

UNSPEAKABLE PAIN 2

THE FALL OF BABYLON



Isaiah 18:3

³ All you people of the world, you who live on the earth, when a banner is raised on the mountains, you will see it, and when a trumpet sounds, you will hear it.

By David Andrew Bardes

Holy Bible verses quoted are New International Version[®], unless otherwise noted.
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Part 2 of 3:

The Exile

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Written from the evidence, experience, and opinion of David Andrew Bardes

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Part 1. Pre-Exile (released 8/29/2021)

Part 2. The Exile (released 8/29/2022)

Part 3. The Fall.

Part 2 - The Exile of David Andrew Bardes

May 29, 2019

George Walker Bush's level of frustration with me had grown to apoplectic levels. Nothing worked for him. Hundreds of shill recruits had turned him down, the FBI investigations failed, the CIA dug up no dirt to use against me, my federal lawsuits caused him grief, the technology CEOs could only monitor all my devices and hard drives, China was powerless, France could not help, three Presidents, and three vice Presidents, failed to give George any satisfaction other than oral support, and even worse my book and website were still on the Internet.

Prior to my exile, George was somewhat prohibited from outright killing me because my sister and brother-in-law were close friends, and vacationed and hunted together, along with my brother and father, as friends of the Bush family. Our families are descendants of the same Pilgrims on the Mayflower, same DAR heritage, and both born from the American Revolution. George had to fabricate a good reason to kill me.

It reminded me a passage in Daniel where corrupt leaders back then could find no wrong with Daniel, unless it had something to do with his religion.

Daniel 6:4-5 [Daniel and the Den of Lions]

⁴ At this, the administrators and the satraps tried to find grounds for charges against Daniel in his conduct of government affairs, but they were unable to do so. They could find no corruption in him, because he was trustworthy and neither corrupt nor negligent. ⁵ Finally these men said, "We will never find any basis for charges against this man Daniel unless it has something to do with the law of his God."

On October 19, 2017, I entered the ministry full time, having founded the "Elias Monastery." My website "EliasMonastery.com" had caught the ire of George, due to my postings against the "pro-torture" Republican party corruption. Having been a lifelong highly decorated Republican, I left the party when it embraced torture as its main party platform. So, in what mirrored the above story of Daniel and the Lion's Den, George could not find any wrong doing to prosecute me into submission, as the seven-month long FBI investigation turned up nothing, the CIA found no dirt on me, therefore George had to fabricate something religious to use against me. When word got back to me through a family member, that George was concocting me as being some sort of "Anti-Christ," based on my sermons posted at my website, I was guilty of being an enemy of Jesus Christ. Having violated the political party affiliation of fellow born again Christians. Therefore, they then had the biblical duty to kill me, thus saving the world for Jesus.

George tied in some sermons I wrote on my website "EliasMonastery.com" as heresy, and needed swift elimination. George listened to some sort of false prophet that supported him, likely a

Republicanized evangelical pastor, but I did not know who it could be. George looped in the CEO's on the ploy, and they bought in.

Somehow, George had to convince my family members that I was an Anti-Christ, and needed to be killed to save the world. This is where George and his "False Prophet" pastor person played a role in serving Satan. George's false prophet pastor fabricated "visions" that I was the Anti-Christ needing quick annihilation.

This became evident when I logged website visit meetings between George, the technology CEO's Bill Gates and Larry Page, and my father in Vero Beach, Florida.

The first such logged conference meeting occurred on January 29, 2019, at 8:07pm ET, between George, Bill Gates, Larry Page, and my father and step-mother in Vero Beach, Florida. Notice how my father visited the "EliasMonastery.com" website pages, having found it in Google.

1/29/2019

3-Way Conversation Below

Chino Hills, California, at 7:57pm ET

ColdHomePage | [47.145.205.184](#) | Jan 29th 17:57:27 | | Mozilla/5.0 (Macintosh; Intel Mac OS X 10_13_6) AppleWebKit/605.1.15 (KHTML, like Gecko) |

ColdHomePage | [47.145.205.184](#) | Jan 29th 17:57:27 | | Mozilla/5.0 (iPhone; CPU iPhone OS 11_3 like Mac OS X) AppleWebKit/605.1.15 (KHTML, like Gecko) Version/11.0 Mobile/15E148 Safari/604.1 |

My father in Vero Beach, Florida, coming from Google, at 7:58pm ET

Elias-About-Page | [73.0.249.138](#) | Jan 29th 17:58:01 | <https://www.google.com/> | Mozilla/5.0 (iPad; CPU OS 12_1_1 like Mac OS X) AppleWebKit/605.1.15 (KHTML, like Gecko) Version/12.0 Mobile/15E148 Safari/604.1 |

Google, Larry Page, at 8:02pm ET

HomePage | [66.249.64.58](#) | Jan 29th 18:02:19 | | Mozilla/5.0 (compatible; Googlebot/2.1; +http://www.google.com/bot.html) |

HomePage | [66.249.64.58](#) | Jan 29th 18:02:57 | | Mozilla/5.0 (Linux; Android 6.0.1; Nexus 5X Build/MMB29P) AppleWebKit/537.36 (KHTML, like Gecko) Chrome/41.0.2272.96 Mobile Safari/537.36 (compatible; Googlebot/2.1; +http://www.google.com/bot.html) |

My father in Vero Beach, Florida, at 8:07pm ET

Elias-About-Page | [73.0.249.138](#) | Jan 29th 18:07:00 | <http://eliasmonastery.com/about.php> | Mozilla/5.0 (iPad; CPU OS 12_1_1 like Mac OS X) AppleWebKit/605.1.15 (KHTML, like Gecko) Version/12.0 Mobile/15E148 Safari/604.1 |

Elias-Home-Page | [73.0.249.138](#) | Jan 29th 18:07:03 | <http://eliasmonastery.com/about.php> | Mozilla/5.0 (iPad; CPU OS 12_1_1 like Mac OS X) AppleWebKit/605.1.15 (KHTML, like Gecko) Version/12.0 Mobile/15E148 Safari/604.1 |

Elias-Contact-Page | [73.0.249.138](#) | Jan 29th 18:09:52 | <http://eliasmonastery.com/about.php> | Mozilla/5.0 (iPad; CPU OS 12_1_1 like Mac OS X) AppleWebKit/605.1.15 (KHTML, like Gecko) Version/12.0 Mobile/15E148 Safari/604.1 |

The second occurred on March 12, 2019, at 6:35pm ET, between George, Microsoft's Bill Gates, and my father and step-mother in Vero Beach, Florida.

3/12/2019

2-Way Conversation Below

Vero Beach, Florida, my father and step mother, coming from Facebook, at 6:35pm ET

ColdHomePage | [98.77.166.150](#) | Mar 12th 15:35:30 | <http://m.facebook.com> | Mozilla/5.0 (iPhone; CPU iPhone OS 12_1_2 like Mac OS X) AppleWebKit/605.1.15 (KHTML, like Gecko) Mobile/16C101

[FBAN/FBIOOS;FBABV/210.0.0.37.117;FBBV/143754374;FBDV/iPhone7,1;FBMD/iPhone;FBSN/iOS;FBSV/12.1.2;FBSS/3;FBCR/Verizon;FBID/phone;FBLC/en_US;FBOP/5;FBRV/145473092] |

Microsoft Bill Gates at 6:37pm ET

CIAPage | [157.55.39.230](#) | Mar 12th 15:37:12 | | Mozilla/5.0 (iPhone; CPU iPhone OS 7_0 like Mac OS X) AppleWebKit/537.51.1 (KHTML, like Gecko) Version/7.0 Mobile/11A465 Safari/9537.53 (compatible; bingbot/2.0; +http://www.bing.com/bingbot.htm) |

When I saw these meetings occur, I figured out rather quickly what they were trying to achieve. It immediately reminded me of a prophetic passage in Zechariah 13:3.

Zechariah 13:3

³ And if anyone [Bardes] still prophesies, their father and mother, to whom they were born, will say to them, 'You must die, because you have told lies in the Lord's name.' Then their own parents will stab the one [Bardes] who prophesies.

I had been offered up to death, by lies of the false prophet preacher, at the direction of George Walker Bush, by the hands of my own father and step-mother. While I am not privy to what was discussed, shortly thereafter, the killing began. Which shined a bright light on the contents of their conversations.

Living in Brevard, North Carolina, only two miles from the border of South Carolina, and with family permission to kill me, meant I had to flee for safer ground. I began to pack up my belongings to flee to northern Michigan, far from the corruption of South Carolina. Although I was born and raised in Cincinnati, Ohio, I had spent my summers in northern Michigan, on the shores of Burt Lake, and along the banks of the Indian River. So, I was familiar with the area, and it was remote enough to seek safety. Or, so I thought.

I had told my son, David Austin Bardes, that I was going to northern Michigan for the summer, and was packed up ready to go. At the time, he was living at his mother's house, along with my daughter Allison. Squabbles in their household caused David to leave, and without knowledge, David left one night and drove to northern Michigan. David called me from Traverse City, Michigan, asking me when I was coming. I said, well, since you are already there, I will leave first thing in the morning. This was the evening of May 28, 2019.

Around 11:00pm, I noticed website traffic meetings between the technology CEO's Bill Gates and Larry Page, and three people from locations very close to me. I realized they were not recruiting skills to pay me off with money as usual, but rather recruiting local killers to physically come to my location. First, they recruited someone in Greenville, South Carolina, who apparently said no to the killing. Then at 12:34am ET, on the morning of May 29, 2019, came a visit between Google's Larry Page, Microsoft's Bill Gates, and someone in Asheville, North Carolina, only thirty minutes away.

While there was no visit from George, he was likely on the phone call as well. I did not wait any longer, and quickly finished packing my car to leave. At 1:00am ET on the 29th, I fled from Brevard, heading to northern Michigan to meet up with son David.

I drove all night long, and well into the morning. I did not turn on my cell phone to not give away my location so easily. But if I connected my Window's laptop or Apple iPad to WiFi along the way, it would obviously trigger my location to the CEO's.

The sun rose as I drove through Cincinnati rush hour traffic. I crossed into Michigan late morning. David and I agreed to meet in a small tourist town on the shores of Michigan's largest inland lake, Houghton Lake. After meeting up with David, we scouted out vacation cabins, and settled on a small cabin resort on the lake, ironically called Better Day's Cabins. After moving into a small two-

bedroom cabin, David and I walked down to the lake front, and laid down on a large quilt. It was a beautiful sunny day, and the crystal-clear water of the lake was inviting. Three ducks flew towards us, then right past us. I said thank you God for the ducks, and the ability to relax for the first time in a long while. It was my first time back in northern Michigan in twenty-five years. I felt safe. Until the special forces attack helicopters arrived.

Special Forces Attack Helicopters - First Attack of Four

What I did not know at the time, was that George had used his CIA spy satellites to track me, not just my cell phone pinging off of cell towers, my Apple iPad, and my Microsoft Windows laptop. At 10:40pm ET, on June 3rd, I noticed a website log meeting between George and someone in Fayetteville, North Carolina (Fort Bragg). Then again, the next day, along with someone in Richmond, Virginia, followed by someone at the Eglin Air Force Base in Florida. I figured out George was recruiting special forces attack helicopters to come and kill me. For some reason, I refused to believe it, and ignored it as not being a possibility.

The next day, however, on June 5th, I was overwhelmed with the realization that George was serious about killing me, and I needed to flee immediately. I had explained to David the situation, and that he was not in danger, because George only wanted to kill me.

I packed an overnight bag and left immediately, not having any idea where I was going, just away from the Better Day's Cabins. As I drove out of the parking lot, taking a right turn onto the main road, I pulled out in front of a silver-gray Dodge muscle car with wide stripes painted on the hood. The military soldier driving the ground spotter car for the special forces helicopter, saw me pull out, and then followed me closely. This blond-haired crew cut Caucasian soldier, had driven a long distance to act as the ground spotter, and the wide stripes on the hood of his car served to allow those in the helicopter to spot him from the air above.

Not certain of who he was, or if I was just being paranoid, I pulled into a gas station to see if he would follow suit. He did. He pulled into the gas station, parked, and got out of his car to go inside and urinate, as he had driven a long distance. As he got out of his car, he looked directly over at me, giving me the indication, I was his target.

Fortunate, he had to urinate, the delay gave me enough time to pull out, and enter the highway driving north, allowing me to gain a few minutes advantage over his pursuit. The highway ran north and south on the west side of the lake. Before me were three exits, each ten miles apart. The low cloud cover from an overcast day gave me protection from the spying satellites, but I had to think quickly, and come up with a plan. I decided to take the first exit, and pulled off the highway to the right side, but stopped on the shoulder of the exit, giving me a clear view down the highway to see if the killer was actually tailing me.

Sure enough, the wide stripped silver car came into view, but there was a car following closely behind him. Not having enough time to recognize me, and unable to slow down once he did, he was forced to continue down the highway past me, unable to exit. He was forced to drive another ten miles down the road, turn around and then drive back ten miles, to then exit and guess which

direction I had taken. This gave me a twenty-minute time window to put more distance between us.

The exit I had taken only had the choice of two directions. One heading east, the other crossing back over the highway and only going back down south where I had just traveled. I decided to go back down south, back down toward Haughton Lake. I decided to take the next exit, where I had just entered, but instead of turning east, back toward Haughton Lake, I took a right and headed west towards Lake Michigan. A few miles down the road, I saw a sign for a state campground, the Reedsburg Dam State Park Campground. The campground was on a small lake that had been half drained for dam maintenance, which explained the empty campground. I backed into a camping spot under a thick canopy of trees, to hide from the satellites. I made the smart decision to get off the road, and within minutes had effectively disappeared.



When the killer in the Dodge ground spotter car, got back to the exit where I had eluded him, he was forced to decide which of the two directions I had taken. Did I go east, or south? This "fork in the road" gave me a fifty percent chance of survival. The killer called George to ask for an omen, and decision. George made the wrong decision, figuring I drove east, to go up to Indian River.

While I spent two nights hiding out at the campground, George and his special forces killers wasted time searching for me in the wrong direction. I spent the time reading my Bible, only to come across the following passage in Ezekiel 21, describing the exact scenario I had just encountered.

Ezekiel 21:18-23

¹⁸ The word of the Lord came to me: ¹⁹ "Son of man, mark out two roads for the sword of the king of Babylon to take, both starting from the same country. Make a signpost where the road branches off to the city. ²⁰ Mark out one road for the sword to come against Rabbah of the Ammonites and another against Judah and fortified Jerusalem. ²¹ For the king of Babylon will stop at the fork in the road, at the junction of the two roads, to seek an omen: He will cast lots with arrows, he will consult his idols, he will examine the liver. ²² Into his right hand will come the lot for Jerusalem, where he is to set up battering rams, to give the command to slaughter, to sound the battle cry, to set battering rams against the gates, to build a ramp and to erect siege works. ²³ It will seem like a false omen to those who have sworn allegiance to him, but he will remind them of their guilt and take them captive."

Reading this after the fact, left me wondering if I should have read it before it occurred, as guidance

before the fact? How did I know what to do, and actually did do, as God had predicted so long ago? I concluded our lives are like plays God wrote before the earth was created, and we the actors are just know acting out God's play, all filmed in one take. God knew in advance what I was going to do, because God was actually making it all happen exactly as he planned so long ago. This also caused me to read Biblical prophecy in earnest, to find out what else I was in for, and what to do in advance, as God's guidance.

More Special Forces Attack Helicopters - Attacks Two, Three, and Four

After spending two nights hiding out at my secret campground, I drove back to Haughton Lake to check back in with David. No sooner did I use my Windows laptop on Wi-Fi, that I had website visits again from George and Bill, and someone at Fort Bragg in Fayetteville, North Carolina. I was using a secure back door to check my website log files, but the GoDaddy CEO caught me, and immediately reported my activity to George.

George sent three more rounds of special forces attack helicopters after me, each time the website visits announced their departures, giving me time to flee to my secret hiding campground. The helicopters came again on June 7th, 9th, and 10th. Thankfully, David actually saw one of the helicopters coming over the lake, otherwise he would be convinced I had gone nutty. The helicopter dropped some sort of inflatable speed boat into the water, then the killers dropped down into the boat on ropes. To then zip across the lake, come ashore, and shoot me between the eyes like I was Osama Bin Laden.

On the last round of special forces attack helicopters, David came with me for an overnight in my secret safe campground, after turning off his iPhone to keep George away. At the time there was no GPS tracker on my car, and I did not turn my cell phone on, or use my Apple iPad. That night we could see the lights of the helicopters flying around looking for me, as George knew I had not gone too far away, having returned back each time to the Better Day's Cabins.

Fleeing To Canada

On June 11th, I typed up a "Notice Seeking Emergency Asylum in Canada." David and I left Haughton Lake and drove to Canada, seeking protection from the wrath of George Walker Bush and his military personal assassination special forces attack helicopters. The officials at the Canadian border were inclined to help me, but not David. As David told them he did not fear for his life, only mine. I was not willing to abandon my son alone, while I entered Canada alone.

David and I then drove back down into Michigan, and stopped in Indian River, Michigan, the town I grew up spending my summers. We rented a cabin at the Brentwood Lodge Cabins in Indian River. After two nights we ran out of money, and I had to risk turning on my cell phone to call friends requesting money. No sooner did I turn on my cell phone and Windows laptop, came website visits from George and the military at Fort Bragg in Fayetteville, North Carolina. This meant George was going to resend the special forces attack helicopters to Indian River.

David and I packed up and left immediately. We drove to Petoskey, Michigan on the shores of Lake

Michigan. On June 14th, David and I checked into the homeless shelter in Petoskey. On June 16th, Father's Day, David and I attended a local church together. I did not risk turning on my cell phone, nor did I use my Apple iPad or Windows laptop. Instead, I relied on David's iPhone. I was not certain if George and Tim Cook were tracking David's iPhone, or not. Later I was to learn he was tracking our location via the built in GPS function and cell phone tower pinging. But Petoskey was a large town, and we were staying in a homeless shelter, so sending the military on further murder missions was risky.

The Night Watchman Job

David and I needed money, so I took a temporary job as a night watchman at the Michigan Maple Block Company factory. The job was overnight twelve-hours shifts, sweeping sawdust and cleaning filthy factory toilets, and guarding the factory doing security rounds, but it gave us much needed money.

Trying to concentrate on working a job with the military actively trying to kill me, was a bit surreal. When I told the homeless shelter I had taken an overnight job, they laughed at me saying "Where are you going to sleep during the day?" The shelter was only open at night, as they threw the homeless out onto the streets during the days. David and I left the shelter and slept in our cars in the Walmart parking lot. During the days we hung out at the Bay Front Park on the shores of Lake Michigan. One day, two special forces attack helicopters flew by low and slow, but they were unable to attack in a crowded lakefront park. George was keeping eyes on us. It was time to move on from Petoskey.

Traverse City Michigan

On June 24th, David and I spent the night in the Ferry Beach Park, on the shores of Lake Charlevoix, in Charlevoix, Michigan. That night I had a very vivid dream. Two men were lying on bunks, when all of a sudden, their faces rotted away. Their eyes rotted out of their sockets, and their skin and tongues rotted in a gruesome display. I awoke laughing, knowing such was foretold by God in Zechariah 14.

Zechariah 14:12-13

¹² This is the plague with which the Lord will strike all the nations that fought against Jerusalem: Their flesh will rot while they are still standing on their feet, their eyes will rot in their sockets, and their tongues will rot in their mouths. ¹³ On that day people will be stricken by the Lord with great panic. They will seize each other by the hand and attack one another.

Then I remembered a passage in Habakkuk 2:2-3, where God wanted someone to write down their dream in a journal. So, I followed suit.

Habakkuk 2:2-3

² Then the Lord replied: "Write down the revelation and make it plain on tablets so that a herald may run with it. ³ For the revelation awaits an appointed time; it speaks of the end and will not prove false. Though it linger, wait for it; it will certainly come and will not delay.

As we drove away, I looked backwards to see a huge rainbow spanning the lake. Rainbows reflect God's promises. God revealed to me what he was going to do to the corrupt deep state leaders, and

I just had to wait patiently.

David had an appointment at the Veteran's Administration (VA) on July 12th, so we drove to Gaylord, Michigan and camped for the night at the Otsego Lake County Park. We spent a glorious night at the campground, and grilled over an open fire. We kept on the move, going back to Petoskey for a few nights sleeping in our cars in the Wal-Mart parking lot.

We decided to drive to Traverse City, Michigan, a very large tourist town, which had better job opportunities for the both of us. On the way there, we found a wonderful park on Elk Lake. The White Water Township Park and Campground, on the shores of Elk Lake, was a small paradise.

The park had comfortable plastic Adirondack chairs along the shore's still waters, and the slight wind blowing through the quaking Aspen trees created their infamous quaking sounds. David swam in the crystal-clear waters of the lake, while I sat reading my Bible and Qur'an. Trying to figure out what God had planned for us next.



David spread out his large quilt in the wide-open pasture of green grass, and asked me if I wanted to lay down to take a nap. It was a place to restore my soul, a break from walking through the valley of the shadow of death. At the time, I was reading Psalm 23, only to realize the Psalm was describing the exact time and location we were actually experiencing.

Psalm 23 (King James Version)

¹The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. ² He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. ³ He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. ⁴ Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. ⁵ Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. ⁶ Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.



I began to weep. I realized almost all of the Psalms, written by King David of Israel, were prophetic in nature. I was in awe of God's power and grace. I cried tears of thanks for my great suffering, "comforted" by the "rod and staff of God" with such promised blessings from God. I had to be patient and wait for the Lord.

July 15, 2019 - Troop Transport Helicopter in Traverse City

From the paradise of the "Psalm 23" White Water Township Park and Campground on Elk Lake, David and I traveled the rest of the way to Traverse City, sleeping in our cars in the Wal-Mart parking lot.

While at the "Sunset Park" on the shores of Lake Michigan, I spotted a large dual rotor dark green Army troop transport helicopter landing at the local airport two blocks away. I thought "Oh no, George was now sending two dozen Army combat troops to kill me."

David wanted to skate around downtown and the lakefront on his roller blades for the day, so I left him and drove back to the paradise of the "Psalm 23" White Water Township Park on Elk Lake. Meanwhile, twenty-five Army soldiers packed into four large shiny SUV's armed with automatic machine guns, and began tracking David's iPhone location. But looking for a 2007 gray Honda Accord.

David's iPhone was in his backpack as he skated around town. In what can only be arranged by the genius of God, without knowing, David had sent the killers in their SUV's on a wild goose chase. As

the killers were tracking the GPS location, they were not looking for a young man wearing dark sun glasses and a baseball cap, darting around a busy tourist town on roller blades. This caused the killers great confusion, not seeing any gray Honda Accord, while their computer tablet GPS signal showed it moving all around them. Apparently, the lead SUV was involved in an accident, injuring the main soldier in charge.

While this debacle was going on, I was safe in the "Psalm 23" paradise park on Elk Lake. Reclining in the comfortable chair, listening to the quaking Aspens. I found in Ezekiel 9, 10, and 11, God's exact description of what was going on back Traverse City.

Ezekiel 9:1-2 [Judgment on the Idolaters]

¹ Then I heard him call out in a loud voice, "Bring near those who are appointed to execute judgment on the city, each with a weapon [machine gun] in his hand." ² And I saw six men [six killers in each of four SUV's] coming from the direction of the upper gate, which faces north, each with a deadly weapon [machine gun] in his hand. With them was a man clothed in linen [Army uniform] who had a writing kit [GPS tracker tablet] at his side. They came in and stood beside the bronze altar.

Ezekiel 10:9-11

⁹ I looked, and I saw beside the cherubim [SUV] four wheels, one beside each of the cherubim; the wheels sparkled like topaz [four wheeled SUV's with shiny wheels]. ¹⁰ As for their appearance, the four of them looked alike; each was like a wheel intersecting a wheel. ¹¹ As they moved, they would go in any one of the four directions the cherubim faced; the wheels did not turn about as the cherubim went. The cherubim went in whatever direction the head faced [following the lead SUV], without turning as they went.

Ezekiel 11:1-2, 7-13 [God's Sure Judgment]

¹ Then the Spirit lifted me up and brought me to the gate of the house of the Lord that faces east. There at the entrance of the gate were twenty-five men, and I saw among them Jaazaniah son of Azzur and Pelatiah son of Benaiah, leaders of the people [the Army leader, a coronal or general?]. ² The Lord said to me, "Son of man, these are the men who are plotting evil and giving wicked advice in this city. ... ⁷ Therefore this is what the Sovereign Lord says: The bodies you have thrown there are the meat and this city is the pot, but I will drive you out of it. ⁸ You fear the sword, and the sword is what I will bring against you, declares the Sovereign Lord. ⁹ I will drive you out of the city and deliver you into the hands of foreigners [local police] and inflict punishment on you. ¹⁰ You will fall by the sword, and I will execute judgment on you at the borders of Israel. Then you will know that I am the Lord. ¹¹ This city will not be a pot for you, nor will you be the meat in it; I will execute judgment on you at the borders of Israel. ¹² And you will know that I am the Lord, for you have not followed my decrees or kept my laws but have conformed to the standards of the nations around you." ¹³ Now as I was prophesying, Pelatiah son of Benaiah died [the Army leader, a coronal or general, injured in the accident?].

I was then very worried for David's safety. But I had to accept the fact that God may have killed my son, just to protect me. I was clearly on an important mission for God, and sacrificing my son may have been part of God's plan.

I prayed to God to please protect David. I then looked up and saw a huge full rainbow over Elk Lake. I pulled out my Apple iPad, and took several pictures. I then prayed, thank you God for protecting David.



I drove back to Traverse City, and found David at our agreed meeting location. I said to David "I sure am glad to see you!" David said "I am glad to see you too!"

Back To Petoskey, Michigan

The next day David and I drove back to Petoskey, being the only town without incident of killers. David's car broke down and we did not have enough money to fix it, so David sold it for cash. I threw out belongs to make room for David's possessions in my car. We both doubled up living out of my car.

On the night of July 18th, as David and I were sleeping in my car in the Wal-Mart parking lot, we had an argument over the temperature inside the car. It was a cold night and I had the heat on, while David liked it cold. David became enraged and began yelling, got out of the car to sleep outside on his quilt, but then came back towards me, raised his hand in anger to strike me, but he did not. He got out of the car again, hesitated, then came back after me again. I threw the car into reverse, and peeled out leaving David alone in the parking lot.

I fled from being assaulted. I drove away and never returned. This was day fifty (50) of my exile, and David had suddenly become a detriment to my mission. What I did not know at the time, was God was protecting David by separating us. Because I was about to enter the most dangerous part of my mission, facing the Battle of Armageddon itself. God saved David, by isolating me to go through it alone.

Back To Indian River, Michigan

I drove back to Indian River, the town I grew up spending my summers. I had exactly \$49 to my name. I spent my nights sleeping in my car in the employee parking lot of "Ken's Supermarket." I used the public restrooms located on the main road in town. I spent time at the public beach park, and swam in Burt Lake.

I also used the restrooms at the large Catholic Shrine called the "Cross in the Woods." Containing the world's largest crucifix and outdoor sanctuary. Standing fifty-five feet tall, and made out of one

redwood log, the crucifix became my center for prayer. I prayed to God and Jesus to please defeat George Walker Bush and his underground criminal organization of corruption. Which God promised in the bible as the prophesied "Fall of Babylon." Little was I aware at the time, my hell was about to get far worse, and for a long time.

To make my money last, I only ate one small hamburger from McDonald's each day, or one hot dog from the Dairy Mart. I obtained drinking water at the public restrooms. I applied for several jobs, but appeared homeless and had no address or phone number, so suspicions warded off employers.

Once a day I would use the free Wi-Fi at McDonalds, to quickly and carefully check online for responses to job applications, then drove away quickly to avoid further detection. I suspected my Apple iPad was being tracked, and when the military helicopters appeared, my suspicions were justified. In fact, George had set up a military command post south of town. I avoided the large black shiny SUV's roaming about town looking for me.

The Useless Nation of Canada - Round Two

When I ran out of money, I sold my collection of one hundred-year-old postcards of Indian River for \$240. I had to leave Indian River due to the constant military helicopters and command post set up south of the town.

I drove to Canada to apply once again for emergency asylum. This time I was met with hostilities. The "Royal Bitch of Canada" threatened me "If you return again to Canada, you will be in big, big trouble!" I was escorted off the property, and sent back down into the United States.

I returned to Indian River, not having any other place to go. I had to take my chances with death, but had faith that God would somehow rescue me.

Jeremiah 15:20

²⁰ "I will make you a wall to this people, a fortified wall of bronze; they will fight against you but will not overcome you, for I am with you to rescue and save you," declares the Lord.

Rescued By John and Liz - Angels Sent by God

One afternoon while sitting in my car reading the Bible, a mini-van pulled up alongside me, and a man asked me if I was homeless. With my feet hanging out the window, and laundry drying about the car, I answered yes. "John" asked me if I needed a place to stay, as he had a ten-acre parcel of land with an outdoor shower, I could use. I said yes, thank you.

Located five miles south of town, I pulled into John's property to meet him and his wife, Liz. John had me pull my car down a dirt road and park under a thick canopy of trees, next to a small one room plywood shack. Safe from spying satellites, with my car well hidden, I had safely disappeared. Rescued by a devout Christian couple, whom put charity before all. On the door of the shack was a sign that read "Charity Before All." I said thank you God!



John and Liz lived in a small trailer, and fed me once a day. Their close friends, Jeremy and Kim, visited often, and we talked about God and Jesus all the time. It was a respite from my hell, another paradise provided by God.

Attack Of the A10-Warthogs

Every few days I would drive into town, and use my Apple iPad on the free Wi-Fi at McDonalds. Carefully leaving to avoid further detection. One day after doing so, and returning to John's home, John, Liz, Jeremy, Kim, and I, were eating lunch outside on their wooden picnic table. Then came the roar of jet engines increasing in sound. Overhead flew by two Army A10-Warthog fighter jets. The jets were flying low and fast towards town, hoping to shred me to pieces while using Wi-Fi at the McDonalds.

The A-10 Warthog has been described as a "Bad-ass lethal flying Gatling gun tank buster." Essentially a flying Gatling gun firing 30-mm shells the size of soda bottles, it can shred tanks with exacting precision. In my case, sent to shred me and my Honda into tiny fragments, without injuring innocents.

This was so incredulous that I started laughing. I figured out God was filming a movie about my exile, and the story had just escalated into another wild chapter. My friends were puzzled why I was laughing, and I gave them some excuse not revealing my story. For seven (7) days, the A10-Warthogs flew hourly sorties, looking for me. I kept an hourly log in my handwritten journal, each time the jets flew off in the distance. I was safe on my bed, in the one room wooden shack, under a thick cover of trees.

Pile The Wood High

John and Liz heated their home through the long cold winters burning firewood. Which they had delivered during the summer. I earned my keep by stacking their wood, over fifty cords delivered by several large dump truck loads. As I was stacking their wood, listening to the A-10 Warthog jets flying off in the distance looking for me, I thought about a passage in Ezekiel 24, where God also spoke of piling the wood high, as God cooked George, Bill, Larry, Tim, and his deep state club

criminals in the promised "Fall of Babylon."

Ezekiel 24:9-10

⁹ Therefore this is what the Sovereign Lord says: "Woe to the city of bloodshed! I, too, will pile the wood high. ¹⁰ So heap on the wood and kindle the fire."

Missing Person's Report

During one dinner with John and Liz, they informed me I was on television, on news programs, and my picture was posted all over town, and at the entrances of all the parks. The reports said I was missing, that I had not committed any crimes, but that I was "disoriented" and suffering from mental illness. The news reported my son was looking for me, and that I may in the area of Indian River. My cover had been blown. I told John and Liz the truth, and gave them a copy of my book, which they read.

I suspected George had caught up with son David, and used him to find me. Unable to shred me with his A-10 Warthogs, I figured George was blanketing the town frustrated that I had seemingly disappeared. John and Liz asked me if I was going to contact my son, and answer the missing person's report. I answered no, as I could not risk the chance it was all a cover for George to find me. I could not take the risk. They understood.

I then made the decision to leave, and drive to Cincinnati, Ohio, and enter a homeless shelter. This would buy me some time, as I could no longer travel about Indian River with my picture posted everywhere.

Back in 2018, I had purchased off of eBay, a receipt dated in 1873 from a "Louis Bardes" in Cincinnati. A long lost relative it seemed. I bought it for nostalgia purposes. Louis Bardes was a "Tanner and Carrier," and the receipt, given to some customer, was for \$156.20. I came up with the idea of going to Cincinnati based on this receipt, figuring perhaps the reason God had me purchase it, was to be a sign I was to eventually travel to Cincinnati.

John and Liz, Jeremy and Kim, gave me some money for my trip. John gave me a jar full of coins that he had been saving. When I counted all the coins and money, the total came to \$156.30. I then knew God wanted me to go to Cincinnati. Not knowing at the time, I was about to face the twenty-two (22) days of the Battle of Armageddon.

Driving To Cincinnati, Ohio

On August 19, 2019, after spending fourteen days with John and Liz, I left before sunrise to drive to Cincinnati. I wanted to leave town, and get as far down the highway as possible, before the sun allowed the CIA spy satellites to find me.

I had figured out that the CIA spy satellites used software to search images, for the outline and color of my 2007 gray Honda Accord. This became evident once I arrived in Cincinnati, learning I had been tracked the entire way.

The Twenty-two (22) Days Of "My" Battle of Armageddon

The United Dairy Farmer's gas station in Sharonville, Ohio, just north of Cincinnati, allowed truckers to park overnight behind the station. I decided to park there for the night, sleeping in my car. Hopefully safe from George.

I woke up to see a local police car parked in front to me, looking at my license plates. The police officer drove away. Minutes later a large black shiny FBI SUV pulled in, and drove past me, staring at me the whole time. George had found me with his satellites, used the local police for identification purposes only, then sent the FBI to confirm. It was time for me to leave before the military jets could kill me.

I left and drove to the parking lot of the Drury Hotel on Sharon Road. I parked facing a large field of green grass. I figured the military jets would eventually find me there, but God was one step ahead of them. I looked up to see a huge dark thunderstorm approaching from the west. What looked like a barrel cloud, the leading edge of the storm was pitch black, with lightning flashing everywhere.

Just in front of the leading edge of the storm, in light colored whispering clouds, was the shape of a huge hand. A right hand, with four fingers and a thumb. The shape of the hand was unmistakable, and only lasted long enough for me to see it in awe. It was metaphorically the right hand of God protecting me.

The storm hit with great ferocity. As my car shook back and forth in the violent winds, hail, rain, and flashing lightning, I yelled "Go God Go!" and "Thank you God!" God protected me with his storm scaring away all the military jets. Led by the right hand of God himself!

Jeremiah 1:8

⁸ "Do not be afraid of them, for I am with you and will rescue you," declares the Lord.

Jeremiah 1:19

¹⁹ "They will fight against you but will not overcome you, for I am with you and will rescue you," declares the Lord.

Isaiah 41:20

²⁰ so that people may see and know, may consider and understand, that the hand of the Lord has done this, that the Holy One of Israel has created it.

Jeremiah 15:21

²¹ I will save you from the hands of the wicked and deliver you from the grasp of the cruel.

I drove around during the day, avoiding one location for too long, and waited until dark to find a spot for the night. I spent that night in the parking lot of the Clarion Hotel, a few exits away from the previous night's spot.

August 21, 2019

The next day I drove around the same. Spending the night in the parking lot of the Quality Hotel off of I-71 and Pfeiffer Road. I had a clear view of the night sky. Only to watch three huge AC-130 military gunships, and fixed wing spy drones, flying circles around the city looking for me. Just after midnight the gunships flew back to base, ironically flying directly over my head.

August 21st was a major prophetic date. As 8/21/2017, was the date of the total solar eclipse in the United States. The area of totality started on the west coast, then passed directly over me in Brevard, North Carolina, then traveled down to Charleston, South Carolina. Christian, Jewish, and Islamic prophecy all foretold of a solar eclipse being the sign of the end times. While I thought something major would happen on that day in 2017, absolutely nothing prophetic occurred.

But on the third occurrence of the date of 8/21, on 8/21/2019, I was deep in the Battle of Armageddon in Cincinnati. I was convinced God would defeat the Beast, that is George, on that date. As the AC-130 military gunships flew back to base earlier than usual, I thought perhaps George had just died, gone down to the pit as God had promised. I was wrong of course.

The following day I moved around as before. At 3:43pm ET, I was in the McDonald's parking lot. I looked up to see a large shiny black FBI SUV parked across several spots, with the driver looking at me, while on his phone.

I got out of my car to walk my dog, Merry, in the grass, and walked over to his SUV. He then put his phone down and pulled into the drive thru lane to order some food. I then walked to the back of his SUV to see if his plates were government issue. They were. He then quickly drove around the building, skipping the food, and I walked around the other side of the building following him. He then drove out of the parking lot and drove away.

It was clear, the FBI had been given instructions to not approach me in person, likely to avoid me telling them the truth, and bringing attention to George. Death was to come by military might.

CIA Satellite Image Software

At one point, I drove behind a Cracker Barrel restaurant and parked half-way under a shade tree. Hoping to avoid detection by the CIA satellite image software. Only the back half of my car was visible to the satellites. A few minutes later, what appeared to be a manager came out the back door talking on her cell phone, and looked around at the cars. Spotting my car, she walked over towards me, staring at my back license plate. Talking with someone on her phone, it was obvious, I had been found. It only took minutes. It was impressive that the satellite image software could detect my car from only the back half of the vehicle's shape and color. I drove away and did not spend too long in any one spot. Only after sunset, did the darkness blind the satellites enough to allow me rest for the night.

I spent that night in the parking lot of the Quality Hotel on Pfeiffer Road, again. The next day, on August 23rd, I checked into the "ShelterHouse Men's Homeless Shelter." But they did not allow pets.

I spent my time in the car with Merry, and only went inside to sleep, as Merry slept soundly all night in the back seat. At daybreak, I came out to the car again to be with Merry. I had obtained permission to keep her in the car, but after the third night, the shelter insisted I give up Merry for adoption at the animal shelter. So, I spent the fourth night in the car with Merry, and the next day I left ShelterHouse.

Betrayal By Cousin Dee Ellen Bardes

Out of money, low on gas, and out of options, I made the bad decision to drive to my cousin's house for help. Parked in her driveway with no one home, I did not know if she was even in town. I decided to wait to see if she would return home. She pulled in early evening, and was very shocked to see me. I explained my predicament and needed her help.

She offered to pay me some money for doing yard work around her house. After a few hours of labor, she offered to allow me to sleep in her basement for the night. Which I did so. What I did not know at the time, cousin Dee had contacted my sister Cindy, along with George. It was their suggestion to Dee, to have me sleep there for the night. To allow the FBI to place a GPS tracker in my car. Sometime during the night, the FBI installed their GPS tracker somewhere in my car.

When I awoke, Dee was gone, so I got a cup of coffee, and sat in a chair in the driveway for her to return. Mid-morning, she returned, only to throw me out. As planned.

Dee gave me \$30 in cash, for my wages, and told me to leave immediately. As I pulled out of her driveway, I looked up to my left, and saw a helicopter overhead, white with a red stripe on it. The helicopter followed me, low and slow, wherever I drove.

This was when I realized, the FBI goons had installed a GPS tracker in my car during the night, after cousin Dee had betrayed me.

I was really screwed over at this point. I drove to the middle of a shopping center parking lot, parked, got out of my car, and waved my middle fingers up at the helicopter hovering overhead. I then looked under my car, and under the hood and dash, trying to find the GPS tracker, otherwise I was in major trouble. I could not find it anywhere.

After a long day of realizing I could no longer avoid the big black shiny FBI SUV's and helicopters, I found myself in a small park, called Beckett Park, which had baseball fields and a playground. There were two big black shiny FBI SUV's parked on either side of my car. They were waiting for more FBI SUV's to box me in, giving me no escape.

I prayed "God, what do you want me to do now?" I thought the situation sounded a lot like Ezekiel 12, in what God called "Palace of the Forest." I opened my Bible and began to read.

Ezekiel 12:3-7

³ "Therefore, son of man, pack your belongings for exile and in the daytime, as they watch, set out and go from where you are to another place. Perhaps they will understand, though they are a rebellious people. ⁴ During the daytime, while they watch, bring out your belongings packed

for exile. Then in the evening, while they are watching, go out like those who go into exile. ⁵ While they watch, dig through the wall and take your belongings out through it. ⁶ Put them on your shoulder as they are watching and carry them out at dusk. Cover your face so that you cannot see the land, for I have made you a sign to the Israelites [deep state]." ⁷ So I did as I was commanded. During the day I brought out my things packed for exile. Then in the evening I dug through the wall with my hands. I took my belongings out at dusk, carrying them on my shoulders while they watched.

I then looked up and looked around me, looking for a hole in a wall I was to dig through. Far off across a field was a thick forest, with no visible entry point except for a small hole in the thick overgrown foliage. I then grabbed my backpack and began packing my survival gear. I knew how to survive in the forest, I had an advantage in the woods. As the FBI agents on either side of me watched me pack, I opened the car door, with Merry on the leash, swung the backpack over my shoulder, as God foretold me to do, and hiked through the field of tall grass, digging through the hole in the forest wall, and into the Palace of the Forest.

Once inside the thick canopy of trees, I turned left, walked two hundred feet, then turned left again and walked into a thicket of trees. I sat on a white bed sheet, and as God wrote "Cover your face so that you cannot see the land," I unfolded a heat reflective Mylar emergency blanket, and covered Merry, my dog, and myself. The heat seeking infrared cameras on the spy drones and satellites could not detect us.

I walked into the forest, and effectively disappeared for three days. Completely confounding George, to the point of frustration of having spy drones fly over every fifteen minutes and the AC-130 gunships ever hour, for three days. When I heard the "pop pop pop pop" of the live antipersonnel shrapnel shells blowing off in the forest, I thought "they missed me again." Perhaps killing a deer instead. Armageddon had come to Cincinnati.

The first night was warm, and I was awake all night under the heat reflective blanket. Daylight gave me the opportunity between drone passes to suspend the heat reflective blanket between trees, giving me a place to recline underneath. To my surprise, no one ever entered the forest on foot, perhaps knowing my ambush advantage in the woods. My demise was to come by military might alone.

The second night was cool, not cold, but cool. But the killers went home at night around 3:00am, until 6:00am, giving me time to sleep. I ran out of water for Merry and I, but God provided two catch basin pools that retained some water in a dry creek bed. My water purification tablets rendered the water safe to drink. God explained these two pools of water he made just for me in the "Palace of the Forest."

Isaiah 22:8-11

⁸ The Lord stripped away the defenses of Judah, and you looked in that day to the weapons in the Palace of the Forest. ⁹ You saw that the walls of the City of David were broken through in many places; you stored up water in the Lower Pool. ¹⁰ You counted the buildings in Jerusalem and tore down houses to strengthen the wall. ¹¹ You built a reservoir between the two walls for the water of the Old Pool, but you did not look to the One who made it, or have regard for the One who planned it long ago.

I took pictures of these pools, and of my protective shelter.



On daybreak of the third day, I hiked out to my car and drove to the gas station for food. When the big black shiny FBI SUV's found me there, I drove back to the park, and returned to the Palace of the Forest. This time taking my sleeping bag as that third night was cold and rainy. As I started to hike across the field, a black FBI SUV had pulled into the park from the opposite side, and seeing me close up, walking back to the forest, the agent had a look of saying what are you doing?

It was evident, the FBI had been instructed to not approach me on foot, rather report constant surveillance. If someone approached me in person, I would tell them the truth. A truth George did not want told. Death was to come by military only. Set up to appear as an explainable accident.

I spent the time reading my Bible. I was not afraid of death, because ever since my near-death experience, I had no fear of the first death. Death is a reward. But in the absence of fear, this left distress and anxiety. I was afraid, however, of the God who was allowing this to happen, trying to read in the Bible when it would finally end. But those three days in the forest gave way to two more weeks of drones, FBI SUV's, military gunships, Air Force bombers, and rounds of killers in cars from as far away as South Carolina and Texas.

I bring this event to your attention now, because of what God wrote in the remaining half of Ezekiel 12.

Ezekiel 12:10-11

¹⁰ "Say to them, 'This is what the Sovereign Lord says: This prophecy concerns the prince in Jerusalem [George Bush2] and all the Israelites [Deep State leaders] who are there.' ¹¹ Say to them, 'I [David Bardes] am a sign to you.' "As I have done, so it will be done to them. They will go into exile as captives."

[What gave me solace under my heat reflective blanket avoiding being blown to bits by live shrapnel shells, was God's promise that what I was suffering, would eventually be done to them. At some point the tables of fate would turn, and the deep state criminals would go into exile, while George would go "down to the pit."]

Ezekiel 12:12-16

¹² "The prince [George Bush2] among them will put his things on his shoulder at dusk and leave, and a hole will be dug in the wall for him to go through. He will cover his face so that he cannot see the land. ¹³ I will spread my net for him, and he will be caught in my snare; I will bring him [back] to Babylonia [USA], the land of the Chaldeans, but he will not see it, and there he will die. ¹⁴ I will scatter to the winds all those around him—his staff and all his troops—and I will pursue them with drawn sword. ¹⁵ They will know that I am the Lord, when I disperse them [exile] among the nations and scatter them through the countries [exile.] ¹⁶ But I will spare a few of them from the sword, famine and plague [live in peaceful exile,] so that in the nations where they go they may acknowledge all their detestable practices. Then they will know that I am the Lord."

On the afternoon of the third day in the forest, I heard someone approaching my hiding spot. I looked up to see a young five-year-old boy, who wandered into the woods from the playground in the park. The boy asked me "Mister, are you lost?" I replied "No, just camping out for the night, have a nice day." The boy heard his father yelling for him. The boy told his father about me, who told the authorities, whom informed the FBI.

That night after dark, and the playground was closed, Merry picked up on someone on the edge of the forest. Which I assumed were the FBI agents using heat seeking devices to spot my exact location. Unable to avoid their detection devices, I figured they would send the military gunships first thing in the morning.

I awoke just before sunrise, and left the woods to hike out to my car. As I opened the car door, I looked up to see a huge AC-130 gunship flying directly overhead. They knew my exact location in the woods at that point, and once again I avoided my imminent death with only moments to spare.

Drones At McDonalds

I drove to the nearby McDonalds, deciding to seek safety inside, as blowing up the entire McDonalds building was unlikely. The FBI SUV's parked outside. I looked up at the sky, to see a fixed wing spy drone flying tight circles over the building. It was a surreal moment watching that drone. Armageddon would just not end. The gauntlet was tightening.

Inside the McDonalds, using my Windows laptop on free WiFi, was suffering from freezes due to too many background processes. Upon examination, using scopes and calls, someone was actively tunneling in through the operating system undetected, gaining what is called full control of my computer.

The President of China, Xi Jinping, recently launched an urgent project to purge his entire government of every Windows based computer. Switching to a customized version of Unix. This abrupt reversal in trust of anything Microsoft, gives way to knowledge learned while agreeing to keep Bush bribes secret, with Bill Gates being a ringleader in George W. Bush's underground criminal organization. Learning of such capabilities of Bill tunneling through his operating system undetected - not on his computers, said Xi.

Staying on the Move

As long as the military stuck with trying to kill me from the air, and my car transmitting GPS locations, I had to seek crowded places, but not stay very long in any one place. It is hard to explain a "military accident" in a city, where only one person was killed, when pursuing a single vehicle moving along a busy highway. They needed me to sit still long enough, to set up such an accident.

September 1, 2019

During one such stop between periods of moving around, I drove to the parking lot of the Drury Hotel on Sharon Road. I parked facing a large field of grass. This ended up being one of several locations I seemed to routinely visit. My enemies took advantage predicting my next stopping point.

Seconds later, I heard the roar of a large airplane, and looked up to see a four-engine propeller driven Air Force bomber flying low straight over me. It was timed perfectly. I was watching the Bombay doors for a bomb to drop out. In which case I would throw the car into reverse, and peel

out hoping to avoid the blast zone. Apparently, a hotel employee had just exited the back door of the hotel to smoke a cigarette, and the ground spotter car called off the attack, as they did not want to kill the employee. They had been given strict instructions to kill only me.

The ground spotter car pulled up to the employee, telling him to go back inside. The employee dropped his cigarette, and went back inside. The Air Force bomber was making a large sweeping turn, to line up for another bomb run upon me. I quickly left, needless to say.

Then all of a sudden, the military hardware disappeared, never to be seen again. The high-profile use of all the military assets for weeks by that point, drew the attention of the higher ups in the military. Who brought an immediate and grateful permanent end to their use. The FBI were called off, and disappeared as well.

Killers From South Carolina

Denied his military hardware, which some "good people" somehow called off, George resorted to sending hired killers in cars. While in the McDonald's parking lot at the Kenwood Shopping Center, I looked up in the parking lot above me, to spot three vehicles with South Carolina license plates, driving closely behind each other, sandwiching the car in the middle.

What I was to learn later, was the car in the middle of the pack was the hired killer, while the first and third vehicles were there to hide the license plate of the killer in the middle. Traffic cameras and witnesses would never detect the one sent to murder me.

I spent that night in the parking lot of the Quality Hotel on Pfeiffer Road. I had pulled into a remote spot, reclined my seat, set my mirrors to give me clear view of anyone approaching, and turned off the engine, darkening the car.

Around 1:00am, the killer from South Carolina pulled into the parking lot, and pulled up behind me. I recognized his vehicle. Merry sensed his evil spirit, and alerted me to his intentions. I sat low in my seat, watching his car behind me. My plan was to watch him get out of his car, in which case I would quickly start the engine, throw the car into reverse, and run him over, as he approached.

Ten minutes elapsed. He put his car into reverse and exited the parking lot. Only to return ten minutes later and resume the exact same position. I figured he chickened out, left, called George, who yelled at him, or offered him more money, and returned to finish me off.

I resumed my position of waiting for him to make the first move. After another ten minutes of inaction, he threw his car into reverse, and peeled out in great anger, never to return.

Trapped

After another day in the McDonald's parking lot, I returned again to the parking lot of the Quality Hotel on Pfeiffer Road. But I ran out of money, and ran out of gas. I was then stuck and trapped. My car battery worked, so I could adjust windows and doors. I used the bathroom in the hotel, and

was able to get ice water at the gas station. But I had no food, and refused to steal food from the hotel breakfast bar. I had a big bag of dog food for Merry, and ice water for her to drink.

But George took advantage of my predicament, by sending dozens of killers after me, all in cars from the South. Apparently, the FBI had been called off by the "good people," and without contacts with killers from Cincinnati, George had to resort to using rebels.

Once such killer driving a sedan, parked a few spots down parallel to me. He opened his trunk and grabbed an assault rifle. I sat low staring directly at him. Seeing that I was not afraid of him, with eyes locked, caused him to ponder if I had a gun too. I had no gun, but he thought I did. Such his walking over to me fully exposed, risked being shot first. He put his gun back in his trunk and left. Thankfully, George recruited cowards.

George was very worried that these "good people," whomever they were, would rescue me. But they never did, likely because George was using threats against them somehow. Perhaps threats of killing them or their children. Or, a reminder the military was involved and would be exposed to the truth as well.

But whenever I reclined low in my car seat, flat enough to sleep, and essentially disappear from view, George got paranoid that I had been rescued. So, after dusk, he sent some vehicles just to check to see if I was still in my car. One night a beat-up old red pickup truck, with a long thirty-foot ladder tied on top, such the ladder extended way out in front of the truck, and well off the back end, drove near me to make a visual sighting.

The driver had been given an infrared heat seeking scope device, to point at my car to see if I was still inside. The driver had great difficulty using the device, and left. Likely shown again how to use it properly, the red truck returned for another attempt. Frustrated again, the driver turned the device around pointing it at himself. This gave me a full view of the display screen, illuminating the outline of his face. Unable to operate it, the red truck left burning rubber, and was never seen again.

Killer From Texas

Frustrated with having to resort to using idiots, George recruited someone from his Texas hometown. The son of rich friends of George, driving a brand new large white SUV with Texas plates, likely purchased for one time use, the young man must have been trained in the great importance of killing me.

When I saw this kid pull into the hotel parking lot, not getting out of his vehicle, while watching me, I got out of my car, and Merry and I walked straight for him. Seeing me come up behind his vehicle, he quickly exited his vehicle, and entered the hotel with his overnight bag.

George had sent a coward, and I took advantage of the situation. I sent an email to George, writing that if this kid came outside again, I would send him to heaven, where his rich parents would greatly miss him. I walked Merry around his SUV, to pick up on his scent, so she would alert me if he came outside at night while I was sleeping.

Occasionally, I spotted this coward looking out at me. I sent an email to George, giving the coward one hour to leave safely, and never return. Ten minutes later, the coward exited the hotel, climbed into his SUV, and drove away never to be seen again.

Ten Days Without Food

I had gone ten days without food, and lost forty-four (44) pounds, I lost one third of my body weight. God was worried about me, and had to figure out a way to rescue me.

Jeremiah 39:17

¹⁷ But I will rescue you on that day, declares the Lord; you will not be given into the hands of those you fear.

I went into the hotel to use the electrical outlet in the business office to charge my Apple iPad. There was a man using the computer, and we struck up a conversation. He was very nice, and to this day I do not know if he was an angel or a demon. He gave me ten dollars to buy some food. When I went outside to my car, Merry was gone. The car had been ransacked, and the fuses were pulled. On the windshield wiper was the business card of a local police officer, with a note saying my dog had been taken to the SPCA animal shelter. Someone reported a dog abandoned in a disabled vehicle. Officers had searched the woods looking for me.

The owner of the hotel came out to my car and asked me if he could help me. He said he had noticed all of the drones flying around the hotel. I told him the truth. That I was under oppression from George W. Bush, and gave him a copy of my book, showing why Goerge wanted to cause me harm. He offered to call the local police who could help me. I said yes, please do so. I explained the situation to the police officer, who was very helpful, saying he could drive me to the mental hospital downtown for an evaluation. I said yes, thank you.

University Of Cincinnati Mental Hospital

I knew what to expect at the mental hospital. I had lost a lot of weight, which is a telltale sign of severe mental illness, and had a crazy story of oppression that would sink me. But being locked inside the nut house, with food, a bed, and lots of rest, was exactly the rescue I needed. That God had obviously set up for me.

I had suffered PTSD for eight years, from torture and gunshot, and took psychiatric medication that saved my life. But by 2016, I had been adjudicated free from mental illness, so I was not entirely sure what to expect from the doctors. I was suffering from distress, not mental illness.

I had a copy of my book, and showed it to the doctors, which they were able to confirm was for sale on Amazon. But they found the news stories from northern Michigan, that I was reported as a missing person, and was mentally ill. I only told the doctors I was under oppression from George W. Bush and his deep state, due to my book, and never told them about the military hardware sent to kill me, nor of my Armageddon.

The hospital contacted son David, who told them he was worried about me. My previous psychiatric medication consisted of a general anti-depressant, a sleep aid, and a drug called Risperdal. Risperdal is used in the treatment of several forms of mental illness, and at the low dose of one milligram that I had taken, it was used to treat anxiety. But at high doses it was an effective anti-psychotic to treat schizophrenia.

I had no history of schizophrenia, but because my story was so incredulous, the doctors were convinced I was a “paranoid” schizophrenic, and diagnosed me as such. The doctors refused to contact my previous doctors, both a psychologist and a psychiatrist, whom I had each seen for ten years. Eventually they did so, whom advised them I was not schizophrenic, that I had been treated for PTSD, and that my story of battling the corrupt governmental officials was indeed the truth. This was what eventually freed me after spending seventeen nights in the hospital. But until they contacted my doctors, I suffered the treatment and abuse of a paranoid schizophrenic.

I was locked inside the hospital cell block with the most severe cases of mental illness. But I was assigned a private room, with a comfortable bed, and a private bathroom. And the food was fantastic. The cell block was secured behind double paddy locked doors, and secure as a fortress. God had rescued me, Armageddon was over, and I was safe from the wrath of George W. Bush. The doctors asked me if I was still paranoid about the "Deep State" coming after me. I told them truthfully, "no, not anymore." They were convinced I was just nuts.

My blood work revealed I had dangerously low levels of potassium, and was prescribed high units of potassium. Otherwise, my blood work was perfect. I had an EKG, a complete physical, and complete blood and urine lab analysis work. Other than losing forty-four (44) pounds, I was in perfect physical health. I was not suffering from any mental illness, was not depressed, not suffering from PTSD, and was certainly not schizophrenic. I was suffering from distress, exhaustion, and needed lots of food and rest. I gained back weight rather quickly.

Being able to rest on a horizontal bed was a blessing, being able to take a hot shower was a blessing, and being able to eat three meals a day and snacks at night was a blessing. God had rescued me. That right hand of God had once again covered me with God's protection.

I spent the time reading my Bible, but I was missing my Qur'an. One night after dinner, I came back to my room, where someone had placed a Qur'an under my bed on the floor. I said "Thank you God!" So, I read the entire Qur'an once again. When my doctors saw me reading the Qur'an, they became suspicious. Perhaps thinking I was a terrorist, such the government had reason to follow me. Although God had rescued me, he used demonic doctors to do so. But God uses everyone to his benefit, even bad people.

The mental health profession is dangerously bifurcated into two opposing camps. First are the psychiatrists (MD) whom only do medicine, and then the psychologists (PhD) whom only do talk therapy. It is actually the combination of the two that heals mental illness.

The greatest danger lies with the psychiatrists and their false belief that their medicine alone will heal every mental health condition. They tend to over dope patients, and if they do not improve, they

increase the medication until the patients are comatose. To which they say "See, the patient is no longer mentally ill!"

In my case, the doctors kept increasing the amount of Risperdal, until my right hand began twitching and I was hallucinating. But each time they increased the dosage, my story remained the same. So, they kept increasing the dosage to the maximum allowed by law. But they could not break me from the truth of my story.

That was when they finally agreed to contact my doctors, whom told them I was not schizophrenic, but rather had suffered from PTSD. And that my story about governmental corruption was true. The doctors did not actually contact my doctors, they had a social worker do so. The reason "Dr. Stephen J. Rush" did not want to contact my doctors was as he said "Because doctors are busy." But after my psychologist was contacted, and the truth revealed, these "medicine only" doctors, decided to finally release me from their hospital. Never having succeeded in breaking me from the truth.

I prayed to God asking how long I would be locked inside the hospital. When I walked out to the lobby, one of the severely mentally ill patients walked up to me, and said "seventeen nights," then started saying something else. I stopped her, and asked her why she just said seventeen nights. She replied she did not know. It ended up being seventeen nights in the hospital.

The doctors wanted to discharge me, but I had no place to go. I had no family members in Cincinnati, save my evil cousin Dee Ellen Bardes, who betrayed me unto Satan for \$30 of wages. The doctors dumped me into the homeless shelter, using a one-way bus pass.

Back To The ShelterHouse Homeless Shelter

Sometime during the seventeen (17) nights I was in the hospital, George Walker Bush gave up his efforts trying to kill me. Armageddon in Cincinnati had run for twenty-two (22) days. George must have been exasperated in failing to kill me. Somehow, I had survived attacks by special forces helicopters, troop transports with dozens of killers, A-10 Warthogs, dozens of drones, military gunships, Air Force bombers, the FBI, CIA, then finally dozens of paid killers in cars and trucks.

My family members whom betrayed me unto death, must have also given up. And withdrew their permission to kill me. I was very much alive, but in the hospital. Perhaps they felt remorse, after such a long tense period of George and his false prophet preacher telling them I would soon be dead. Only to have so many attempts on my life fail. It must have been clear to them; God was protecting me. That I was not some Anti-Christ, but rather that Christ was with me. So, they all gave up trying to kill me.

Reconnecting With Family Members

I was contacted by my brother Edward, who was not involved in betraying me, but was aware I was undergoing great suffering. Brother Edward helped me out financially, by providing spending cash while I was in the homeless shelter. I was able to buy a cell phone, and some clothes and food while in the homeless shelter. Ed and his wife, Priscilla, both provided moral support, in addition to the

financial support. They were a great blessing.

I was also able to reconnect with son David, daughter Allison, and with ex-wife Betsy. I did not speak with my sister Cindy, nor my father. Both of whom were indirectly responsible for all the attempts on my life, having given permission to George to kill me.

The Beast Out Of The Sea - The Beast Out Of The Earth

By this time, I had a good understanding of the size and power of George's vast underground network of corrupt governmental officials. George had control over the military, the Department of Justice, the FBI and CIA, the federal judges, and the Supreme Court. He also had control over the technology CEO's, and their corporate tools to track and report me.

The Promised Fall of Babylon

God's promised prophetic "Fall of Babylon," technically the third fall of Babylon, with the last being the defeat of the Beast (George Walker Bush; *Sufyani*), his False Prophet (*Dajjal*), and the rest of the corrupt leaders of his underground criminal organization, is foretold throughout the entire Bible and Qur'an. Most specifically in the last seventeen (17) books of the Old Testament, from the seventeen (17) prophetic prophets of Israel, along with chapters 16-19 in the book of Revelation.

During my exile, as I eagerly awaited such a "fall," it became clear God would have to defeat the entire organization, else those remaining would keep up the corruption. God made it clear in Jeremiah 37, that the entire "Babylonian army" would need to be defeated.

Jeremiah 37:9

⁹ "This is what the Lord says: Do not deceive yourselves, thinking, 'The Babylonians will surely leave us.' They will not! ¹⁰ Even if you were to defeat the entire Babylonian army that is attacking you and only wounded men were left in their tents, they would come out and burn this city down."

God promised that those whom did great harm to me, would themselves go into exile. Just when and how, I did not know. Once enough events happened, that directly paralleled those foretold in prophecy, such I used God's advice in scripture, to save my life not once, but each time, did I then watch it prospectively.

The Homeless Shelter Spy Drones

I entered the homeless shelter on September 27, 2019. Having been discharged from the hospital, more like dumped there, via a one-way bus pass.

I did not have my car at the time, but the owner of the hotel who ended up saving my life, left my car in his parking lot. I was relieved when I called him to retrieve it. My 2007 Honda Accord was out of gas, the battery was dead, and it had a flat tire. But I was able to bring my car back to life, and was very happy to have wheels once again.

Merry, my dog, had been taken to the animal shelter and put up for adoption. I assume she was readily adopted. I was unable to care for her, being back in the shelter that did not allow dogs. Merry had retired from her active service to God, she served me well, and I was resigned to let her enjoy rest in a new home.

For the first two weeks in the homeless shelter, I did not know if George was still trying to kill me. But almost every day, fixed wing spy drones would fly overhead. The drones were sent only to spy on me, and were easy to detect as they made sharp jerky turns as if being flown by a joystick. Without the sound dampening effect of humans on board, the planes had a high-pitched tin-can sound. The fixed wing spy drones, general aviation planes with camera pods hanging below, along with spy drone helicopters, made tight circles that human pilots would not be able to withstand due to G-forces. Giving them away as remotely piloted drones.

The prolific use of spy drones inside the USA, was not publicly known until the nationwide George Floyd protests. Where drones stayed in the air full time over each protest. In Washington, DC, alone, there were three drones used. One being a private jet outfitted for remote control.

As I sat in my car, watching these drones keeping an eye on me, it was clear George was still very worried about me. The shelter itself was like a fortress, with paddy locked doors requiring a special photo identification card to gain access. So, I felt somewhat safe inside the shelter. The fact George was using spy drones, with high resolution cameras to watch me, likely meant he had no one on the ground to spy on me.

I applied for jobs online, but the CIA was one step ahead of me on each one. As the goons contacted each job I applied, and warned them not to respond to my application. After applying for hundreds of jobs, not one reply came back. It was clear, George had a gamut around me, and was not going to let me gain one ounce of ground. George kept me poor and homeless.

Knowing God had protected me from all the attacks and attempts on my life, as promised in the Bible and Qur'an, I became very confident that God was going to defeat the Beast, the False Prophet, and the rest of his criminals (Fall of Babylon.) I just did not know when or how. So, I decided to go on the offensive.

My Op-Ed Article On The ShelterHouse Homeless Shelter

On November 5, 2019, I wrote and submitted an Op-Ed article to the editors of the Cincinnati Enquirer newspaper, owned by Gannett Corporation. I provide the bulk of the article below, to give you a good understanding of what I was dealing with inside the shelter.

Insider's Warning Report On The ShelterHouse Homeless Shelter

By David Andrew Bardes
November 5, 2019

I write this warning report to the good people of Cincinnati after spending forty nights as a resident in the men's ShelterHouse homeless shelter, known as the David and Rebecca Barron Center for Men.

(Brief introduction of myself omitted)

The Abuse Model

ShelterHouse men's drop in homeless shelter, like many of our nation's homeless shelters, including the religious ones, is built around the homeless "Abuse Model." This boot camp tough love "abuse the homeless as an incentive not to be homeless again" model is the opposite of the "Mercy Model" built on compassion that Buddy Gray, the founder, originally set up.

The Abuse Model is a pro-Satan agenda because God himself said "I desire mercy, not sacrifice," and is born from the misalignment of the Republican "great American work ethic, work or die." Republicans need to focus on business, and must never come near vulnerable humans needing care and compassion, because they will immediately kill them if unable to find employment soon enough. The number of dead bodies around this shelter and near homicides, attest to this great evil.

Partial blame lies with the formation of any bureaucratic institution with too many rules, effectively creating a prison complex complete with prisoners. As our nation learned with our mistake of mental institutions full of horror stories, we now dump the mentally ill into such real and effective prisons. The same problems now persist under a different beast.

Capitalism creates thirty percent losers, with a steady stream dropping out of the bottom, but half bounce back readily only needing support for a brief period. The other half do not, and need more support for a longer period. These include those who will never recover. The sick and dying, the disabled, the hated, and the ruined people will likely never recover.

Those I call the "professionally lazy" are few in number, and contain complex problems leading to their condition. But even the lazy cannot do "nothing" all day, and eventually busy themselves in some hobby, which leads to productivity, commerce and income. Human nature is to work, and if you tell a homeless person they do not need to work, and can sit in a chair all day, they will eventually get so bored, they will rise to productivity. It happens naturally and these people do not need to be beaten into submission, or left to die in the streets.

The Homeless Are Not All the Same

The gamut of the homeless is wide, and their problems and needs are many and varied. By the time a person's life is destroyed to the point of resigning themselves to entering a homeless shelter, their needs are for mercy and compassion, to maintain life itself.

Many of the men who enter ShelterHouse need to go straight to the hospital, which eventually happens by ambulance for the very few. The rest just suffer. The mental hospitals dump their unwanted on the shelters with discharge instructions directing patients to go straight to the homeless

shelter using a one-way bus pass. The ruthless prison environment they are so cast, exacerbates mental illness assuring their further demise. With no time or place to heal, just get a job in thirty days (30) or you die in the streets.

Many suffer physical disabilities. I was almost brought to tears one day watching a man on crutches having to mop the entire cafeteria floor. Holding the mop in one hand, while hobbling on one crutch just to earn the right to be kept alive. The Abuse Model sets up rewards and punishment such those who volunteer for the most chores are rewarded with permanent housing, while those disabled are punished. This man wanted reward and endured great pain to mop the floor just to make his chances for survival favorable.

Another disabled man barely able to ambulate on two canes, was given a doctor's prescription for an electric wheelchair, but Medicare denies such to those in homeless shelters without a permanent home. He is on Social Security disability and cannot volunteer for daily chores, and is therefore denied help in finding permanent housing. Unable to satisfy the reward-punishment mandates of the Abuse Model, he was instructed by staff to feign a mental illness and take medicine to obtain faster housing through the mental health people.

Other homeless men at the door need what I call long term rest. Their lives are such a mess, they are so exhausted that rest for even a short period of time would lead to the speediest recovery and eventual productivity. Denied any rest, they are thrown into a brutal prison environment governed by the survival of the fittest.

The "intake" process at ShelterHouse denies entry to many homeless men, qualifications are stringent. Those with histories of sex crimes are denied and end up begging on the streets to survive. Those guilty of a history of drinking alcohol are permitted lest they drink again and are thrown back into the streets. Those angry and disillusioned are denied. Those transgendered with breasts but still have penises are permitted for a time, before they too are eventually thrown out. Those gay are hated by staff and residents alike, and do not last long.

Rough Living

The Abuse Model creates a rough living environment, with brutal conditions of confinement. ShelterHouse has a strict policy of not providing toilet paper for the bathroom stalls. When I asked the front desk for toilet paper I was yelled at and instructed to return the roll when finished. One time I was instructed to remove from the roll an estimated amount of toilet paper to finish my business, because I was told the prisoners use too much toilet paper.

This creates the problem of the prisoners defecating on the walls of the showers. At 6:00am when the punishment sleeping dorm empties, men got to go, and the lack of enough stalls with no toilet paper creates the unique wall art. The inmates have to steal a roll of toilet paper and carry it with them all day. Hence the prohibition of denying toilet paper to stem the tide of theft. Creating a self-fulfilling prophecy of no toilet paper abuse. I brought this problem to the attention of the staff, who could care less, and they are completely unaware of the evil they perpetuate.

Another manifestation of the Abuse Model is the prohibition against reclining. You cannot recline or lay down anywhere. During the heat wave, I laid my towel down on the concrete and reclined in the sun to read the news. A staff member told me to sit up as reclining was against the law. I asked her why? I explained the medical condition with my legs, but she barked at me, and I answered yes mamm and sat upright.

You are allowed to sit upright in a chair, but place your head down on a table to rest. Having to sit upright in chairs is exacerbated by the prohibition of not being able to sit in certain chairs during the day, leaving the prisoners having to sit on the floor, where they are then told they must sit upright in the chairs.

One day my case manager Anthony told me "Do not get comfortable here, this is not the place to get comfortable." I was unaware I was appearing comfortable.

The Punishment Sleeping Dorm

When you first arrive at ShelterHouse you have thirty (30) days to obtain income, or you are thrown out into the streets. You are housed in the punishment sleeping dorm as an incentive to find an income, which if able, you are then moved to the luxury dorms to await permanent housing. Those with incomes can wait approximately ninety days to obtain some sort of housing. If you leave the shelter for even one night, they throw you out and cannot come back for another year.

The punishment sleeping dorm consist of a large room with seventy bunk beds infested with bed bugs. The beds are assigned each night at 9:00pm. The prisoners line up for an hour long wait to be assigned a bunk. At night the air is so putrid disease is spread rapidly as the bed bugs suck your blood. I have gotten sick twice.

At 6:00am sharp the bright lights are turned on and a staff member begins yelling and banging on the metal beds to wake you up. You must immediately rise and take your belongings with you and exit the dorm within seconds. This punishment dorm is an incentive under the Abuse Model to seek employment. Because once hired with provable income, you are moved to the luxury dorms with assigned beds which are accessible during the day for rest, as a reward. Otherwise, the sick, dying, disabled, and unfortunate are thrown out into the streets after thirty (30) days in the punishment sleeping dorm.

One night in the punishment dorm an elderly drunk man began yelling in his stupor, screaming out the n-word. After the inmate's brought this to the attention of the staff, the staff member came into the dorm and began screaming at all of us. He threatened to throw all of us out into the cold rainy night if we did not quiet down. He yelled "I have the right to do so, and do not think I will not do it!" I said "This man has a medical problem and needs to be in the hospital." I was yelled at claiming the man was only drunk. The man was eventually taken to the hospital as he had consumed a gallon of hard liquor and almost died. The hospital saved his life.

Theft and Stealing

The prisoners must carry everything they own all day long or it will be stolen. If you buy a soda pop and set it down, someone will steal it. Even glasses and underwear are stolen. You sleep fully clothed if you want clothes to wear the next day. Charging cell phones requires hovering over them lest stolen if you even look away. Just last night a man's backpack was stolen off his bunk as he slept. Despite video camera's everywhere, the staff does nothing about the thefts.

Meals

One day my chore was to serve the trays to the handicap, and when I entered the kitchen to obtain latex gloves as required, a women began yelling and screaming at me. Unaware why this person had lost all self-control resorting to yelling and screaming, I later learned she yells and screams at all the prisoners. All the staff do.

In fact, each meal starts with a twenty-minute yelling and screaming lecture. Replete with guilt for receiving a free meal, each lecture contains the question of "Gentlemen, what time is curfew?" The men answer "9:00pm." After enough correct answers, the meal is served. Each meal is served for thirty minutes, which after the twenty-minute yelling lecture, leaves only ten minutes before the kitchen doors are locked. Many men are forced to visit other homeless shelters and soup kitchens to satisfy hunger.

We are very thankful for the free food, and have a great chef, and the food is tasty, but any meal served cafeteria style has its problems. Portion sizes are tiny and if you get the malformed piece of chicken with no meat, you are out of luck, and must seek food elsewhere. Breakfast consists of one bowl of dry cereal and a glass of milk. Lunch and dinner consist of hot food sometimes containing meat. Because no knives are provided, you must pick up your food and eat caveman style.

9:00pm Curfew And The Near Homicides

ShelterHouse strictly enforces their 9:00pm curfew. If you are outside after nine you are locked outside for the night, then having missed one night in the shelter are kicked out permanently.

One poor soul was locked outside in near freezing temperatures wearing only a tee shirt. When we came outside in the morning, he was hypothermic, shivering and his teeth were chattering. We gave him a sweatshirt out of what little clothes we owned just to keep him alive. He was able to beg his way back inside after 8:00am.

One man was caught late at night smoking a marijuana cigarette to get a few minutes of relief from the fear, and thrown outside in the cold to die for his sins. The man walked all night long to maintain enough body heat to remain alive. In the morning he was able to beg his way back inside.

A slow hypothermic death is what killed Jesus Christ on the cross, and at ShelterHouse men are crucified nightly by strict policy.

One evening I accidentally fell asleep in my car, only to awaken at 9:25pm and denied entry. I spent the night in my car, lest I be crucified like the others. One day I met a lady who found a dead body

behind the shelter. I do not know the story of how he died. But no mercy and attempted homicide are strictly enforced policies at the Barron ShelterHouse. The law requires the director and board members be arrested and prosecuted just to prevent the murders.

Homeless Killers

The Cincinnati police are great about alerts to active homeless killers roaming the streets looking for the homeless to kill. The Cincinnati police are very kind to the homeless, mercy is exercised. Announcements of homeless killers are made nightly in the punishment sleeping dorm causing great fear. Only to be awakened at 6:00am and thrown outside in the dark looking for employment hoping to avoid the killers. If unable to find employment within thirty (30) days, you are thrown outside to fend off the homeless killers all night long.

The Smells

The prisoners are yelled at each day for personal hygiene, as some smell strongly of urine and body odor. The problem is not showering, which they do, the problem is the smelly clothes. Although the washer and dryer only cost fifty cents each, for the broke it might as well be a hundred dollars. Only having one set of clothes, required to sleep in them each night lest they be stolen, with nothing to wear while they were being washed if affordable, creates the problem that no amount of yelling can solve.

Former Inmates Are Shocked At The Conditions of Confinement

Some men come to the shelter having been released from jail or prison. The shelter's brutal conditions of confinement are lamented as being worse than prison. In prison you have an assigned bed, toilet paper, less risk to life, and less stringent rules.

Homeless Helping The Homeless

If not for the homeless helping the homeless, no one would help the homeless. I was surprised at how generous the homeless are with each other, giving what little they owned to help each other.

The shelter has two transportation vans which sit parked most of the day. The Abuse Model requires an elaborate process to even schedule a ride to a doctor's appointment. First, you have to schedule a meeting with your case manager who only works a few hours each day, taking several days to arrange the meeting. Only case managers can arrange transportation with the requirement requests be made twenty-four hours in advance.

When I first arrived, I did not have my car with me, and my case manager required I obtained a copy of my clean police report from the Justice Center. After explaining I was unable to walk that distance due to my legs, I was ridiculed and told to arrange a ride with the van driver. The van driver said only case managers can request transportation. Leaving me having to wait until I got my car back to fulfill the requirement.

One day a prisoner with a mal-fitting leg prosthesis unable to walk, asked me for money for a bus pass to get to his doctor's office to adjust his leg prosthesis. I gave him five dollars which was half the money I owned, knowing the shelter would never provide transportation for the poor victim.

Once I had my car back, I have provided dozens of rides for life saving needs, driving past the parked transportation vans rarely if ever used.

Car Trouble

Some of the victims own old cars which can barely operate. Changing flats, charging batteries, the homeless lend assistance anyway they can to help each other drive to work. If the shelter finds out your car is disabled for too long, they will have it towed away; gone forever.

Cigarettes

The nicotine in cigarettes provides a few minutes of relief from the fear, and are therefore in high demand. If someone is seen with a pack, dozens of inmates ask for a free cigarette. Or, up to a dollar is paid to buy one. Some prisoners buy a bag of tobacco and roll their own cigarettes to save money.

Chronic Staff Turnover

One of the telltale signs of the decay of any bureaucratic institution with too many rules is chronic staff turnover. But the quality of the new is worse than the old, creating a downward spiral of a greater problem. Around ten percent of the staff are among the best people I have ever met, and are capable of mercy. The rest I would describe as despicable human beings.

Forms

When you examine the total amount of money spent on the homeless, from both private and public money, only to have the problem of the homeless grow worse, one has to ask where is all the money going?

The answer is most of the money is absorbed by the salaries of people who require the homeless fill out pages of forms, to be stacked on desks, then after weeks deny the benefits to the homeless. In my forty days filling out three hundred pages of forms for thirty entities, weeks go by until I am denied all services. These people feed off the homeless. In my case, thirty people drew salaries per each homeless person denied. This is where the bulk of the money is wasted.

Private charities and even churches are the worst offenders. Charities cherry pick whom they help, and deny the rest. One church was giving away gas cards, but only to the homeless who had full time jobs. But if you have a job, you can afford your own gas, because those looking for jobs really need the gas card, so this church adopts the Abuse Model, while fully believing God is pleased with their charity. Nothing angers God more than the Abuse Model, while claiming belief in God. God holds us accountable for how we treat the least of his, not the most fortunate.

Creative Solutions For The Homeless Are Needed

A less expensive method of caring for the homeless is to put them up at local sleep cheap hotels, provide takeout food, a small amount of daily cash, a traveling care team, and a traveling nurse and doctor. Doing so alleviates every problem I have shared with you. It is time for creative solutions and bold leadership.

My Situation

I have been unable to find full time employment within thirty days due to my resume being a turn off to employers. Having a long career earning six figures, then a ten-year period of disability, and being age 56, my resume is toxic. I am being thrown out of ShelterHouse this Friday as a result. At least I have delivered the truth to you, which is sorely needed at this time.

Written in the research, experience, and opinion of,
David Andrew Bardes

The Paper Would Not Publish The Article

Chief Editor Beryl Love called me on the telephone. He refused to publish my article, quoting him "No way, no how!" I replied "Can I quote you on that?" He answered "Absolutely!" I was powerless to stop the shelter from murdering the homeless with hypothermia.

A short time later, on December 11, 2019, there were two brothers living in the shelter. One of the brothers was kicked out of the shelter, thrown out into the cold dark freezing December night. His brother found him under the bridge, and urged him to go to the winter shelter, which had just opened up that night. ShelterHouse opened their basement during deep winter, and allowed anyone to sleep on the floor for the night. His brother never made it to the winter shelter, and froze to death that night from hypothermia. His brother found him dead the next morning. He was the fifth frozen dead homeless body the police had recently found that died from hypothermia.

On December 27, 2019, I sent an email back to the editors at the Cincinnati Enquirer, admonishing them for having blood on their hands, dripping on my words.

One Blessing Did Flow

One blessing did flow from my article. After I placed a copy of the article in the gray complaint box inside the shelter, my case manager intervened, making sure I was not kicked out of the shelter. In fact, I was upgraded and moved into the luxury dorm, called "Green Dot Dorm." I was assigned bed number "33."

The number thirty-three (33) is the number of Jesus Christ, from who many blessings flow. The year 33 AD was the year Jesus Christ was tortured to death with hypothermia. I was at a loss for words, praying "Thank you Jesus for the blessing of bed 33."

Leaving The ShelterHouse Homeless Shelter

I had applied for a grant from the State of Ohio, to attend truck driving school. After the five-week school to obtain my commercial driver's license, I would get a job driving a truck. I needed income, and a plan to leave the shelter. Working with a recruiter using text messaging, the CIA goons were somewhat blocked from running interference. I had worked with my housing case manager at the shelter, to move to a group home for the five weeks of school.

On January 28, 2020, I completed the requirements, and was scheduled to leave the shelter on Friday, January 31, 2020. That date would complete exactly eighteen (18) weeks at the homeless shelter.

Westside of Cincinnati

On March 4, 2020, at 3:03pm ET, a large AC-130 four jet engine military gunship flew low and slow over the group home I was residing. The rumbling sounds shook the house. I did not think much about it. Not until an hour later at 4:04pm ET, when a black helicopter flew the same flight path low and slow over the house. Had George reverted back to Armageddon once again? Was he back trying to kill me? Was he going to bomb a house full of people in a residential neighborhood? Something had riled up George to focus on me once again, something upset him.

It was not until the following day, on March 5th, did it make sense. I heard on the car radio that the International Criminal Court (ICC) appeals court judges reversed their own judge's previous decision not to open the Bush war crimes investigation. The ICC appeals court judges ordered their prosecutor to commence the investigation into Bush/Cheney/CIA military war crimes of torture. I started laughing. When I got home, I checked the ICC website to discover their order was issued that day, on March 5th, as well as a notice of the pending order the day before, on March 4th. I thought, no wonder George was afraid. He now feared real prosecution and imprisonment. So did the CIA and military.

By this time, "Coronavirus" had brought the entire world to its knees. With mass fear of death keeping everyone at home. This was the foretold "plague" and "pestilence" from biblical prophecy.

David and Goliath

On September 25, 2019, I had a vivid dream of a man who morphed into a bear. I was shooting the bear with an old-fashioned musket over and over again until it finally died. Then on January 8, 2020, I had a dream I was attacked by a lion. But I fought the lion with my hands and tore it limb from limb, until I was covered in blood, but the lion was dead.

On January 13, 2020, I finally figured out the significance of my two dreams. They came from the story of David and Goliath. Where David explained to King Saul, that he had fought off and killed both the lion and the bear, and thus could defeat Goliath.

1 Samuel 17:34-37 [David and Goliath]

³⁴ But David said to Saul, "Your servant has been keeping his father's sheep. When a lion or a

bear came and carried off a sheep from the flock, ³⁵ I went after it, struck it and rescued the sheep from its mouth. When it turned on me, I seized it by its hair, struck it and killed it. ³⁶ **Your servant has killed both the lion and the bear;** this uncircumcised Philistine will be like one of them, because he has defied the armies of the living God. ³⁷ **The Lord who rescued me from the paw of the lion and the paw of the bear** will rescue me from the hand of this Philistine." Saul said to David, "Go, and the Lord be with you."

God drew the analogy, and gave me assurance, that I would one day defeat the Goliath I was fighting. That is, defeat the Beast and his False Prophet. In my case, the lion and bear were George Walker Bush and his False Prophet.

My two dreams were exactly fifteen (15) weeks apart.

On a cold winter afternoon, the significance of my two dreams dawned on me, on January 13, 2020, as the sun was setting. But there was a series of seven (7) ice cloud rainbows that appeared before the sun set. An ice cloud rainbow occurs when the sun hits a cloud of frozen ice particles, lighting up the cloud with all the colors of the rainbow. I pulled out my Apple iPad and took pictures of several of them. Rainbows represent a promise from God. I knew then, that God promised my Goliath would someday be defeated. I had to wait patiently for God to act. Patience is a weapon few master.



Finally, exactly one month later than my dream about the lion, on February 8, 2020, I had a vivid dream I was in a country club eating a five-dollar salad. Then I was cutting a human spine into pieces, when a yellow greenish snake came out of the spine. I had cut off the head of the snake, and it died. The snake represented Satan.

One day, George flew a drone in circles over my group home for four (4) hours. George worried a lot about me, he worried all the time. I passed my exams to become a truck driver, but I failed my left eye vision exam, and needed to obtain new glasses. But due to the Covid-19, all the eye doctors and vision centers were closed until May 1st.

Adding weeks to my wait, my brother Edward and sister-in-law Priscilla, invited my down to their house in North Carolina for my birthday weekend of April 25th. After driving six hours to their

home deep in the mountains of apple grove country, I spotted George's drones overhead. Tracking my cell phone tower locations, George followed me.

My brother said a small plane flew over their house about every day. Then he showed me a cell phone picture of a large AC-130 military gunship which flew circles over their house back in July of 2019. This was during my Armageddon, when George could not find me, and thought I might have fled to my brother's house. George was going to blow me to bits wherever he could find me. I remained silent and did not tell Eddie or Priscilla just why a military gunship would be repeatedly buzzing their house.

On Saturday, April 24th, while Eddie and I were sitting on their back deck, a drone flew low and slow directly over their deck. Again, I remained silent. George was very worried about me. Priscilla snapped a picture of Ed and I looking up at the drone. It was a surreal moment.



What I did not learn until later, those drones were not George, but rather the “good people” keeping protection over me. Whomever the good people were in the military that abruptly called off the military attacks on me in Cincinnati, they turned against George and his criminal organization. Concerned with the state of corruption in the federal government, these military leaders were upset they had been used so badly, such they turned their efforts to protecting me. The drones became friendly eyes in the sky. (In 2020, when Donald Trump Tweeted that there was a “Myanmar style US military coup going on to purge the “deep state,” and he was ridiculed endlessly, I rather knew what he was alluding.)

After spending a glorious weekend feasting and relaxing, I drove home on April 27th. As I left at the crack of dawn, the quarter moon shone before me. God was telling me my trip would be a safe journey, and that God was with me. The moon followed me most of the way back to Cincinnati.

On May 1st, I was able to find an eye doctor doing eye exams. The vision in my left eye had actually

improved quite a bit, and was the reason I failed my eye exam. My glasses were artificially skewing my vision. Once I obtained my new glasses, I passed my vision test and secured my "CLP" (Commercial Driver's License Learners Permit) from the State of Ohio. Having passed my DOT (Department of Transportation) physical exam, a hair follicle drug test, and a urinalysis drug test, I was slated to begin truck driver training in Appleton, Wisconsin on May 18th.

With two weeks to wait, I again visited Ed and Priscilla in North Carolina. And again, good guy drones followed me there, flying over their house. As I drove home, the moon once again followed me back to Cincinnati.

On Sunday, May 17th, after 107 days in the group home, I left in the early morning to drive to Appleton, Wisconsin. As I drove away, the crescent moon was directly in front of me. I ran into violent weather as I drove through Chicago. A large low pressure "monsoon" of rain and wind buffeted my car on the highway. A very strong and rare east wind was blowing sheets of rain. I arrived in Appleton, Wisconsin by the middle of the afternoon.

I checked into the hotel provided by Roehl Transport, Inc. The hotel was next to an international airport, and I was curious if George would be able to fly drones so close to an airfield, as I did not know they were actually the good people. The next morning at 6:30am, I began working for Roehl. Their depot was on the other side of the airport, so again, I was uncertain if the drones would show up.

The first few days the east wind of rain clouds remained. But by that Wednesday, the skies cleared. In the late afternoon, while in the back of the depot lot inspecting a trailer, one of George's drones flew low and slow directly overhead. I thought perhaps it was just a general aviation plane landing at the airport. But when it flew another tight circle over my head, and I saw the camera pod under the engine, it was clearly one of George's drones spying on me.

Work consisted of one day of classroom training, followed by driving the actual truck. Double shifting a ten (10) speed manual transmission, while driving an 80,000 pound, 75-foot-long tractor and trailer backwards and forwards, was not an easy task. But I did well.

Work began at 6:30am until 5:30pm. I was not used to working eleven (11) hour days, after being unemployed for so long. But God gave me mercy and strength to do so. I was concentrating on work, and just had to ignore the drones. In the evening, George flew his usual evening drone over the hotel at about 7:30pm each night. It was actually the good people keeping a watchful eye on me.

On Wednesday, May 27, we spent the day driving the truck in an industrial park and practiced backing up. I was having trouble operating the heavy double clutch with my left leg. My left leg has a metal hip and had suffered muscle atrophy, and my left leg was tired from feathering the clutch. I made the request to my bosses to be transferred out of the manual transmission class, and into the automatic transmission class. The new driver classes were automatic transmission classes, as Roehl and other major trucking companies, were switching over to automatic transmissions.

My bosses granted my request, but the next opening for automatic transmission class was four

weeks away, on June 29th. I had a month to wait. My brother Edward and sister-in-law Priscilla, were kind enough to allow me to stay with them for the month. The next day, on May 28th, I left Appleton, Wisconsin and drove to Hendersonville, North Carolina.

The fifteen-hour drive was grueling, and as I left, I looked for the moon in the sky, as was God's previous sign that I would have a safe journey. However, rain clouds blocked the sky. After fourteen hours of driving, I suffered two dizzy spells, where I thought, I was going to pass out and crash. Satan had planned to take me out, but once again, God saved me. As I was driving up the mountain to my brother's house, I spotted the moon behind me. God was with me the whole trip.

As I arrived at my brother's house well after dark, I was informed my father had threatened to cut my brother off financially, if he allowed me to stay with him for the month. My father told Edward, I had hacked his cell phone and email. Apparently, George and the CEO's told my father I was some sort of prolific hacker. But Satan was not going down without a fight. The role my father has played in my life, is that of Satan. I had not known such an evil man would end up being what God called my "first father."

Isaiah 43:27

²⁷ Your first father sinned; those I sent to teach you rebelled against me.

God was my true father, and I was a true child of God. We are all sons and daughters of God. My brother defied my first father's edict of evil, and allowed me to stay. I believed God wanted me to return to my brother's house for the month break.

Friday, May 29th, 2020, marked exactly one year of exile, which started on May 29, 2019. At 12:40pm, the good people sent their drone to fly over the house three times. Curious as to why I traveled to my brother's house, they had followed my cell phone location. In the evening after dark, as I walked backed from my car to my brother's house, I saw the full quarter moon high in the sky. As I always did upon seeing the moon, I prayed "I love you Lord, with all my heart and all my soul, and every fiber of my body. Your servant stands by ready to serve you. I will not let you down."

I spent the time finishing my main sermon, the "Eternal Gospel," titled "A Detailed Description of Heaven."

My brother had a friend who worked for a swimming pool repair and restoration company who hired us for a day to stain a pool deck. I must have done a good job, as my boss, a wonderful man named Glenn LaPlante, took a shinning to me and offered me a full-time job. God opens doors and closes doors, so I took it as a sign from God to stay in the area as the end was hopefully near. This brought my truck driving career to an end, as the recruiter never even returned my phone calls.

ASP of Asheville

ASP "America's Swimming Pool Company" of Asheville gave me a steady income. Glenn was a swimming pool expert and taught me everything about building and repairing swimming pools. Glenn and I ran the "restoration" department, where we repaired pools, including measuring and installing vinyl liners in pools. From tile work to replastering pools, we drove around in a large work

van covered in a blue swimming pool themed wrap.

Each day the “good people” spy drones followed me everywhere we went. One day working inside of a pool, I looked up at the drone and Glenn noticed, asking if someone was following me? I laughed and said no, I just love to fly. Another day while driving through the woods, I noticed through the thick tree's, the drone following us along the road.

What I thought was George following me, was actually the good people keeping a careful watch over me. Back during the first five months of my exile, when George sent all those military assets to kill me, the higher ups in the military caught wind, and put an end to their use. What I did not know, was a large group of soldiers in the military became my protectors, and followed me everywhere I went. This created a period of about a year where I was safe from attack.

103 Old Oak Drive - Big Oak Park

My job with ASP of Asheville, gave me the opportunity to rent my own place. Brother Edward helped me with the first month rent and deposit, but I was able to afford a small one-bedroom cottage in a mobile home park, called Big Oak Park. The landlord warned us the place was rough. And it was run down, but had a kitchen with full size refrigerator and a brand-new furnace.

The bedroom in the back was made of cinder block and looked like a prison cell, so I set up my bed in the living room which had a vaulted ceiling. With a private bathroom, it was to me, the nicest place I had ever lived. Having been homeless for so long, broke and alone. I now had my own place, privacy, a bathroom with shower, a kitchen, and a steady paycheck. I was in heaven. I loved my old rough one room run down cottage in the woods under large oak trees.

Trump and George Floyd

This was the time the world witnessed the senseless brutal murder of George Floyd, followed by another shooting murder of a Black man in Atlanta. Protests erupted all around the world.

President Trump called in the military to shoot the protesters. One day Donald cleared the area around the White House of peaceful protesters with tear gas and rubber bullets, just so he could walk across the street to a church and hold up a bible. When I saw this staged photo opportunity, I said "You are done!"

Donald ran on a campaign promise of bringing back torture, he murdered children on our southern border, he took food away from millions of starving people, and by executive order he reinstated slavery by work requirements. But nothing angers God more than violence, and holding up the bible in support of violence and murder really angered God.

Days later while giving a speech at West Point Academy, Donald was filmed raising a glass of water to his mouth using his right hand. Unable to reach his mouth, Donald had to raise his left hand to lift the glass to his mouth. Then he was filmed stumbling down a ramp after his speech. The press thought this was a sign Donald might have a massive stroke to the right side of his body, as foretold

by God in Zechariah. But God's reference to his right side may be metaphorical for a lack of righteousness.

Zechariah 11:17

¹⁷ "Woe to the worthless shepherd,
who deserts the flock!
May the sword strike his arm and his right eye!
May his arm be completely withered,
his right eye totally blinded!"

The prophet Daniel also foretold the rise and fall of Donald Trump. It was Donald's capstone sin, the last sin before God finally acted to remove him from office.

EliasMonastery.com

I decided to put up another website, and put pressure on all the bad actors. This would also allow me to monitor website traffic to determine who was still active.

I opened a new account at GoDaddy and repurchased the domain "EliasMonastery.com." On June 8, 2020, I launched the website with only three entries. I posted "Sermons coming soon," a free copy of my book, and a copy of the original website "ColdCellTorture.com." I added the text that George Bush had obtained my domain "ColdCellTorture.com," and put up a bogus website in French selling Nike sneakers. I then waited to see if anyone visited the website.

I did not have to wait long, as less than an hour later the CIA visited the website. They had been waiting for me. GoDaddy had alerted them to my opening an account and buying "EliasMonastery.com."

George was very unhappy that I was back on the web. He was certain the website "ColdCellTorture.com" was gone for good, but all of a sudden, the pages were back on the web. So was my book detailing his corruption. George contacted GoDaddy asking them to take down my website, to which GoDaddy corporate visited the website to see for themselves. Nothing was violating GoDaddy's policies, so GoDaddy left the website alone.

Word spread fast, as a flood of all the previous cold cell website visitors came back. George Bush visited, along with the CIA and FBI. Then came Bill Gates at Microsoft, Larry Page at Google, Tim Cook of Apple, and visitors from China, criminals in France, the crooked ICC judge from South Korea, along with other visitors from around the world. I was back in business.

I then added blog entries each day. One of the CIA cold cell torture victims at Gitmo was a talented artist, and had hand drawn a dozen pictures of his cold cell tortures. Which had been widely published in the news. Each day I added a new picture with captions, along with updates as to the many visitors. This angered George, but caused even more visitors, as they had to come back each day to view my latest entry.

8/9/2020 Tree Limb Fell

On Sunday morning, August 9, 2020, as I laid in bed looking out the front door window, I asked God for a sign. I was bored. August 1, 2020 was day 430 of my exile, which I thought would end based on a passage in Ezekiel 4.

Then I heard a loud thundering crack, and looked out the window to see a huge tree limb fall on my car, smashing the windshield and leaving a dent in my car. I started laughing, and said, God that was not the kind of sign I was hoping for. But God was marking that date for some reason, and signifying my exile would continue, giving George more time to repent and turn from his evil ways. My work was not over.

The CIA had hacked my email a long time before, so I only needed to send an email to myself, for my enemies to receive moments later. Every few days I would send an email to George and his criminals, giving them an opportunity to repent and turn from their evil ways, before God destroyed them all, as promised in scripture. This angered George to no end.

The Tiny Scroll

On Sunday afternoon, September 13, 2020, as I was lying on my bed resting, I was bored. I said to God "When O'Lord are you going to act? I have waited so patiently as you have instructed, but it sure is taking a long time?"

The thought came into my head, that I should send George my interpretation of 2 Esdras 11 and 12, the "Vision of the Eagle." This passage is the most accurate and powerful in prophecy, as it clearly applies to the United States, and the foretold "Fall of Babylon." I downloaded the passage to my laptop and began its explanation. When I was finished, I made a PDF file and sent it to George.

The Vision of the Eagle

God's Foretold Destruction of the Corrupt Leaders of the United States of America

Today's End Times Application of 2 Esdras

By Brother David Andrew Bardes

The Biblical (Apocalyptic) book of 2 Esdras has been omitted from many Protestant Christian Bibles, while others include it. It is included in the Catholic bible. 2 Esdras is a prophetic scripture for Jews.

Written by the Hebrew prophet Ezra, the exact date of origin remains debatable. It was either written in the 5th century BC, or 70-218 AD. For the sake of the below application to today's times,

the date of origin is meaningless.

I have placed within the text, using "[" and "]" markers, my guesses as to the application to today's end times. These are guesses, and may be switched around or just wrong. Fill in as you see it, I make no claim as to correctness.

2 Esdras 11

New Revised Standard Version

The Vision of the Eagle

¹ On the second night I [Ezra] had a dream: I saw rising from the sea an eagle [United States government] that had twelve feathered wings [Presidents from Hoover to Clinton] and three heads [Bush2, Obama, Trump]. ² I saw it spread its wings over the whole earth, and all the winds of heaven blew upon it, and the clouds were gathered around it. ³ I saw that out of its wings there grew opposing wings; but they became little, puny wings. ⁴ But its [three] heads were at rest [not elected yet]; the middle head [Trump] was larger than the other heads, but it too was at rest with them. ⁵ Then I saw that the eagle flew with its wings, and it reigned over the earth and over those who inhabit it. ⁶ And I saw how all things under heaven were subjected to it, and no one spoke against it—not a single creature that was on the earth. ⁷ Then I saw the eagle rise upon its talons, and it uttered a cry to its wings, saying, ⁸ "Do not all watch [all be president] at the same time; let each sleep in its own place, and watch in its turn [one president a time]; ⁹ but let the [three] heads be reserved for the last [last three presidents]."

¹⁰ I looked again and saw that the voice did not come from its heads, but from the middle of its body. ¹¹ I counted its rival wings, and there were eight of them. ¹² As I watched, one wing [President Herbert Hoover] on the right side rose up, and it reigned over all the earth. ¹³ And after a time its reign came to an end, and it disappeared [out of office], so that even its place was no longer visible. Then the next wing [Franklin D. Roosevelt] rose up and reigned, and it continued to reign a long time [served 4 terms]. ¹⁴ While it was reigning its end came also [died in office], so that it disappeared like the first. ¹⁵ And a voice sounded, saying to it, ¹⁶ "Listen to me, you who have ruled the earth all this time; I announce this to you before you disappear. ¹⁷ After you [Roosevelt] no one shall rule as long as you have ruled [22nd Amendment passed just after FDR's death limiting presidency to 2 terms thereafter], not even half as long."

¹⁸ Then the third wing [Harry S. Truman] raised itself up, and held the rule as the earlier ones had done, and it also disappeared. ¹⁹ And so it went with all the wings [Dwight D. Eisenhower, John F. Kennedy, Lyndon B. Johnson, Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, Jimmy Carter, Ronald Reagan, George H. W. Bush, Bill Clinton]; they wielded power one after another and then were never seen again. ²⁰ I kept looking, and in due time the wings that followed also rose up on the right side, in order to rule. There were some of them that ruled, yet disappeared suddenly [John F. Kennedy shot]; ²¹ and others of them rose up, but did not hold the rule [Nixon resigned]. ²² And after this I looked and saw that the twelve wings and the two little wings had disappeared, ²³ and nothing remained on the eagle's body except the three heads that were at rest and six little wings.

²⁴ As I kept looking I saw that two little wings [John McCain, Mitt Romney] separated from the six and remained [loyal] under the head [Bush2] that was on the right [right-wing Republican] side; but

four remained in their place.²⁵ Then I saw that these little wings planned to set themselves up [run for office] and hold the rule [become president].²⁶ As I kept looking, one was set up, but suddenly disappeared [John McCain lost the election];²⁷ a second also, and this disappeared [Romney lost the election] more quickly than the first.²⁸ While I continued to look the two [Bush2 and Obama] that remained were planning between themselves to reign together [deep state alliance between Obama and Bush2];²⁹ and while they were planning, one of the heads [Trump] that were at rest (the one that was in the middle) suddenly awoke [was elected]; it was greater than the other two heads.³⁰ And I saw how it allied the two heads [Bush2 and Obama] with [themselves] itself [creating the Russia investigation],³¹ and how the head [Trump] turned with those that were with it [Trump voters] and devoured the two little wings [Hillary Clinton/Tim Kaine] that were planning to reign [running for office].³² Moreover this head [Trump] gained control of the whole earth, and with much oppression dominated its inhabitants; it had greater power over the world than all the wings that had gone before.

³³ After this I looked again and saw the head in the middle [Trump] suddenly disappear, [lost election] just as the wings had done.³⁴ But the two heads remained [Bush2/Obama], which also in like manner ruled over the earth and its inhabitants [deep state leaders].³⁵ And while I looked, I saw the head on the right side [right-wing Bush2] devour the one on the left [left-wing Obama].

A Lion Roused from the Forest

³⁶ Then I heard a voice saying to me, "Look in front of you and consider what you see."³⁷ When I looked, I saw what seemed to be a lion roused from the forest, roaring; and I heard how it uttered a human voice to the eagle, and spoke, saying,³⁸ "Listen and I will speak to you. The Most High says to you,³⁹ 'Are you not the one [Trump] that remains of the four beasts [Clinton/Bush2/Obama/Trump] that I had made to reign in my world, so that the end of my times might come through them?'⁴⁰ You [Trump], the fourth that has come, have conquered all the beasts that have gone before; and you have held sway over the world with great terror, and over all the earth with grievous oppression; and for so long you have lived on the earth with deceit [Trump's business dealings].⁴¹ You have judged the earth, but not with truth [lies],⁴² for you have oppressed the meek [poor/people of color, immigrants] and injured the peaceable [peaceful protesters]; you have hated those who tell the truth [press/media], and have loved liars; you have destroyed the homes of those who brought forth fruit, and have laid low the walls of those who did you no harm.⁴³ Your insolence has come up before the Most High, and your pride to the Mighty One [holding up a bible after gassing and shooting innocent people].⁴⁴ The Most High has looked at his times; now they have ended, and his ages have reached completion.⁴⁵ Therefore you, eagle [United States government], will surely disappear [not the nation itself, just the government will be rebuilt by God], you and your terrifying wings, your most evil little wing [Dick Cheney], your malicious heads, your most evil talons, and your whole worthless body,⁴⁶ so that the whole earth, freed from your violence, may be refreshed and relieved, and may hope for the judgment and mercy of him [God] who made it."

2 Esdras 12

New Revised Standard Version

¹ While the lion was saying these words to the eagle, I looked ² and saw that the remaining head [Bush2] had disappeared [died?]. The two wings that had gone over to it [Biden and Harris] rose up and set themselves up to reign, and their reign was brief [a year, months] and full of tumult. ³ When

I looked again, they were already vanishing. The whole body of the eagle [government] was burned, and the earth was exceedingly terrified.

Then I woke up in great perplexity of mind and great fear, and I said to my spirit, ⁴ "You have brought this upon me, because you search out the ways of the Most High. ⁵ I am still weary in mind and very weak in my spirit, and not even a little strength is left in me, because of the great fear with which I have been terrified tonight. ⁶ Therefore I will now entreat the Most High that he may strengthen me to the end."

The Interpretation of the Vision

⁷ Then I said, "O sovereign Lord, if I have found favor in your sight, and if I have been accounted righteous before you beyond many others, and if my prayer has indeed come up before your face, ⁸ strengthen me and show me, your servant, the interpretation and meaning of this terrifying vision so that you may fully comfort my soul. ⁹ For you have judged me worthy to be shown the end of the times and the last events of the times."

¹⁰ He said to me, "This is the interpretation of this vision that you have seen: ¹¹ The eagle [government] that you saw coming up from the sea is the fourth kingdom [Trump] that appeared in a vision to your brother Daniel. ¹² But it was not explained to him as I now explain to you or have explained it. ¹³ The days are coming when a kingdom [United States] shall rise on earth, and it shall be more terrifying than all the kingdoms that have been before it. ¹⁴ And twelve kings [Hoover to Clinton] shall reign in it, one after another. ¹⁵ But the second that is to reign [Roosevelt] shall hold sway for a longer time than any other one of the twelve. ¹⁶ This is the interpretation of the twelve wings that you saw.

¹⁷ "As for your hearing a voice that spoke, coming not from the eagle's heads [presidents] but from the midst of its body, this is the interpretation: ¹⁸ In the midst [year 1865] of the time of that kingdom great struggles [civil war] shall arise, and it shall be in danger of falling; nevertheless it shall not fall then [the Union held], but shall regain its former power. ¹⁹ As for your seeing eight little wings clinging to its wings, this is the interpretation: ²⁰ Eight kings [presidents] shall arise in it, whose times shall be short [4 or 8 years] and their years swift; ²¹ two of them shall perish [Kennedy/Roosevelt] when the middle of its time draws near; and four [Bush2/Obama/Trump/Biden] shall be kept for the time when its end approaches, but two [Bush2/Biden] shall be kept until the end.

²² "As for your seeing three heads at rest, this is the interpretation: ²³ In its last days the Most High will raise up three kings [Bush2/Trump/Biden],^[i] and they shall renew many things in it, and shall rule the earth ²⁴ and its inhabitants more oppressively [more corrupt] than all who were before them. Therefore they are called the heads of the eagle, ²⁵ because it is they who shall sum up his wickedness and perform his last actions. ²⁶ As for your seeing that the large head [Trump] disappeared [lost election], one of the kings [Trump, Bush2?] shall die in his bed, but in agonies [?] ²⁷ But as for the two who remained [Bush2/Biden], the sword shall devour them. ²⁸ For the sword of one [Biden] shall devour him [Bush2] who was with him [deep state leaders]; but he [Biden] also shall fall by the sword in the last days.

²⁹ "As for your seeing two little wings [Biden and Harris] passing over [becoming loyal] to the head which was on the right side [Bush2], ³⁰ this is the interpretation: It is these whom the Most High

has kept for the eagle's end; this was the reign which was brief [a year, months] and full of tumult, as you have seen.

³¹ "And as for the lion whom you saw rousing up out of the forest and roaring and speaking to the eagle and reproving him for his unrighteousness, and as for all his words that you have heard, ³² this is the Messiah [means "Anointed One" (face glowing) not a savior] whom the Most High has kept until the end of days, who will arise from the offspring of David, and will come and speak with them. He will denounce them for their ungodliness and for their wickedness [use of torture], and will display before them [websites, lawsuits] their contemptuous dealings. ³³ For first he will bring them alive before his judgment seat, and when he has reproved them, then he will destroy them. ³⁴ But in mercy he will set free the remnant of my people, those who have been saved throughout my borders, and he will make them joyful until the end comes, the day of judgment, of which I spoke to you at the beginning. ³⁵ This is the dream that you saw, and this is its interpretation. ³⁶ And you alone were worthy to learn this secret of the Most High. ³⁷ Therefore write all these things that you have seen in a book, put it^[n] in a hidden place; ³⁸ and you shall teach them to the wise among your people, whose hearts you know are able to comprehend and keep these secrets. ³⁹ But as for you, wait here seven days more, so that you may be shown whatever it pleases the Most High to show you." Then he left me.

George Freaked Out

At 11:30pm ET, on September 13, 2020, I emailed the following to George:

Re: "Today's End Times Application of 2 Esdras"

To fearful George:

I see that you just visited the website. Late at night thinking of me? Have you been binge painting?

The below is purely for your contemplation. Repent and turn from your evil ways before it comes true?

Servant to God,
David Andrew Bardes

Well, this "tiny scroll" of Ezra's freaked George out. As it was very accurate and profound. George was worried. Two days later, at 11:56am ET on September 15, 2020, I recorded two website visits from the "Idaho National Laboratory."

The Idaho National Laboratory is our government's threat assessment organization, primarily watching for nuclear threats. George called them in on the present case. They could not help George. They had never considered facing the wrath of God dropping Ezra word bombs before. What a joke.

The next day brought a website visit from Petoskey, Michigan, where the leader of the Idaho National Laboratory was on vacation. He also could not help George. But this showed George was

clearly freaked out by Ezra's tiny scroll. God had acted in a big way.

But the Vision of the Eagle also freaked out Bill Gates. Who days later had his friend visit. Richard Beason, CPA, and former US Treasurer from 1972-1975 visited the website from Roanoke Virginia and South Carolina. For what reason I did not know, just that Ezra's scroll flushed him out as well.

Eat the Tiny Scroll, Turn Stomach Sour - 9/23/2020

Exactly ten (10) days after I delivered the Ezra's tiny scroll to George, I was so sick to my stomach that I missed two days of work, hugging the toilet most of the time. I had never had so much abdominal pain and misery. Clearly God was marking those dates for some future reason.

Revelation 10:9-11

⁹ So I went to the angel and asked him to give me the little scroll. He said to me, "Take it and eat it. It will turn your stomach sour, but 'in your mouth it will be as sweet as honey.'^[a]" ¹⁰ I took the little scroll from the angel's hand and ate it [gave it to George on 9/13/2020]. It tasted as sweet as honey in my mouth, but when I had eaten it, my stomach turned sour [ten days later I was sick to my stomach for two days, missed work]. ¹¹ Then I was told, "You must prophesy [send emails] again [my job was not over] about many peoples, nations, languages and kings."

This also tied into Ezekiel 3:3-9.

Ezekiel 3:3-9

¹ And he said to me, "Son of man, eat what is before you, eat this scroll; then go and speak to the people of Israel [George and his deep state leaders]." ² So I opened my mouth, and he gave me the scroll to eat. ³ Then he said to me, "Son of man, eat this scroll I am giving you and fill your stomach with it." So I ate it, and it tasted as sweet as honey in my mouth. ⁴ He then said to me: "Son of man, go now to the people of Israel and speak my words to them. ⁵ You are not being sent to a people of obscure speech and strange language, but to the people of Israel— ⁶ not to many peoples of obscure speech and strange language, whose words you cannot understand. Surely if I had sent you to them, they would have listened to you. ⁷ But the people of Israel are not willing to listen to you because they are not willing to listen to me, for all the Israelites are hardened and obstinate. ⁸ But I will make you as unyielding and hardened as they are. ⁹ I will make your forehead like the hardest stone, harder than flint. Do not be afraid of them or terrified by them, though they are a rebellious people."

So, what I was hoping to be the end of my exile, ended up being more of God's plan to defeat Babylon. The end of my exile would be years more, and I would be sending more prophecy to George.

Dream of "77"

On October 13, 2020, I had a dream involving the number "77," along with two stone bridges. I was attuned to dreams involving numbers, as God is a big numbers guy. But I had no idea of the significance, other than watching for the number 77. This became evident about a two years later, when the number 77 materialized in a big way.

Swimming pool season came to a close, as cold weather closed pools for the season. My company

decided to pay me over the winter at a reduced rate, to keep me on board. Glenn and I closed the season with record breaking sales. We worked well together, and enjoyed each other's company.

The furnace in my run-down old cottage was strong, and kept me warm over the cold winter. Which I was very thankful. The time off allowed me to read and write. I trusted God knew what he was doing, and had a grand plan for the fall of Babylon. I admit I wanted my exile to end, and the fall to occur, but I had to sit by the right hand of God, until God made my enemies a footstool for my feet. But it was hard waiting. Little did I know, the worst was yet to come.

The "Good News" for the "Good People"

I spent my time reading and writing sermons. I kept up with my pesky emails to George, staying a constant thorn in his side, and occasionally emailed the good people. On November 13, 2020, I emailed the good people about the good news of God coming down to earth after Satan was defeated, landing on the Mount of Olives, as detailed in Zechariah 14. Although a bit hidden in the chapter, God's prophecy was clear. The end times were to be spectacular.

The Eternal Gospel - A Detailed Description of Heaven

On December 13, 2020, I finished my main sermon "A Detailed Description of Heaven" and published it on my website. Whether my enemies read it or not, I do not know, but I assumed they did based on website traffic.

I also noticed the date of the "13th" kept reoccurring. 1/13/2020 was my day of the seven ice cloud rainbows signifying the defeat of George, then 9/13/2020 was Ezra's tiny scroll, 10/13/2020 was my dream of the number 77, then 11/13/2020 was the good news, then 12/13/2020 was the publishing of the eternal gospel. Although not planned in advance, it became clear how tightly God controlled everything around me, and me for that matter. This trust in God's plan was my strength, as I had no idea what and when God had planned until it somehow happened.

I always hoped the end was near, that my exile would soon end, and Babylon would fall. But it would be years yet.

Christmas came and went, so did New Years. Winter had set in, but I was warm in my run-down old cottage in the woods. Winter in North Carolina primarily lasted for January and February, as come March the grass turned green and the weather warmed.

Jeremiah is my least favorite prophet, as he detailed in the worst way all the horrible things that actually happened to me in real life. Two such prophetic events that had yet to unfold were first being trapped as a prisoner in my "vaulted dungeon" and then secondly being trapped and rescued from the muddy bottom of an empty "cistern" (swimming pool.)

When Glenn and I switched out vinyl liners in a swimming pool, the first step was removing the foot deep of green slimy mud that had accumulated in the deep end of the pool. Wearing boots and using a shovel to muck the mud, it was a dirty slippery job.

The passage in Jeremiah foretold I would be lowered into the mud and prevented from getting out - in another attempt to kill me, set up by George. But the passage foretold the good people would rescue me by helicopter lifting me out of the pool. The good people followed me all day with their spy drones, as if knowing in advance if I would be in danger. Since all of Jeremiah's other dooms had somehow come true, I had to assume George would twist Glenn into going along with such a planned murder.

Jeremiah 38:4-13

⁴Then the officials said to the king, “This man [Bardes] should be put to death. He is discouraging the soldiers [deep state members] who are left in this city [Babylon], as well as all the people, by the things he is saying [emails] to them. This man is not seeking the good of these people but their ruin [decision made to kill me].”

⁵“He is in your hands,” King Zedekiah answered. “The king can do nothing to oppose you.”

⁶So they took Jeremiah and put him into the cistern [empty swimming pool] of Malkijah, the king’s son, which was in the courtyard of the guard. They lowered Jeremiah by ropes into the cistern; it had no water in it, only mud, and Jeremiah sank down into the mud.

⁷But Ebed-Melek, a Cushite, an official in the royal palace [good people], heard that they had put Jeremiah into the cistern [drones saw it]. While the king was sitting in the Benjamin Gate, ⁸Ebed-Melek went out of the palace and said to him, ⁹“My lord the king, these men have acted wickedly in all they have done to Jeremiah the prophet. They have thrown him into a cistern, where he will starve to death [die] when there is no longer any bread in the city.”

¹⁰Then the king commanded Ebed-Melek the Cushite, “Take thirty men from here with you [helicopter] and lift Jeremiah the prophet out of the cistern before he dies.”

¹¹So Ebed-Melek took the men with him and went to a room under the treasury in the palace. He took some old rags and worn-out clothes from there [harness] and let them down with ropes to Jeremiah in the cistern. ¹²Ebed-Melek the Cushite said to Jeremiah, “Put these old rags and worn-out clothes under your arms to pad the ropes [harness].” Jeremiah did so, ¹³and they pulled him up with the ropes and lifted him out of the cistern. And Jeremiah remained in the courtyard of the guard.

But the way God's prophecy worked, I could use my free will to avoid such a pitfall. So, a month after Glenn and I got back to work for the new season, I quit my job. The impetus to quit was yet another event by an abusive office manager, which gave me the will to quit. Thankfully, this avoided my foretold entrapment in the bottom of the empty cistern. But Glenn would not let me quit, and kept insisting I come back to work. I could not explain to him my reasoning, as it would sound crazy. I had to go with my instincts. It ends up, Glenn had not been twisted yet, but it was close.

What I did not know, but suspected, was George, the CIA goons, and the CEO's were once again actively planning my death. I was not being paranoid; the threat was real. They had staged actors from the neighborhood to track my every movement. Each time I drove out of the park, I was followed. This became clear whenever I went down the road to buy groceries, as the same vehicles and motorcycles would follow me each time.

This also set up Jeremiah's foretold "trapped in my vaulted dungeon" period. Which proved to be the most intense efforts to kill me to date. What I was about to undergo made all those military assets sent to kill me look like a walk in the park. I called this 90-day, 13-week period the "Palace in the Forest 2."

Jeremiah 37:16, 21

¹⁶Jeremiah was put into a vaulted cell in a dungeon, where he remained a long time. ...

²¹King Zedekiah then gave orders for Jeremiah to be placed in the courtyard of the guard and given a loaf of bread from the street of the bakers each day until all the bread in the city was gone. So Jeremiah remained in the courtyard of the guard.

May 2, 2021 Dream of the Boy on a Red Tractor

On May 2, 2021, I had a dream. I was in the passenger seat of my 2007 gray Honda Accord driving through farmland. I could not identify the man driving my car, but it was someone on my side. Suddenly, I saw a young boy curled up asleep on top of a red tractor mowing grass. I told the driver to stop. I got out and lifted the boy off of the tractor into my arms, and got back into my car saying to continue driving.

The young boy was me, when I was very young. The dream meant I would rescue myself someday. The dream then switched to me as a young boy in a boxing ring fighting a large and tall opponent. I knocked out the fighter who fell down backwards dead. The ring master yelled at me, saying since I killed the fighter, I had to remove his dead body from the ring.

But I was too small to drag the dead fighter from the ring, and I slipped and fell trying to drag him out. The fighter had the face of George, and the dream meant I would beat George and defeat him in a fight someday.

This dual dream was highly prophetic, and the date of May 2nd was significant. I just did not know when or how I would defeat George, just that I would end up doing it myself. Somehow.

French Fry

On May 24, 2021, two French Mirage F1 fighter jets took off from a base in Las Vegas, one failed to gain altitude as its engine sputtered, according to witnesses on the ground. The plane fell from the sky, and the pilot ejected too late and died. The plane crashed in a suburb in a fireball.

Given George's long track record of fondness for using military assets to kill me, and his subsequent denial of their use by the good people, along with France's involvement as a ringleader in Bush crimes, I figured George and France recruited a French plane military contractor to do his dirty work. The military contractor, Draken International out of Florida, uses French Mirage F1 jets to train against US pilots. Given France's extensive involvement in George's deep state crimes by this time, drew me to conclude the two jets were on a mission with live laser guided bombs to kill me.

However, the story changed during the subsequent investigation, saying the two jets were landing at the base when one of them crashed. But this refutes what witnesses on the ground reported that day. So, I was left to speculate. But if so, God clearly saved me from such a fate.

(In August of 2022, the FBI raided Donald Trump's home office, and obtained a top-secret folder on the President of France. The press was left to ponder exactly why Trump would have an interest

in the President of France. To which I figured Trump was keeping tabs on George's deep state leaders. Perhaps the FBI took all of Trump's deep state files?)

Palace in the Forest 2

On April 1, 2021, I had scheduled my first COVID vaccine shot at the county clinic set up in an old shopping mall. Days before, I received a confirmation email stating the time and date of my injection appointment. I saw the email and said, oh no, now the CIA knows exactly when and where I will be traveling in my car, giving them ample time to set up an ambush along the road there. Just as scripture forewarned. I figured the CIA would set up some sort of construction crew blocking the road there, and a sniper's bullet from the woods would be my fate.

So, instead of taking the shortest route, I drove the long way to the clinic. After my injection, I drove back home taking the shortest route, figuring the sniper had been called off. Sure enough, there was a construction crew blocking the road only allowing one way flagged traffic past the work crews. Disaster was averted. But this April 1st date started the Palace of the Forest 2.

By this time, George and the CIA goons had recruited forces all around the mobile home park, as well as couples inside the park. The process of twisting people follows a typical path. The goons start with a geo-location map of all the cell phone numbers around me, then look up the owners. Then they cross reference in dozens of databases into debit card purchase histories, cash withdrawals, websites visited, porn sites visited, and also who they associate. The goons then find the crimes the individuals commit. Then they call the victims, using either bribes or threats of prosecution, or a combination of both, the victims then become prey. Turning into unwitting fools to carry out their crimes. The goons had taken the time to recruit just about everyone around my cottage, setting up a trap for me.

Once day while driving down the road to the grocery store, a large motorcycle from a neighborhood house pulled out right behind me and followed me closely. I pulled off the roadway into a parking lot to see if the rider would follow suit. The driver turned his head looking straight at me, but kept on driving. It became clear, George, the goons, and the CEO's were making another effort to kill me.

Across from my cottage was a single wide trailer with a married couple, their young daughter, and an ailing grandmother in a wheelchair on oxygen. When package delivery trucks arrived three times a day, I figured they just received their cash payment after being twisted by the goons, and went on a buying spree.

But what I did not know was the good people, the folks in the military, knew well in advance George's plans. The military good people were monitoring all the communications from George, the goons, and the CEO's. The military good guys had staged soldiers in camouflage with weapons all around my cottage and at the entrances to the park. The Palace in the Forest 2 became a battleground between the forces of good versus the forces of evil. With me as the victim in the middle.

By the end of May 2021, it became clear I was trapped in my "vaulted dungeon" cottage, and could

not risk leaving. I figured George would try to cut off my utilities and water to force me out. So, I filled several seven-gallon buckets with water, and I had fifty pounds of frozen chicken in the freezer. I emailed the good people letting them know I had enough food and water, but to continue protecting me at all costs.

The good people staged cameras in the empty trailer next to me, while George had camera's staged in the trailer across from me. I had a dream that three men in a van came to my cottage and bashed my head in with rocks, so I began to be wary of vans in the neighborhood.

On June 2, 2021, I observed a Jeep driving into the park and stopping in front of the office. A man got out and looked at all the cameras on the office cottage. There were six camera's pointing in all directions. I learned the good people in the military drove Jeeps, and the man was spotting cameras to monitor the feeds, to protect me.

On June 3rd, I received a phone call from Glenn, but I did not answer the call. Moments later I observed a Jeep with two soldiers in civilian clothes pull up to my cottage. I quickly emailed the good people saying just to assume I would not answer any phone calls. The soldier's got the message, then drove away without coming to my front door. I assumed the good people were not able to listen to my phone calls, but were able to get my phone meta data. They were worried George would use someone to call me to threaten me with death, or threaten to kill my children, if I did not acquiesce to their demands.

My cottage was on the edge of the park. There were only two entrances into the park. The main entrance along a heavily wooded road, and a back entrance along a thick wooded road down the hill from me, which snaked its way past my cottage. I had a clear view of the front entrance, and could clearly hear any vehicles coming up the back road. At the top of the hill from the back road was a farmstead. This farmstead became a gathering point for George's redneck rebel bandits.

At times the bandits would gather and form a group, then come down the hill towards my cottage. I would fire off an email saying they would be shot if they came near my cottage. Moments later the group retreated back to their compound.

But they tried again. The CIA goons must have told them I was bluffing, that there were no soldiers protecting my cottage. The next time the bandits made an attack run, I sent an email telling the good people to shoot one of the bandits in the leg as a warning. Moments later, I heard a lot of yelling. The bandits got into their trucks and fled their compound at a high rate of speed, never to be a problem again. Perhaps, a single shot from a silencer out of the thick of the woods finished them off?

But this just served to make George and CEOs more frustrated. They could not penetrate the park. They resorted to using trucks at high rates of speed to enter the park, only for soldiers to materialize out of the woods with weapons drawn. I would hear the roar of a truck coming in, then the screeching of breaks, then the sounds of the truck fleeing away at high rates of speed, being chased by the good people.

Having given up using rebel bandits with guns, George and the CEO's turned to bombs. When the Amazon delivery truck drove in with the driver looking straight over at my cottage, only to deliver a package to the couple in the trailer across from me, I guessed the package was a CIA fashioned bomb. The Amazon delivery driver carried the package out in front of him so carefully, as if it might go off at any time, looking over at my cottage a few times. I figured the couple would walk the bomb to my door, saying as if it was delivered to the wrong house.

I fired off an email to the good people warning them of this new method of attack, and to contact the couple telling them if they deliver the bomb package, I would just run it back to their cottage blowing them up instead. The couple got the message, and got rid of the bomb in their car, taking it away somewhere. They did not want to sleep with the bomb.

George and the CEOs then planned to have someone else deliver the next bomb to my cottage front door, as the couple refused. The Amazon bomb truck delivered the next bomb to the couple's trailer, leaving it for the planned drop off person to run to my door. I watched all this go down from a seat in my cottage window.

Given the high visibility during the day, the bomb delivery was planned for after dark. But I remained awake watching from my seat in the window. After dark, when I heard snapping twigs in the forest floor, I figured the bomb delivery person was approaching the couple's porch to retrieve and deliver the Amazon bomb.

Sure enough, I observed a darkened shadow holding the Amazon bomb package behind the bush next to the couple's trailer. I opened my darkened cottage door fully, creating a pitch-dark hole beckoning the bomber. But this scared the bomber enough to flee leaving the bomb in the bush. Not knowing if I had a gun to blast him into kingdom come before he made the delivery. I had no gun, rather my plan was to run out wrapping my arms around the man, yelling we will both die! As I had no fear of death, while he did. In any event, my ploy worked.

The following night my same ploy worked again, scaring the bomber away. But knowing the CIA looked for patterns to exploit, I figured they would take advantage of my opened door. So, the next time I did not open my door, which foiled that night's plan.

But the bomb attacks started to come all day and night long. George and the CIA switched plans to have a motorcycle deliver the Amazon bomb at a high rate of speed. When I heard a motorcycle getting bogged down in the woods, in mud, revving its engine in attempts to free itself, I sent an email to the good people where to find the bandit. But the attacks persisted.

When I heard and saw a large dumpster delivery truck bringing a dumpster down the back road and up to the bandit farmstead at the top of the hill, I sent an email to the good people to watch out for the motorcycle disguised inside of the dumpster. When I saw a Jeep pull into our park and look inside our dumpster, I knew the good people were on the patrol. This foiled their Trojan Horse plot.

On the evening of June 4th, people began to flee the park. The couple across the street brought out their grandmother in the wheelchair and quickly packed her into their car. They brought out all of

her oxygen tanks as if leaving for a long time, quickly. The people next door left, and suddenly the entire park was dark and abandoned. I was left alone. The attacks had stopped.

I thought, oh great, they are going to drop bombs from the air again. George was fixated on killing me from the air. Hours later I read in the news about a Delta airlines flight that left from Los Angeles to Atlanta that had an emergency landing shortly after takeoff. When a crazed man in a helmet and elbow and knee pads stood up and banged on the cockpit door yelling "take this flight down now, take this plane down now!" Thank God the plane landed, before crashing into me all alone in the park?

The idea that George and the CEO's were so desperate to kill me that they would twist and threaten a pilot to commit suicide killing an entire plane load of passengers, goes to show the desperation of George and the CEO's. But I refused to believe it, and brushed it off as coincidence.

But there would be two more such attempts, each with a Delta flight out of LAX, likely the same poor pilot. Each time averted by some crazed passenger storming the cockpit demanding the plane land. Even though the park cleared out each time, it still seemed too incredulous.

Each day I sat in my seat in front of the window, watching and listening for the next attack. My cottage was surrounded by mocking birds who made different sounds if someone was close to my cottage. Then the dog down the hill had a different bark if someone was walking up on foot along the road, or if someone was approaching through the forest. On each attack, I sent an email to the good people, who diverted and put down the attack. It was surreal and sublime.

The CIA was punctual in their attacks, as they happened at the same time each day. Such at night I could set my alarm and sleep for a few hours. Only to awake and prevent the next attack. Keeping the Amazon bombs away was the main objective.

Below is the timing sequence of the attacks, both AM and PM. The "+" sign is the number of minutes between each attack. Notice the precision of the timing. The CIA never wavered off of this schedule.

7:30 am and pm
8:21 (22+)
9:23 (33+)
11:06 (44+)
12:31 (55+)
3:07 (66+)
5:23 (77+)

On the morning of June 10, 2021, came the infamous ring of fire solar eclipse. Where the rising sun was darkened by the new moon, creating a ring of light around the new moon. This event was a marker date that fulfilled prophecy about the rising sun being darkened by the moon.

Matthew 24:29

²⁹ "Immediately after the distress of those days

"the [rising] sun will be darkened,

and the moon will not give its light [ring of fire solar new moon morning eclipse of 6/10/2021];

the stars [Babylon's leaders] will fall from the sky [be exposed],

and the heavenly bodies will be shaken. [God shakes up the world]'

On June 11th, came the second possible Delta airline plane attack, with the park being abandoned ahead of time. Then on June 25th came the third flight out. Each foiled by a crazed passenger causing the plane to make an emergency landing.

On June 23rd, I heard the approach of several large helicopters. I went out on the porch to witness the thundering sounds of several large Army troop transport helicopter's flying right over my cottage. The good people brought in extra troops to protect me. I shouted for joy. There were no further attacks that day and night.

On June 27th, after nothing working for George, they hired a hunter in a red truck who arrived onto my neighbor's porch, setting up a sheet with a hole in the fabric. A duck blind of sorts. Just shoot me. After alerting the good people, the hunter left.

Race to New York City

The good people could protect me, but could not rescue me. Either George had them boxed in, or something else that I was unaware. But my options were few, my food was running out and my rent was due. I did not want to pay rent to remain holed up in my vaulted dungeon, so I decided to make a run for New York City. Perhaps the good people could rescue me once there. I thought this was what scripture wanted me to do. I was wrong.

I packed up my car, and at 2:22pm on June 28, 2021, I left the Palace of the Forest 2. I was immediately followed. Once on highway I-26 heading north, a silver pickup truck was behind me flashing their lights at me. Seems their prey bolted without fruition.

At Asheville, I headed east on I-40, then north onto I-77. Once on I-77, I had an assortment of rednecks in pickup trucks and SUV's following me, but also Jeeps, who were the good guys. The good people also recruited tractor-trailers to protect me. Perhaps they told the drivers I had a fledgling career as a truck driver, and they obliged.

At one point on I-77, a tractor-trailer cut off one of George's SUV's sending them off the road into the grass. A tractor-trailer pulled in behind me and flashed his lights. Another came up beside me and waived for me to remain boxed in between forming a protective caravan.

So went my race to New York City. It was constant game between avoiding George's rebels, and being protected by Jeeps and tractor-trailers. It was long night of tense driving.

By 5:00am, I arrived in New York City only to find the tunnel was closed. I had to retreat back to New Jersey and make my way north towards the George Washington Bridge, but I found a tunnel to

enter the city. It was my first time back to the city since the years I worked in 2 World Trade. Only to find a trap set for me, once I made it to Times Square. A dozen black shiny FBI SUV's followed me wherever I went.

At one point I pulled over in front of a hotel. Not really sure where to go, I was hoping the good people would rescue me. But there were no Jeeps, just the FBI. I was alone. George had locked down the city in anticipation of my arrival. I kept driving, and cut through central park several times. At one point, I drove into Brooklyn over the Brooklyn Bridge, only to turn around and cross back over.

On the edge of central park, I was being tailgated by a black FBI SUV. I slammed on my breaks, and the SUV swerved around me. I then stepped on the gas and was tailgating the FBI SUV. He took off like a rocket, but I stayed on his bumper. He then slammed on his breaks, taking a sharp right down a back alley. I could not turn in time. The coward got away. This went on for several hours.

Once I figured out all hope was lost, I tried to get a hotel room. I called one hotel in downtown and they had rooms at a rate I could afford. But by the time I got down there, parked, and walked into the hotel, I was told there were no rooms available. The CIA had anticipated my move, and closed down any chance of getting a room. After the same thing happened at two other hotels, it was clear George did not want me to stay in the city; too risky that the good people would rescue me.

I left New York City taking the New Jersey turnpike to a service station, as I needed gas. I was out of options, frustrated, and very tired. I just parked in the lot and sent an email to George to just come and get me, as I was tired of running. I trusted God would rescue me. I closed my eyes and drifted off to sleep.

I awoke suddenly and was surrounded by George's troops. I started my car and took off quickly down the turnpike, followed by all the goons. I did not know where to go, so I just took an exit quickly, turned left, then right, and just randomly drove with no idea where I was going. I had to go to this extent of randomness, just to foil those in pursuit. Suddenly, I was free from the tails.

Before me was a Walmart, and behind it was a hotel. I quickly pulled into the hotel hoping to check in before the CIA shut the place down. It worked. I was safe inside of a hotel room, with a big bed and pillows. I feel asleep quickly.

I awoke the next morning to observe Jeeps chasing George's redneck trucks and SUV's around and out of the hotel parking lot. I was being protected. So, I stayed a second night.

The following morning, I ate breakfast at the hotel. In checking with the front desk, a man approached me slowly from behind. I turned in time to confront him eye to eye. I mentally told his demon to back down, and he put his knife back in his pocket and walked away. George had staged goons inside the actual hotel. It was time to leave.

But where? I could go to Indian River, Michigan, to a town on a lake that I grew up spending my summers, or go to Cincinnati. I used the ATM in the lobby to withdraw \$600 in cash, as I figured

George would cut off my debit card, which he had done before. I left and drove west through New Jersey and Pennsylvania, still not certain where I would end up.

I decided to go to Indian River, but George anticipated such and used my travel time to set up an ambush. The drive there was uneventful, no rebel bandits along the way. Which let me know George was setting up his troops for my arrival.

From Ohio, I turned north into Michigan. It was dark and save a few tractor-trailers that waved me into following them for protection, not much happened. Once in northern Michigan there was no traffic. It was 4:00am by the time I pulled into Indian River. The town was empty that time of night. I backed into a parking spot at McDonalds, reclined my seat, and tried to sleep.

But minutes later, rednecks in out-of-state pickup trucks and SUV began to arrive, driving around the parking lot keeping an eye on me. When daylight dawned, I drove to the public beach park on Burt Lake. I backed into a parking space with clear view of the park's only entrance.

When one of George's troops pulled into the park, looking straight at me, I sent an email with picture to the good people with their license plate and color and model of their car and truck. After outing enough of these vehicles, they stopped coming in.

Then a local town lady in a late model sedan drove in and parked next to me, watching me while on her phone. She was counting a large stack of bills. The goons recruited her to watch me, paying her loads of cash money.

I pulled out of the park and drove to the local golf club, where I sent an email to George, saying I would go to the club where I had grown up and ask for protection, that I was under threat. I was not talking about the golf club, but my enemies thought so. Then a pickup truck pulled in besides me, and a man got out with a large shopping bag, which appeared to contain guns, with a stock sticking out. The man walked into the golf club.

One of George's rebel soldiers was a lady in a red corvette. I took off quickly heading straight for her. She took off down the road like a rocket, with no way for me to catch her. I drove back to the golf club and waited.

Then a large Fed-Ex tractor-trailer come into the club, to block me in, trapping me. I drove out before I could be blocked in.

I then drove into the Columbus Beach Club, which is the actual club I grew up spending my summers. We had a cottage on the Indian River, which our family sold twenty-five years prior. I pulled down to the lake front beach clubhouse, parked, and changed my clothes to a pair of khaki shorts and a polo shirt, to blend in with the club members. I met up with some long-lost friends, telling them this was my first time back to the club in twenty-five years.

For a few hours I was safe, as the club was not gated, but had a sign saying members only. But this did not stop the CIA from calling the club's leaders warning them about me. I was asked to leave the

club. I left immediately. It was humiliating. They sent me to my death.

I drove to the parking lot of the local grocery store and parked, not really sure what to do next. I sent an email to the "good people" telling them to call out the Michigan militia as "Q" was under attack by the deep state. This angered George, the CIA, and the CEO's, whom immediately disabled my Google Android phone's data connection and turned off calling ability. My phone was still connected to the tower, so location services were still active. I left my phone on, as the good people needed it to keep an eye on me.

But when I saw the unmarked ambulance and rebel goons drive past, I figured George would have me handcuffed to the ambulance gurney, and raced off never to be seen alive again. I could not linger for long.

Race to Cincinnati

I suddenly pulled out and got on I-75 heading south towards Cincinnati. Following me was a vast caravan of rebel pickup trucks and SUV's, who roared past me at high speeds, then would exit the highway waiting until I passed, then would roar past me again. I counted about forty (40) different pickup trucks and SUV's. That same unmarked ambulance speed past doing the same routine. George and the CEO's had amassed a sizable ambush for me in Indian River, but I seemed to stay one step ahead somehow.

The good people in the Jeeps were nowhere, but two good people drones followed me along the highway. I would need to eventually stop for gas, which set up doom for me, with all the followers pulling off the road to wait until I passed. They were waiting for me to stop.

At one possible exit, I was in the left-hand lane not appearing to exit, but then quickly pulled far right exiting without giving notice. As I turned left over the highway bridge towards the gas station, the ambulance and SUV's were getting back onto the highway, and it was too late for them to stop. This created a window of minutes for me to gas up and get back on the road.

Once in Ohio after dark, the good people had recruited the police and state troopers to pull over the few remaining pickup trucks and SUV's. Every ten miles or so, the flashing police lights pulled over one of the bad guys on the side of the highway. Letting me know I was being protected.

The good people had control over the military and law enforcement. While George and CEO's had the FBI and CIA, and their recruited rebels. It was a battle. I had returned to my Armageddon.

I arrived in Cincinnati around midnight. George anticipated I would either drive to the homeless shelter or the mental hospital (University of Cincinnati) asking for protection. I decided to try the hospital, knowing they would just assume I was whacked in the head with a crazy story, but such was my plan to save myself. I needed a safe place to rest.

When I parked in the front parking lot of the hospital, I entered through the wrong entrance, but the security guard directed me to exit and enter through the other entrance next door. She asked me

if I wanted her to escort me there, I said yes please. As we entered the correct entrance, a Cincinnati police car was parked right out front. Seeing I was being escorted, the cop peeled out quickly in anger.

Once inside, I met with the doctor and told her my story, using a copy of my book as a reference. She told me to go back out to the waiting room before she made her decision to admit me. As I waited, six guards arrived and put on those purple gloves they wear before they manhandle a patient. I thought, oh great, that ambulance is about to pull up, and the guards will strap me down to the gurney, and I would be raced away never to be seen alive again. I prayed to God to save me. Once again.

After I prayed, the guards suddenly took off their gloves, and left the lobby. This meant I was going to be admitted, over the objections of my killers. Both the CIA and the good people, had phoned the doctor pleading their case. The doctor would take me back to ask me questions, between each round of calls from the CIA and good people. The last round ended when the CIA told the doctor I was gay with HIV. The doctor asked me if I had ever been tested for HIV. I said yes, before Betsy and I were married, we had to pass an HIV test. And for the past twenty years I had been celibate, and would remain so for the rest of my life.

I was calm and rational in my story, and the doctor believed me. And made the decision to admit me. The date was July 2, 2021. Once in a bed, I fell asleep quickly, as I had been awake for several intense days of survival, against all odds.

Swallowed Memory Card

One of the reason's George and CEOs wanted me dead was because I kept detailed website traffic logs on multiple memory cards. The evidence contained in the logs could put the criminals in prison for a long time. I took precautions to protect the memory cards. When I first parked at the hospital, I swallowed one of the tiny memory cards, because I would be separated from my belongings, and George and the CIA goons would want to obtain them.

Sure enough, when I went out of my room at mealtime, the goons searched my room up and down, and were unable to find the memory card they were certain I had. It was safe in my stomach.

Risperidone

Back in August of 2019, when I was first admitted to the University of Cincinnati nut house and told them my George Bush corruption story, they instantly diagnosed me as a paranoid schizophrenic, and jacked me up on high doses of an anti-psychotic called Risperidone. Until the doctors finally spoke to my doctors who told them I was not schizophrenic, rather I had been treated for PTSD from torture and gunshot, and that my "hard to believe" story of governmental corruption was true. That is when the doctors finally released me.

In low doses, Risperidone is used to treat anxiety, which I had been so prescribed before for anxiety from PTSD. I figured with this voluntary admittance to the nut house, the doctors would again

prescribe Risperidone. I was right, but I had no problem with it.

Dr. Frisch

But one of the previous doctors from back in 2019, was still there, and was assigned to me. I told him I was again being pursued by George Bush trying to kill me. But this time he just decided to discharge me immediately, dumping me back to the homeless shelter, saying "We are a mental health crisis hospital, not a George Bush protection hospital." I figure he had been twisted.

Cyanide Pill

But the night before I was discharged, an unusual attempt to kill me unfolded. The night nurse came into my room with the computer on the cart, but appeared to not be one of the hospital's nurses. She was so obese, she could barely walk, and was unfamiliar with the computer station and normal procedures. She never asked me the same questions they do each time. I also did not observe her opening the sealed pill packet, which they do each time to gain the patient's trust. Instead, she just handed me the pill in a small cup, and a cup of water. Not sensing anything was wrong, I swallowed the pill.

Later when I walked out to the lobby, I overheard a new patient, a very obese young man, that looked like the son of the nurse that just fed me the pill, bragging about having an uncle who worked for the CIA. He was shocked to see me, and stopped his conversation short. I walked back to my room realizing I had swallowed a poison pill by a nurse the CIA recruited, along with her son stationed to observe and confirm my demise.

I had no ill effect from the possible poison pill, if it was such, as God altered the molecules rendering them harmless. But this event sent shock waves of fear through George and the CEO's, and they immediately stopped trying to kill me. Between the good people and God saving me each time, it was obvious my protection was insurmountable. The Palace of the Forest 2 came to an end. After 90 days, or 13 weeks.

This ended the second concentrated period of trying to kill me. The first period lasted five months, from 5/29/2019 to 10/29/2019, then the second period lasted 90-days, from 4/1/2021 to 7/2/2021. Each ended with extended stays in the University of Cincinnati hospital. The first for eighteen (18) days/seventeen (17) nights, while the second lasted for five (5) days. I had survived so many attempts to kill me, I had lost count.

7/7/2021 Back to ShelterHouse Homeless Shelter

The doctors in the hospital discharged me back to the same homeless shelter I had stayed in 2019. I was not happy being back. But I had no choice, and at least the shelter contained my most loved people. The poor, Black people, the disabled, transgenders, criminals, and the mentally ill.

I had about \$250 in cash leftover, but my expenses were zero save gas, insurance, and cell phone. I was assigned to sleep in the punishment dorm, for those without income. The "Red Dot" dorm,

named after the red dot on your shelter photo ID card, meant punishment until you obtained income. Once with income you were transferred to one of the luxury dorms, with a green or blue dot on your photo ID card.

The red dot dorm consisted of seventy bunk beds inches apart, and was infested with bed bugs. Due to the high-density of packed-in humans, germs and disease spread rapidly. When I arrived, a serious infection similar to a lower respiration infection was running amuck. I got sick within the first three nights.

To compensate for disease, the shelter cranks up the air conditioning in attempts to kill the germs. But this just serves as cold cell torture, as no blankets are provided. The prisoners sleep in their clothes and shiver all night breathing the putrid germ-infested air.

One disabled victim in a wheelchair was so cold his first night, he cried. The staff would not help him. We were able to fashion a blanket to keep him alive.

The police and sheriff's office had started the practice of dumping criminals into the shelter as punishment, all wearing GPS ankle monitors. Which had to be plugged in daily to recharge, but there were not enough outlets.

But this loading of criminals created a dangerous situation of igniting an already bad situation. The two-hour waiting line to get a bunk each night, was always cut in line by some of the same criminals, who would threaten to kill you if you objected.

One night I objected, and a Black man named Warren threatened to kill me twice. Then he called me the n-word in spittle laced anger. I was left dumbfounded. I did not know what to say.

By July 15, 2021, I was so sick from that infested red dot disease, I was taken to the emergency room in an ambulance. The doctors worked on me all day, and gave me steroids, but there was nothing much they could do. The disease had to run its course. I was sent back to the punishment dorm for more germ warfare.

At 6:00am the lights in the punishment dorm come on, and the drill sergeants start banging on the beds yelling to get up and leave immediately. With merely seconds to rise with all your belongings and leave the dorm, the homeless are thrown out onto the streets without even time to go pee. This is their incentive to "go get a job" and the "punishment will stop."

Sitting on the edge of my bunk, half awake, too sick to even move, the staff member yelled at me to leave immediately or be punished. I prayed to God to rescue me from this hellhole. Once again.

That day I visited a former homeless man I met from the shelter back in 2019. He had obtained a subsidized apartment for \$25 a month. Nicknamed "Ahki," he was dying from Lou Gehrig's (ALS) disease.

Originally weighing 350 pounds, six-foot-tall Ahki was down to 120 pounds, with his skin hanging

off his bones. Spending most of the time vomiting and convulsing from the disease, he was in bad shape. His cupboards were bare without food, and he asked me to drive him to the local food pantry to obtain food.

Once we had food, I asked him if I could spend the night on his sofa, as I really did not want to go back to red dot hell. He said sure. His one room efficiency apartment was small, but he had a bed, a sofa, and some donated furniture. The sofa folded down to a futon like bed, and I slept that night free from germ warfare.

The next day, Ahki made me an offer. I could stay with him as long as I supplied cigarettes and food. Food and cigarettes would end up costing me about \$550 a month, but I was able to find a job that supplied the income. Within weeks I got better, free from that horrible disease from red dot. God had answered my prayer. Again.

Ahki was raised a Christian, but converted to Islam as an adult. This worked in my favor as George and the CIA goons could not easily twist a Muslim to work against me. Ahki had led a prolific life of crime, and was imprisoned four separate times totaling about fifteen years of incarceration. It took the death of his parents and Lou Gehrig's disease to free himself from committing more crimes.

Ahki was bi-racial, having a Black father and white mother, and came from a family of twelve brother and sisters. Almost all of whom had served time, with a few still behind bars. His family had all but abandoned him during his time of greatest need. He had one brother who paid his \$25 a month rent, and one brother in prison who provided moral support, otherwise Ahki was alone.

Ahki had a 25-year-old son who lived on the streets, who Ahki kept throwing out of his apartment because he refused to work or contribute. His son gave me a prophetic warning that his father had a habit of having people live with him to support him. Only forcing them to spend all their money and eventually getting thrown out themselves. I took his warning to heart, but I was using Ahki as much as he was using me. There was mutual interest despite the risk.

At one point, Ahki got so sick I drove him to the hospital. Only for the hospital to discharge him, as there was nothing they could do for him. Lou Gehrig's disease is fatal, and there is nothing to be done otherwise. Social Security had cut off his disability benefits, and when his food stamps were cut off, I had to buy even more food in addition to what the food pantry was able to provide. At one point, I applied for home health care as his care giver, but they turned him down as well. Despite what people call welfare, very few actually receive the assistance.

I drove Ahki to doctors' visits and ran errands for him. We both tried to get his disability benefits reinstated since Lou Gehrig's disease is fatal, not just a disability.

My job was a commercial swimming pool technician for a company called Swimsafe Swimming Pool Management. Waking at 4:00am, I would start a route of commercial swimming pools cleaning them, checking chemicals, emptying trash cans, cleaning and mopping bathrooms, straighten furniture, and blowing decks with a power blower. Working seven days a week without breaks, but only in the morning, gave me just enough income to pay for Ahki's habits and keep me afloat.

At one point, George and the CEO goons ran interference and tried to get me fired, but I was doing a good job for my employer and their efforts failed. But working so early in the dark, gave the goons opportunity to set an ambush. I risked death each day. But the good people flew their drones over each pool on my route keeping me safe from harm.

But having the afternoons free gave me time to read and write. I kept praying to God, "God when are you going to act? When will Babylon finally fall?" My prayers were met with silence. I had to be patient.

After pool season, I was unemployed. But I found a job at a gunite pool builder over the Ohio River in Kentucky. I was hired to build their HR Department from scratch and be their HR Director. The company was growing rapidly. I had a long career doing HR benefit consulting, so I was back into my career field.

I had been very patient with George. Giving him hundreds of opportunities to repent and turn from his evil ways. It was time for me to finally act. I was tired of these criminals mounting such long efforts to kill me. I turned the tables around, and went on the offensive. I decided to enter the US Courts once again, suing to have George Walker Bush prosecuted and executed for brutal torture and heinous murder. On September 20, 2021, on the day of the harvest full moon, I filed a federal mandamus lawsuit directing the governmental officials to enforce our nation's well-established laws against torture and murder.

The suit required a lot of preparation, as I wanted to include an exhibit with a compilation of website traffic over the years. I had gone to great lengths to save and protect over 2,400 pages of well annotated website traffic logs. I carefully reviewed my files, and pulled out dozens of the most pertinent website traffic events. In the end, I counted up the snippets. There were 77 of them. This reminded me of that dream I had of the number 77. The fulfillment of that dream meant I was on the right track. I labeled the 77 website snippets "Exhibit A."

Exhibit A itself was damning, but the lawsuit more so. I made it as short as possible, to say more with less.

I did not have \$402 to pay the case filing fee to the courts. I had to apply as a "pauper," a poor person unable to pay the filing fee. This creates an extra step that has to be approved by the magistrate judge, and if denied, you are out and cannot appeal. Worse, it sets up a fatal event where the magistrate can review the case first, then dismiss with no chance of appeal.

I had no choice but to accept this risk, figuring God would find a way to save the case.

I deduced George would stage a killer between the parking garage and the courthouse, as he knew it was coming. So, I had Ahki drive me downtown, drop me off at the federal courthouse door, and file the suit while Ahki circled the block.

After I filed the suit, and walked outside, Ahki just happened to be pulling up in perfect timing. But

Ahki was upset, and almost got in a fight with a guy outside the courthouse. Apparently, the guy was agitated by Ahki circling the block so many times. And started yelling at Ahki. Ahki threatened to get out and fight the guy. Once I was inside the car, Ahki pointed the guy out, who was then walking away from the courthouse towards the bus stop, after seeing I was inside the car. I saw the face of the killer George staged on the courthouse steps to kill me before I filed my lawsuit. God saved me once again.

Set up to appear as a common robbery homicide, it became clear just how George, the CIA, and CEOs prefer to carry out their murders. Set up to be explainable accidents, with narrow possibility of being specious. The narrow possibility being the true cause.

For four (4) years in a row the Nobel Prize Literature Committee had been trying to give me the prize for literature for my book on torture and George's TortureGate, as a way to publicly bust George. But George won out each time with bribes, until the entire literature committee was disbanded due to such complete corruption. Only to be reformed a year later, to resume the same bribe acceptance behavior.

Nobel watch week had come, and that Thursday was scheduled as prize announcement day for literature. The day before, on Wednesday, the magistrate judge approved my pauper request, and moved the case forward in the docket. She did not dismiss the case. I made it past the danger point. I could appeal the case no matter what, then go to the US Supreme Court. It was a timely defensive move.

Nobel day came and went. George was very worried beforehand, and much relieved afterwards. The next day, I recorded a website visit between someone deep inside the courthouse on an iPhone on Cincinnati Bell, and the CIA. I figured the magistrate had been twisted by George.

The magistrate then issued her recommendations that the case be dismissed immediately with a claim of bad faith if I ever tried to appeal. Too late for that, I said to myself. God figured out a way to get me past the danger point, using George's predictable corruption as a well-timed diversion.

A federal lawsuit has two judges, a lower judge, the magistrate, and the upper judge, called the judge. The magistrate can only make recommendations, while the judge makes the final decision. George then twisted the judge, Judge Douglas R. Cole. Who issued an order on December 21, 2021, dismissing the lawsuit with prejudice and bad faith if I appealed.

I then filed a Notice of Appeal with the district court, again claiming poor status as I did not have \$505 to pay the appeal filing fee. Judge Douglas R. Cole denied my pauper request, and stipulated I had 30-days to pay the filing fee, or I could not appeal. George was trying his best to prevent me from appealing.

I saved up just enough money to pay the filing fee within time, costing me half of everything I owned. On March 31, 2022, I filed my appeal.

During this time, Ahki was approved for disability benefits and received a large check and monthly

income. His food stamps were also turned back on. Ahki's family, who long ignored him without income, finally came to his assistance. My time living with Ahki came to an end. I had gotten him through a dark period in his life.

I moved into a failed bed and breakfast in the Clifton neighborhood, who rented rooms out by the week. Mine was \$200 a week for a basement room the size of a closet. But it had a bed, small refrigerator, a TV, a heater, and an air conditioner. Best of all it was private. After spending six months in the same room as my roommate, being alone was welcome. But I had a long commute to work.

Once I was able to save money from work, I found a place to rent in Kentucky, near work. This cut my commute to twenty minutes.

Appeals Court

The last time I appealed a federal lawsuit, back in 2016, I recorded a website visit between someone in Richmond, Virginia, home of the appeals court, and George Walker Bush. The next day my appeal was denied. I discovered George twists these judges himself.

But something unusual happened. The appeal sat unanswered well past the prior corrupted denial periods. I figured George was either having difficulty twisting all three appeals court judges, or the US Supreme Court had placed a hold on the case, not wanting another George W. Bush torture lawsuit case on their docket. Not until they had no choice.

Getting to the US Supreme Court was my goal, the appeal was just a middle step getting there. George knew this and was worried. It was the US Supreme Court that threw George under the bus after TortureGate. The justices were tired of George's constant abuse of the federal courts, and constant corruption of federal judges.

George was petrified of execution and imprisonment. He had spent twenty years painstakingly protecting himself, constantly running from the law. It kept him awake at night, conducting meetings at night with his crew.

After George gave a speech with a verbal gaffe confessing to war crimes, then blaming it on his age and laughing about it, did I realize it was time to sue George and the CEO's directly for money in a personal injury lawsuit. For the reckless infliction of emotional distress. The lawsuit I had been holding off for the right time. The time had come.

Bardes v. Bush et al (1:22-cv-290)

My rough draft of the lawsuit was 27-pages, then I got it down to 15-pages, then finally to 10-pages. I was methodical with my words. Saying more with less.

My Strategy

I did not know if my defendants would all hire lawyers and litigate, or all not answer going into default. Time would tell. The worse thing that could happen to them was a house divided. Some defaulting, some hiring lawyers having to defend against what were crimes.

On May 26, 2022, I drove to the courthouse, filed the lawsuit, paid the full \$402 filing fee, and received the summons ready to serve. There was no killer on the courthouse steps.

On June 21, 2022, George Walker Bush went into default, refusing to plead to the allegations. The next day I filed my motion for default judgment against George Walker Bush, demanding payment of \$8.5 billion dollars.

This worried Alphabet, Inc. enough to hire a lawyer in Cleveland, Ohio, who called me the next day saying "We represent Alphabet, and possibly [Larry] Page."

The next day Apple and Tim Cook hired a lawyer in Columbus, Ohio, to call me asking for an extension.

Then the next day Bill Gates and Microsoft went into default. I filed a motion for default judgment against Bill Gates and Microsoft demanding payment of \$17 billion dollars, \$8.5 billion each.

Lastly, Dick Cheney went into default, and I filed a motion of default judgment demanding payment of \$8.5 billion dollars.

Suddenly, George's entire underground criminal organization, became road kill in the public record.

When I log onto the federal court's electronic database, open to the public, called PACER, the docket report reveals the evidence of their now confession of serious crimes, such their entire criminal organization could collapse in resounding defeat.

My enemies themselves, put into the public record, the instrument of their total and complete destruction. Already guilty. Some left to plead against what became a criminal confession. This happened quickly. First their ship caught on fire, next day they were sinking.

I had suddenly been vindicated. My "hard to believe" story of massive governmental corruption, detailed above, proved too much for George to even answer my lawsuit. Same with Dick Cheney and Bill Gates.

Once word got out to the general public, it was only a matter of time before the fall.

End of Part 2 of 3 - The Exile

(Version 1.4 - 12/9/2022 - 1:55pm)