What is his name, Child?"

"I do not know."

"Look at the sword. Read the name and look at the reflection."

"The reflection I see in the sword is that of the evil 'R' man of Germany, the Dracula-look-alike. The name on the sword is 'USSR.' So, The Russian sword kills her, but The Germans are behind it. Why would they do this? After all, she hates Christians."

"The corn, Child, the corn."

"So, she says something they do not like?"

"She does something."

"Like what?"

"Takes the money."

"You mean, the trillions?"

"I mean the money from the area of The Red Sea, which looks like a trillion to her."

"So, she takes the money from The Arabs, and is seen to be their ally. Then, she is killed by The Russians, who are backed by Germany?"

"Child, her death is made to look like The Russians did it but Germany is responsible. None of them can be trusted. All, who hate Christians and kill them, will fall to the swords of the others. These have short lives nowadays, the same as many of you. Yet, the lake of fire awaits them. But, those among you, who are faithful to Me and My word, know eternal salvation."

"My Lord, as we continue on past the situation with The Queen of Belgium, I see that Hussein pulls the hose from his mouth and pours foam all over Israel. What is this foam?"

"Child, 'tis viral warfare."

"And, this which he pours on The USA?"

"Viral and chemical warfare."

"My Lord, would you please amplify my vision, so that I can see the places hit in The USA?"

"Child, see the invasion. This takes place in the South, by air and by ground, as these enter The USA. Look and note: 1. Baton Rouge; 2. Lake Charles, LA; 3. Beaumont, Port Arthur, TX area; 4. Biloxi, MS; 5. Shreveport, LA; 6. Little Rock, AR. They despise Clinton and wish to destroy his state. 7. Memphis, TN; 8. A large area in Missouri, and 9. Oklahoma City.

Then, they move east and west. See clouds in Nashville, clouds in small towns in Mississippi, but especially Jackson MS and into ALA. See Birmingham, Huntsville, and Montgomery. Then, to Atlanta, GA, especially the airport area. Child, there is a strong emphasis on the central area of the country for the Arabs. Russia, China place more emphasis on the coastal areas. Do you see the central part of the USA? Even though they fan out, the central part provides the least resistance. What do you have to defend you there?"

"Resistance is lacking here, and this area is mostly flat."

"'Tis true."

"So, any area within this central portion is subject to this kind of warfare."

"Yes, especially the larger population areas as they wish to bring great death."

"I see, My Lord. I am also concerned about the volcano in California. When does it blow?"

"See: 2000."

"The one in Washington?"

"Child, it is getting ready to blow, even as we speak."

"Then, how long, My Lord?"

"Child, it shall pour steam for more than a decade, but the greatest destruction shall come within two years."

"When will The New Madrid Fault blow?"

"Child, look at the old miner's cabin at the edge of the fault. The old kerosene lantern on the porch is swinging back and forth. Stop the lantern, take it down, and lift the lid. Then take out the paper and read it."

"I have the lantern, and have removed the lid. I remove the paper, open it up and I see that there is writing on the paper, but I cannot read it, as it is moving. I command this writing to be legible in the name of Jesus Christ! My Lord, the paper has cracked into myriad pieces, as it is so old."

"Command it to reassemble."

"I command this paper to reassemble in Jesus' name to form legible writing."

"My Lord, it is coming back together in my hands. It says June 5, 1999."

"Look again. Bring it to the light."

"I have brought in into the light."

"Use your microscopic lens from the son-glasses."

"My Lord, I can't quite make the writing."

"Look up. Take the note from the angel of great light and open it."

"My Lord, it says, May 03-June 05, 1999. How can that be?"

"The unfolding of the same."

"You mean tremors leading to the quake?"

"I do, Child. Be aware those within 500 mile radius, but especially those within 100 miles of the epicenter. The Earth will reclaim much terrain, and with it many, many people. Be warned."

"My Lord, is there no safe place?"

"In Me, Child, in Me. For all shall come and go, but My word is eternal."

"My Lord, we ask your guidance toward moving. Will you help us?"

"Soon, Child, I will."

"Help your precious children, My Lord. For many hearts are heavy with what unfolds."

"My Child, I am a prayer away. I am Jesus. Yea, Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 23rd day of September, 1997,
Linda Newkirk

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter Six****U.S. BAILBONDSMAN**

"Precious Child, come up to the top of the Mountain and sit in the chair of wisdom, knowledge and power. Cast your two-edged sword far below to the waiting masses and watch it spread, first like a small light, then like a streak, then like a fire. Yes, Child, it is your sword. For, this two-edged sword of My truths, wisdom, and power, which is entrusted you, shall go among many peoples, nations and tongues. Long after your body is gone, this fire will burn. Now, Precious One, sit and write as seen and given."

"I thank you, My Lord for this knowledge. Sometimes I wonder what will become of these writings."

"Child, these prophecies shall be read by kings, queens, and noblemen, the poor, destitute, the middle-classed, the young and the old. Near, far and wide they shall travel, at first like a spark, then as a streak of fire and ultimately like a vast fire. The world shall seek these works; for they shall be sorely lost and looking for a way. When they read them, they will know that I am their Way, and they will know that you are a simple person living a simple life on simple means. They will know how you fought great hardship and serious illness. They will know how you and your husband sacrificed to get the first works edited, how you endured in spite of great criticism from family, friend and foe. They will know how you fought your own insecurities as you listened to these messages, how you doubted, how you feared, and how you died for what you know to be true. They will come know your weaknesses and your strengths.

For, you are they and they are you. You all share the same strengths and weaknesses at some space in time. For this, Child, I warn all, JUDGE NOT ANOTHER. I SHALL JUDGE. FOR, I KNOW ALL!

Now, Precious One let it be known that I know your sorrow for what you behold. I know your deep sadness for that, which is unfolding. Yet, have you chosen darkness over light? No you have not! You have steadily sought My Light over much time; yet you harbor fears that you have heard wrong or seen wrong. You have fought constant Luciferian attacks as he and his try to disable and kill you daily. You strive for perfection; yet I shall not beat you over the head or strike you down for error. I know that you desire is to serve me, that you have humbled yourself and sought to do your best. Child, I honor this! Remember this when you come to My Mountain.

I give you what you can handle. I have not shown you gory details of the great dearth, starvation, murder, and cannibalism. For, I know that your heart would be broken. Child, seek and strive for greater heights in me and fear not. Know that you are greatly loved and cherished, that I am with you and (so are) many angels, even apostles."

"My Lord, I ask for further confirmation of some of the dates given me. It is important that these be accurate."

"Yes, Child. 'Tis so. And, I shall provide these."

"We were writing of The US and Russian soldiers, who were joined at the hip. Is there more?"

"Yes, Child, adjust your son-glasses to that of telescopic vision, and look far below to the gates at the base of the Mountain."

"My Lord, I see some very tall, thick gates, which are locked and barred."

"Child, take your scepter, your sword, your keys and take these mighty, warring angels with you. Go below to the gates and when told take the key and unlock the gate."

"My Lord, I am here at the gates aware of the angels towering above me. They are so mighty and I am so small, appearing as a child with two brown braids. But, before my eyes, I begin to assume the appearance of the prophetess, dressed in a white robe with a white hood covering my head. One of the angels points to a bright key and motions for me to take it from a chain around my waist. I reach down and take this key of white light radiance and am suddenly blinded."

"Place it between your hands."

"My Lord, I have done so and am still aware of the great radiance as it shines through my hands. Once I open my hands, I see that the brightness has gone, and a small brass key remains. The key is tarnished as if it is old, or has been used a lot. My Lord, the lock on this gate is huge and this key seems so small to open such a lock."

"Child, you have the key which will fit many locks."

"My lord, what is this key?"

"Love and honor."

"I am still somewhat puzzled."

"Push it in and see."

"My Lord, I take the key and place it into the lock. It goes straight through to the other side, and suddenly looks like a skeleton key. The lock clicks, opens and falls to the ground."

"Push on the gates and go in."

"My Lord, before I go in, will you tell me where I am?"

"Look at the placard to the left (of the gate), near the top of the wall."

"I see it, but I cannot read it."

"Climb the wall."

"I have climbed the wall and am looking straight at the writing. I see that it reads, 'US' something."

"US, what?"

"I cannot tell."

"Open the mailbox beneath the word, 'US.'"

"I open the box to see that it is full of mail."

"Take out a piece."

"I have a letter and the name on the letter is 'US BAILBONDSMAN.' Why bailbondsman?"

"Climb down, go through the gates and see."

"My Lord, I am walking across a freshly-poured concrete sidewalk. This walkway leads up to a building with very tall, arched windows in front."

"Go into the building, up to the counter and give the man the key."

"As I enter the building I see the counter and a man behind it, who looks like a mannequin. He readily takes the key and gives me a paint tray full of grease. 'Take this,' he says, 'and paint the walls with this bacon grease.' What shall I do, My Lord?"

"Take the brush from the counter, Child. Place it with the grease in the container and take all out onto the patio. As you get there note the two walls. One says, 'US', and the other says, 'USSR.' Then, take the grease and paint the wall, which says, 'US.'"

"My Lord, I am painting this wall with this grease, and as I do so, a blazing fire starts on the wall."

"Continue to paint the whole wall. The fire will not hurt you."

"My Lord, it seems that I will need to paint little more, as the fire is quickly burning away the entire wall. I see a social event taking place in the room behind this wall. Queen Elizabeth is present and next to her is Bill Clinton with his constant smile. Nearby is Boris Yeltsin and across from him is the 'R' Man of Germany, who is laid back in a lounge chair with his feet resting on an ottoman. Many unknowns mingle around, but I see two I recognize: Fidel Castro and a Chinese leader.

Now, I am focused on Bill Clinton as he talks to The Queen. The appearance of The Queen is disturbing. On the front, she wears the regal garb of the queen, but on her backside she wears a camouflage suit of a soldier. In her belt are many stacks of English currency. She removes five stacks of this currency and hands them to Bill Clinton."

"I sure needed this," he says. "I was afraid the press would find out. And, you know that would be a disaster."

"Oh, they would never print such a thing!"

"Oh, they would print it about me," Clinton says.

"Well, they have no power," The Queen sniffs. "We have the press sewed up."

"Hey, Queen, would you give me a dance?"

"Just this last time, Bill."

"The Queen and Clinton begin to dance; but she has spurs on her boots and Clinton's feet get caught up in the spurs. In fact, the spurs cut him along his legs in several places and he begins to bleed. Blood begins dripping down his legs and onto the floor, but he continues to dance with the Queen, failing to see the

problem. In a short time, he slips in the blood and falls to the floor. Others keep dancing, but Bill Clinton cannot get up. He grabs a piece of The Queen's gown and tries to get up but she just keeps on dancing and pulling Clinton along.

I see one, who is aware of a bleeding Clinton down on the floor, being carried along by The Queen's gown. This one is Germany and he spits on Clinton. The Queen drags Clinton to the open door where I see her take some very large shears and cut off the portion of the robe to which he was clinging."

"Clinton quickly grabs the portion of the severed robe and pulls it to his nose. Deeply he inhales the scent of the robe. 'Ah, royalty,' he says, 'the smell of royalty!' Then, Clinton drags himself back to the chair he was seated in earlier and sits down. Taking the piece of royalty, he sticks it into the front of his pants. He doesn't seem to notice that his pants bulge with the piece of royalty and that a small piece is hanging from his fly. Clinton's body, face and elbows are very bloated from the fall; his teeth are wide and his mouth is large, too large for his head. His eyes roll backwards and I hear the sounds, 'tick-tock, tick-tock.' His eyes roll on the 'tick', then stop on the 'tock', and roll forward to repeat the process again. He has no money in his front pockets, but in his back pockets are the five stacks of currency from the Queen. I look at the clock on the wall as the party goes on. The time is 11:57 PM, 1998."

I hear The Rothschild Man speak to someone and I look to see that he is speaking to a man wearing a lamb's suit. Who is this man in this lamb's suit, My Lord?"

"Child, look at the front of the belt, see 'Saudi Arabia.'"

"So, is this a lamb or someone disguised as a lamb?"

"Child, look beneath the suit on the head."

"My Lord, I see horns. This is no lamb, but a goat! Now, I hear the Saudi Arabian goat tell The 'R' Man from Germany: 'Clinton is about to be creamed.'"

My Lord, in the prophecy called 'The Funeral of the USA', I saw all allies desert the USA, but The Arabs stayed."

"'Tis so, Child. Yet, this does not mean that they are your friends or that they are sheep. They know who bombed your soldiers (a fairly recent bombing of an American barracks in Saudi Arabia). Birds of a feather will flock together. The problem with The United States is that you do not have birds of a feather. These Arabs will flock together to gain world dominion even though they have fought against each other for so long. To this end they will have a common purpose."

"My Lord, back to the celebration mentioned above, tell me more about this."

"Child, go to the bar, ask for a napkin and read it."

"The man behind the bar gives me a white napkin. On one side it reads 'Greco-Roman Empire' in black; and on the other side, 'The United States is treasonous' is written in red. I don't get it."

"Child, what is the 'Greco-Roman Empire?'"

"This is history I have forgotten."

"Child, this is not history but current events."

"In what way? "

"Look at Clinton and The Queen."

"Yes, My Lord."

"Look at Germany."

"Yes, My Lord."

"Look at Malaysia."

"Malaysia?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Look at China."

"I see, My Lord."

"Child, look at the wooden blocks beneath the window. These look like alphabetical blocks, but there is one difference. They are hollow and a black train runs through the middle of them. The black train reads, 'Russia is dead.' It carries a cargo, which is of putrid waste and the train goes nowhere. The 'R' Man of Germany tosses a match, which lights a fire behind this train of putrid waste and propels it forward. Within the darkness of the blocks, the train takes off like lightning. You see The 'R' Man of Germany, standing behind the train, lighting a cigar, and saying, 'Job well-done, Nigger.' Then, you see him place the cigar in his pocket while it is still burning, and it causes him to be propelled into the air, so that he can watch your destruction. Then, you see Clinton crucified."

"Yes, My Lord, I see all this, but what does this have to do with Greco-Roman?"

"Child, the very same demonic entities pass from generation to generation, doing the same kinds of things, ruling the same lands. These are far more cunning in their abilities than any of you. The only way you can ever win over them is through Me and My power. But you have deserted me, and they have done it again. You are as Rome at another space in time. Yet in many ways, you are far worse. Those, who destroyed Rome--the same warring, demonic entities--will destroy you again."

" My Lord, I know we face great, great evil. I have a question about 'the treasonous US.' What does this mean?"

"Child, not only have your leaders committed high treason against you, as a people. They are committing it among themselves, as to agreements and treaties they have drawn for world order."

"So, The US Bailbondsman is England?"

"Not for long, Child. Clinton will taste royalty. He will stuff himself with royalty; but it is showing through his fly."

"So, he has fornicated with royalty?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"How?"

"By taking the five stacks of money from England's military."

"I don't understand."

"Child, why would he want money from her military?"

"I suppose for some treason he committed against us."

"'Tis so and more."

"Like what?"

"Through the raping of your armed services."

"So, he took money to help shut down our military?"

"This, and more, Child. Look at the English soldier beneath the commands of The Queen. He salutes her and then salutes Bill Clinton, who follows. Both sit side by side on a ship, which reads 'US NAVY.' Does this seem strange to you?"

"My Lord, is it not common for a soldier to salute a foreign head of state?"

"Not when the one on the ship is the enemy."

"How is she the enemy?"

"Child, she has poured drugs into the USA for years. She has colluded with The Germans to bring war your way."

"But, My Lord, I did not see a heavy, dark attachment going from the great puppet master to England in an earlier vision about invasion of the USA. How could she be a key player?"

"Child, she is not a key player in those attacking you. Nevertheless, she is a player. Remember this."

"So, Clinton takes this money for his own use?"

"He does."

"Then what happens to it?"

"It goes into Swiss banks."

"Why does she give him the money?"

"To buy your military."

"You mean, to downsize it?"

"And, more."

"Like what?"

"Like casting your pearls before swine, Child."

"This is confusing."

"Child, she is given privy to your military secrets, your pearls. She is the swine, who will pay Clinton, and then kick him until he bleeds. Yet, he is happy; for, he has gotten a piece of royalty?"

"My Lord, if he only gets money, how does he get a piece of the Royalty?"

"Child, when he gets money from them, he gets a piece of them. For, The Royalty is about money and power."

"But, My Lord, others see this."

"Child, other see and know; and it is not liked."

"So, will he ever face the music for this?"

"He will pay with his life."

"Who will take his life?"

"Who has his foot on the back of Clinton?"

"The 'R' Man of Germany."

"What do you see next?"

"The 'R' Man cuts off Clinton's legs at his knees and Clinton walks with wooden legs, but Clinton keeps falling into the dust and getting up again. After a while the wooden legs have grown to look like stilts and he walks with his head held high above the clouds. As Clinton seems to be soaking in the rarefied air, airplanes begin to buzz his head. One buzzes Clinton alongside his head and crops his hair. Then, others continue to hit his head until there is no hair left. Along come other planes and they cut off his stilts and legs until Clinton is nothing left but a body in a chair. As these planes fly away, I see that they are German.

Clinton sits in his office, just a body in a chair, peering over huge stacks of papers. In comes Hillary with another stack of papers and piles them before him. 'I can't take it anymore,' she says, 'get another secretary!' She turns to leave and he reaches out for her. 'Help me! Help me! I am falling!' He begs. Then, I see some big men with red crosses on their arms come in and say, 'Sir, help is coming. But for now, you will have to stay where you are.'

A black horse, adorned with a gold saddle, rides to the front of The White House. Cannons on the side of the black horse begin to fire upon the White House and windows shatter in The White House as it begins to crumble beneath the fire. People are rushing everywhere and Clinton is begging, 'Help me! Help me!'

The German soldier closes the door to Clinton's office, and out of earshot to Clinton, says to another soldier, 'Turn up the heat!'

Mr. Clinton gets very thirsty and reaches for a glass of water, but he finds the glass empty. He reaches for his eyeglasses, but finds them broken. He reaches for his walking cane, but finds it out of reach. He

reaches for the telephone, but finds it disconnected. The White House continues under fire from the black horse and it is falling quickly, leaving only Clinton."

"My Child, I see that you tire. We shall stop for today. In this we shall continue. I am Jesus. Yea, Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnesses, dictated and recorded this 24th day of September 1997,
Linda Newkirk

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter Seven****FROM THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE**

"Precious Child, it is I, Master Jesus. Look around and behold that you are indeed upon My Radiant Mountain. You sit in My chair of love, most pure, and garner My gifts of power and knowledge, but see a new gift emerging. It is the gift of miracles.

Look before you and see a radiant pool from The River of Life. Step down and bathe your hands and face in the pool, only your hands and face, Child. For, you shall be given only a small dose of the miraculous at a time.

"My Lord, this is the most radiant of The River I have seen."

"Child, remember that the Mountain has many levels, and one is given what one can handle."

"My Lord, as this water runs from my face and down my clothes, it purifies all with its radiance."

"Step onto the prophet's path, Child, wearing the robe of the prophet. Then reach down into the pool again and bring more water to your face and hands."

"Yes, My Lord. As I lift this radiant water through my cupped hands to bathe my face, I marvel at little, white doves flying from the water and encircling me. I follow them in flight as they light here and there in a most beautiful garden, which surrounds me. This garden is filled with heavenly flowers in pastels so pure and alive that they could grow only in Your very presence. I breathe in the heavenly fragrances and rest my soul in the quiet of such beauty. Yet I hold a quiet anticipation that the evil one will raise his ugly head in one of his many disguises."

"Child, Lucifer is forbidden here."

"Oh, My Lord, I rejoice and dance with glee in Your garden, for I feel full of joy and radiance! As I dance I see that my prophet's robe has turned into a flowing, shimmering gown, like the one I wore when I ascended the stairway of light in 1987. My Lord, might I just embrace this joy for a while? For, my soul has become weary with what unfolds below."

"Child, go to the tree and eat of the fruit."

"I approach this radiant tree and I pick a single, round fruit. As I hold the fruit, I am aware that it has many protrusions and is somewhat malleable. I toss it into the air and it becomes perfectly round, but when I catch it, I see and feel the protrusions once again."

"Eat, Child."

"Oh, My Lord, the flavor is like nothing I have ever eaten. It is full of juice and has a flavor, which seems to be a combination of peaches, pears and pineapples. I eat more and more and am still hungry for this fruit.

It seems to go down and be absorbed quickly by every cell of my body. The more I eat the greater my thirst and hunger for it. I must have eaten thirty pieces and still long for more.

Where I pick it, more, fully ripe fruit quickly appears on the tree. This heavenly food restores my soul and I am beginning to feel a great peace overwhelm me. A most inviting bench beneath the tree is calling to me. My Lord, do you mind if I stretch out for a moment?"

"Child, do so."

"As I lie here beneath the radiance of this tree, I am caught up in a state of pure peace, joy and relaxation. As I think of sleep, a vision begins to unfold. In this vision I feel myself floating up, up, up to a door, which is closed."

"Child, knock on this door."

"My Lord, I am knocking on the door. Suddenly it swings open, and I find myself being sucked through the door and into a channel of spiraling light. I am traveling very fast and going ever upward into this spiral."

"Child, look where you are."

"My Lord, I have come out of this spiral and am at the top of the stairway of light I climbed in 1987. The doors are open and I stand on the precipice before the radiant sea of golden-white light."

"Jump into the light."

"I am here, My Lord, amidst such beauty, basking, floating in total, complete joy, beauty and calm."

"This is My Light, Child."

"Oh, My Lord, this is such pure peace, love and joy! May I stay for a while?"

"You may. Reach out and receive."

"I have been given a tray, and atop this tray is a water glass full of a radiant, golden-white liquid."

"Drink it, Child, this is of Me."

"I have consumed all."

"This is living water. Be cleansed and be whole."

"My Lord, I accept gratefully, and acknowledge humbly and sincerely that You are my Life."

"Child, take the key which has appeared before you and go back to The Mountain."

"I take the key and wonder why You have given it to me."

"It is the key of knowledge. Eat it."

"My Lord, I eat it and it is soft and sweet like ice cream."

"It is a gift from me. Go and use it to better discern."

"I shall."

"Child, you have worried about various dates and whether you have seen or heard correctly. Know that you have done your best. As you find yourself back on My Mountain, go to the wall before you and take the tray from the drawer on the wall. You will see and feel dates in the tray. Record them."

"I take the tray, and the first thing I see is 'Invasion of the USA, Dec. 12, 1998.' My Lord, I had seen the 17th before, yet was having trouble seeing that day, and as you know was not sure of the date at that time."

"Child, the 17th is not totally incorrect, as your invasion will be ongoing for many months. Now see clearly 'Dec. 12.'"

"I see, My Lord. But I have further questions, which I beg to have clarified. When does Israel fall? The answer appears on the tray before me and is '2001.' Next, I seek affirmation of the year in which Lucifer will be kicked down from the upper realms, and I see '2004' appear on the tray. My question now is about Germany and whether this is the country spoken of in Revelation--the one with the two heads, one of which was healed? I see the word 'yes' appear in golden-white light, hanging before me as if on a clothesline. I seek further confirmation of a two-part question: Does Lucifer take over the body of the Arab; and, do the Arabs defeat Germany? I see the word 'yes' appear, as if hanging from a line, in response to both questions.

My Lord, The Bible states in Revelation that the dragon is the one with seven heads and ten crowns and the one with the healed head. Is this dragon the German?"

"Yes and no."

"Please explain."

"Satan inhabits the German from time to time as you have been told, but is not kicked down from heaven until 2004."

"Why is there not more in The Bible about the Arabs?"

"Child, who are 'the Kings of the East,' and 'the four angels of the Euphrates?'"

"I cannot be sure."

"Take the card from the other drawer on the wall and read."

"The Kings of the East are Iraq and allies and they go up against the country with the healed head."

"Look further, Child."

"I see 'Jordan, Syria, Turkey, Iraq, Iran, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, the Palestinians, and more.' What does 'more' mean?" "Adjust your vision and look beneath the word, 'more'."

"I see 'Soviet Union and other allies.' My next question: Does Lucifer take hold of the body of the Syrian leader?"

"Seek the answer in the drawer."

"I finds a placard which reads 'The Syrian is Lucifer.' If the Syrian is Lucifer, My Lord, who is the false prophet as spoken of in Revelation?"

"Child, he is a Muslim."

"What is his name?"

"Go to the drawer, get the letters as they appear, and put them on the line."

"I am hanging the letters on the line as they appear, and they spell K- U- R- D-I-S-H. So, he is Kurdish. Is there more we should know about the Kings of the East."

"Look in the drawer."

"I find a piece of paper and it reads: 'The kings of The East, who set out to destroy the USA, will also set out to destroy your so-called 'allies.' The dragon, who controls The New World Order, sees the continuation of his plan to a higher level of control through the Syrian. The focus of control shifts from Germany to Syria and the beast system continues. It is not done away with, but enhanced.' Next, I ask for a confirmation for the fall of Germany."

"Go to the drawer."

"Written on a piece of paper is '2004.' I am reaching back into the drawer for a confirmation of the fall of Israel and I am retrieving a small scroll. This is what the scroll says: "Child, you believe that when Israel is attacked, this will be the end of Israel. Remember: these very tenacious people will hold onto their homeland for some time. They will be fed a constant supply of guns and ammunition from their friends and allies around the world. For all purposes, they fall in 2001as you have seen. But, in reality these have an unconquerable spirit. This unconquerable spirit cannot be fully brought down until The Antichrist emerges in 2004 (in the Syrian). At this time, he and his will fully gain control. You must understand that The Arab forces are split, fighting around the world. War is going on all over Europe, The United States, Russia, Canada, and Australia. The German tries to stop the war and fails; but the Syrian wins where he fails. The world is literally beaten into submission. So, does Israel fall in 2001? Yes. As you fall in 1998-1999. But, Israel is not beaten in 2001. By 2004, the Israelites are fully beaten. In all, they are trampled for three and one half years."

"So the USA is fully beaten in 1998-1999?"

"Go back to the drawer."

"I find another small scroll and it reads, 'The USA is in for a bitter battle, which will rage for years. The number of guns on US soil will make the defeat very difficult. During this time, there will be anarchy, as the people will revolt against the oppressive government. Civil war will break and you will be given the iron hand treatment. There will be strict government schools, no churches or freedom of assembly.'

I am wondering what happens during this time in South America. As this is my next question, I shall go to the drawer and seek this information. Again, I take out a small scroll with the answer. It reads, 'South America will be untouched by war and strife in some places, particularly the mountainous areas, where life will go on as always. Food will be scarce due to weather, and temperatures will range from very hot to very cold. Many will hide out in the mountains there.'

I thank you, My Lord, for allowing me to come back to your Holy Mountain to seek this knowledge. In Your love for us, You wish us to be wise about the plans of the evil ones. In You, My Precious Lord, is our Victory!"

"Child, you are being brought rapidly to new heights. For, the people perish for truths. I am Jesus. Yea, Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 25th day of September, 1997.

Linda Newkirk

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter Eight****WAR AGAINST THE WHITE HOUSE**

"Precious Child, you have been brought to the Mountain, most high, to receive of Me; for I am Master Jesus, Your Lord and Savior, given this dominion of The Father.

Child, look at the chair in which you sit, for it is the chair of wisdom, knowledge, and power; and see 'miracles' emerging here and there. Your practical, intellectual side may throw these miracles to chance; but do not be allured into such thinking, for you and many others are being brought up very quickly now, and you shall need these miracles.

I know you are most concerned about a certain, tired person, and you feel that he wishes to choose death over life. If you see him do this, do not be dismayed, for many will choose to rush headlong into the enemy and many will be slaughtered. Some of you will flee and live in safety until you will be pursued and killed. Remember: Death is the inevitable for all.

The one you are concerned about is hardheaded; I speak to him, but often he dismisses Me, as he wants more signs. Leave him be and allow his choice to stay in a war zone; but be prepared to move on."

"My Lord, my heart is so weary."

"Child, this is known; but now is a time of great discipline in Me. Be not overcome by what unfolds; be inspired. You are still concerned about the date of the USA Invasion, so put on your Son-glasses, adjust them to microscopic vision, look far below to Times Square, and watch the date as it comes by."

"My Lord, I see 'December 12, 1998'; I wish to re-run this. Here it comes again, 'December 12, 1998.'"

"Child, do you see what happened before when you read the 17th?"

"My Lord, I must have followed the horizontal part and the vertical part, but did not see the lower, horizontal part. Still, I am asking for more confirmation of this as we go along."

"Precious Child, you tire, but let us continue; for, what unfolds is important."

"Yes, My Lord."

"You have the white robe, the radiant sword and three guardians; I am sending you to the base of the Mountain."

"My Lord, as we arrive at the base of the Mountain, we make a right turn and go down a desolate street, which is called Pennsylvania Avenue. Buildings which once stood tall and beautiful and in crumbled ruins. Before us half of the White House stands, the rest obliterated with debris all over the lawn. Behind the White House flies a flag with a quarter moon and a star, and a red horse rears beside the flag. Someone is singing:

'Ride on, ride on
 O' harvest moon!
 O' harvest moon!
 True, you are,
 O' moon, to me.
 See, see
 What you do for me!'

Then, the tune changes:

'I Can't hold you,
 So, I Toss you away!
 I see your fate,
 I cash you in,
 I go my way.

I cannot make
 Heads or tails
 Of what they've done.
 So, I'll Give them the guns.'

Then, the tune changes:

'Guns are forbidden!
 They must not be hidden!
 Or, I'll make you a day
 Like no other day!

Camps are waiting
 For all, who lie,
 For all, who steal,
 A meal, a meal!

The tune changes again:

I cannot wait
 For them to adjudicate!
 The trucks come for you
 To take you A-W-A-Y!

Again, the tune changes:

I'm a Little Hitler,
 Little Hitler, am I!
 Empowered by the Germans
 Over you, over you!

I'm a Little Hitler,
 Little Hitler over you!
 Empowered by the Germans
 To steal, to kill!

Give me your guns!
 Give me your food!
 Give me your clothes!
 Give me your houses!
 Give me your tools!
 Give me your cars!
 Give me your all!
 For, I come to take,
 To kill, to steal,
 To pillage, to plunder
 You-hoo!

Saddam Hussein and Company

My Lord, I hear this singing coming from the area of The White House. Where, is Bill Clinton?"

"Child, look at Clinton; he has no legs, arms and teeth -- except the one tooth in front, which is gold with a white star. His ears are huge and he is blind; he fumbles for paper, but cannot see how to write. The windows in his office are shattered and his help is gone. Hillary has practically deserted him, along with his so-called friends. What more do you see, Child?"

"I see a country invaded and conquered by Arabs and others foreigners."

"War will rip you of every prize you own; it will take your food, clothing and shelter; it will rape you of every penny and you will fall as a free country. Child, I have warned mine through revelation to flee. Why would you not heed me? My curses are upon you as a nation and you are accursed the world over."

"My Lord, this is an awful thing to behold. As I look at the White House in shambles, I wonder what happens to the Congress?"

"Dissolved."

"To the governors?"

"Dissolved."

"We know that the churches are burned and we know that Germany is behind this destruction."

"You know this to be true."

"But, the Germans are dealing with a runaway train."

"Through and through. We shall stop for today, Child. I pronounce many blessings upon you and your family; and you shall begin to see them unfolding quickly."

"I thank you, My Lord; we need them so."

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

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

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**BOOK II****Chapter Nine****A COUNTRY ACCURSED BY GOD...****USA INVADED BY NATO AND OTHERS,**

"Precious Child, behold the vision of beauty from atop My Mountain, most high and pure. Come and sit in the chair of love and honor toward Me and know the depths of truth, wisdom, and knowledge.

Remember, Child, accept and receive My miracles, for you and your brother shall know many; and, so shall all, who humble themselves likewise. Stand in the beam of My pure light and be purified; for I know you suffer beneath the weight of what you have seen. Be buoyant in Me and be whole, for I am in control of this planet."

"I am deeply humbled, My Lord, for your love touches the depths of my aching heart. I am greatly troubled for what is about to unfold and I shall not be able to endure unless you strengthen me. I bask in this radiance, soaking it up, My Lord, for you are my strength. As I look down at my white prophet's robe, I see a stain on the lower part, the same stain I was shown in the dream when you gave me Your journal and allowed me to read three pages. I know now that the three pages are the three books of prophecies and the stain on my robe is your blood, which was shed for each of us."

"'Tis so, Child."

"My Lord, how long shall this remnant of Your blood remain on our robes?"

"Until resurrection, then it will be purged."

"So, we wear your blood and carry Your wounds among us?"

"You carry a reminder of My wounds. You have deep knowledge that I came, was crucified for you, and arose on the third day; and you show this wound. For, you are My sheep and you honor the price I paid.

You were reading in Ezekiel today, and you saw the way I dealt with Ezekiel. I deal with all prophets in a similar way, yet there are differences. Child, I have given you complex visions, which only I can give meaning to, as I am the author of these visions. Those, who try to interpret these visions with the carnal mind, will fail. Now, take the book from the angel, Kikiara; it is turned to a certain page, as it is opened. Be aware of your keys, your sword, and your rod, and go through the opened page. Three warring angels will accompany you. Write, Child, as seen and directed."

"My Lord, I am entering this page, which is no more than a border of a page, as the center is cut away. As I enter, I am aware of something like fiberglass strands, which are floating all about me. When these touch me, they pop, crackle and disintegrate. My Lord, the energy you gave me has caused me to be aglow with your power; for, my feet look radiant and the ground around them looks radiant.

In front of me is a wooden door, surrounded by a stone archway. I try to open the door but it is locked; and one of the angels seeing this steps forth with a key in hand and says, 'Remember the key.' The key fits snugly into the lock and the door opens behind a chain-link fence. I stop and look at soldiers on the other side of the fence, who are running to catch waiting cargo planes and helicopters. Many soldiers seem to be coming from within a dark mountain, following the lead of one speaking a foreign language, who has NATO written on his boots.

In Jesus' name, I command the language of this officer to flow slowly in English! Now, I hear the German soldier say 'Fill them up. Do not leave any headspace. This will be a tough call; but there should be no unexpected problems. The bastards are sleeping; let's go!' Then, he runs around calling, 'On your mark! On your mark! On your mark!' Quickly, he moves his hand in a downward motion and huge numbers of planes take off in rows. My Lord, explain to me what is going on."

"Child, go into the large cargo plane and observe."

"I am inside the plane and the rumbling from the engines is deafening. As I look around, I see soldiers of many nationalities, which include German, Italian, English, Russian, and Spanish, to name a few. Is this a NATO alliance?"

"This and more."

"What do you mean?"

"It also includes United Nations; see Germany, Mexico and smaller countries."

"Tell me more, My Lord."

"Child, where are they headed?"

"It is night and I cannot see."

"Look at the flight plans."

"I see 'destination: Chicago, USA.'"

"Is this all?"

"I see 'New York City.'"

"What more?"

"Washington, DC."

"And?"

"Miami."

"List all you see."

"I see: 'Pittsburgh, PA; Tampa, FL; Tallahassee, FL; Atlanta, GA; Mobile, AL; Houston TX; Dallas TX; Sacramento, CA; Michigan...four stops; Rhode Island; Connecticut.' Most of these areas seem to be near the outer perimeter of the country."

"This and more."

"What more, My Lord?"

"Huntsville, AL; Little Rock, AR; DeMoines, IA; Las Vegas NV; San Francisco, CA; Butte, Montana; Charleston, SC; Raleigh, NC. These are the primary sites."

"Primary sites for what?"

"For the NATO led group to infiltrate you."

"This is mind-boggling."

"Child, you will be infiltrated by land, by air, and by sea. You will be bombed and destroyed by nuclear bombs, germ, chemical, and nerve warfare. Your missile silos will be attacked and the storage facilities for your germ and chemical agents will be destroyed. You will be invaded by mass numbers of troops before you know what has happened and this will be done in the midst of the night, in the cold of your Christmas season. They have colluded with those within your government for decades to bring you down, and many of your leaders are among those at the front lines."

"Name some."

"The Kennedys, the Clintons, the Bushes, those, who run The Federal Reserve, many of your congressmen and governors, and many of the owners of your news media. Child, you are ripe for the picking and you will be laid low quickly in one day; but your country will be plagued with gorilla warfare for years."

"I have seen the UN fall, when will NATO fall?"

"As soon as you are done away with."

"Child, let there be no mistake about why this is happening to your country. You have brought this upon yourselves through your own rebellion against Me. You have turned aside from Me to chase your idols of gold and silver; you have turned to pornography, violence, killing, and gluttony; and you have become slaves to the media, to the stars of Hollywood, and various cults. I am bringing destruction upon you through your enemies, because you have forsaken Me and you know Me not.

Your lying preachers feed you popped corn. They fornicate with the moneychangers and worship money and what it can buy. Your churches are empty and people perish for My truths; but you have hardened your hearts against Me. Yea, I strike my rod of fire in your midst and I cripple and blind you; for My fury is upon you. I break your media crutches over your heads and I whip you into submission. I bring great droughts among you and cause one-third of you to die of starvation; I bring war among you, and I kill one third; the remaining third, I cause to howl at the moon, to rent your clothes.

Many of you will curse the day you were born; yea, you shall crawl upon all fours like dogs and beg for scraps from a table. Your captors shall spit upon you; they shall rape your women and children, kill your wives and mothers, ransack your beautiful homes, and leave no stone among you unturned in their quest for victory over the one they call 'great whore.'

For, you have beamed adultery, sodomy, and every vile thing into their countries, into their bedrooms and into the midst of their children. They shall reap hate upon you not unlike that of Alexander the Great or Hitler. Nay, gas chambers, guillotines, and firing squads will not kill you fast enough to suit them. The

cries of the sick and dying shall go on from morning 'til dark; and silence shall be sought, but your minds will not escape the shrill voices of those, laid to waste at the hands of your enemies.

Yes, you have fornicated with nations; you are accursed; and I shall stick my sword among you and twist and turn it until few remain. Yea, I shall whip you with the plowshare until it is smooth, polished, and few remain, but the malleable. Yea, I stamp my foot amidst you, and you are devoured in quickness as a hungry shark devours.

Listen, My Sheep, prepare to flee, lest you too fall recipient of My curses. I am Jesus. I am Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 30th day of September, 1997,
Linda Newkirk

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter 10****GOD'S PROMISES AND WARNINGS**

"Precious Child, blessed is the day you were born. And, blessed be the days of all, who were born to carry My truths--My Word--and My power among the lost and destitute. For, I shall restore you when you are weak. I shall feed you when you hunger. I shall clothe you when you are naked. I shall guide you when you are lost, and I shall visit you through dream and vision. I shall lie beside you when you are weary, and I shall comfort you when you are sad. I shall move you when you must flee; and I shall empower you when you need the means to flee. I shall lay a loaf on your table when you see no way to eat, and I shall multiply this bread before your very eyes. I shall bring you new shoes when your shoes have holes, and I shall bathe you with My pure water when you need bathing. I shall lift you up at the last day and I shall bring you home to go out no more; for, you have traveled long and you are weary.

I shall wash your feet of the earth dust, give you new clothes and a crown. I shall enlighten you to a new life, a new way, a new road; and never again will you thirst, hunger or know loneliness and despair. Never again will you cry or beg. Never again will you search and long for something, yet you know not what. Never again will you know the pains of birth or the agony of crossing into consciousness. Never again will you wail like a lost child; for, you shall drink of My cup of eternal love. This cup has no bottom and overfloweth for each of mine.

HEARKEN! HEARKEN! HEARKEN!

The time is at hand like none other. I shall not intervene if you choose the way of darkness over My way. I have availed you a free choice, and would not stop your choices if I could; for, in your choices you make or break you own self. I have provided you a gentle, loving way, a road unfettered with the traps of the worldly glitter. I have provided you a sure way out of the land of toil and trouble.

Yet, it is illusion, which the greatest numbers of you prefer. My heart aches for your losses; but you have made your choices clear to Me. Blame not this prophetess as she lays your cards of destiny before you. For, you have chosen your cards. Know that they are not cards of chance, but cards of choice. The wise one chooses My simple, uncomplicated way; he humbles himself before Me and puts all the material in perspective.

Giving is the nature of loving--giving with an unselfish heart full of deep, genuine compassion and concern. The selfish heart--the one full of love for Satan and his illusions-- puts things before others.

Now, Precious Child, you see yourself once again atop My Holy Mountain, most pure and radiant. From this stance, you can look down and see many levels. The souls on the lower levels must not be faulted for their perception of My Word; for, many of these are babes and they need tender nurturing, not condemnation. If any is to be judged or condemned, I will do so.

Carry them the truth, Child, that they may drink of it at all levels on this Mountain. By bringing one to the light, you may bring many. Remember this! By bringing one to the darkness, each of you may also bring

many, as you do not live in a vacuum. Know that every word, yea every thought, is energy on a collision course with energy some place else. Let your thoughts be powerful and of Me; and let your actions be fair, reasonable and just. Stand in the gap for Me.

For those on the upper levels of this Mountain, I expect much more. I expect constant prayer, much fasting and strict obedience to Me and My word. I expect you to be My messengers, My truth bearers. I expect you to be My warriors and My healers. Indeed, you are My prophets and apostles; and I empower you to heal and to bring forth miracles. I empower you with wisdom, knowledge, and discernment; and I empower you to be a beacon for My Light. I empower you to build up, and I empower you to bring down. You carry my two-edged sword in your mouth, and I empower you to curse and to speak My fire. I raise you up to stand over nations; and from you, I expect much. Remember who you are: to whom much is given, much is expected.

Now, Child, you have seen something of your station. Be not concerned about where someone else fits on this Mountain. Just bring others to the Mountain. Do you understand?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"I have nurtured you over the last ten years. I have guided you through terrible storms of self, through sickness and disease, through poverty and food shortages, through loneliness, despair, great searching and longing. I have brought you up slowly through great inner seeking and longing. Child, I do not give you what I know you cannot handle, but what I know you can handle and carry through. Yours is a great work, which will keep many from falling to the wiles of the evil one. This work will give others the faith and courage to carry on and will continue to bring others to Me long after you are gone. Child, you are a way shower, ordained of Me. Yes, it was I, who came to you in a dream last night."

"My Lord, You were dressed in white, and I knew when I saw You in the dream that I loved You so. Then, You dumped a great deal of fertilizer at me feet, and You told me You were making fertilizer. Yet, it did not look like fertilizer, as it was do radiant."

"Nay, Child, it was not earthly fertilizer; it was My Word. You think it looked like pearls, Child; but, My word, My Pearls of Wisdom, cannot compare to pearls in the earthly world."

"Then, why would the word, 'fertilizer', appear in the dream?"

"My Word, Child, is fertilizer for the soul. A soul can grow quickly in Me and My ways through obedience to My word. This is My way."

"My Lord, when I reached out to hug You, You reached far into the heavens and shone with such radiance. And when I awoke, I knew that you had given me the dream."

"Child, I have known the weight upon your soul as to what you see unfold. You have seen the ravages of Lucifer upon your homeland and around the world. Yet, Child, you have brought this upon yourselves. When you live my laws, I am bound to you. When you forsake me, Lucifer has full rights. This is the law. My righteous anger has been kindled against a nation I have nurtured for much time. My foot is upon you and I turn my face from you; for, your ways are an abomination in My sight.

I have warned you, Child, and I have warned others. Do not tarry therein, lest you know the unbridled wrath of Satan. I have advised you well in advance to prepare. Do not cry that you have been forsaken when you have been told this in advance what you must do to shorten your own suffering.

I cannot stop some of you, who choose martyrdom. Yet, there will be more fertile fields for many of you to do My work elsewhere. Do you not see that in choosing martyrdom, many of you take out warriors I need in My camp? Feel the heaviness in your heart about your decision to martyrdom. I am placing this heaviness in the hearts of many, as you are choosing to strike out on your own. You are not listening to Me. You are not preparing to flee. You have been brought up many years in Me to get to your space in time; and your strengths will be sorely needed elsewhere to help others, who are malleable, who are not stiff-necked, who are not proud and haughty.

When the USA goes, it will be hard for even a mouse to live in many places therein. Why are you settling for this now? This is a warning. HEAR ME! HEAR ME! HEAR ME!

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

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 1st day of October, 1997,
Linda Newkirk

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter 11****REMORSE FOR WORDS**

"Precious Child, you do not have to struggle to get to the top of this Mountain as you once did. For, I bring you solely upon My power. You have reached new heights in Me through seeking and obedience over time. Let it be known, Child, that many are being brought up in like fashion. Not all are given to write, but all are given more power, wisdom and truth in Me. Now, behold that you sit in the chair of truth, love, honor and obedience to Me. Yea, 'tis the chair of wisdom, knowledge and miracles."

"I am ever grateful to be upon Your Mountain in your chair, My Lord; but my heart is sad and heavy. You know how I went into the garden a few days ago and asked for your hedge of power and protection over and around the rows of the greens. At that time, I was so distraught; for something had devoured the tops of the greens and had ravaged the broccoli. Daily for weeks I had gone out to pray and these pitiful plants would look worse every day. Over several weeks' time, I became so discouraged, as I knew that these ravenous creatures would not leave single plant. In my anger toward them, I spoke death to all the last time I prayed over the garden, as I believed the locusts had set in to eat every scrap of greenery. When I saw a dead mouse the day after this prayer, I wanted to think that the mouse just happened to die next to a collard plant. Even when I saw a large, dead bee a row or two over, I wanted to believe that it was just chance. But, within a few days, my husband and I found a dead rabbit without a bite or mark on it. And, within a few days of the first rabbit, we found a second dead rabbit. My Lord, I have felt such sorrow for the innocent deaths of these rabbits; for, I know that I spoke death to them through my mouth. You warned me of the two-edged sword in my mouth and I have caused harm. My Lord, I am deeply sorry, for I believed I was praying against locusts. Forgive me this, My Lord."

"Child, I know your sadness, and know that you did not fully realize the power in your words. Yet, you have been told in advance that your words will carry great power. You have been told that you will know many miracles through the two-edged sword, which comes from your mouth. This sword is My word, My truth, My power; it is the power of the prophets. Let this be a lesson to you, Child, to be aware of your speech. For, what you curse, I curse. What you bless, I bless. What you cause to prosper through your mouth comes from Me. I have empowered you with this.

Let us stop this for now. I am Jesus. I am Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

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

I was devastated by the deaths of these precious animals, and could not utter another prayer against them even though they got most of the broccoli and onions. In spite of their continued attacks on our little garden, God blessed us with greens most all winter. Near mid-winter, hunters came along the railroad tracks up the road and killed many rabbits.

In late winter, a deep cold set in with temperatures dropping to around 20 degrees for two nights. On the third night, temperatures dipped to about fifteen degrees. Each night I prayed for the shield of God to be placed over, around, and beneath the garden and was elated to find that they had survived even the 15-

degree weather. A long row of mustard was thick with blooms and not a bloom was effected by the cold. Nearby daffodils in full bloom were burned by the cold and turned brown, but not a single plant in the garden suffered.

Each time I drive in and out of the driveway and pass these beautiful plants, my heart sings with joy and love, for I see God's miracles all around.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter 12****THE BITTER CUP, MORE ON THE MAIN LINE TRAIN,
THE STOCK MARKET CRASH, ETC...**

"Precious Child, I, Master Jesus, have brought you atop My Mountain through My Spirit because of your deep prayers. Know that I shall bring none here, save each is ready and possesses a deep longing. This Mountain is not new to you, neither to the rest of the 144, 000, who make it to the top, nor to the millions of you, who are at varying levels. Many shall make it to My Mountain."

"My Lord, how is it that this Mountain is established among us, and was not established before; as Isaiah 2:2 says that it shall be established in the latter days?"

"Child, remember that where much evil abounds, much good--power from Me--abounds in greater measure. Satan, the Evil One, Lucifer has his top demons among you ruling the world. I have some of My most powerful prophets among you, who shall move mountains. These shall raise the dead, heal the sick and work many, many miracles."

"My Lord, you have told me that the spirits of some of your prophets of old are back in human bodies?"

"Child, all around the world this is true, as, you, yourself, are a prophet of old."

"My Lord, you have told me previous that I was Aaron?"

"Aaron, it is; and, Child, you have been three lesser prophets over time. All your life, you have been yearning and seeking, but your inner heart brought you to know the falseness of doctrines taught by many churches. Do not be surprised that you do not belong to a church, as many prophets are loners and are often very misunderstood. Their mission is a hard one; for, it means telling the masses what they do not wish to hear.

Child, the ridicule you have received from family and strangers is common for prophets. Most often the family members are the first to cast derision, as they wish to see you as one of them. They wonder how you can be one of them if you have a special relationship with God. The element of fear and envy enters and takes hold of their minds. Some feel that if they can criticize enough, the prophet will forget 'such nonsense'--as many call the walk-- and be one of the family again. In the initial stages of the prophetic walk, when one needs the support of family and friends the most, there is often little or none.

Child, do not despair in this; certain family members will come around in time. Yours is to do this work and remember that you are never alone, for I am always with you. Now, Child, you find yourself atop My Mountain in My chair of wisdom, honor, love, faith and knowledge. Receive of Me. Drink of the cup, given you by my angel, Kikiara; and be strengthened and lifted up."

"My Lord, I take this cup and I drink what is in it. The liquid is at first sweet, like very sweet syrup; then, it seems to taste like a green persimmon, as if it is turning my mouth wrong side out. It is getting very bitter, but I drink all; and it lays heavy in my stomach, like lead, causing me to feel sickly and bloated. My Lord,

how can such a thing strengthen me or lift me up? I feel dragged down and sickly by this and must put my head down for a minute."

"Child, this cup you carry for Me is a bitter cup, indeed, and the weight of what you carry does make you feel sickly; but you are sickly only in your mind. For, you are doing as I say, Child, ... following directions. Step from the chair onto the Path of the Prophets and be free in me."

"My Lord, I step upon this Path and suddenly feel so radiant. A beam of white light falls upon me from above and I bask in this light. Oh, to stay here forever; for I am so weary at times."

"Child, your weariness is known; but be not overcome by the weight of the chair or the bitterness of the cup. Remember: this light awaits all, who are faithful to the end. Nothing on Earth can compare to what awaits My faithful Ones. At all times remember this Light, and do not be tricked by the physical illusion. Fast and pray often and know that I will send you some of like mind."

"My Lord, how can these be of like mind? For, those, who call themselves Christians and quote the Bible often, do not believe in reincarnation."

"Yea, Child, not now. But, they shall know the truth; for, I shall speak it through the mouths of many prophets. My mysteries shall be revealed, as spoken in Revelation. Those, who believe the Book of Revelation to be my word, will accept as true the mysteries, which will unfold, but not the babes, Child. For, these are yet at the breast." (Rev. 10:7)

"I thank you, My Lord for the time you have taken with me. Words cannot describe my deep gratitude; but I know that you perceive my heart through Your Spirit."

"Child, I know all."

"My Lord, I have questions remaining from the visions of yesterday. When I first saw the train with wood, before it went through the dark tunnel, I noted just the wood. Yet, you showed me what went on in the tunnel of obscurity and many soldiers entering the train after it emerged from the tunnel. I am a little confused here. Did the wood on the train represent soldiers before it went through the tunnel?"

"Child, you are baffled, as you did not believe there were soldiers on the train before it went into the tunnel. What is the train before it goes through the first tunnel?"

"I suppose it to be a train."

"Wrong. It is no train, but plans, a train of dark thoughts placed one upon the other to look like a train. This train of thought goes through the tunnel of obscurity, where it becomes a reality."

"But, what of the wood?"

"Plans, Child, plans. Are these soldiers not hidden in wooden crates?"

"Yes, My Lord, but once these get on the ship and get through the first tunnel, what is the train at this point?"

"Child, see ... 'Main Line Train.'"

"So, this train is 'The Main Line China Train?'"

"Yes, and more."

"Like, what?"

"It is the train of 'Main Line China' and the train of 'Main Line Diseases and Addictions.'"

"I don't get it."

"See the cigarettes catch fire."

"Yes, My Lord."

"See that these ignite a spark, which follows this train."

"Yes, My Lord."

"Addictions follow the train. Remember one of the first prophecies I gave you about The Chinese using cigarettes for population control?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Well, this is so. Cigarettes are glorified among them, and these bring heavy addictions."

"But, why this now?"

"To remind you, Child, of what has been told you before and what is coming among you."

"So, the Main Line diseases come from cigarettes?"

"Look at another addiction, ... sex."

"Sex addiction?"

"Yes, indeed. For, there is an over supply of males in China and many are deprived of sex. Homosexuality is more rampant than you will ever know and so is the disease, aids. You will see a great increase in aids brought in by these foreign soldiers, who invade you."

"Oh, My Lord, this goes from bad to worse."

"Child, you sit now in the lap of comfort; but I assure you that eyes have not beheld devastation like that, which will take place in the USA. For, at no time in the history of the world have things been so terrible as what you shall withstand; and only small numbers shall survive until My return."

"There is no way any of us can understand this at this time. We must go in the palm of Your hand, My Lord that we can endure in hope until You call us home. My mind is back now on the soldiers as they enter the Empire State Building. Explain the flurry of papers."

"Disarray, Child, disarray."

"Disarray of what?"

"Of your economy."

"But, I thought that the stock market would crash after this country was bombed."

"Your thinking is wrong, Child. For, your economy shall fall first."

"How shall this be, My Lord?"

"Child, see the tractor in the fields."

"Yes, My Lord."

"Look at the farmer. He looks into the heavens and sifts dry sand between his fingers. The sand falls like powder. Look at the creek beds, Child, parched. Look at the riverbeds, low. Look at the wind, Child, hot and dry. Look at the wheat, little. Look at the bugs and the locusts, many. Child, the dearth, the food shortages, will begin next year. Your farmers will begin to see my wrath fall upon them. Look, Child, you will see shelves coming up with empty spaces. Your meat will begin to soar because of grain shortages.

My hand is in this, Child. Your stock market will start to see large fluctuations. Many will begin to sell off stocks from fear and your economy, which is now strong, will start to sink. You will see panic set in. When you are caught up in self and trouble at home, these will invade you, as you will be unprepared."

"Will the Germans play a role in this crash of the stock market?"

"They will."

"How?"

"By placing scares in your media. Remember the castles with the three families and the ticker tapes. Who feeds the tapes?" (This is a previous prophecy showing the Rockefellers, the Rothschilds of Germany and the Royals of England in one castle, with separate doors. All are conspiring to control the world.)

"The three evil families."

"Remember their time line to do away with you and have their government in place."

"What is this, My Lord?"

"No later than 2001."

"So, they help the scare with their media control?"

"Absolutely."

"So, there is panic?"

"'Tis so, Child, and amidst the panic you will not notice what is about to come against you. Add this panic to your 'pagan holiday', and you will understand how this could unfold as is told. Child, very lean times are before you. See the lean, hungry wolf."

"Yes, My Lord, who is this wolf?"

"'Tis hunger, Child, hunger."

"My Lord, I ask for further confirmation of the dates of this invasion."

"Reach out, Child. Take this box, and take out the numbers one by one and feel each."

"My Lord, I feel a 'one,' next a 'two,' then a 'one' and a two. Now, I feel a 'nine' and an 'eight.' This is 12-12-98. My Lord, I am so fearful that I have seen wrong or heard wrong. Please be with me, for I want to see correctly. This is a very difficult role."

"This is known, Child."

"So, this winter will be very cold, but next summer will be very hot?"

"Child, you will see much snow and flooding. It will be very cold, and then you will see many floods. Many will be unable to plant crops and the summer will bring much drought. Now, Child, let us continue. Take the red envelope given to you of the angel Kikiara, and read as written."

"My Lord, I have opened this envelope, and have taken out a piece of white paper, folded in half. The writing is golden, I believe. A white light hits me in the face from this writing and it is so bright that I cannot read what is written."

"Adjust your Son-glasses."

"I have done so and I see a radiant writing of white light."

"Child, reach and touch the lettering, which is raised and read what is written."

"My Lord, it says, 'You will be shocked within the next 45 days.' I don't get it."

"Child, take the raised letters and place them on the tray before you."

"My Lord, these letters have come tumbling off this page and onto the tray. The brightness is incredibly blinding!"

"Reach out, Child. Touch the letters. What do you see?"

"My Lord, the letters have fallen onto the tray, and have taken the shape of a door. It is a radiant, white door with a simple, bright, golden knob. Around the door are radiant facings made of white light."

"Go through the door."

"My Lord, I have opened the door, and have entered through it. As I do so, a rushing sound follows me. I am standing here by a rail and see a nun with a rosary. She is kneeling at this rail, praying and she looks so young, kind and delicate."

"Go up to her and tap her on the shoulder. Tell her not to worry; for, her son shall be fine."

"Her son? She is a nun."

"Child, do as told."

"My Lord, I shall. I touch her shoulders and she turns into a very old, wrinkled woman. She is not a nun, yet, she is praying. When I tell her that her son will be fine, she jumps up, grabs me and hugs me. My Lord, I do not know what to make of it. Suddenly, she is gone and I confused."

"Are you surprised, Child?"

"Surprised is a good word, My Lord. Yet, I am also confused."

"Why confused, Child?"

"I do not know why you gave me this experience."

"Child, the old woman is a beggar, who was once a nun."

"I still do not understand."

"Child, open your hand and read the scroll."

"My Lord, the scroll reads:

PERSEVERANCE IN ME

I have neither given you burdens to bear,
When your back was too small to bear them,

Nor pails to carry,
When there was no destination to carry them to.

Neither have I promised you rain,
With no intentions of raining.

Nor brought gray skies at eve
With no promise of night.

Neither have I brought birds of spring,
When no Spring was in sight.

Nor allowed waters to flood
With no signal of cresting.

I have not made young old
With no rime or reason.

I have kept my promise.
I have brought slow faith.

I have moved with slow precision;
Yet, precision, no one can doubt.

I have carved mountains from glaciers,
And made canyons from rivers.

I have hung stars in balance,
And made constellations the homes of your brothers and sisters.

I have harbored no ill will
When you have waved Me good-bye.

I have taken you in
When you were destitute and hungry.

Yet, you have accursed Me
And made Me desolate in your minds.

You have deserted Me in you home,
In your heart and your life.

I remember the hardships
You have suffered for Me.

I remember your prayers and accolades,
Your wishes, your hopes, cast in my direction.

I am neither deaf, nor blind.
I am neither distant, nor afar.

I am in your midst,
And I know your every move.

I watch you sleep,
I watch you wake.

I watch your children,
I watch your old.

You change with time,
And, so does My place in you.

I cannot desert you,
For, I am bound to you.

But, I can chastise you,
And I can reward you.

I can claim you,
The ones, who claim Me.

If you forget Me, ignore Me, or do not know Me,
I do not forget you.

Yet, I cannot give you the same place in My heart,
Reserved for those, who obey Me, who truly love Me.

See the chariots, see the white fire chariots.
Mine will ride in these under My power.

True rewards await those who bow to Me, who obey Me,
Who honor Me through the living of My words;

Yea, true rewards
Unknown in the language of man;

For, you have no words
To describe what awaits.

Come close, My Little Ones, like chicks
Beneath the wings of a mother hen.

Come close
And rest in My peace and security.

For, the world shall be topsy-turvy,
And I shall churn the unfaithful.

As with beaters of a powerful mixer,
I shall churn the rebellious amidst their own mire.

Step forth, My Chicks, step forth!
Come away from the illusion and rest in My hand.

For, soon I take you home;
And you shall never again know such sorrow, such desolation.

Hear the bell!
Hear the trumpet!

For, the trumpeter stands atop My Mountain,
And he begins to sound.

Hear the bell!
'Tis the dinner bell.

It sounds for the feast
I have prepared for My faithful.

Hear the trumpeter!
Hear the trumpeter!

It sounds the beginning of the end
Of the world, as you know it.

Come, Chicks, come!
I call you forth to stand with Me on My Mountain.

Let not the idea of death or derision,
Pestilence, poverty or dearth cause you to fear.

Little Ones,
The world has no more glamour for you.

Come, Little Chicks,
Come.

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

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

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter Thirteen****WINGS OF HEALING & MAIN-LINE TRAIN**

"Precious Child, it is I, Master Jesus. Welcome to My Mountain, most high and pure. You have come with healing on your mind; and know that this healing comes quickly. See the wings of healing."

"Yes, My Lord."

"Reach and take the wings of healing, Child, and bring them to your chest."

"My Lord, I take these wings of white fire and bring them to my chest. I have never seen healing come on wings."

"Well, you have now. Absorb them, Child, for they are my gift to you. Be healed. Be whole."

"My Lord, I thank you from the depths of my soul."

"Child, you shall see many miracles; do not discount them. Know that I am the source. In the future, you shall use the wings of healing to heal yourself and others."

"My Lord, I am deeply humbled beyond words. I know that through my own merits I am not worthy to receive this gift, that this gift is a pure manifestation of your love to be shared with all, who are sick and dying. No words of gratitude can adequately express my feelings of deep, abiding love toward you."

"These healing wings are a gift from me, though they may not be available to you at all times, as I do not wish to heal some. Others may not truly wish to be healed. At other times, you and the one, who is sick, may have to fast and pray before these healing wings come to you. Now, Child, there is much work to do, as time passes quickly. Many souls shall be lost, so the truth must go out."

"My Lord, please expedite the publishing."

"This shall be so, Child. Now, take the Son-glasses, which you find in your hand, and sit in my chair of truth, power, wisdom and love. Look far below to the base of The Mountain and write as seen and given."

"My Lord, down below I see a black train traveling along with many boxcars full of wood. The train passes through a tunnel with a red caboose trailing behind. As the train passes through the tunnel, it comes to a halt, with the red caboose stopping not far from the dark tunnel.

I see a very long line of Chinese soldiers beginning to enter the train from the caboose. This line extends across sandy plains and seems to come from mountains far in the distance. Search as I may, I cannot see the beginning of this line of soldiers. I watch the soldiers board the train, and as each does so, he tosses a cigarette butt along side the steps. These butts are creating a small pile of smoldering cigarettes; and the soldiers don't seem to notice that they have started a small fire. Each gets on the train, salutes an officer of the Red Chinese Army, and piles into the boxcars with the wood. The soldiers are standing on and

around this wood, packed like sardines, as the engine of the train chugs along. On the side of the train are the words, 'Main-Line Train.'

As the train pulls off, I look back at the pile of smoldering cigarette butts and to see a most peculiar thing. The cigarettes have ignited, forming a small fire, which seems to follow the train. Popping, cracking sparks follow alongside the train, reminiscent of the sparks made by a fuse when a stick of explosive is ignited.

In its course, the train travels across great stretches of desert terrain; and nothing is visible in the distance but mountains, which seem to be very far away. Soon, the train comes to a second tunnel, and as it passes through the tunnel, the nose of the train emerges as a subway train in New York City. As it comes to a halt, many, many Chinese soldiers hurriedly exit. They carry machine guns and chase behind a leader, who runs down the street toward The Empire State Building. As they run into the building, I see a flurry of papers whirling about thickly in the air, as if they are caught up in a great wind.

One of these Chinese soldiers throws something into the interior of the building; and as I look closely I see that it is a bomb in a suitcase. Then, the soldiers flee this building; and I see them fan out and go into the Trade Buildings, placing a suitcase in each building. Next, they go to The Statue of Liberty, and in and out other skyscrapers. In each skyscraper, these soldiers leave suitcase bombs, which are set to detonate. Then, I see these soldiers scurry; they run far, far away from the tall buildings. Now, I look to see that Chinese soldiers surround New York City.

I am looking for the number of these suitcase bombs and I see the number '20.' Then, My Lord, I look again to this steady stream of Chinese soldiers; and as I look at them, I am curious about the number of Chinese soldiers coming into this country. I see the words appear, 'in excess of 400,000.' My Lord, I am looking for the date in which these bombs are placed and I see 'December, 1998.' I am searching for the day. Here it is: 'December 12.' My Lord, please explain this to me."

"Child, you see the black train filled with wood as it passes through the first dark tunnel. Look above the tunnel for a label. Go there, peel it back and read what you see."

"My Lord, I am here above this tunnel beside the label. As I pull it open, I see written, 'Clinton's Surprise.' What is meant by 'Clinton's Surprise?'"

"This tunnel."

"Whose tunnel is this?"

"European underground. See them emerge."

"My Lord, what European underground? As I ask this of you I see some writing emerge before me. It says, 'NATO, George Bush and Co., German elite, Spanish Inquisition, All hell breaks loose.' This is what I see, My Lord."

"Then, Child, 'tis so."

"You mean, through these connections, the Chinese are brought in?"

"Through these and more."

"Like, what?"

"Through your trade agreements, Child, you handed them power over you; and who is most responsible for this?"

"The Congress and Clinton?"

"And, more."

"What do You mean, by 'more?'"

"Through your shipping fronts, your ports. These avenues have allowed huge numbers of Chinese soldiers onto your soil, unknown to you."

"These soldiers are here, already?"

"And, building all the time."

"So, they have come in, and NATO and others will betray us by allowing others in?"

"'Tis so, Child. 'Tis so. You do not know even a small part of what is being done steadily to whip you into shape."

"My Lord, the train travels over great expanses of desert. What does the desert represent?"

"Child, let's go back to the train before it went through the first tunnel. You believed that it was carrying wood, did you not?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Was it carrying wood?"

"I do not know. Where did this train originate?"

"China, of course."

"When it went into the first tunnel I could not see soldiers, only wood. Were the pieces the wood really soldiers made to look like wood?"

"Child, the train went first through the tunnel of obscurity and you did not see what went on in the tunnel, only that it went through the dark tunnel. Is this not so?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Child, look in the tunnel and see what goes on."

"I am looking, My Lord, and I see the train stop in the tunnel and disappear completely. In its place, I see Chinese peasants getting into dingies in the middle of the night and paddling out to a large ship called, 'America Bound.' My Lord each looks to be a Chinese peasant; but as each gets on the ship, he salutes officers of the Chinese Military. These so-called peasants go into various rooms at night to study maps and terrain of the USA and cram bits of English; then I see them swear allegiance to China and swear to bring down 'the great whore.'"

Each is given a hydrogen cyanide capsule to ingest in case of being caught. I see them look like Chinese soldiers, then peasants, soldiers, then peasants. They hide in various wooden crates beneath rows of manufacturing goods. They are very small people, and two can fit into a single crate, stowed away in secret compartments. When the ship docks in America, some Chinese meet the ship. The soldiers are smuggled off and the crates are filled with stuffing. This is a huge racket and I hear that they are hiding in 'every eighth to tenth crate.' So, they get through the first tunnel and appear to be coming from a desert. Please explain this."

"Child, let's go back to the train and the 400,000 plus Chinese, who ride it. You see them come from hills far away and cross the desert."

"Do you mean actual desert?"

"Child the faraway hills are China and the desert is the USA."

"You mean actual desert?"

"I mean desert of despair; for many of them shall live a desert of despair. And they are doing so, even as I speak."

"So, My Lord, they go from the desert of despair and plant bombs over New York City?"

"This is so, Child, but not just New York City."

"Are there more areas?"

"Primarily, New York City, DC-Maryland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Miami, and Houston."

"But, My Lord, I saw Russians bomb most of these areas."

"'Tis so, Child, these get a heavy dose."

"How many illegal Chinese soldiers are in the USA at this time?"

"Look, Child, 'in excess of 25,000.' Yet, by the time you are invaded, this number will exceed 50,000."

"My Lord, I have seen that 400, 000 come into this land!"

"Child, 400,000 men to rape your women and children. This is partially what is meant by 'snare'; as you have no clue that these, who have total allegiance to China, are within your country."

"Why would they want to bomb San Francisco? There is a Chinatown in San Francisco."

"They consider these to be traitors."

"So, what do they consider us?"

"A whore, a slut, to be reckoned with. Remember that these have been programmed by the state from an early age. The Chinese have sent their most promising, their most faithful, among you."

"So, the Chinese are strongly aligned with the Russians, just to bring us down?"

"Just to bring you down. They despise Christians and a freedom; it must not be allowed. Child, you know who the author of this is."

"Yes, My Lord, it is Satanic to the core."

"Child, blame no one but yourselves. For, you have opened up to this."

"My Lord, I do know this. I do know it. But, I ask, 'Why would they wish to surround New York City, when it will be contaminated with nuclear war?'"

"Child, they do not burn all buildings, but leave some for themselves. They burn all that is green, human, and animal. Do you see? The fire you see sweep the land will leave them access to a part of the city they want."

"But, My Lord, I have seen the ocean move in to reclaim 80% of the city."

"Child, the ocean does eventually reclaim 80% plus, but not at first. Earthquakes will not allow them to keep their plans; but initially they do believe so, and they will set up shop in some of the buildings."

"My Lord, you say 'earthquakes?' When will these take place?"

"See, 'Feb. 2000.' There is more fire with great earthquakes. See the rocks falling from the sky."

"What are these rocks, My Lord?"

"Great meteorites hitting you."

"Why, My Lord?"

"Look at the screen, Child, in front of you. What do you see?"

"I see something pass The Earth, which pulls The Moon from its orbit. The Moon looks like it is tumbling. It is tumbling and the Earth lops over as a planet passes the Earth. Rocks are falling everywhere as the Earth flips over. It looks like the force of this passing planet causes the Earth to flip, and the oceans move in and claim many cities. What am I seeing?"

"You see what has been called by some as 'the lost planet'. Yet, it is not lost to me."

"My Lord, tell me of this planet."

"Child, your science keeps this from you. Since your world will be in chaos, they do not wish you to know. It returns and moves between you and Mars, moving close enough to you to pull the Earth from its orbit. The Moon will roll like a ball, over and over; and it will give no light. The Earth will receive no sun, as great dust clouds shall be stirred everywhere. Many volcanoes on the verge of erupting will erupt, and millions will be swept out to sea as the ocean sets new boundaries. Huge rocks will fall from the sky everywhere. A new continent will rise from The Pacific off the coast of The USA and a series of mountains will rise in the South Pacific. You will know great darkness for three days before the Sun begins to shine again. All these calamities will claim billions of lives." (This is foretold in Isaiah 13:10 and Isaiah 24:1.)

"How many billions?"

"In excess of two. Those near the coast will be inundated with tidal waves greater than 100 feet high, and this water will go inland for 200 miles in some areas. Great mountains will split in half, tossing great boulders into the heavens, which must come down somewhere. Child, many of these huge rocks will come down on you, your cities, your homes, and your animals.

Many animals will become wild; as the disturbance in electrical vibrations created by this approaching planet will affect their sensitive hearing. They will become insane and so will many of you. These vibrations, new to you, will cause many of you to experience temporary insanity, strange illnesses and to exhibit bizarre behavior. These manifestations will begin to show six to eight months before the passing of this planet and continue for six to eight months after it passes."

"My Lord, what shall we do? For, all looks so bad."

"Child, None of you shall escape the effects of my wrath. For, truly, I shall turn your lives upside down and I shall whip many into submission. As I have told you before, all need areas underground. Your military has known about this planet for years; and your space program knows of this approaching planet, even now. Child, they wish to keep you in the dark, that the greatest numbers perish. For, if there are fewer, you will be more easily controlled."

"My Lord, how will the passing of this planet effect the war?"

"Child, you have seen the war escalate and cover Europe. The effects of this planet passing cause many to be even more unstable. The evil ones, seeking world dominion, will be thirstier to run the world; and they will not be slowed. For, they will see how you have been weakened by this great disaster. Those without a strong attachment to Me will be mowed down like grass. For, they will be confused and unstable, Child, like cinders in the wind; and they will be conquered easily."

"So, Germany will rise?"

"Not as easily as they think. For, once you are out of the way, she will have no real friends among the other renegade communists. Yet, they collude in appearances for a while, as you have seen. Eventually, Germans go against the Russians, the Israelis and even against European countries. Germany has no allegiance to anyone; and when her so-called 'allies' find this out, Germany will be no more. This is the intricate web, Child, which is thick with evil; but the Germans will not fall as quickly as many think. The war and catastrophes will go on for years, as you have seen.

Now, Child, your horror is known at all this. Let us stop for a while. I am Jesus. Yea, Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 6th day of October, 1997,
Linda Newkirk

Note: Receiving these healing wings led to a complete healing of gallbladder problems, which had plagued me for months. The medical profession had really let me down. Expensive tests indicated a problem with the gallbladder; and even in the face of pain and other problems, the doctor assured me that the gallbladder was fine. .

I call down the power of Almighty God on the lying, stealing and thieving doctors, with whom I have had far too many dealings. Let the wrath of God rest upon them. For, they have come to love a lie, to love the dollar above the welfare of human beings.

I believe that God has shown me so many horrors in the medical profession so that I could speak destruction into a sick system. Praise be to God! Jesus Christ is the Great Physician. I speak this from the depths of my soul, for I know this to be true. Jesus, how great the name!

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter Fourteen****THE HUNCHBACK &****THE LAND OF PROMISE**

"Precious Child, you have made it to the top of My Mountain though great prayer, humility and desire, brought not on your own power, but on the wings of My Spirit. Look around and see that all is aglow with My Power, My Light and My Spirit. To your ears the Holy Spirit sounds like beautiful wind chimes, but to others it may sound like rushing waters. Even you have perceived it differently at times.

Child, you are concerned about a dream you had last evening. Discount the dream. It is not of me, but an attempt of the evil one to confound you, to cause you to spend precious energies. Remember the three sources of dreams: yourself, the evil one, and Me through My Holy Spirit.

Now, Child, you have questions regarding the messages of the 6th of October and what you will receive within 45 days, which will shock you. It will be a message. Secondly, you have questions about the nun, who turned into a beggar before you very eyes."

"Yes, My Lord, who is this person?"

"This beggar-nun is you in another life. On the outside you may look young, but your spirit is very old, as you have been often to the Earth realm."

"But, why do I look like a beggar?"

"Indeed you are a beggar, even now; for, you come daily to beg before Me, to beg for your family, to beg for your country, to beg for the world. When you pray in tongues, Child, you do not know what you say most of the time; yet, you are begging for the hungry; you are begging for the lost; you are begging for the old and young; you are begging for My mercy."

"My Lord, in the vision I look so ragged, almost toothless and worn out."

"Child, you are weary and you have few teeth, for you have little bite left in you for things of the world. You are very old, as your time grows short on the Earth. Yet, to others and even to yourself, you look young. Remember your dream of wearing a camouflage suit, after which I told you, "All my sheep are camouflaged." You may look to be of the world, but are far from it."

"But, My Lord, please tell me about the necklace I hold."

"Look carefully at the necklace with the cross, surrounded by the beads. Each bead represents one life and each life represents one trip away from Me, the cross in the center. I am the center of these lives, as they originate with Me."

"My Lord, it looks like a rosary."

"Yes, but this is not so."

"Well, why do I look like a nun?"

"In real life you look like a nun."

"How is this? For, I am certainly much different."

"Child, when it is cold do you put on socks and stockings?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"And when it is hot, do you wear fewer clothes?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Then, when you do My work, you wear the look and you are known and recognized by Me. Child, you entered My door to find this young nun and old woman, and you have gotten a glimpse of yourself. This door is My door within your very heart. Remember: only I can afford you meaning of the symbols."

"My Lord, thank you for revealing this."

"Child, let us proceed; for time grows exceedingly short."

"My Lord, I know this to be true and am concerned about how people will receive these writings before the Great War, unless you provide great miracles."

"Child, I am the miracle maker and you shall see many."

"Now, note that you sit in My chair of love, power, wisdom, truth, honor, peace, joy, miracles and more."

"My Lord, each time I sit here I am aware of the greatness, which resides in You, and I am deeply humbled. I search for adequate words to put to the experiences, but words fail to describe what I see and feel."

"Child, all is known. Now, take the mirror, as given you by Kikiara, and behold what you see. Write as given and observed."

"My Lord, as I look in this mirror I see a hunchback coming from a door in a mountain behind me. The hunchback has a large mole below his huge nose, with ten hairs growing around it. He wears a red, black and white checkered scarf around his neck and carries a cane with a door in the handle. The door opens to show a flight of stairs going straight down into the darkness. Beside the stairs a small light radiates faintly. Looking again at the hunchback, I note that she carries a very large, dark green, metal box on her back, which is partially covered by a dark shawl. Her hands are old, wrinkled and gnarled and she has overgrown, curled, stiff fingernails. When she blinks her eyes, I see dollar signs popping up indicating varying amounts from \$1.45 to three trillion. Her walk is that of a robot and she seems to have gears in her back, which propel her legs and arms in a jerky slow motion. As she walks, her head turns slowly and mechanically from side to side.

She leaves the door in the mountain and goes forth slowly at first, but as she descends the road she picks up speed. Her legs and arms move like a toy soldier in rapid motion and her head wobbles rapidly from

side to side and up and down. Her eyes bat feverishly and the dollar signs keep on rolling by. Her feet have broad bases, which remind me of military tanks, and they grind forward with surety over rocks and rubble. Someone hidden beneath the cape is in full control of the hunchback.

Looking back at the door coming from the mountain, I see that there is a sign above the door, which reads 'Land of Promise.' This noted, I am very interested to see who is controlling the gears of this machine. As I look beneath the cape, I see Saddam Hussein sitting in the dark lifting levers and shifting gears. Above him is a dark box called 'ready to detonate.' My Lord, what is this hunchback?"

"Child, see 'Arab Alliance' written across her forehead."

"Yes, My Lord, but please explain the mole and the ten hairs."

"Israel is the mole and the ten hairs are Pakistan, Iran, Iraq, Turkey, Jordan, Syria, Kuwait, Oman, Lebanon, Afghanistan."

"What about Saudi Arabia."

"See the space between the first and the tenth hair."

"Yes, My Lord."

"Saudi Arabia shall emerge in this space. There are nine additional tiny hairs, which you cannot see in this space; and they represent others in this alliance."

"Why does the hunchback come from 'The Land of Promise?'"

"What is 'The Land of Promise?'"

"Israel."

"'Tis so, as you see them gather around her."

"My Lord, what am I beholding?"

"You are beholding Saddam Hussein gathering up allies, gearing up for war with a mighty machine."

"Kuwait will ally with this evil after we came to their rescue?"

"Child, birds of a feather..."

"I know, My Lord, they flock together."

"But some of the ones, who are flocking, must not be of the same feather."

"'Tis true, Child. These are the smaller hairs far in the background; but they have a common purpose, which is to bring down the one in their midst they call 'the great whore.'"

"My Lord, who is the great whore, as spoken in Revelation? The United States of America or the Catholic Church?"

"Child, see the whore, who sells Me for money."

"You mean, the Pope and his cohorts?"

"'Tis true, Child, but there is more."

"Please explain."

"See the religious machine including the International Council of Churches, which aligns with The Beast System to feed you lies. All, who sell Me, make up the great whore."

"The USA is called a whore."

"'Tis so, Child; the USA is a whore, even as your accusers label you; for you have fornicated with nations. But make the distinction--the great whore sells Me."

"My Lord, I know you have shown these countries surrounding Israel for a reason."

"Yes indeed, Child. Behold missiles from this machine firing upon Tel Aviv."

"Yes, My Lord, I see. What is this date?"

"See ... '1999.' Once the USA is gone, these countries move to attack Israel."

"Surely, Israel will know of their planned attack."

"Child, once Israel sees what they have done to you, she will be on red alert. You have seen that Israel calls on those, who should be her allies, but gets little help."

"What happens?"

"Look at the barricades around Israel. They will fight a terrible war, and through this war Tel Aviv will be nuked by the Saddam Hussein machine; but the Israelis will send nuclear bombs amidst the Iranians, Pakistanis, Iraqis and the Lebanese. Child, look at Israel. She is bombarded with biological and chemical agents, nerve gas, and explosives. She is severely crippled, but receives a steady stream of supplies from various ones all over Europe, Canada, and South America. Jews all over the world are determined that Israel will not go through another holocaust. The Israeli flag is tattered and in shreds, but these people persevere. They have large amounts of food and supplies stored within the earth that the world does not know about, and unlike you, they have known for years that they would be invaded. Also, unlike you their flag will fly for several years."

"My Lord, I have seen them fall in 2001."

"Child, for all practical purposes they come under the rule of The United Nations One World Government in this year. The USA falls to this communist rule much sooner."

"My Lord, what has happened to Russia in all this?"

"Hard line, Child, very hard line. These hard liners have gone in with the intent to kill all capitalists and restore a tight control over the Russian Confederation. There is much slaughter on the internal scale, for these are determined to do away with all freedoms. The people are frightened as they see many hundreds of thousands die in the gas chambers and before the firing squads. They cannot feed their prisoners, so they kill most of them. Food will be scarce."

"While the foreign alliance is destroying the USA, does the USA not get any fire on others?"

"Child, who gives the orders? Who declares war? Your draft-dodging president. Remember, you are controlled from within and without. Clinton has been promised a world leadership position and his heart yearns for this great power and recognition. Do you remember that Clinton knew of the drugs being run into Arkansas by you own government planes? Have you forgotten this? When he saw this gross decadence and even death due to the running of these drugs into Arkansas, what did he do? Did he not drag his feet and offer a minuscule amount of money to research this? In the end, he did nothing and was elected president from relative obscurity."

"Yes, My Lord, many are aware that he was told of the government planes flying into the remote airfields of Arkansas and did nothing, even in the face of murder there."

"Not only did he do nothing, but colluded with these evil ones to run drugs and pay for secret CIA work. He helped create drug addicts, kill innocent children, and feed a secret society, whose intent is to do away with your constitution. Many think that he is not colluding with these dark groups to bring your demise? Child, he is in on your demise."

"Will do a token amount to protect us when the war starts?"

"Token, indeed! His aim is to get your guns and he will never do this legally. He is being told one thing by his comrades, but will see another unfold. Remember what you have seen of him and the Queen. This will come to pass."

"You mean, the money for the piece of royalty?"

"'Tis so, Child. He is head of your armed services and he is a traitor. Your country will fall like a dry haystack in a fire. Need more be said on this? Think and observe, Child. Then you will clearly see what is unfolding."

"So, a weapon or two may be fired toward Russia. This is about all?"

"'Tis so, Child. See her smoldering in some of the larger cities. But, you will be hit hard from many sides and you will be paralyzed quickly. The evil world leaders have Clinton over a barrel; he will be given a fancy UN Title, but he will not survive long. They will take him out, as they have no use for a weak link, a traitor."

"So, the UN will come right into the USA for the takeover?"

"Yes, Child, the UN and NATO will bring foreign troops to invade you, to kill you, and to shut down your churches. You will see the communist UN rise with Germany at its head. But, this is for a while only, as you have seen."

"So, the UN and NATO will support the fall of Israel?"

"'Tis so, Child, for Israel must go. This is one of Satan's priorities."

"My Lord, I wish a better picture of this, but as I am somewhat tired, I ask to proceed on this another time."

"Go under My Power and know that you shall begin to work many miracles. I am Jesus. I am Jehovah,
Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 8th day of October, 1997,
Linda Newkirk

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter Fifteen****MORE PROMISE OF HEALING**

"Precious Child, it is I, Master Jesus. See the angel Kikiara before you. Accept the shawl, bearing My stripes; for you have begged to be healed of infirmities and you shall be. You have been told ten days for the gallbladder to be healed. Test this; hold Me to My word; for My word is truth. Continue with the fast; I honor your fasts before Me. Neither look to the rear nor sides, but straight ahead; keep your attention on Me.

Many impurities are being released in your system at once. Type as you can and I will bring you back to the Mountain when you have more energy and are more focused. Neither I nor My angels have deserted you; for, I am always with you.

The gallbladder has been feeding poisons into your system for months, and your liver has become overloaded with toxins. The milk thistle three times a day will help, also take 1000 mg of vitamin C once a day, along with colon cleanse in the AM. Within five days of the beginning of this fast, you will be able to feel a great difference as the sluggishness starts to move on. I am with you, Child. I hear your prayers and have not deserted you. Reach out and take the nectar brought you on the tray by the angel; for, it will strengthen you."

"My Lord, I have taken the nectar from the tray and consumed the whole glass. My heart is full of deep gratitude toward you. Please hear and answer my prayer requests."

"Child, you shall receive answers for all requests. For some requests the door is open. For others the door is closed."

"For which is the door closed?"

"For the monetary request, the door is closed for now, see. But, the door can be opened through prayer and fasting of those involved."

"My Lord, we humbly give our prayers and fasts."

"Child, you are up against Satan, himself."

"But, My Lord, remember the hearts of the sincere. Shall we not take power over him and be victorious? I lay this before you, My Lord. We need financial miracles and so do many of your children."

"Child, you shall see financial miracles, but perhaps not as you think."

"Then, how, My Lord?"

"See the book, printed and rolling off the press."

"Yes, My Lord, but how and when?"

"Soon, Child."

"My Lord, what of a move?"

"Look toward another land."

"How shall this be? We know no one."

"But, you shall."

"Thank you for all, My Lord."

"Child, go in me. For, I am Jesus. I am Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 13th day of October, 1997,
Linda Newkirk

In a prayer on the 6th of November, Jesus told me that I would be healed of the terrible gallbladder problem within ten days. Above, he is recalling to my mind what he said previously.

The gallbladder problem was healed within the timeframe given of God. The financial door was closed on the matter prayed about and the first book of prophecies was published in March 1998.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter Sixteen****CLINTON FALLS OUT WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH,****THE ROTHSCHILD BACKLASH,****THE DEMISE OF CLINTON...**

"Precious Child, it is I, Master Jesus. Your fasts are honored and your prayers are heard. Welcome to My Mountain, most high and pure. Angels await you, for you are cherished; and I honor what you attempt to do. Child, sit now in my chair of truth, honor, love, obedience, power, wisdom and miracles abundant. You come and pray long in tongues, unaware what you speak. But often, you call to pass miracles, which you are unaware of. When I bless one with the speaking of tongues through My Spirit, this language is My gift, Child, and can be received in no other way.

In your mind, you ask if Satan also provides a gift of speaking in tongues. Child, all spiritual gifts are of Me, yet for all My gifts Satan has a counterfeit. The speaking of tongues without the presence of the Holy Spirit is null and void, for My Spirit brings the language. Many may utter foreign words and say that they are of Me, but if My Spirit is not present, these words are meaningless.

Child, remember that Satan is the great counterfeiter, and he offers a copy of whatever I do, yet one full of holes. Only My Holy Spirit can teach you about these counterfeits through My Gift of Discernment; you will not be able to discern them through human reasoning.

Now, Child, we shall continue today with post-invasion visions of The United States. Take my son-glasses and look far below to the base of The Mountain. Write as given and seen."

"My Lord, I am looking far below and I see a Chinese soldier in an army-green military suit with orange trim on the sleeves. The boots of this soldier have the words, 'peace keeper.' I see the soldier stop an older Cadillac convertible at a four-way-stop. The soldier stops the driver and reaches for his license; but there is a glare on it from this vantagepoint, and I cannot discern the picture on the license. In Jesus' name, I command this glare to disappear and all information to be perfectly visible! A face clearly emerges on the license, and it is that of Bill Clinton, minus most of his teeth, with a German cross imprinted on his forehead. He sits calmly in the car conversing with the Queen of England. Clinton is wearing a light blue suit and very large, black, military boots, while the Queen is bedecked with a heavily jeweled crown, and many strands of diamonds hang around her neck. Dripping from her arms are many jeweled bracelets, and diamonds cover her high-heeled pumps.

As the soldier motions Clinton and the Queen through the stop sign, I see a large military truck come to a halt on Clinton's right. The large bed of the truck is covered with a heavy, army green military canvas concealing many American soldiers in shackles, who are seated facing one another. Each soldier feverishly swallows a mouthful of Jim Beam Whiskey from an open quart bottle and passes it to the next. On the floor between the two rows of soldiers is a box with eight full and ten empty bottles of whiskey. As the truck moves through the stop sign, the bottles make a clinking noise; otherwise, there is little sound, except for an occasional belch. The sign on the outside of the truck reads 'Convoy to hell.'

Clinton cruises through the stop sign ahead of the soldiers, then reaches over and touches the Queen on the leg. Immediately, she slaps his face and continues to do so until his face is red like a beet. Then, she slaps his hands until they are a deep crimson 'Sure looks rainy out today,' Clinton says. But the Queen opens the door and attempts to get out of the running car. She looks at Clinton in terror and gasps, for there many snakes dancing, darting wildly in all directions from his head. Terrified, jumps from the running vehicle and tumbles headlong down a steep embankment. In the fall, part of her lace dress tears away, because it is caught in the console between the seats. Bill Clinton sees the Queen tumble headlong down the steep embankment, but he is mesmerized by the piece of royalty he holds between his hands.

'Ah, the smell of royalty,' he utters.

The Queen tumbles over many rocks and lands in a pile of mud at the base of a hill. Her head is wobbling from the weight of the crown and she struggles to maintain her royal stance.

Bill Clinton stops the car, puts it in reverse and gets out. As he looks far below, he sees the Queen deep in the mire, struggling to hold up her head beneath the weight of the crown. From atop the mountain, he calls to the Queen and begs her, 'Come back Elizabeth, come back! Elizabeth, you know I won't hurt you.' 'The hell you won't!' Elizabeth shouts. 'You are a monster, a tick, trying to bleed me dry! I spit on you!' Then, she spits in his direction.

Bill Clinton charges down the steep embankment, his Medusa head dancing wildly with the snakes, and he finds the Queen sitting on a rock, weeping. 'You have destroyed my dress,' she wails at Clinton. 'Look! You have torn a hole in my best dress!'

Bill Clinton knew that he had tucked a portion of the Queen's dress into the console between the seats and closed the lid on it. While the Queen watched the scenery, Clinton schemed about getting a piece of royalty. Her torn dress was a deliberate act and he knew it, but she had not seen it coming. 'You are making me a mockery before my people, and I shall eradicate you!' the Queen shouts.

'I only wanted my share,' Clinton says. 'Here, I will split this with you.' And, Clinton gives back half of the piece he holds in his hands.

The Queen stops sobbing for a moment and takes the piece of dress Clinton offers her. She looks at the torn piece in her hands and then at the stolen piece in his hands and growls, 'You have not seen the depth of my anger! I shall bury you, you infidel!' Then, the Queen charges ahead over slippery rocks, along creek beds, hopping from one stone to another, trying desperately to keep her dress out of the mud.

Bill and his snakes run up the hill to the waiting convertible. He travels the road alone and follows the creek bed for miles, watching the Queen below as she struggles to maintain her head erectly beneath the weight of the crown. She bogs up to her knees in mud at times, all the time holding her royal dress high to keep it out of the mire. 'Please come back. Please come back,' Clinton yells to the Queen from above. 'We need you on our side at the summit.' The Queen looks his way and gives him the finger. 'Not as long as I live, traitor!' she huffs.

Bill Clinton continues to follow the winding road as it goes to the top of the mountain. At the top of the mountain, he gets out of his Cadillac and goes into the cave, labeled 'Rothschild Manor.' In the cave he sees the Rothschild man and the Pope. The Pope is stretched out over three chairs placed side by side; he is sleeping and Clinton finds himself face to face with the 'R' man in the manor. 'Get me some stinging nettles,' the Rothschild man calls to his help. 'I shall have to sting this one a little.'

Clinton pays no attention; for, he believes the 'R' man is speaking of the Pope. A maid, wearing a black and white apron and bearing the name 'Costa Rica', brings the nettles to the 'R' man. Straightaway, he

tosses the pan full of nettles onto Clinton and they stick into his face, penetrate his clothes and bury into his body. Even the hissing snakes are full of nettles and are writhing in agony from the stings. Clinton begins to itch and scratch and complains, 'Why have you done this to me? I have done everything you asked.'

'You have been keeping company with that whore,' the 'R' man snarls.

'What whore?' Clinton asks.

'Your finances, your economy, that is the whore! You have aided and abetted. You have lied, forsaken and stolen. You have trampled and mangled for your own sake and now I shall trample and mangle you. I shall cause you to writhe like the snake you are. I know of your dalliance with the Queen; for, I see all and I know all. Lucifer is my king and he supplies my every desire and need. You have failed Lucifer and you shall die.'

Clinton gets up and attempts to run from the Rothschild Manor; but he finds himself suddenly in chains. From his head to his feet he is bound in chains, even the snakes are wrapped in chains. The chains are wrapped tight around Clinton's waist and he is gasping for air. 'Help me! Help me! I am smothering!' Clinton gasps.

The 'R' man gets up from the table, opens the front door of the cave and kicks Clinton down the mountain. Clinton falls into the stream below and hits his head on a giant bolder. On the boulder is written 'From here to eternity.' One by one, the snakes begin to die, hissing until their final breath. Then, Clinton's head sinks slowly into the muck and the mire as he gurgles his last words, 'I want my mama.' Clinton is dead.

A large black vulture sits in a naked tree above the dead body of Clinton. The large, black vulture descends upon Clinton in the cold of winter and begins to pick his bones. On the chest of this black vulture is a black door and every hour on the hour, a little golden chick bursts through the door, and sings:

'I am a big, old, nasty bird.
Cling to me, to my every word.
Inside you see my heart is pure.

For, my words are those of an innocent babe.
A babe, a babe, a babe am I.
Powerless to kill, powerless to steal.

See my chick, see my chick,
Harmless as a dove, harmless as a dove!

My Lord, who is this vulture?"

"Child, look on the talons and read."

"I see Germany, Canada, England, France, USA, Italy, and four talons with no writing."

"No writing that you can see."

"So, this vulture consisting of these countries eats Clinton's bones?"

"'Tis this and more."

"Why?"

"They are hungry, thirsty for blood."

"You mean, even Canada?"

"Even Canada, as you will see."

"My Lord, I look back now to the bones of Clinton, which are being pushed slowly into the mire of this stream by this swift current."

"But, Child, this is not all. Look back to the cave."

"My Lord, I am in the cave, and I see the 'R' man with the Pope. The Pope seems to be in some sort of semi-conscious state and the 'R' man has a stethoscope listening to the Pope's heart. 'Barely breathing,' he says. 'We must move fast. Call in the calvary; for, we shall need backups.' Then, he dials 911. 'Get me a pony and a buggy! It is now or never.' Then, the 'R' man passes through some curtains into the back part of the cave. There, he sees a belly dancer, who is pregnant. The belly dancer wears a headband, which says, 'Jewel of the Nile.' Her feet are huge and do not match her body in size.

'Look,' he says to the Jewel of the Nile. 'We have to do some hot stepping. Can you do this for me? We must begin to plan what we shall do next; for soon, we shall dissolve the Papacy. A new day is coming, a New World with a new order to things and the old must be done away with.'

The Jewel of the Nile scratches her deep, black hair and dandruff starts to fall on her shoulders. The more she scratches the greater the amount of falling dandruff. Finally, the pile of dandruff is up to her ankles, then up to her knees, but she continues to stand there, looking more puzzled and scratching continually.

The dandruff continues to build up to her hips, then to her waist, and finally up to her neck. 'Stop scratching your head, idiot!' the Rothschild man growls. 'You are causing an overflow. Clean up this mess! We have work to do!' But, when the Jewel tries to walk, she slips and falls into the huge pile of dandruff. The 'R' man turns around and his eyes are racing 'round and 'round in his head. 'I will make a grease spot of you. Now, get up and get to work! Clean it up!'

The poor Jewel gets up and gets a broom and a dustpan. She sweeps and sweeps, and sweeps. Yet, there is no receptacle big enough to hold the huge pile of dandruff. So, she puts the dandruff in a pile at the back of the cave. By the time it is cleaned up, the Jewel is extremely tired and she puts her head down on the table to take a nap. Immediately, she begins to dream.

In the dream, Saddam Hussein appears in full military attire with a machine gun in his hand. He stands beside the road as Clinton's unmanned convertible comes rolling by. Hussein takes his machine gun and shoots out the tires of the moving vehicle. 'Stop that car! Stop that car,' he commands. 'Stop that car, it belongs to me! Stop it! Stop it!'

Several soldiers run out to stop the runaway car. One soldier jumps into the car, pulls the keys from the ignition and puts his foot on the brake; but the engine keeps racing loudly. When the soldier lets loose of the brake, the car takes off again. Hussein walks over to the car and says, 'Get over, soldier. I will ride this car!' He hops behind the driver's seat and gets ready to ride, but as Hussein gets into the back seat, a hidden US soldier jumps on Hussein and begins to beat him over the head and shoulders. Hussein is bruised a little, but the soldier, driving the car, turns around and kills the American soldier. Then, Hussein

throws acid on the American soldier and tries to dissolve him. 'This machine is mine,' Hussein says, ' and I shall run it!'

Hussein gets behind the wheel of the car and pushes the gas pedal, but he hears a dragging noise. He looks back and sees large chains coming from the rear of the car. The chains are connected to a heavy metal object, which drags loudly. On the side of the wide, heavy, metal object are the words, 'House and Senate.'

'Cut 'em loose!' Hussein ordered. The soldier, riding with Hussein, takes a hatchet and pounds the chains with force, but every time the soldier hits the chains sparks fly but nothing more. The soldier continues to hammer away, but he only makes small dents in the metal.

'Give me the acid,' Hussein says, and he pours the acid on the chains. The acid is powerful, but it cuts into the chains only a little. 'Get me a tractor!' Hussein yells. 'We shall hook up these chains and pull this metal off the car!' So, he hooks up the tractor to the heavy metal object with the chains, and he pulls and pulls. In a while, there is a snap. The chains have been broken from the car, and with the chains come the 'House and Senate.'

The car moves forward with Saddam Hussein at the wheel. On the hood of the car are the words, 'New Boss.' Yellow petals come down all over Hussein from the windows of apartments as he goes down the streets. 'My home, my home. I shall never desert you,' he tells the Iraqis, who cheer him.

My Lord, this is overwhelming

"Yes, Child, 'tis so. Let us continue another time. Finish the typing of the rest. For, publication of same must be done."

"Yes, My Lord."

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

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 14th day of October, 1997,
Linda Newkirk

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter Seventeen****MORE ON ILLUMINATI HISTORY**

"Precious Child, it is I, Master Jesus. Sit and write from atop the Mountain; for your cries have been heard to the heavens. Time is short to get these messages out and you need great discipline to get them typed, so that they can be published."

"Yes, My Lord."

"Child, climb into My chair of power, wisdom abundant, knowledge, miracles and more. You shall need to prepare your son-glasses for microscopic vision; for, you shall need to look far below. Write as seen, and given."

"My Lord, I am looking far below and find myself in a room. There is a man in this room, pacing back and forth, who appears to be George Washington; but as I look at him man I know that he is wearing a disguise. When he takes off the disguise, I see that he is a younger Ronald Reagan."

"'Tis so, Child."

"Why the disguise?"

"What is before him, Child?"

"The Declaration of Independence. This George Washington/Ronald Reagan enigma looks admiringly at this document and seems to be pleased. There are others in this room, where a celebration is unfolding. He approaches others with the 'high-five' sign, slapping their hands with glee. I look outside and see abundant snow on dark, narrow streets, and with the exception of several horses tied to posts just outside the door, all seems rather deserted. Inside, Washington rolls up the Declaration of Independence and puts it under his arm; then, he takes a lantern, leaves the festivities, and heads down the snow-filled street. He follows the street a short distance and comes to a door, which is labeled 'Martha Washington.' He knocks on the door and much to my surprise Nancy Reagan answers the door. She invites him into a modest house and they sit at a table for two.

'The Yankees are coming,' he says. 'We must bed down for the night.' Then, they put on their nightcaps and go to bed. At 1:00 AM there are three, strong knocks at the front door. A very large man, resembling the late Dan Blocker, stands at the door and says, 'The Yankees are coming, we must prepare.' The two dress hurriedly and go outside into the cold night air, where the snow is falling steadily. Martha takes a broom and begins to sweep aside the snow, but it falls faster that she can sweep.

'Get into the carriage!' George exclaims. 'Hurry, the Yankees are coming!' Hurriedly, Martha jumps into the carriage and the fat man drives. The roads are very rocky and Martha's hat keeps falling over to one side. Washington blurts out, 'What shall we do about the Melai Massacre?' Martha pretends not to hear and keeps on knitting. As they travel on, they come to a small stream called 'The Stream of Life,' and they

cross it. It is rocky, indeed, but they go over, even though the carriage sways from side to side. 'Get me some lotion, Martha,' George commands. 'My hands are chapped, and this journey shall be long.'

Martha pulls a bottle of Jergens Lotion from her purse and oils his hands and feet. Washington is beginning to look very old; his hair is white and sparse and his face is chapped. 'What shall we do, Martha? The Yankees are coming and they shall kill us, surely.'

'Dear, we shall ride the West Wind. Ride the West Wind!' In the flight on the West wind, the two get caught up in cinders. Gray-black cinders cover them and Martha says, 'I despise soot. Look at us. We are black with filth.'

'Yes,' Reagan says, 'but, we have reached our destination; we are at the base of the mountain. See the writing of the mountain, ILLUMINATI WELCOMES YOU, WELCOME HOME.'

At the base of the mountain is a black door, through which both enter, awaited by cheering crowds. Then, they lie on conveyor belts and travel down them until they end in front of steam pressers, like those found in laundries. Both Ronald and Nancy pass through the steamers and are ironed flat. Someone dressed in white, with a chef's hat, takes them off the conveyor and stands them up. At first, they look like cardboard cutouts, but soon they begin to expand on their own. As they come to life, they begin mingling with in the crowd.

As I look over the crowd, I see George Bush, President Carter, Gerald Ford, Lyndon Johnson at the bar drinking one shot of whiskey behind the other, Clinton, Gore, of course the 'R' man, Queen Elizabeth, Newt Gingrich, and an array of other people I do not recognize. I see a famous movie director from Los Angeles, Henry Kissinger, and Barbara Walters, hobbling on a cane. Nearby is Diane Sawyer. There are many at this gathering, who embrace evil."

"Yes, Child, 'tis so."

"My Lord, why did you show me this?"

"To show you something about the history of your country."

"So, George Washington was of The Illuminati?"

"'Tis so."

"Ronald Reagan is the spirit of George Washington?"

"Back again."

"Looks like he picked the same wife?"

"Have you not seen it?"

"Yes, My Lord. Washington had much to do with the founding of our country, yet he loved the secret societies of evil?"

"Both George and Martha were caught up in this evil."

"Who are the 'Yankees?'"

"Those they consider infidels."

"What do you mean?"

"Those opposed to Illuminati causes."

"Why would they be concerned about this?"

"Threats to power, Child."

"We believe that good men founded this country, but it was a haven for Luciferians from the beginning."

"The wheat grow with the tares."

"Why were they so eager to get away from the 'Yankees?'"

"They had a dread, a fear of being caught."

"So, they carried this fear with them when they crossed the stream of consciousness?"

"'Twas one rocky road."

"Why did they make a decision to go west in this life?"

"To get away from Washington and their past."

"But they went back to Washington."

"Yes, indeed. For, unresolved conflicts draw one to the same places and situations."

"Explain the cinders and the soot."

"What do you believe this to be?"

"When they died they were caught up in darkness."

"This and more."

"Please explain."

"Where there's smoke, there's fire."

"They went to hell?"

"Were they not black with soot?"

"Yes, My Lord. If they went to hell last time for their secret, dark doings, why did they come back and get into the Illuminati darkness again?"

"Birds of a feather."

"Reagan could be so charming."

"Charming, indeed, just as Clinton is charming. Those, who follow Lucifer, can be the smoothest, the most charming of all."

"My Lord, why was Martha trying to sweep the snow at night?"

"What is the snow?"

"I cannot be sure."

"Drought of the soul."

"Like a cold soul?"

"Exactly."

"So, she was trying to expunge guilt by her actions?"

"Expunge coldness, absence of Me."

"My Lord, they entered the cave and went down the conveyor through the presses. What does this mean?"

"Through ritual, Child, their humanness has been ironed out. They came out stiff from ironing and then became the life of the illuminati party, did they not?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Then, 'tis so, in real life."

"Reagan has seemed so easy-going."

"In some ways, yes. Where he is lacking, Nancy supplies the iron."

"This is most amazing."

"Amazing, yes, how the Luciferians have managed to control you from atop since the beginning."

"And, we hadn't a clue."

"Neither, do many of them, Child. They just feel the pull of like mind and spirit and they travel it."

"With these at the top, how have we managed to stay afloat as long as we have?"

"Child, you have had many in your government, who were not Luciferians."

"Like John Kennedy, perhaps? Was he killed because he would not go along with the Luciferian plans?"

"He was killed because he would not accept their plans for world expansion."

"You mean, the New World Order?"

"This and more."

"Like, what?"

"He would not smoke the 'big cigar.' See the 'big cigar.'"

"My Lord, I see a big cigar, which reads 'Money changers.' The cigar has a brown door, which opens to a dark stairway, which has a single light on the wall."

"Go down the stairway."

"My Lord, I have done so; it is exceedingly cold here at the base of these stairs and the wind is howling, like an Arctic wind. I see a steel-gray, metal door in front of me."

"Push open the door."

"I have done so and find myself amidst great boulders of ice, and snow is all about. I see an office in the rear of the room and the lower part of this office is wooden, but the upper part is glass, and I can see into the room. The door to the office has writing, which says, 'Rothschild only;' and I see one of the 'R' family in the office chewing up a huge cigar and spitting out the chewed up pieces. Incredibly, he is spitting out these chewed up pieces, spit and all, into ice trays and freezing this concoction in various freezers, lining the walls and hallways, as far as I can see. Looking beneath, I see three basements full of these ice trays. So, My Lord, this 'R' man was in on the death of JFK because he would not play and pay the Illuminati way?"

"This, and more."

"Like, what?"

"Like, whom?"

"My Lord, whom?"

"Child, who has his nose up the rear end of this 'R' man?"

"Lyndon Johnson. You mean, he knew?"

"Not only did he know, he was an active player."

"Did Oswald fire the shots that killed Kennedy?"

"Child, you know the story. He was a plant. The real shots came from elsewhere, from those within your own government, from your own Illuminati secret service. Child, why do you believe them to be called 'Secret?'"

"Because their deeds are so evil, and they must work in darkness that others not know."

"'Tis so, Child. Like attracts like."

"My Lord this is chilling and dark to the core."

"Yes, indeed, Child, the Illuminati have controlled nearly 2/3 of your presidents."

"Now, we find out. All the time, we believed we had a democracy."

"Child, you have had a battle ground, where good and evil have fought for control. At least, you have had this chance, but this has changed dramatically. The evil ones have gained control of your legislative bodies, where they get their way 95 to 100% of the time. These evil ones have you sewed up. They own you; they own your media and work to destroy your youths. You are decadent and this is why you must go as a nation."

"My Lord, I know and the fall comes swiftly."

"'Tis so, Child, as you are ripe. Go in me. I am Jesus. Yea Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, recorded and dictated this 16th day of October, 1997,
Linda Newkirk

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter Eighteen****THE PAGE OF TIME**

"Precious Child, through great prayer and supplication, you have been brought to this upper room of My Mountain, most pure. You have asked for healing for the painful area beneath your clavicle, and this shall be given readily to you. Before this day is gone, so will this pain be gone. You asked for healing of the muscle spasms in your neck and shoulder, and were told that this would be so within 24 hours. And, as you see, this has been so, with no effort on your part. You are experiencing some of the miraculous; for I healed you of this problem, which would have sent you to a doctor. Remember, Child, I am the greatest physician.

Now, as for another praying against you, he is blinded but I shall make him see. In the interim, I return his arrows to his feet; for if he used My gift of discernment, he would know that you serve Me, Your Lord Jesus Christ, one with Jehovah. Child, you find yourself on a new level, where the energies are more radiant, and there is no need to walk; for you need only to image, and it is so. In time, you will learn to come here and create great miracles on Earth; but your focus now is on the written word, of which I am the author.

Child, go to the desk in front of you and sit, though this is not necessary; for you can suspend yourself easily in these energies, but your mind and spirit are not accustomed to this. So, sit, take the quill, and place one drop of living water from the quill onto the page of time. Record as seen and given."

"My Lord, I see what you mean about this new level; I am so light that I am floating above the chair. Yet, I am at such peace that this does not bother me; the beauty of this light is deeply soothing.

I place one drop of living water on the page and as it falls gently from this quill, I see a door of radiant, golden-white light emerge. Across the door is the date, '2002', which quickly dissolves in pure, white light, and the door opens slowly to show Queen Elizabeth giving some keys to a woman. 'Keys to my kingdom,' she says. Queen Anne reaches out and takes the keys; then I see the body of the Queen, as it lies in state. The door closes slowly and the vision is gone."

"Proceed again, Child."

"My Lord, from the quill comes another drop of living water, which falls gently on the page of time, and a deep blue radiance hits me in the face. It fades quickly to a pale blue, like that of a clear stream, and within it I see an image of Prince Charles of England, standing beside a white horse. Camilla Parker Bowles comes beneath the belly of the horse and takes his hand; then they walk to a simple, wooden buggy for two and climb in. As they ride away, I see a 'Just Married' sign on the back of the carriage. A large, black horse pulls the buggy; and with each step it keeps sinking deeper into the red mud until it finally disappears. Charles gets out, stares at the horseless carriage and scratches his head as dandruff falls all over him. He sees that they have the carriage but no power. Charles goes up to Camilla and kisses her hand, which is radiant with diamonds. 'I am not concerned about my future. I have you,' he says. 'We shall retire to the country home.' Then the two begin to walk toward the Scottish country home; and they

are within clear sights of the home when a helicopter appears. A soldier in the helicopter puts a megaphone to his mouth yells, 'Charles, come back. The Queen needs you. She is dying.'

As the helicopter flies away, Charles looks at Camilla and utters, 'The old bloke. We have our lives. Let us live them in peace.' Charles closes the wrought iron gates in front of his Scottish home and on the gates are the words, 'sinister works.' Once inside the castle, Charles paces back and forth and exclaims, 'Oh, what use am I to this kingdom!? Let her rest in peace!' Then, he gets in bed with Camilla and goes to sleep. The vision begins to fade quickly until black covers the page; then the black disappears, leaving pale blue."

"Proceed, Child."

"My Lord, I place another drop of living water on the page of time and I see a dark entranceway made of railroad ties, which leads into a cave in the side of a huge mountain. A date above the entrance reads '2004.' I look deep inside the cave and I see the evil 'R' man, who has built a bonfire; and keeps piling on the wood.

A big, fat man named 'Europe' comes up behind him and says, 'They shall hang you for your checkered past. All is known and you shall no longer escape your creditors. Czechoslovakia is ready to go and the panic buttons are being pushed worldwide. You are walking on wooden legs, so do not get too close to the fire; for you have created something, which is going to burn you.'

Then, the spirit of a huge, evil demon, aglow with red flames, springs from within the fire. 'Hail to the chief,' the evil demon says. 'How shall I serve you, Master?' The evil 'R' man scratches his head and dandruff falls onto his right shoulder. 'Get me some aspirin; I have a mighty headache named 'Poland.' Help me; this thing is out of control. How dare them want to eat at a time like this! Decadence! Decadence!' The evil spirit materializes a bottle of aspirin and pours them into the open hands of the evil 'R' man. He puts two handfuls into his mouth and exclaims, 'Elixir! Elixir for the soul!'

Inside the head of the 'R' man, a little gnome appears and begins to play a xylophone. The music is light and airy at first; but soon the sounds of a loud foghorn intervene, drowning out the xylophone. Deep mourns of the fog horn fill the air and chickens come running toward the 'R' man from all directions. Many jump right into the fire and the smell of roasting meat fills the cave. 'I am hungry,' the 'R' man says, 'and I shall eat some of this meat.' He pulls a chick from the fire named 'Romania' and cleans its bones. I see 'Paris' jump in and another named 'Brussels.' The evil 'R' man eats the chickens until his belly is big and fat, and when he tries to get up, he cannot; for, he is walking on wooden legs, and has not mastered the walk. On one of his legs is written, 'terrible' and on the other is written, 'mess.' He struggles to stand upright, but each time he stands, he loses his balance. Finally, he staggers to his feet, and makes it to the cave door, which is the basement exit from his castle. He is about to exit the door when he hears a rustling in the leaves outside. He looks up to see a raven-haired man, whose face is covered with a black bandana; and he rides a black horse. The black bandana bears a small red strip all the way around its perimeter and the name on the side of the saddle is 'Iraq.' On the left side of the saddle is written 'Syria on the rise.'

The 'R' man tries to run the three flights of stairs to the top of his castle, but is limited to crawling because of the wooden legs. The bandit, seeing him attempt to flee, dismounts the horse and pursues him. The evil Rothschild man crawls hurriedly on all fours, rushing to get to his precious computers. He is just ahead of the dark bandit as he crawls up to them and pulls up records. The computers are covered with copious amounts of dust and rust, but the date, 2001 is still visible atop one of the machines. 'Damn them!' he says. '2001 was a damn killer!' Then, he wades through piles financial records to a running computer; across its screen is 'New World Order, Alive and Well.' He touches the keys to type a message,

but the computer is jammed. 'Damn you! I raised you! I fed you! I clothed you! And, in my hour of need, you have deserted me!' Then, he takes a gun and fires into the computer, but the bullets bounces off and hit him in the right leg.

Fear churns within him; for he hears the bandit dragging chains up the stairs. Quickly, the 'R' man sends a message from the teletype. 'Geronimo! Geronimo! Geronimo,' he pleads. 'Let us have peace! I proclaim a new 15-point plan for peace! Let us surrender to an age of peace! A chicken for every pot!' The news goes out and the people rejoice; but the 'R' man does not rejoice. From the heights of his castle, he looks over the balcony and sees Arabs on black horses, surrounding his castle. Within seconds the big bandit storms his room; he kicks the evil 'R' man, beats him with chains, spits on him and leaves him for dead. But, the 'R' man is not dead; and when he thinks the soldier is gone, he begins to stir, to move a limb, a finger or two, and to bat an eye. He is planning to stand again, but the dark bandit is still in the castle, watching him through a keyhole.

When the rider of the dark horse sees the movement of the evil 'R' man, he storms into the room and fills him full of bullets. He shoots the evil 'R' man until little is left of him but a pile of raw meat and a pool of blood. Then, the huge soldier takes the remnants of the evil 'R' man and hangs him from a tree outside; all that remains of the Rothschild tree in the castle is a small stump. Then the bandit pours gasoline all over the stump and sets it afire. The burning stump creates a smoldering pile of rubbish'; then the huge soldier looks beneath the pile to see some of the 'R' family in hiding. 'Nuke them to the death of the very last one!' he orders. The black vulture tries to flee, but is vaporized; then the entire castle is vaporized. Around the world, the people rejoice; for they believe they have been saved. Then, the picture fades until it is gone.

My Lord, a most beautiful angel comes and places a cape of radiant white light around my shoulders. The cape quickly disappears into my robe as the angel speaks some words, which seem to make the air come alive. These words are translated 'The love of the prophets', and my heart is warmed with pure heavenly love. Then, the angel disappears.

I place another drop of living water on the page of time and something, which is cream-colored and thick like putty, bubbles up and flies off the page."

"Smear some of it on the wall before you."

"I do this quickly, My Lord, and I see it spread rapidly across the entire, white wall, crackling, popping and twinkling. Amidst this activity the year '2001' emerges in golden-white light. Then, the entire wall disappears quickly, and I see a rabbi, who looks very worried. He paces back in forth in a Jewish synagogue, which is packed with people. Outside, a long line waits to get in. Some carry banners, which read 'Israel, losing the war.' Many sick and dying lie in front of the synagogue, seeking God's miracles. They are all praying and begging for help from God. The rabbi breaks a loaf of bread and gives each a small piece, for food is very short.

As I look out over Jerusalem, I see a great angel in the air, followed by a long line of angels. This great angel holds up his sword and says, 'Not yet. Not yet.' This line of angels goes around the Earth three times; and I hear the words, 'angels and saints, angels and saints.' UN troops are all over Israel, and the tattered Israeli flag still flies beside the UN Flag. A very long line of military tanks leads off into the distance and signs on them read 'Arab Alliance.'

The Rabbi follows a stairway into an area beneath the synagogue. Soon, he returns with machine guns and ammo, which he gives to people around the synagogue. Others help to distribute boxes of ammo and weapons to each person, and many disappear through underground tunnels. My Lord, they are fortifying

their land and calling every citizen to fight. I see these words appear in very large, black letters: 'WAR! WAR! WAR! NOT DEFEATED YET! NOT DEFEATED YET!' Then, I hear them whisper among themselves, 'Not defeated yet! Not defeated yet.'

My Lord, this vision is gone, and I place another drop of this living water on the page. Straightaway, I see a roadrunner emerge from within a field of white light. Suddenly, the roadrunner turns into an ostrich and begins to run at breakneck speeds. Finally, it comes to rest at a pond in a green field, where it begins to eat and to drink. As I focus on the ostrich, it begins to fade and Saddam Hussein emerges in a tent, conversing with a Chinese military man. Hussein takes his knife and makes an 'X' on the palm of his hand and the Chinese takes the knife and does likewise. Each places his hand atop the other's bleeding hand, and a covenant is made; but Hussein is bleeding badly and the Chinese sheds no more than a few drops.

'Ah, Chinese blood! I shall own you one day,' Hussein says to himself. The covenant is made, and the Chinese leader gets up to exit the tent, but Hussein trips him, and he falls face first into the hot desert sand. Hussein is turned talking to a man from Saudi Arabia, and does not see the missing teeth of the Chinese man in the sand. The Chinese leader is embarrassed, then mystified as to why a friend would trip him. He becomes angry, aloof, and takes on the appearance of a fox.

Hussein continues to act like a friend of the Chinese fox, embracing him in a jovial way. Yet, the Chinese leader goes underground at night and makes duck calls to all below in hiding 'Quack, quack! Quack, quack.' The fox buddies up to Hussein with mirrors on his shoes and telephoto lens on his shoulders and rear. The fox constantly relays pictures to satellites, but still plays and parties with Hussein.

A deep, black night falls upon Hussein in the desert and he is totally blind. The fox has the advantage over Hussein, the roadrunner; for roadrunners must have the light of day to see how to run, but foxes run well at night. Hussein tries to run at night; and when he does, he runs straight up against a wall called 'Arab Alliance.' Hussein hits his head hard against this wall; and while he is seeing stars, a sneaky one, named 'Syria', who bears the countenance of a snake, slits Hussein's throat. The body of Hussein lays on the desert floor and bleeds to death in the darkness of the night.

The year 2005 is near the horizon, but cannot be seen yet. The red, black and white checkered snake sits in a chair and suddenly turns into a king with five crowns. In the center of the crowns is a dark golden ball of light. 'I shall go neither to the right, nor left, neither up nor down; for I have the scales of balance,' says the kingly snake. On the scales are the words, 'My Will.' The king with five crowns takes a scepter and breaks it over the head of Iraq; then, he takes a second scepter, beats it over the head of Iran and heads toward Pakistan, but Pakistan cowers.

The sly fox hides in the mountains with telephoto lens and watches the Syrian; but the snake is more cunning than the fox. When the fox was not looking, the snake springs from among the rocks and bites him many times all over his back and head. The fox is very swollen over his whole body and is left to die; but, as he is about to die, a throng of Chinese peasants whisks him away on a stretcher.

The Syrian snake writes:

EDICT! EDICT! EDICT!
 No more fighting!
 No more killing!
 Peace, peace, peace!

A chicken in every pot,
 A pot for every table.

Jobs! Jobs! Jobs!
Jobs in world reconstruction!

The world is headed in a new direction
Of love, joy, and obedience to universal causes.

(‘My Causes,’ he chuckles. ‘For, I am supreme, and I own the swine!’)

EDICT! EDICT! EDICT!
This is the edict!
One universal church,
The Church of the World,
Forbids intermarriage to one,
Who does not belong to the Church.

It forbids fornication
Among those not belonging to the Church.
It forbids birth to a mother,
Not belonging to the Church.

I promise eternal salvation
To all through the one and only church,
My Church of Triumph and Universal Salvation.

I am the Christ ... the only Christ!
There will be no blasphemy
Against universal causes of good and peace!

Seek and you shall find!
For, I shall restore the Earth
To a state of balance through my Church!

I shall restore peace!
There shall be no guns or violence!
This shall be enforced strictly!
I am god supreme of Earth!
And, I own Earth and its people.

All shall fall to worship me!
There shall be no dissidence!
And, for your worship
I provide all needs!

Those, who love and honor the only god,
Will receive my identification mark,
Which will allow you freedom at the marketplace.
Those opposing, serve the evil one;
And will not be allowed to live!

I am Jehovah!
 I am god supreme of Earth!
 I rule all!
 Those, who follow me,
 Will have all their needs met!

Jobs! Jobs! Jobs!
 Peace and protection by my forces,
 And to mine, eternal salvation!
 No allegiance, sudden death!
 No exception to the rules!

Then, I see someone, who looks like Darth Vader of Star Wars, going through the streets of all the cities. From this evil presence flees the clones, dressed in black; and they travel the world over. The heightened senses of the evil clones allow them to spot dissidents straightaway; they gather up the dissidents, haul them before firing squads and guillotines and kill them each morning in public squares. Then, their bodies are burned openly in public bonfires as poor family members look on and weep.

Many go openly to register under the new system and each is given a shot into the right hand or directly under the skin in the forehead. The shot contains a liquid with three or four computer chips, which serve three purposes: location; poison and mind control. Those, who take these injections, will be killed slowly by deadly neurotoxins; and those, who receive these injections in their heads, fare the worst, as the neurotoxins begin to effect the brain very quickly.

The locator devices receive messages sent out from radio stations worldwide. The following are some of the types of messages, beamed at these unsuspecting individuals:

1. I want to kill myself. I want to kill others.
2. I am a tramp. I crave sex and adultery.
3. I have total allegiance to this government.
4. I will turn on all, who are dissenters.
5. Dissenters are my enemies. They hate me and wish to kill me.

These kinds of mind-control messages are beamed daily into the bodies of the ones, who take this 'mark.' The neurotoxins will cloud judgement and inhibit impulse control. Those who love darkness, and the ignorant and unsuspecting will take this mark; but the wise will flee to the mountains and hide in the caves. God will guide many to safety through prophecies. Bands of light will protect many of God's elect and Lucifer and his clones will not find them. God's will provide many miracles to his Beloved Ones, who flee. On the surface, it may seem that these Luciferians are winning, but they are doing only what God allows. He is bringing the end to an evil system.

The Syrian snake, dressed in a black and white with a red robe and five crowns goes through the streets all over Europe, the USA, China and elsewhere, throwing out candy from his vehicle. Those, on the sidelines, pick up the candy and read its label, 'I worship the beast.' This candy must not be eaten, for it is laced with poisons and control mechanisms. This snake will try to deceive those into the taking of this 'mark', who will not do so willingly. Yet, these forced 'marks' will prove to be powerless over those, who truly love and serve Jesus. They will disintegrate and disappear; and the toxins will dissolve. This is the power of Jesus Christ upon his people.

These pictures slowly fade and I see an angel come to me at this desk. She adjusts the robe around my neck. 'One more vision,' she says. So, I take the plume and release a drop of radiant, living water upon the page. The drop hits the page of time and pops and crackles, like boiling water. As this boiling disappears, I see an angel, wearing a cape like mine, come through a door of radiant white light. 'Take the date from the tub before you,' she says.

So, I reach down into the tub and take the date, which says '1998.' Then, I reach again and take out a 'twelve,' then, another 'twelve.' I put them on the wall ... 12, 12, 1998 ... that is Dec.12, 1998. Then, the angel says, 'Go through the door before you.' I pass quickly through this radiant white door and a newspaper clipping falls before me. I catch it and read what is written, 'USA devastated by atomic warfare ... Dec. 12, 1998.' Then, the paper goes up in flames and a knight upon a horse comes to rest in front of me. The knight throws me a large, dark bundle. I reach to catch it, but it is very heavy. The weight of it pulls me to my knees, but I fiercely hold onto the bundle. The knight turns to leave and I see on the rear of the horse, 'Dec. 12, 1998.' I try to get up with the bundle, but cannot, as it is too heavy.

A radiant, white light falls upon me and I hear Jesus say, 'Child, rise above this.' I rise above the dark bundle into the white light and look at it from above. On the top of the dark bundle are the words, 'Death to America, Dec. 12, 1998.' The dead weight of the bundle lies far below; and I shed a tear, called 'helpless,' which falls upon the dark bundle. Where it falls, a flower called 'love' begins to grow. Green grass grows up around this flower and spreads, causing the darkness of war to fade, wherever it grows. From above, the blades of green grass look like a thick carpet, spreading across the land. But, as I look closer, I can see that the blades of green grass are actually scattered here and there, with distance between each blade. On each green blade is written, 'I survived the holocaust!'

Soon, the vision fades and I hear the familiar voice of My Lord Jesus, 'Child, you have seen much; yet, much remains. I shall empower you to type and make ready for publication.

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

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 21st day of October, 1997,
Linda Newkirk

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter Nineteen****ISRAEL, DOUBLE TOIL...**

"Precious Child, after much prayer, you have been guided back to My Mountain, most pure. Give gratitude for the great work being done to draw others to this Mountain; and, remember: as you grow in spiritual strength, so do others, who find this Mountain and do the work to stay herein. You have asked for more information about the Arab Coalition and its rise against Israel. Take your Son-glasses, look far below, and write as seen and given."

"My Lord, I have fine-tuned these glasses and am looking below at a gate, which reads, 'Israel, Israel, double, double, toil and trouble.' Saddam Hussein lights a match by the gates of Israel; and the match starts a fire, which makes a ring around Israel. The flames burn high and seem to follow the course of an accelerant. Many bodies are brought through this fire; they are wrapped in white sheets and placed on stretchers. The bodies are put in red helicopters, with gold writing, which spells 'US Naval Hospital.' The fire ceases, leaving a black trail all the way around Israel. Inside the trail, I see movement, which looks small ants plodding along; but as I look closer, I see that these are men on all fours, spying. German and Chinese soldiers are eagerly waiting in the distance. The Russian bear is hobbling from war, but is sending a steady stream of trucks and tanks. Israel is surrounded, My Lord. What will she do?"

"Look to the left, Child."

"I see Queen Elizabeth in her castle, dressed in her queenly garb, sitting on a stool and talking to the Israeli leader. 'I need reinforcements,' he says. 'I need backups.'"

The Queen has a sparkle in her eye and glee in her heart. Smiling, she says, 'Servant, get me the ketchup. I fear I will throw up!' She hangs up the telephone and drinks a bottle of Heinz Ketchup. Her face turns red, and her arms turn red; then she turns to a soldier and says, 'Send it through the back way. You know this is forbidden.' A line of ships heads far out to sea; and they drop anchor, watch, and speak among themselves, 'It is forbidden. It is forbidden.'

The fire moves from the perimeter spreading slowly over Israel; and where it travels nothing but charred ground remains. My Lord, will you please explain this."

"Child, who has gone to the gates of Israel?"

"The Arab Alliance."

"And, more."

"Who else?"

"Clinton and his, the Germans, Chinese and Russians; but these are not all. See the clones."

"All are against her?"

"Do you see any for her?"

"No, My Lord. So, these have decided that Israel will fall soon after the USA falls?"

"They have made this decision, and it shall come to pass."

"My Lord, what year does this occur?"

"See the banner."

"My Lord, it is blank."

"Adjust your Son-glasses."

"I see a large O."

"Go into the O."

"I am here at a counter, and behind this counter is a ticket man."

"Take the ticket. Read it, and touch it."

"I have it, and am looking at it and touching it. It reads '2001.' So, My Lord, Israel stands for about three years after we are invaded."

"The worse three years in their nation."

"Surely, they will get help from others!"

"From their own kind worldwide. This allows them the three years."

"So, they are taken out bit by bit?"

"Child look beneath the ground where many stay. They have been far wiser than you; for they have known what is coming, and have prepared; you have not. Still, starvation and disease shall be rampant."

"My Lord, are they able to fire upon their evil neighbors?"

"One against a multitude."

"My Lord, I have seen that Lucifer occupies the Rothschild Man at times. Please tell me when he takes hold of the Syrian."

"Child open the locked trunk, which reads, 'Syria.'"

"I am doing so, My Lord. Oh, what a foul odor! Something is flying out, like the brown spores of the dried mushrooms, we used to call 'Devil's Dust.'"

"Pull out the lead apron, and put it on."

"Put it on?"

"Yes, Child, put it on. And, put on the visor to protect your face. Then, get the metal file and start sanding off the word, 'Syria.' Beneath, you will find a plain envelope."

"My Lord, I am sanding and sparks fly everywhere. This is a lot of work, but the word 'Syria' is finally gone; and a little yellow envelope protrudes from the opening of a small mailbox. I am trying to take this envelope, but something is growling at me. 'Demon, I curse you in the name of Jesus Christ to cease and desist immediately!' I see him, My Lord, he is cowering behind the hole."

I have the envelope, which is now oozing a sticky mess. 'I curse this sticky mess to nothingness in the name of Jesus Christ!' Now, My Lord, the goo is gone and I am opening the envelope. Some rusty trinkets fall on the ground and a rusty piece of folded paper is inside. The paper says, 'I come to thrill and kill in 2002.'

"Child, curse this deception."

"I Curse this deception in the name of Jesus Christ, and command this information to be absolutely true and accurate."

"My Lord, I see '2001'. Would you please verify this."

"Child, look at the chalk board in front of you."

"I am having trouble seeing."

"Take the numbers in your hand and feel them."

"My Lord, I have '2004.'"

"'2001' is not correct?"

"Remember, Lucifer first inhabits the German."

"But, not constantly."

"'Tis, so, but enough to do great, great harm."

"After the German is killed, Lucifer takes over the Syrian in 2004?"

"'Tis true."

"Israel will go down by degrees?"

"They become paralyzed through germ, chemical and nuclear attack. They will be devastated, Child, devastated!"

"Do the Arabs take over Israel?"

"The One-Worlders take over Israel."

"What is this about Queen Elizabeth and the ketchup?"

"Communism to the core. She will not go against the Germans and One-Worlders who say, 'Israel must go!'"

"My Lord, from the vision of 09-16-97, Hussein took a sword, cut the USA in half, cut the trees in Russia and her Russian Allies, and then did a jig on England. Please explain."

"The sword to you is an invasion of you. You see it go from the Gulf northward to Canada as this is the invasion route; then, they fan out from the central route."

"I am seeing the general area of invasion from I-55 northward through Jackson, Mississippi."

"'Tis so."

"If they allied with the Russians to bring us down, why would they go after them?"

"Threats to their goals of world dominion. "

"What are the trees of Russia?"

"Those, who stand tall in Russia, the leaders."

"So, they start picking off the leaders?"

"'Tis so."

" My Lord, I must sign off with your love and protection, in Your Precious Name, as interruptions prevail."

"So, it is, Child. Go in my power. For, I am Jesus. Yea Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 22st day of October, 1997,
Linda Newkirk

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter Twenty****THE GENESIS OF MAN**

"Precious Child, your great prayers have been heard; and I have brought you once again to this upper room on My Mountain. You see how your spirit floats amidst these pure energies; but be not alarmed in this, Child, you rest within My Light and My Power. Take the note as it floats to you, and read and record as written."

"My Lord, I receive a small scroll, which exudes a white light radiance!"

"Hold it firmly, and My Spirit shall reveal all."

"My Lord, I am beginning to see writing emanate from within this light. Please give me one word at a time, as I want to record accurately."

'THE GENESIS OF MAN'

'You are created of a Higher Force beyond your reasoning or intellect. You hold on to the earthly; yet, you are far from the Earthly. Your spirit radiates the gift of the Father, which is the promise of life into eternity. Yet, this promise is dependent on two things':

1. Fitness of the role as offspring of God ... progeny;
2. Deliverance ... a release of the ties of Earth.

"My Lord, what is meant by a fitness for the role?"

"See:

1. Absence of malice; presence of love and honor toward others, especially toward Me. For, I am heir to Earth proper, and all, which resides within.
2. A lost desire for self-gratification through the physical realm. This includes a greater desire for that, which is spiritual, and a fine focus on Me.
3. A love for all, not based on gender; but based on compassion, understanding, and acceptance of others, their pains and their shortcomings.
4. An intolerance for evil. Child, you ask in your mind, 'How can one accept another's weaknesses when you say have 'an intolerance for evil'? I ask you, 'What is evil?' Let me say this, 'Evil represents an attempt to kill or harm, whether people or animal.' "

"My Lord, is gossip evil?"

"Does this harm?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Then, it speaks for self. Child, you think about all, who lie, and think it harmless. Lying of any manner, whether the so-called 'white lie' or the 'whopper', serves the same purpose."

"Which is?"

"A lie brings darkness to your soul. My Light can not abide the presence of darkness; so, when you lie you become a bed for darkness. Lies breed lies. Darkness breeds darkness. It is said that those, who lie steal. Yea, for to lie is to steal first from one's self. This is the worst theft; for, over time, the soul will become so dark that the only fit place for it after death is the darkness of hell. Child, remember: 'like attracts like.' A soul, filled with darkness, will seek out its own kind. Those, who lie, associate with those, who lie. Those, who love the truth, cannot abide a lie.

Lying is utterly destructive. You need only look at your halls of Congress and see who is in charge. 98% or more of them love a lie. Satan, himself, is the father of the lie. When he sets up as ruler on Earth, those of you left will get to know the height, depth and width of his lying machine.

When you are told that you will go through the fire before I return, Child, it is meant that you will go through the fire of adversity, of evil. Anyone, who can abide My truths amidst such dark forces, will come out a mighty person in principles of righteousness. This kind of person will be a leader during my 1,000-year reign. So, you understand somewhat now of the FITNESS FOR THE ROLE. 'Are most you fit for the role? Few.'"

"My Lord, will the lost souls be lost through the eternities? Will they go into black holes? What will happen?"

"Child, interesting that you ask about the black hole phenomenon. For, love expands and it is our Father's Way in the universe. Black holes suck in, or draw in. Look around you, Child, do you know of people, who are microcosms of the black hole? They are constantly feeding on the energies of others, taking, not giving, selfish, draining. These are the black holes within your society and they attract one another. When stars stop giving off light, they become black holes for all, which is around them. This includes souls, who are black holes within themselves. Even the Earth and all that resides on it will fade one day. It will cease to live and and will not stay in orbit. The stray energies of Earth will end up in black a hole, along with the black hole spirits."

"Then, what about hell?"

"Child, hell is primarily for human souls, who stand a chance of improving through punishment.'

"When the Earth collapses, will those evil demons, who are not cast forever into the lake of fire, go into a black hole, also?"

"This and more, Child."

"Like, what, My Lord?"

"Child, the accumulation of darkness within the energy field of the Earth, created over thousands of thousands of years will go also. The black hole is a garbage disposal, sucking and pulling that of like kind. Those, who love darkness over much time, cannot escape this."

"My Lord, what of their identity?"

"Child, souls dark enough to wind up in black holes have little identity. They have taken on the identity of demons, of the material world, they are darkness and they love a lie."

"My Lord, this is terrible and deeply troubling. So, they become part of this black hole?"

"Child, their consciousness is totally wiped out and any sense of self or differentness is gone. The pull within this hole scatters all energies sucked into it. You might see this hole as a subatomic particle divider. The spirit is obliterated, literally no more."

"So, this is the Father's way?"

"He has devised a way for all, Child, as He is supreme. He is divine love at its height, that is, expansion. But, those who will not accept God's Light, who love darkness over much time, will be no more. For this reason, Child, reach out to others, that you might save their soul through love. I came, was crucified, and died on the cross, that I might save souls. You have often asked, 'save them from what?' Save them from destruction, Child. From destruction. You have no way of knowing how a kind word can turn around another and bring them to Me. For this, Child, be kind. Reach out to others. The sands of time for Earth are running out.

Child, you are thinking, 'For this reason, we are given other lives.' It would be so unfair of God, the Father, to give you only one life, one chance to get it right. God, the Father, is a just God. He is a fair God. And, for this reason, you are given not one, but many chances."

"My Lord, I still wonder why this has not been stated more clearly in the Bible?"

"Child, I spoke it, 'You must be born again.' Yet, your churches have referred to this as a spiritual rebirth, only."

(See John 3:3)

"But, My Lord, do we not go through a spiritual rebirth when we get serious about our walk with you?"

"Child, you are given the fire of My Spirit to indwell you, as you are worthy. This is indeed a spiritual rebirth, as you were strong in My Spirit before your birth. But, you have taken this spiritual rebirth to mean born again only of spirit and you have ignored the obvious, which is literal. Literally, you must be born again until you overcome dark stumbling blocks, created of you; and you must recognize that I am your connection to the Father, your Savior. (See Revelation 3:12)

"What about your forgiveness for our sins?"

"How can I forgive a debt created between you and another person, when you are not remorseful and will not forgive? I am not in the business of wiping slates and absolving you of your guilt to another, living soul, when you show no remorse or repentance. What kind of Master would do this? I cannot, and I will not; as I abide truth and good will. Within each of you good will must reign supreme, or you will not overcome. During the coming years, many of you will be killed. During these times many of you will be faced with the choice of whether to kill or lay down your life. I say, 'You shall not kill! I forbid it!' Therefore, if you lose your life for principles of righteousness, let it be a life lost in Me. This is courage and long suffering."

"What of killing animals for food?"

"Child, so long as meat is eaten sparingly; meat is bad for the kidneys and the liver. When you eat meat, you must rid yourself of great toxins stored in the animal and great toxins created in its digestion. It is best that all proteins be eaten sparingly, or in moderation. By doing this, one has more spiritual energy.

Let us stop for today, as this is much to understand. But, at least you now understand what is meant by salvation, Child; for, superstition abounds among your religious organizations. I bring you truth, that more may be the wiser. I am Jesus. I am Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 23rd day of October, 1997,
Linda Newkirk

Note: This morning, 24 hrs after the prayer for healing yesterday, the deep throbbing of the fibromyalgia pressure point beneath the right clavicle is gone. The extremely painful area, which was excruciating to touch, is now gone. Jesus told me that before this day was gone, the pain would be gone; and it came to pass, just as He said it would. In the past, these pressure points have given me excruciating pain, which would go on for weeks, or months. Jesus is the miracle, and His word is truth everlasting! Glory to God!

How we are loved!

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter Twenty-One****A SURPRISE**

"Precious Child, your cries have been heard to My innermost room, to the heights of the heavens and to the zenith of My Mountain. Look Child, Satan has tried to place a chain on your leg. Curse this chain to nothingness, and curse the evil source that sent it."

"I curse this chain to nothingness, Precious Jesus, in Your name; and I curse the evil source, that sent it. Suddenly, it is gone and I find myself high on Your Mountain, amidst Your most radiant energies. My Lord, who has prayed this upon me?"

"Child, a relative is praying to stop you, to cause you to be bound in your work and to be put in chains."

"How could this be? I do no malice toward him."

"His prayers against you have been answered by the evil one, but can have no power over you. For, you see what has been done, and have power over it. He truly believes that you serve evil, and is praying for your downfall."

"How could he be so deceived?"

"Ignorance. He does not use the discernment of My Spirit, but goes of his own mind."

"My Lord, I am sorry for this prayer and do not want to harm him. Let his prayers against me fall at his feet, that he be confounded every time he begins to pray against me, that he forgets what he prays about."

"Very well, his prayers against you are walled in and shall go nowhere. When he prays against you, he shall be confounded, and lose his train of thought. Now, Child, you note that you are in this upper room of great light."

"My Lord, did he pray to jail me, to chain me?"

"Both."

"I forgive his ignorance."

"Child, look before you at the altar in front of the stained glass windows."

"I see a beautiful window amidst pure radiant white light."

"Kneel at the altar."

"I am here, My Lord, kneeling; an open canister containing several keys is beside me. A golden skeleton key, radiant with white light, rises from this canister and begins to nudge me gently on my left hand."

"Take the key."

"I have it."

"Now, go to the radiant door beside the stained glass window and open the door with the key. Notice the single word of the key, 'Surprise.'"

"My Lord, I insert the key in the door, turn it and suddenly the door disappears. Then, I take the key, which is now hanging from a bracelet, and slip it around my right wrist. On the key, I see the words, 'hidden,' on one side and 'treasure,' on the other. The powerful, white light energies of the door pull me through it and propel me forward, bringing me to a stop, flat on my face on a wooden floor. Looking around, I see many people, who are celebrating. Streamers are flying from the ceiling and from various fixtures and everyone seems to be in a very festive mood. In front of me is a cozy fireplace, and on either side of this fireplace are windows. Through the windows, I can see that it is near night; and snow is steadily falling. As I pull myself up, the people begin to sing:

'This is a song for you, for you,
Of love, of joy, of growth.
For, mysteries come, and mysteries fade;
But, through discipline over time,
All is known.
All is known.'

They keep singing, but I am caught up in a vision. I see a brown horse pulling a carriage; and it suddenly turns into a beautiful, white horse. The carriage, which was plain and brown, becomes golden and radiant; and it comes to a stop in front of a very large, white house, where a ball is in progress. A dashing, young man opens the door of the carriage and takes the hand of a beautiful lady, who is adorned in a white gown, reminiscent of plantation days. This woman seems to be going to the ball, alone; and appears to be a guest of honor.

She enters the door from the upper balcony and looks far below at a ballroom full of people dancing and mingling. She stands alone, peering at those below; but soon she is interrupted by a butler, who says, 'Madam, shall I take your wrap?' 'No. I shall not be long,' she says. Suddenly, the woman changes into a soldier of long ago, perhaps from the days of The French American War, or before. Suddenly, he jumps into the midst of those below and begins to socialize. Soon, he goes into a side room, where he takes off his soldier disguise, and appears again as the woman in the ball gown.

'How long shall the ball last?' she asks a fellow soldier, dressed in blue and yellow. 'Until the water gets hot,' he says. 'Then, take the garter and be off! Go! Be off! For, the journey is long.' He reaches for the garter, takes it, and reads the inscription, 'I take the cake.' The woman sits in front of the window and begins to cry as she watches him disappear into the darkness. For, snow is deep outside and she fears that the man shall not make it.

'Madam, madam,' someone says from the party. 'Are you alright?' 'Sure, I am fine,' I say, looking again at the snow outside, then at the key on my wrist. 'Let us cut the cake. It is your birthday, and we all wish you well,' a young man says. Then, he cuts the cake. In the center of the cake, it says, 'Best wishes', and around the perimeter is written, 'How can you say no to friends?' The friendly, young man, with golden hair and blue eyes, cuts the cake into eleven pieces. 'Let us eat,' he says, 'for the night is coming, and the snow is falling heavily.'

Then, the nice, young man gives me a saucer with a piece of cake and he says, 'Eat up!' I take the cake and eat the whole piece. Immediately, it begins to expand in my stomach and I feel very full. The young man, sensing my fullness says, 'Come and stand by the fire; for, the cake has done this to all of us.' 'What kind of party is this; and what kind of cake would look so good, and be like dead weight in one's stomach?' I ask.

This is a party for your rise to nobility; and the cake is the food for your soul,' the golden-haired man answers. 'For, your rise may seem good; yet, the weight of it makes you heavy.' 'Nobility!' I am of no nobility,' I stammer.

Amidst the scene, I hear you speaking, My Lord Jesus, 'Cut, Child, Cut!' This reminds me of someone stopping a scene in the production of a film. Then, I find myself standing beside the altar, where I began, the key, still on my wrist. As I look at the radiant key, I realize that the writing has changed on the stem of the key. On one side it reads, 'I believe'; and on the other, 'In miracles.' My Lord, this whole episode makes little sense to me."

"Child, where did you begin?"

"On my knees at the altar."

"What was before you?"

"A large, beautiful, stained-glass window and radiant, white door; but how is this relevant?"

"The window is the window to your soul; and the door is My door to another part of you"

"I don't understand."

"Child, did I give you a skeleton key with the word, 'surprise?'"

"Yes, My Lord. What is the surprise?"

"My Door."

"What do you mean?"

"What is behind my door, which opens another part of you?"

"A festive gathering."

"It is a party in your honor."

"What does 'hidden treasure' mean? "

"Look at the key, Child. What do you see?"

"I see that I love a certain man very much."

"And he loves you likewise."

"Who is this man?"

"Child, go into the tent and deal the cards to the man. What do you see?"

"I see all hearts; but who is he?"

"Open the label on the back of his shirt."

"My Lord, I see my husband's name."

"He is your hidden treasure."

"My Lord, he is not hidden to me; I know he is my treasure."

"Yet, Child, the depth of this treasure is hidden to you."

"My Lord, help me to understand the depths of what you are telling me."

"I shall. Who is giving you this party?"

"I do not know."

"These are angels from above."

"Why is this party taking place, My Lord?"

"It is because you are cherished."

"They sing for me?"

"They do."

"This is the surprise?"

"This and more."

"What more?"

"Rainbows and flowers, Child."

"My Lord, I still do not understand this."

"Child, take the book, which is wrapped in ribbons; remove the ribbons, look on the inside cover and read."

'It says, 'To: Linda Newkirk, With Love. We are your brothers and sisters of another space in time. We honor your path. Signed: The Quorum of The twelve and Blessed Saints of another era.' Oh, how I love these precious souls! Bless them, My Lord! Please tell me more about this book."

"Child, see 'From the Mountain Series.'"

"Yes, My Lord; but why have they signed the inside cover?"

"Child, it is with love that these do so, to honor your work. For, they play a role, of which you are not conscious, like being at the ball."

"So, they prepare a party to celebrate the completion of this work?"

"'Tis so, Child."

"But, the cake makes me sick."

"Child, it not only makes you feel ill; but also the ones, who served it and ate it."

"Why is this, My Lord?"

"Child, this party is festive, for the work is published; but it is heavy and hard to digest."

"This, I know, My Lord."

"Child, you digest it even though it is heavy; and you celebrate in spirit with those, who give the party. They watch this work carefully and do a work behind the scenes, of which you are not aware."

"What kind of work?"

"Thought transfer, protection and imaging, to name a few. Child, you were selected for this work before you were born."

"Yet, I shall be persecuted for this work?"

"Yes, by some."

"And I shall be killed for this work?"

"Your life shall be cut short for love of Me."

"My Lord, let it be so; for there is no better reason to die. Give me strength, My Lord, to do your will in all things. I have one more question about the woman in the carriage, is this me?"

"Yes, Child, you change from being in the carriage, driven by the horse of the material world to being driven by My horse."

"Why do I look like a woman, then a male soldier?"

"Child, you may look feminine, but you are a warrior, a soldier for Me."

"Why the antiquated uniform?"

"You have been a warrior since times of old."

"Why was I dancing with others at the ball?"

"As a warrior, you dance with many angels. This is the warrior way; for, you need them in your work."

"Who is the soldier in the blue and yellow?"

"This is your son."

"I ask my son how long the ball shall last?"

"'Tis so."

"But, why?"

"Child, do you speak with him in a side room?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Then, he is not a part of the ball?"

"I suppose not."

"'Tis so, Child. He does not celebrate this work."

"Why, My Lord?"

"For, he does not rejoice in things of the Lord."

"Please explain."

"Child, he believes that your spirituality will last 'until the water gets hot.'"

"What do you mean?"

"Until bad times strike. He does not know the depth of your spiritual life."

"Why does he take the garter, which says, 'I take the cake?'"

"Child, does he not take the cake?"

"Yes, My Lord, I suppose he does."

"You see him in the depth of his coldness toward you, toward your family and toward Me. He has gone out into the coldness, and you fear he will not make it."

"My Lord, I fear so that his soul will be lost. Please don't let him be lost."

"Child, look beside the fireplace. Whom do you see?"

"I see the soldier, dressed in blue and yellow."

"Does he eat of the cake, Child?"

"My Lord, he does. I see him stand near the fire and his stomach is bloated. He is rubbing it like the rest of us."

"Do you see others you know?"

"Yes, my brother. My mother is in bed, but eats of it. My husband studies at a table behind a glass wall. I cut a hole in the wall, and offer him a piece; but he says, 'I am full.' He has eaten of the cake as he has it on his mouth. I see my sister, who has tasted the cake; but she runs from the room and out into the snow. 'Bitter, bitter,' she says, 'I will not eat this cake.'

"The cake, My Child, is the book."

"How many will eat the cake?"

"Child, look, ... 'millions.'"

"My Lord, in this vision, it is snowing at the birthday party; but my birthday is in the summer. Explain this, and also explain what is meant by, 'How can you say no to friends?'"

"Child, this comes in the winter of your life, and it is your birthday before Me."

"How so?"

"It is the day you have birthed these writings to the people; and how can you say 'no' to your friends, the ones, who love you?"

"I see, My Lord, but why eleven pieces?"

"Child, watch 11 months from this month. Then, you will know why. You will know also why you must eat; for the depth of winter is truly coming and a deep night is about to befall you."

"My Lord, please explain this rise to 'nobility.' You know that I am a simple person, who loves your simple walk and do not care to be known in any other way."

"Yea, Child; but others shall put you in a slot above. And, you have no choice in this."

"My Lord, regardless of what others may do, I cling to simplicity. That of the world has little value to me."

"'Tis so, Child; and this is known. I am Jesus. Yea Jehovah, ... Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 24th day of October, 1997,
Linda Newkirk

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter Twenty-Two****MYSTERY OF THE CLOWN**

"Precious Child, pick up the pen and write. For, My Spirit has brought you once again to My most radiant Mountain. You stand on the zenith, but not alone; for I am with you and my radiant angels are all around you. Child, take the drink given you by Kikiara, the angel; and consume it. For, it will restore you and give you strength through your fast, a strength you shall need."

"My Lord, I take this glass and drink the liquid to the last drop; and I am beginning to float steadily upward. I keep floating until I enter your upper room, suspended in peace. It is as if my feet have invisible wings, which carry me here."

"Child, you come on the wings of My Spirit. Reach out and take the key; then write as observed and given."

"My Lord, I hold a golden gold, which radiates a bright, white light. On one side is written, 'love', and on the other is the word, 'charity.'"

"Take this key, Child, and unlock the door, which says, 'My Heart.'"

"My Lord, I go to this plain wooden door, which is old and weathered and as I open it, I am blinded by a radiance of power of the purest kind. From amidst this white light, myriad white doves fly out and all encircle me. Then, My Lord, within the light I see a hobo, or perhaps a clown, who is seated in front of a wooden tub of clear water. He offers me a drink from the tub, but I decline. I see grass, bushes and even trees, radiant with this light, surrounding the clown. I move to the side of the tub and look inside to see very clear water, which looks like a well of water. The clown keeps offering me a cup of water and looks very sad that I refuse; then he begins to shed tears. On each tear is written the word, 'sorrow'; and as each tear falls upon his pants leg it forms a large, perfect, radiant diamond. The diamonds gather on his pants legs and fall down beside his feet. He just keeps crying; My Lord, what shall I do?"

"Take the cup, Child, and drink of it."

"My Lord, I have the cup, and I drink. But, as I begin to drink rocks appear in my mouth. As the water goes down, it forms glowing stones all the way down. I can see that they are perfect diamonds; but they cause no pain. I take some of the diamonds from my mouth and look at them. What beauty and radiance!"

"Child, swallow all."

"My Lord, I swallow all, even the diamonds in my hand; and as I look at the diamonds inside my abdomen, I see that they are beginning to melt, giving off pure white light, which is spreading throughout my body. My abdomen is aglow; my hands are aglow; and so are my arms, legs and feet. What is happening?"

"Child, who is this beggar, who looks like a clown?"

"My Lord, it is Peter, the Apostle. Why does he look this way?"

"Child, Peter brings you the living water of healing, which you need. You think he looks like a clown, or a beggar, but he is neither."

"My Lord, I do not understand."

"Child, pick up the diamond at your feet.'

"My Lord, I have a diamond large enough to hold in two hands; and it is brilliant."

"Put it on your neck."

"My Lord, I have done so."

"What do you feel?"

"I feel a deep warmth, which is very soothing. The radiance brings comfort to my shoulder area and with it a wonderful, healing sensation! Yet, I am still confused about the clown/hobo image."

"Child, this is only a image. Peter is no clown, but a healer to you today."

"I perceived him as a clown at some level?"

"Yes, but he turned into a beggar. Did he not beg you?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Child, this is nothing more than an attempt to get you to think, to analyze for self."

"So, I thought he was a clown; but was made to see that I need to look deeper. Appearances are not as they seem."

"Not only this, Child, but, you have seen My heart."

"A clown in your heart?"

"Child, is red black, and black red?"

"No, My Lord."

"Then, you have seen a clown and a beggar in My heart."

"My Lord, I have seen it, and have written as seen; but still do not understand it."

"Child, take the page from the angel."

"My Lord, I have it. On the page is written, 'Never on a Sunday.' Please explain."

"Child, never desert Me on a Sunday."

"I know, My Lord, I did not come for prayer and writing. The day just seemed to vanish and I feel very badly about this."

'Child, are you to follow Me five or six days a week?'"

"No, My Lord, I am to follow you every second of the day."

"Then, do not perceive of Me as a clown or as a beggar. I need to be first; for there is coming such confusion, that you will have to search for quiet places to do My work."

"My Lord, I understand. Please forgive me this; for, I never, ever wished to see you as a clown or a beggar."

"Child, it was Peter, who came with this vision of the clown-beggar. But, he also brought you healing. Is the pain in the neck gone?"

"Yes, My Lord, it is gone totally." (I awoke with a terrible "crick" in my neck. If you are reading this, you know how these can go on and on; but Peter came with healing through the heart of Jesus, and the pain was healed immediately.)

"Child, Peter brought you diamonds and he brought you power from Me and My heart. Take this power and use it to do My work; it is a blessing, Child. Look at the diamonds on your feet; pick up these and fill your pockets. They are My words, My truths, and My honor."

"My Lord, I have filled my pockets with this radiance."

"Take the large diamond from the bench and write as seen and given."

"My Lord, I hold this radiant diamond and it explodes in my hands. I smell cinnamon and peppermint."

"Follow this scent, Child."

"I follow this scent and find myself stepping on a train, which is ready for boarding. An attendant approaches me, who is dressed like a Swedish villager and says, 'Tea, Mam?' I decline and take a seat by the window, but soon someone comes and sits directly across from me. He begins to read a newspaper and I notice big, black, bold writing across the top which says, 'USA DESTRUCTION, DEC.12, 1998.' My Lord, I am unnerved by this. Where am I?"

"Child, see ... 'Train to nowhere.'"

"Train to nowhere?"

"Yes, indeed, Child, pull the handkerchief from the man's pocket."

"My Lord, this man is a clown with black and white striped pants and black clown shoes. I had not seen this earlier because I was concerned about the paper. In his coat pocket is black handkerchief, but as I take it and look at it, I see that the center of it is cut away."

"Climb through the center."

"My Lord as I climb through, I find myself in the study of Queen Elizabeth, where a fire is burning in the fireplace. Bill Clinton is here with the Queen and she is serving him whiskey. The tip of his nose is very red,

like a clown; he wears big, black clown shoes; 'nickel' is written on one shoe and 'dime,' on the other. I wonder whether he has consumed all of the whiskey in the crystal decanter on the table beside him, as most of it is gone. In front of the fireplace is a small, round dance floor.

'Shall we dance?' The Queen asks. Bill starts to get up, but is stuck to the chair with thick glue; and the Queen seeing this, ignites a fire to the sticky goo. The fire takes off, burns a hole in Clinton's pants; and his rear is glowing with burning embers. 'Oh, I would like a dance,' he says, 'but, I would be embarrassed.'

Then, the Queen puts a butcher knife to his throat, and says, 'You will dance or else, traitor!' She cuts Bill Clinton's throat with the knife and blood spurts forth; as she has cut the jugular vein. Bill dances a step or two for the Queen; then she drags out a whip. 'Faster! Faster,' she growls! Bill dances a few more steps; but he is losing blood quickly, and his face is becoming ashen. 'Faster,' the Queen snarls! Bill Clinton's blood is all over the dance floor and dancing is becoming harder and harder. 'Scum,' the Queen huffs! And, she spits on Clinton. As Clinton lies on the floor dying, the Queen calls 911. 'Okay,' she says to The 'R' man on the other end, 'My work is finished!'

Then, a gurney is pushed into the room by men, who bear the inscriptions, 'Saddam's Men', on their sleeves'; and they load Clinton onto the gurney. 'Clean up the mess,' the Queen storms, 'or I will show you a thing or two!' In comes the mop squad, and begins to clean the floor feverishly. In minutes, the floor sparkles. Then, the Queen goes to bed with Hussein. 'Lights out,' she orders! 'We have some undercover business to do!'

"My Lord, what is this 'train to nowhere?'"

"Child, who is the clown?"

"I am not sure."

"Pull back the labels on his shoes."

"My Lord, the label on the first shoe reads, 'In debt,' and the label on the other shoe reads, 'Up to my ears.' But, who is this clown?"

"Child, look on the forehead of the clown and read."

"It reads, 'USA.' So, the USA is a clown on a train to nowhere and this clown's pocket has a handkerchief with a hole; and this hole has to do with Clinton, the Queen, and Hussein."

"Child, 'right as rain,' as you would say; but, what of the 'R' man and the mop squad?"

"My Lord, I have seen this mop squad before. Who is they?"

"Child, look at the dust pan. What do you see?"

"On the dust pan is written, 'cold war over.'"

"And, on the mop handle?"

"It says, 'Hussein in charge,' on one side of the handle; and on the other side it says, 'No one else.'"

"So, Hussein is the 'mop man'; those, who work for him, make up the 'mop squad', and they are brought in to mop up Clinton?"

"Exactly."

"My Lord, I have a question from the vision of the Queen riding in the open convertible with Clinton. He steals a piece of her dress as she jumps out of the car into the muddy stream. In this vision, who is the Queen of the Nile?"

"Child, who has been the Queen of the Nile for ages?"

"Egypt."

"What is the dandruff, which drops from her hair in the 'R' man's cave?"

"Complaints."

"So, Egypt complains, then gets tired and falls amidst her own complaints?"

"Yes, indeed. This and more."

"Please explain."

"Her garter, which says, 'Rothschild to the core,' is cutting off her circulation. See, her leg is swollen and she is becoming crippled from the 'R' hold."

"Will she aid in the destruction of the papacy?"

"Child, her leg is crippled and she is falling, amidst her own complaints."

"Yes, My Lord."

"But her dream shows, who is running for the 'R' man. Child, all is prepared far in advance for the USA. We shall stop for now. I am Jesus. Yea, Jehovah, ... Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 27th day of October, 1997,
Linda Newkirk

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter Twenty-Three****WALKING THE PATH**

"Precious Child, it is I, Master Jesus. You bear concern with the last, few messages; for, I did not identify myself in the beginning of each message as Jesus, and you fear that you could have been tricked. Child, it was I, Jesus, the Christed One, the Redeemer, who brought you the messages. Do you not fully recognize My voice and My Spirit after all these years? Do you not recognize the feel of My Spirit, the sight of My energies and the presence of My power?"

"My Lord, I am always concerned about being tricked by the evil one or deceived by my own self. This is a difficult path and I do my best to write as given of you; but, you know how the Evil One has dogged me."

"Child, you come long in prayer; you bind the demons, sent to attack you; and you ask for great fortification from My hedge, My shield, and My armor around you, your family, and your property. You ask that mighty warrior angels be stationed around you, your house and property; and you beg for the presence of the Holy Spirit in and around you. Child, do you believe that these prayers are unanswered when you show such devotion to Me day after day?"

"My Lord, I do not doubt you. I doubt me; for, I am a vessel with many holes."

"Child, My Spirit fills holes and brings completion. Have you not seen this?"

"Yes, My Lord, I have seen this."

"You get up to turn off the heat as you believe it to be hot; but My Spirit warms you."

"My Lord, forgive me these doubts. I need assurance; for I feel as if I am a child, who is just beginning to read."

"I do know this, and I know that yours is no easy journey; for you rely on the voice of One, unseen, and you rely on an unseen Hand; but this Hand shall be unseen less and less as you go along. For, It shall dip down, and bring mighty miracles before your very eyes."

"Just yesterday, did you not see the hostile attitude of one changed to kind and loving? This was because of your perfect prayers, spoken in the Spirit. This attitude could have gone on and festered, but it was healed through the miracle of My Spirit at work. Do not discount the miraculous, which comes through your deep seeking and praying."

"My Lord, I thank you deeply for this pep talk; forgive my weaknesses."

"Child, your weaknesses are known. A strong one admits weaknesses and a weak one ignores or defends them. Now, look at the radiant energies around you in My upper room. Look through the window at the previous levels; and see My chair far below. Then, look before you and write as seen and given."

"My Lord, You stand before me; You are exceedingly tall, dressed in white and Your body rises far above. I fall to your feet and see the indentations made by the impaling of the nails. I kiss and embrace your feet and feel the holes. The love, which comes from You, is all-consuming; I feel deeply humbled and know great sadness for a world, gone awry. 'Jesus' how precious the name, a name above all others! My Lord, the sweetness of Your love bathes me; it takes away my sorrows and makes my heart joyful. Thank you, Precious Jesus, You are my Light.

In a moment, you are gone; and I remain here on bended knees with bittersweet memories. The power, the love, which has come from this brief encounter, has touched me to the very core of my soul. Now, that you are gone, I feel that a dearest friend and a cherished family member has left me and I am left with a hole in my heart."

"Child, I am more than a voice and a vision; and you bear a deep conviction within you heart that I am, who I say. You have this deep knowing; for I have appeared to you more than once. This deep knowing, Child, is the Spirit of Prophecy; and no one can prophesy without it? Get up, sit in the white chair by the window and receive a blessing."

"My Lord, these are finer energies and require a different kind of discernment, but as I sit in this chair, I am aware that someone is coming toward me, dressed in white. He wears a little, rounded, white cap, like those worn in some religious circles; and he reaches out and adjusts two crowns on my head, one smaller placed behind a large crown. Then, he runs his hand down my spine and across my shoulders and says, 'Blessings from Our Lord, Jesus Christ.' Immediately, the soreness from my spine and shoulders is gone; and as this pain disappears, so does he."

"Child, your spine along your neck gives you much pain; and your shoulders knot up so that you have trouble typing. Is the pain gone?"

"Yes, My Lord, all is gone. Who is this man and what are these crowns?"

"Child, he is a messenger from Me. The larger crown is the crown of righteousness and the smaller crown is the crown of obedience. For, one goes with the other, and you have had both for some time; but you forget them. No one can be a prophet without these two crowns; yet some have more crowns than others. My Power comes with these crowns; don't forget this. Where one loves Me much and honors Me, I honor them without fail; but, Child, the key here is love and honor over time. The prophetic is not the walk of the babe, even though you may feel like a babe and be perceived as a babe, you are no babe. For, you have a third crown; it is a small crown, called the Crown of Faith. Do you see?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"For, you cannot walk this path without much faith. Now, Child, you have concern about many things, and, for reason; for, much unfolds quickly. Look before you at the image of the woman, named 'No Way Out'; she has a full apron, called "Destiny; and it is gathered up around her waist; but the apron has a hole. And try as she might, the woman cannot keep the goods within the apron; for destiny brings calamity and there is no way out!

When all begins to unfold, each event will be followed very quickly by the next; and the series will begin with the fall of your stock market. You are already seeing a foreboding of things to come through your weather patterns and volcanoes, but you have seen nothing yet. I am Jesus. I am Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 28th day of October, 1997,
Linda Newkirk

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter Twenty-Four****MORE FROM THE PAGE OF TIME**

"Precious Child, your cries have been heard to the heights of heaven, itself. Without knowing what has been said through the speaking of tongues, you have spoken many perfect prayers. You have called forth miracles and healings, of which you know nothing. You have put stumbling blocks before the Adversary and those, who love him; but your consciousness nothing of this. You have seen a lesion in your lung, which you did not know about, and this will be healed within 30 days.

Child, you have begged to continue to be a bearer of My messages, even though you know your fate, and the fates of many, like you. You have been given great hardships in this life, that you would be ready to carry the weight of My word; for such a job is not for the weak. You have seen your destiny in the physical realm that you not enter this work blindly. But, remember that I am always with you, even amidst great persecution."

"My Lord, help me to see with your eyes and to view the evil-doers with compassion; for it is so hard for me to tolerate evil toward another living thing."

"You have been told to stand against evil; but a time comes when some must lay down their lives for principles of righteousness. These know their journey; for I do not send Mine in blindsided."

"I ask only for a triple dose of Your strengths, of Your love and compassion."

"Child, this is not too much to ask, and shall be forthcoming. You ascend My stairway one step at a time."

"My Lord, when I went to the lung doctor last year, was this lesion present?"

"Child, this lesion has been present for years, but ignored. Doctors consider these harmless and will ignore them until you have full-blown cancer."

"Then, what good are doctors to someone like me?"

"Little, for large numbers love a lie; and they support one another in lies, even into hell. Most all love money and what it can buy. This seen, be the wiser."

"I have lived through the depths of their darkness!"

"Child, Let us continue. You see that you have been called back to My Mountain upon the wings of My Spirit. You have more questions about Peter and the hobo-clown image. I have shown you much about these images, but there is more. The hobo-clown image serves three purposes: 1. To beg you; 2. To warn you; 3. To forecast or predict."

"I see that he was begging me to drink of the liquid diamonds, Your word."

"Yes, Child, and more."

"Please explain?"

"Begging you to come for healing, renewal, and refreshing of the spirit.'

"And, the warning?"

"Warning you to drink often of the Spirit, lest you be as a vagabond, a hobo, in a world gone awry. Do not forsake My Spirit on a Sunday or any other day."

"Yes, My Lord, but what about the forecast?"

"The forecast, Child, is of the USA as a clown, a hobo, destitute around the world, begging."

"I knew that this was much more than surface appearances; but, I would have never grasped all. Thank you, My Lord."

"Child, your relative will come around soon; for he will realize that you have been called and that he does not have all the answers; give him space. You have questions about the timeline? (Note: within five days of these words from Jesus about this relative, he called me to see if I was all right. He was his usual self and I love him dearly; but he flew into orbit about reincarnation, telling me that it is a lie. He, along with many, many millions will face the fact that this is true and involves responsibility for our actions and spiritual growth over time.)

"Yes, My Lord, I am very interested in this timeline."

"Proceed."

"I am suspended in these radiant, white light energies of Your upper room; and I sit at the desk, though this is somewhat difficult, as my spirit wishes to float. I take the quill and place a drop of living water on the page of time; and it pops and cracks as it hits the page. From amidst a smoky haze, a clear image of Queen Elizabeth emerges. She is riding in a black car with Bill Clinton. The car pulls to a stop at a curb and Bill Clinton leaves the car from the side opposite the curb. The piece of the Queen's dress (as noted in a previous vision) is seen protruding from his partially zipped fly as he waves to the shouting crowds. The Queen gets exits the car on the opposite side.

'Come, Bill, let us go,' the Queen motions to Bill Clinton. Then, the two of them hurriedly enter a door, which leads into a subterranean complex; and they disappear from public eye. Once inside, they follow the hallway and enter a room, where documents are drawn up, waiting to be signed. These documents bear the signatures of many; and right away, I see that of Henry Kissinger. The two sign the documents, and Clinton curtsies to the Queen. She looks about with a scowl, but Bill Clinton wears the ever-smile.

My Lord, I am searching for the name of this document; but the Queen is eager to get it into her purse. On the top of the agreement, I see 'Limited Arms Agreement,' in bold print; and beneath this title in smaller print is written, 'Directional Sales Computational Forfeiture.' This is definitely 'Greek' to me."

"Child, what does the small print mean to you?"

"My Lord, it looks like a lot of double talk."

"This is the problem, Child; it means nothing."

"If it means nothing, why the agreement?"

"Child, what is directional?"

"Toward some direction or destination."

"Yes, indeed, toward some direction."

"So, it is the sale of something toward some destination?"

"Yes, indeed. Do you see 'Limited Arms Agreement?'"

"Yes, My Lord. So, this is about the sale of arms for a certain destination?"

"More than this."

"What, My Lord?"

"Child, what destination do you see?"

"My Lord, I see the coat of arms of The Royalty."

"Then, Child, 'tis so, to The Royalty."

"But, My Lord, why the words, 'computational forfeiture?'"

"Child, does this seem verbose?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Is it meaningful to you?"

"Not that I can see, unless there is a sale, made to look like there is not a sale."

"Exactly, one made to look like it is not a sale."

"My Lord, Clinton still has the piece of royalty hanging from his fly."

"Exactly."

"So, there is something weird going."

"Child, more than you will ever know; but be advised in advance that this will happen."

"My Lord, show me this time."

"See, Child, 2001."

"What could he sell the Queen in 2001? Will we not be defeated as a country?"

"In most ways, but not all."

"Well, if we have anything left, why would he give anything to her?"

"Who are they up against?"

"The evil 'R' man."

"'Tis so"

"But, My Lord, what goes wrong?"

"Clinton is double dealing, and he is seen as the traitor he has been all along."

"So, Clinton will be around in 2001?"

"This, you will see.'

"But, I thought that Hussein would have finished off Clinton by then."

"Child, you will have begun to feel the great sting of your invaders, and the truth will be known about the Germans. But, remember: Clinton is a coward, who wishes to play both sides against the middle. The bad thing is that he is the middle."

"So, prior to this time, these oppressors will let him have some dominion over the USA."

"As planned."

"But, how much of the USA will remain?"

"Child, you will be hit hard at first and brought under UN control. Clinton is involved in this plan, and he believes that they only plan to get your guns; but the war gets out of control. Clinton does not realize the German plan to rule the world or to crash the stock market; for he has been duped. You have seen Clinton in the White House for a while, even while the black horse is firing upon the White House."

"And, who is this black horse, which is unmanned?"

"Look on the rear of the horse."

"It says, 'Saddam Hussein and Co.' My Lord, there is a red horse beside the White House and beside the horse is the red flag with the half moon and star. Who owns this flag?"

"China."

"So, the Chinese flag flies?"

"Yes, indeed, red communist to the core! This red will be felt through and through, as these people deal a crushing blow to the USA."

"So, the Chinese will come in at first?"

"Did you see NATO let in thousands and see others hidden in boats, coming into the USA?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"You have them in your country, already."

"Then, Clinton shall make it until 2001?"

"2001."

"And, Hillary?"

"She shall be hanged."

"How will Clinton die?"

"See bullets riddle his body?"

"Will anyone be elected after him?"

"Child, not until my return will your land see freedom again."

"Oh, My Lord, I am deeply saddened by this. Times have been plentiful and we have grown in freedom, but as you say it has been the wheat with the tares".

"Child, take the quill, and place a drop of living water of the page of time."

"My Lord, I have done so; and I see something, which looks like a streak of lightening, course the page rapidly."

"Look, Child."

"My Lord, I see Wall Street closed. Is this permanently, or for a while only?"

"Child, operating one half day. Look how your market has fallen."

"My Lord, I see it down past 2000, with much bleakness. I see long lines of people waiting for food stamps and rations and each has the pants of his pockets turned out to show that he has no money. I see airplanes, parked at the terminals and businesses working only partial days. Across the top of The New York Times it reads, 'Wall Street at all time low.' My Lord, when is this?"

"See, Child, fall of 1998."

"My Lord, I see the leaves dropping from the trees. The date is Oct. 10, 1998. But, the Market has been dropping steadily for months."

"Child, the owners of your press have played up scares; as they want the USA to fall before the Earth flips."

"Why, My Lord?"

"Child, these believe that when the Earth flips, you will see a great spiritual awakening; and they wish to catch you unawares in the height of your decadence."

"My Lord, I ask for further confirmation on this time line of the Earth's flipping."

"Child, take the quill."

"I have it, My Lord; and I proceed to place a drop of the liquid on the page, where it pops and cracks, and a large planet emerges, which is several times the size of Earth. How much larger, My Lord?"

"Child, see, ... almost four times larger."

"Does it have satellites?"

"See, Child, one, two, three, and some smaller ones, which appear as large rocks."

"How close will this planet come to the Earth?"

"Eight to ten million miles."

"My Lord, how can we be deceived about this planet?"

"Child, who controls your media?"

"Those, who love illusion and deceit."

"But, it seems that something of this magnitude would get out."

"Child, it will. A few months before the passing."

"And, the date again?"

"Feb., 2000. Go and compare this with the date given to you previously."

"I shall, My Lord." (This is the same date.)

"Remember, Child, you have been told in advance that the Earth will flip. Advice: Get away from oceans and great mountainous areas. Prepare an underground shelter inland; for the winds shall be in excess of 300mph. Tornadoes and hurricanes shall roar for two to three months afterward. Now, Child, take a break. I am Jesus. I am Jehovah, Most High God of Earth."

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

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter Twenty-Five****FORTY-TWO MONTHS EXPLAINED**

"Precious Child, you know My voice and My Spirit. I am Jesus, One with Jehovah ... God of old, of present day and tomorrow. Child, you see the white fire of My Spirit and the wall of My protection around you as you come to My upper room on this holy Mountain."

"My Lord, I am afloat in this pure, white light; and as I look out the window of Your upper room, I see the many levels below and the very chair I sat in many times. In front of the chair are others on the Prophet's Path, who are waiting to sit in the chair and receive from You. My Lord, bless these precious souls, give them many angels of protection and guide them to help others."

"This is My Way. Now, Child, you have further questions about the three and one half-year period involving Israel?"

"Yes, My Lord; and I ponder on your return. (See Revelation 11:2: 'And, the holy city shall they (the Gentiles) tread under foot forty and two months.')

"Child, 2004 is a pivotal year."

"How is this pivotal, My Lord?"

"The United Nations, under the German reign of terror will fall. You have seen that the German works strictly under the leadership of Lucifer; and you have seen that Lucifer embodies the Syrian in late 2004. Remember that this is late 2004, within six weeks of 2005."

"Yes, My Lord."

"Child, you have thought at times that the three and one half year period for Israel would begin with the entry of Lucifer into the Syrian."

"Yes, My Lord."

"Yet, I have stressed that Lucifer has been in charge already."

"Yes, My Lord."

"Child, look closely at the year, 2001, when Israel is primarily defeated; her flag is tattered and she flies the UN Flag.

"My Lord, what month shall this be?"

"Child, go to the page of time."

"My Lord, I place a drop of living water from the quill onto the page; a white light brilliance hits me in the face, and I fear that it shall blind me. Slowly, this white light disappears and I see a banner, flying above the gates of Israel. It reads 'House of Israel, My First Love.' The gates are open, and a large, military tank is parked just outside. On the side of the tank is written 'UN Peacekeepers.' I watch as a UN soldier raises the UN Flag; but search as I might, I cannot see the month.

This scene disappears immediately and I see red, blinking lights consume the page. Amidst the lights, I hear a voice, which says, 'Get ready for UN takeover!' Then, I see a 10 appear in black, flashing letters, and another voice comes from the page saying, 'October 15, October 15, October 15'. This voice stops and I see the year, '2001', move slowly across the page.

So, Israel falls by October 15, 2001; and the gentiles will have three and one-half years from this date to trample Israel. Does this mean that you will return around the spring of 2005?"

"Child, this is the approximate date."

"So, the Antichrist will have the body of the Syrian for about for four to six months?"

"This and more."

"What do you mean?"

"See the white stork, carrying the baby?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Child, what does this mean to you?"

"A birth."

"Yes, indeed! Then, there shall be a birth."

"What kind of birth?"

"The birth of a New Kingdom in Me."

"Praise Your name, My Precious Lord; and bless your beloved sheep, who live until Your return. So, the Syrian's journey will be short, indeed!"

"Within this time, you shall see him rise; and you shall see him fall."

"So, Archangel Michael stands over the desert with the saints, ready for this great victory?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"My Lord, how shall this take place?"

"Child, this shall take place rapidly, in a flash. Those, who love the earthly, who love and serve evil, will not know what happened or how it happened; they will die an instant death. The wicked will perish; and any, who take the mark, will go straight into torment. Those, who love Me, will be caught up in this Light; this is the rapture."

"My Lord, will many take the mark?"

"Yes, Child, but not as many as you think. The wise will know who the Syrian is, but the lost will perish. For this reason, Child, these writings must go out quickly."

"My Lord, make miracles that these writings can get to the people."

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

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 30th day of October, 1997,
Linda Newkirk

To: The Precious Souls, who read these messages. You are reading them because of the miracles of God in these works. He caused us to know a dear prophet from another state, who paid for the website and has been such a blessing in our lives. This same prophet supplied the money for the first edition of book one and helped us to self-publish it. If you have not ordered one of these books for your friends and family, I urge you to do so. There will come a time when people will be searching for these messages and will have difficulty in finding them. Many will think that there will be no end to the evil, which is to befall, but Jesus has shown the end.

If you are putting any person, place or thing before God in your life, stop doing this today. If you put faith in movies or television, stop doing this today. Put your faith in Jesus. He loves you more than you can ever know and He wants your love and honor. He is the rightful heir to this planet and will come very soon to make this known. If you chase after illusion, know that you are the loser. Jehovah is the Father is truth, and he reveals it through His Son, Jesus, and His Holy Spirit. If you wish truth, seek Him and He will lead you to truth; but if you love a lie, He will let you love a lie. Remember: Satan is the Father of the lie and the master of illusion. He does not love you, but wishes to destroy you. Who do you serve?

Our Father gave each of us a soul and sent His Precious Son to show us the Way home. Our Father gave us life and allowed us to be on this Earth, a place of great trials and tests. Know that you come from another realm, called Heaven; but you have been given a free will, that you may truly love or hate as you choose. If you choose the love of God, you will be free; but if you choose hate, you are the prisoner. It is time for each of us to put God before all; or we stand to lose the greatest blessing of all, ... His eternal presence.

We love you and care about your destiny.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN PROPHECIES**Book II****Chapter Twenty-Six****UNITED NATIONS TAKEOVER OF ISRAEL**

"Precious Child, it is I, Master Jesus. You have come back to My Holy Mountain after great prayer and seeking. You have seen a dark angel sent to make war with you, but neither this one, nor any other will win; for I call them back as fast as they are sent. If the one praying for these is not careful, I will loose them on him and confound him; for he wishes his will over mine. Now, Child, come back to My upper room on this Mountain; and I shall answer your questions. Write as given and seen."

"My Lord, I find myself once more amidst Your splendor of peace and calm; and my first question is about the specific date for the invasion of Israel in 1999. So, I go to the page of time, sit at this desk, take the quill, and place a single drop of living water on the page. Immediately, I see many military tanks around Israel and rockets headed toward her. I hear the words, 'Beirut' and 'Iraq', and there are more, who are part of the Arab Alliance and the 'United Nations; but NATO is disbanding. I see the date, 'September 05', emerge; then I see a fierce black beast attack a lamb. However, this is no ordinary lamb; it is made of a very hard substance, like solid porcelain; and when the beast attacks the lamb, it only scratches the surface. On one side of the lamb is written 'Israel,' and on the other side is a hidden door, which suddenly opens. An Israeli soldier stands in the door and converses with his commanding officer. The officer proclaims loudly, 'We are reinforced to the hilt and we shall not be defeated!' The soldier shakes his head in agreement and slowly closes the door. As they disappear from sight, I see these words appear on the door, 'UN Dead Here'; then, the door is gone. As I ponder once more on this attack, I see the flashing date, 'Sept. 05, 1999.' On his first attack against the lamb the beast barely makes a scratch; then he backs off.

My Lord, from the message of Oct. 30, 1997, I see the UN takeover of Israel as Oct. 15, 2001. Three years from this date is Oct. 15, 2004. If the gentiles occupy Israel 42 months, we proceed forward from this date of Oct. 15th another six months and we arrive at the 15th of April 2005. Is this right?

"Child, you have asked a very good question because you believe that you have made an error, but you did not make an error."

"My Lord, I don't understand."

"Child, take the scroll and read it."

"My Lord, this scroll is blinding with a white light and I cannot read it."

"Adjust your Son-glasses."

"I focus on this writing, which reads, 'July 2001, UN takeover of Israel, Defeat of Israel Apparent.' So, the takeover is in July, 2001, rather than October?"

"Read on."

"I see 'UN preparing to move for total takeover of Israel, August, September, October, 2001.' So, the actual date of this takeover is not altogether clear."

"'Tis so, by degrees. The lamb loses first a leg, then a chunk from its side, then an ear, an eye, etc. Israel goes slowly, bit by bit. The actual date for the UN takeover will be argued; but you have not seen wrong. You have calculated and seen as I have shown you."

"My Lord, I was worrying about making a mistake."

"Child, this is known. Now, take this pitcher, drink from it, and receive this anointing; for, you shall need it."

"My Lord, I have consumed all the radiant liquid within the pitcher and it bathes me with a great peace from the inside. I am lifted up in Your complete joy and radiance! You are my Life! Thank you, My Precious Lord!"

"Child, you receive My power and anointing. Go in My strength; for, where you lack, I make you whole."

"This, I know."

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

As witnessed, dictated and recorded this 31st day of October, 1997,
Linda Newkirk

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