

## Brice Taylor - Thanks for the Memories

### Chapter Six: JFK and the Sex Shuttle

During a demonstration of the high level of technology available to those willing to join the ranks, Henry masterfully delivered a slide presentation of the mind control technology. I sat in the darkened room in "park mode," with my conscious mind seemingly blocked from the information, yet carrying out the command of my master to perfectly record all that went on around me. First Henry flashed a slide of me in my normal California life. He said, "Who in their right mind would believe that this kid was having sexual relations with the President of the United States?" The men agreed. Then he followed by a series of slides of me artfully made up, dressed formally and in different disguises. The men were amazed at the difference.

Many men were brought into the cause simply because they wanted to own a piece of the rock and have their own robots to do their work or create their pleasures: At first they were given just bits of information at a time, to determine if they would be cooperative. Then they were given a little more information to test the waters to see if they were ready for the final blow. Usually dozens of meetings occurred on superficial levels before any real information was given out and that was only released when the men were "deeply committed," which meant that they would be compromising themselves or their family if they backed out at a certain point.

In the beginning when Henry was cultivating my relationship with JFK and insuring him of my security guarantees, Henry didn't fill me with much of an agenda except to give JFK the "royal treatment," which meant the same as Bob's (Hope's) full smorgasbord of sexual positions and favors. Henry told me to carefully note everything JFK said and did for debriefing afterwards. Henry had a challenge with JFK because as he said, "he's so damn self-initiating," and so Henry couldn't have me take the lead,

thereby slipping in comments intended for Henry's covert purposes.<sup>87</sup> So for awhile in the beginning, he just let me be with JFK so that he would get used to me, and Henry said, "Then a plan will inevitably open up."

Kissinger didn't spend a lot of time with JFK. They spoke but it was like they were "...polar opposites and constantly repelled each other," Henry said. But Henry, and especially Bob as the front man, got to JFK and paved the way for his acceptance of me. Once we were in, then Henry started strategizing heavily. That is what happened after I began having sex with JFK. Henry said, "Mind files were created to delight the young president." As Kissinger counted on, JFK was a romantic and seemed to get caught up in many of the messages I delivered to him. The messages made him feel good and Henry wanted him to feel good and powerful with me. I was delivering high level Council messages created by Bob and Henry, that Henry instilled in me to deliver to "John-Feeee," that's what I called him. They got a war underway through JFK, a big war that was to influence not only America but also the international climate.

It was as common for foreign dignitaries, heads of state, senators, congressmen, governors, and other leaders, to ride the Lincoln Memorial (Oral Sex) Tour, as it was for them to get their shoes shined in the local hotels. In fact, that was one of the jokes I was instructed to deliver to get a man loosened up. I was programmed to say, "Want your shoe shined?" Then I would unzip him and begin. There were lots of men who wanted further servicing later on, but I was instructed to refer them to my boss.

I serviced many men on this so-called shuttle service over the years of my life that should have been filled with junior high, high school and college extracurricular activities of my own choosing. The elitists I worked for had an endless supply of slaves that kept the tour shuttle running regularly. I wasn't really giving tours, just sex in the limo. The men felt safe and protected from public exposure by their placement in the back of the limo because they

couldn't be seen due to the security windows. They had

privacy when they exited the limo so they wouldn't be exposed. Security employees would always await the arrival of the shuttle limo to open the door and coach them out when the "coast was clear," then transfer them immediately into their own personal limo so no one would ever detect.

There were times when Henry would have a driver take us from DC to his office in New York. He would work with me in the back seat after he told the driver, "I'll be busy working and I don't want to be interrupted." So the driver shut the window between the seats and Henry would debrief me and take sketchy notes, draw diagrams and plans while I was talking or he would touch his finger to my forehead and start uploading me for future assignments. Much of our work took place like this on drives between places usually just before or after I had been used at the White House or other places. It was convenient, as well as a security measure, because he could account for his time spent with me by saying, "I was en route to NY or DC," or wherever he was going, and since I was on the same time track as Henry it was all very time efficient, and concealed his activity and connection to me. To Henry the efficient use of his time was everything. He told me, "When people can master their use of time, they have the secret to success." He often talked on and on to me about his ideas, events and people, using me as a sounding board, completely assured that I couldn't ever break the security programming necessary to remember his conversations.

Henry said I was much more than his efficient secretary, I was a "diplomat extraordinare." I wore a brownish tan wool suit, tailor-made by my mother, to my first meeting in the Soviet Union. Henry taught me then that the Soviet Union, USSR and Russia basically all meant the same thing. He also told me that my mother was always with me giving me strength and maturity, and that I could feel connected to her by wearing the suit she made for me. I guess I was emotionally needing to be older than 10, my actual age at the time. So he bolstered me maturationally by mentally

tying me to my mother. It was funny because if I wore wool pants<sup>90</sup> or a wool jacket, I would scratch myself and I couldn't stop it. And no matter how many times Henry gave me the hypnotic suggestion, "it's not scratching you, the material is soft and smooth on your skin," it still itched. So my mom had to line everything she made for me that was wool.

JFK rode the L.M. sex tour regularly and while I was down on my knees he would pat me on the back and say, "You are really going to move up the ranks." Or, "You're really going to amount to something when you grow up, kid." He loved lunch-time oral sex and the secret service agents rode in the front with the limo driver and chewed him out royally for, as they said, "...breaking stride that is nullifying National Security, Sir."

To calm the disgruntled Secret Service agents, Jack would laughingly explain, "Relax, I deserve a relaxing lunch break, that's all." I can still remember his accent so clearly.

JFK was really gutsy. He would even sneak me into the White House for "nooners." Sometimes there was another sex slave with me and when we'd get up to the bedroom he would say, "We're just furthering your training so you'll be top-notch when you grow up." He taught me, "A man likes a woman who's aggressive sexually. My wife doesn't satisfy me. She just lays back and waits. But a man likes a woman who takes charge." Then he would lay back and wait for the two of us to stimulate him, at which point he turned into an animal. Jack said he was training me for the future. I didn't know what that meant. He said I was serving my country by meeting the needs of their leader. He said, "By easing my stresses you help me make better decisions." Touching the tip of my nose he continued, "So young lady, you are very important to our nation." I was just out of braces.

JFK had a lean muscular body and a hairy chest. He worked out on the rowing machine. On one occasion as we were lying in bed together, he said to me, "You know, we both have the same

kind of teeth." I reached out and put my hand into his mouth to feel<sup>91</sup> his teeth and he was right, we both had big teeth--only his were more squared off.

JFK also liked anal sex, like his brother Ted. After he found out I was with Ted he asked me what his brother was really like. When I explained that he hurt me, he just shook his head and said, "I never could understand what happened to my brother. We both had the same parents, but we did go to different boarding schools and had different friends." He further explained that they didn't see their parents often and that their family had so much money that they chose the school that was the most fitting for their sons and sent them there. So as he explained, there weren't many family interactions. He said he felt lonely a lot when he was growing up, that he was closer to the maids and nannies than to his parents. He said, "The Kennedy Clan publicly appears to be a close knit family, but I never saw my parents except on holidays when they would meet in Hyannisport and us kids would be flown from our respective schools to meet them. It was more like getting reacquainted with strangers than meeting my family. Everyone was awkward and we really had nothing to talk about. I went out in a boat we had there and spent hours alone, playing all by myself. I was estranged from my brothers also because none of us lived together so when we came together we didn't know each other. Usually by the end of the holiday, we were friends again -- like real brothers -- but then it would be time to go back to our respective schools and it would start all over." Then he added, "I don't know why I'm telling you this, you're just a kid yourself and wouldn't really understand." He looked shy and vulnerable as he said, "I'm sorry for telling you all this."

I smiled and said, "It's okay." It seemed to be the fact that I listened and couldn't think to talk, that made these men feel good. All they really wanted was someone to really listen.

JFK never caused physical injury to me. He wasn't violent, just aggressive sexually but never brutal like his brother Ted. JFK liked all kinds of sex. He liked things varied, nothing routine. He got bored easily and asked for new things all the time. We had sex in many places. He got high on taking risks ...the riskier the

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better. We even had sex in a public bathroom somewhere in DC. On those occasions, the Secret Service Agents were doubly mad at him. They would totally freak out and say to him, "We could loose our jobs when you pull one of your little disappearing stunts." And they would be really upset, sweating and nervous because as they explained, they'd been running all over the city looking for where he had ducked them. Jack just told them to relax, that he was fine and that they still had their jobs.

I went on late night walks with JFK in DC. Sometimes the cherry blossoms would be in bloom and it smelled so sweet. The Secret Service agents followed close behind us. They seemed irritated to be on duty for JFK because he was so uncooperative and unpredictable. We walked by a river or waterway. He really enjoyed seeing it at night and said the exercise did him good. The Secret Service agents complained of being tired and hated having to get up at 1:00 or 2:00 a.m. to go outside with him. But when the President left, they had to go with him. I don't know where Jackie was, but she wasn't always at the White House the nights I was brought in. Jack would sneak me to his room and supposedly no one knew I was there. Like I explained, he loved taking risks.

Sometimes I had difficulty understanding exactly what Jack was saying because of his accent and at other times, I wouldn't be able to hear for awhile from the noise of the helicopter or plane I had been flown in on. My hearing would feel muffled, like I had earmuffs on.

I felt so much older than my young years, but then I was totally physically developed by the 5th grade (ten years of age). The personalities that were created to be with JFK were created to be older and more mature than my actual years.

During my years at Hale Jr. High School there were times Henry Kissinger preprogrammed and sent me in with a message to deliver while I was prostituted to JFK. I was a cheerleader



and was prostituted to the boy's coach along the way. I had <sup>94</sup>a group of girl friends that were part of my Girl Scout Troop and one of my friends was named Beth. I wasn't ever allowed to go to boy-girl parties, but I went

to a lot of sleepovers. Many times I didn't end up staying overnight, but was instead shuffled off for a quick rendezvous to the White House or to Massachusetts or wherever the higher ups wanted me to go to be with JFK.

I called him "John-Feeee" (pronounced "John F.E."). Craig was "president" of the Student Body and it may have been a cover for my White House presidential use.

Beth's mother was an attractive petite blonde woman and she was hardly ever home. I think Beth's father was a pilot and maybe her mom was a stewardess, but she was gone most of the time. Beth had older sisters though and so they counted as adults in my protective mother's eyes, so I was allowed to spend the night when Beth's mother was not at home. One day I walked home from school with Beth, as she lived very close to Hale. We messed around and listened to records, and then, suddenly, I became upset and told her I wanted to go home. She said her mom wasn't there to drive me and she didn't want me to go home, but I called a number from her kitchen phone and a yellow checkered taxi came to the house and picked me up. Beth followed me out the door crying and said, "Do you want me to call your mom?"

"No, I'll be home in a minute anyway." I handed the driver a note I had in my overnight bag and he took it from there. I was driven to LAX. The airport was much smaller in those days, but still busy on Friday's and weekends with lots of traffic. The driver dropped me off in front of TWA and asked if I needed any help. I said no, I was fine. I walked up to the desk and told the woman my name, "Sharon Weatherby," and she had a ticket waiting for me. She asked if I knew where to go and pointed me in the direction of the gate.

I usually flew TWA, United, or Continental on national flights - not international - and I even had a little pin with wings, that a pilot who knew me gave me because he said I was an honorary stewardess. He had sex with me on the way back from

assignments but no one had sex with me before JFK. There were<sup>96</sup> usually pilots on commercial airlines that were "regulars," which meant they knew me and were instructed to keep me under their wing. Sometimes I helped the pilot on flights, but usually I slept up in first class. I think one of these pilots could have even been my friend's father, and he was told to keep an eye on me. I usually curled up in first class and slept for the long flight. When I arrived at the airport in DC, I was met by different people. This time it was a blonde lady in a uniform and she walked me out to a waiting black limo and opened the back door for me to get in. I did and she put my bag in next to me. This was before I met Craig so I was eleven or twelve years old, going on twenty-five.

I wasn't taken directly to JFK but was taken to the area where they operated the "Lincoln Memorial Shuttle" (oral sex ride). A limo pulled up and I was whisked into the back of it. Once inside I saw that "JohnFeee" was there and he said hello and began tickling me. He played with me and teased me a lot. Then he pulled me over close to him and said, "Now it's time to be more serious." And he started kissing me and slipped his hand inside my shirt and felt my breasts. Then he unfastened my bra and pulled my shirt up and began sucking on my nipples. He said that really got him hard to see young, firm breasts and he circled my nipples with his fingers. I didn't like it when I saw his wedding band on his hand while he was doing that to me because even under mind control, I knew who his wife was. Henry had told me to emulate her and so I felt bad... like here was this innocent, beautiful woman and I was having sex with her husband and there was a feeling of guilt--even under mind control.

That day, JFK took sexual initiative and liked being in charge. Before he closed the window and left us alone, the driver had said to him, "Jack, don't you think we should connect back up to your security?" meaning the Secret Service.

JFK said, "No. Hell no. I deserve to have a life." And so we toured around the city while "John- Feee" got himself warmed up--

sucking and licking me all over and I gave him a "preview" of the coming event by way of oral sex, backing off just before he<sup>97</sup> orgasmed. He loved to run his tongue over my belly because he said, "I love young, firm, tummies," and he loved mine especially because he said it was so tan. He said I had a "golden tan."

After awhile, JFK tapped on the inner window in the limo to get the driver's attention and said, "Stop here."

The driver said, "Here, Sir?"

JFK commanded, "Yes," and opened the door and grabbed my arm and took me into this small motel. He already had the key to a room and went right to it and opened the door. It wasn't a very nice place but he said we wouldn't be looked for there, that "certainly no one would come looking for the President in a place like this," and then he laughed, lit up a cigarette and sat down at the small table and chairs. Taking a puff off his cigarette he said he wanted to take a break to "enjoy the view" and indicated I was to take off my clothes in front of him.

Slowly, I began removing my blouse and then my skirt, bra and then my nylons attached to my lacy garter belt and then my panties. I had on those plain white ones and for some reason he liked them, so Henry had me wear them with him. Then I stuck my finger into my vagina while I had one leg propped up on the bed and the other holding me up. Then I put my fingers to my mouth and that's when he jumped up and came over to me and said, "You're a big tease."

I smiled seductively and he put his arms around me and held me for a long moment and then when he moved back I began unbuttoning his shirt. It was a bit stiff like it was heavily starched and then I rubbed his chest and belly and talked to him about how his hairy chest and hard belly turned me on. I put my fingers in my mouth again. He said, "I'd like to be where those came from." I can remember his accent so well. He laid me back on the bed after he pulled the sheets back and he began oral sex. I told him how hot I was for him and began wiggling and moving all over, while I moaned. He said I was making him dizzy and he came up and began kissing me passionately, hard, almost roughly. Then he went inside me and satisfied himself. After he came he pulled back and said, "Sorry it couldn't have been longer, but I've got to get back." So he dressed and stepped outside the door and whistled.

The driver came right up to the door. He went out and opened the<sup>99</sup> door for me, and we got into the limo and left. The driver dropped him off at another limo to a bunch of Secret Service agents all in a tizzy over where he had gone. He shut the door and walked into the center of them without saying goodbye or acknowledging me.

These agents were really angry with him. I could see him using his hands and speaking to calm them down. JFK escaped from his Secret Service agents often. I heard one of them say one time, "I don't know how he does it, one slip and he's gone."

The driver put the window back up and drove me directly to the airport. I picked up my bag and he let me out and said, "Will you be needin' anything, ma'am?"

I smiled and said, "No thanks, I have everything I'll need." And I went to the ticket counter and said, "You're holding a ticket for me? Sharon Weatherby?"

Handing me my ticket the man smiled and said, "Your gate's in that direction."

Henry had me think of the gate numbers as the numbers on billiard balls and all I had to do was follow the line of numbers until I got to the one that matched my ticket. Sometimes I got lost but someone always helped me, often saying, "Excuse me, miss, but are you lost?"

I'd say, "I'm looking for gate eight," and they would point me in that direction. Once I got onto the airplane it seemed like there was always someone there to watch over me and I would go back to sleep. The return synchronization between my mother and me had to be perfect and this time I was driven back to Beth's house to wait by the curb for my mother.

The driver said, "Just sit here and wait, your mother will be here any minute." He pulled away from the curb and went and parked nearby. I saw him watch until my mom picked me up. She, too, always waited for me to get picked up when she dropped me off at places. Everyone always waited to make sure the exchange had taken place and I was in the correct hands.

JFK was my first presidential assignment. After having sex with Bob Hope in his 50's, a younger President wasn't as bad. Sharon was the personality programmed to be with JFK and due to the reality that was created for her, she had a lot in common with him, like being Catholic and from an elite family. One time Bob arranged for him to have some time out with me in Key Biscayne. Bob flew me there to take care of him, keep him happy and entertained. The Secret Service agents stood outside. JFK started by shaving and I sat on the counter and watched him. I giggled and hugged him while he stood in front of the mirror with a small white towel around his waist. I licked the shaving cream off his ear and then put my fingers into the remaining shave creme and licked it. Gently, he took my hands away and laughed softly as he explained that you weren't supposed to eat shaving cream. I thought it was whipped cream, like I had tasted in the pornography I was filmed in, and mistakenly was triggered into reciting my program, "Lick it and suck it, 'til it's all gone, yum, yum don't miss a drop, or you will stop; your heart that is." This must have been a program glitch because I wasn't suppose to recite this program out loud; it was supposed to just drive me from inside. Maybe JFK knew how to handle me nicely because of his sister who seemed like she was retarded. They didn't let her out much, and later I was glad when they didn't have her at their reunions, because I didn't understand what was wrong with her.

During this time, I wasn't allowed to eat as much sugar as I had been previously used to. I was told to be repelled by it and that, even as my hand reached for it, the sugar would move away and I couldn't ever get it so I should quit trying. Before this programming I was used to eating tons of sugar, so it was a major adjustment. Also, my mother used to get so angry with me for not eating enough at mealtimes, but I couldn't, as my programming dictated. She said I didn't eat enough to keep a bird alive. But when I tried to eat I usually felt sick.

Catholic girls had to act proper and Jack never had any

cause to be embarrassed by my actions. He was spunky and<sup>10</sup> aggressive and tickled me a lot, often until tears were falling down my cheeks. Then he would lay me on the bed, kiss my tears away and start having sex with me. He said he liked my short hair - that it was stylish - and he would play with my hair and mess it up. I'd just get it done again; in those days I didn't even know how to do my own hair. I never had to, my own personal hairdresser, a family friend, came to the house and washed it, cut it, curled and styled it.

Afterwards, JFK and I ran around naked, playing like school kids, and when it got dark we walked on the beach and the Secret Service agents always walked close behind. Boy did they get an eyeful. They would wink at me sometimes if I turned around to see if they were still there, when I was getting ready to make a move on John-Feee.

One night, Henry let me off at the White House to target JFK. I didn't go up to his bedroom, we had sex in a room near the kitchen that had two beds in it. I had on a short white crop top and low hip hugger jeans. My belly button showed and he said it turned him on. He would stoop down and lick my "bare spot," he called it. His pronunciation sounded funny to the personality dedicated to him because of his accent. I was tan and slim, and he said he liked that my tummy was flat. He said he hadn't had such a flat one in awhile and it turned him on. After we had a quick sexual encounter, I had to hurry to get my clothes on and exit real fast. He would open the door and look down the hall to see if the coast was clear. Then he would say, "Okay, now." And, I would run down the hall, out the door and down the steps to Henry waiting for me in the limo smoking his cigar. He would usually say something derogatory about JFK and tell me to button my clothes correctly. My bell bottoms had buttons on the front and if I was rushed I had trouble getting them buttoned right. I was always skipping a button. Henry would look down at my buttons and tell me to straighten up. Then I would button them correctly. I couldn't help



that JFK had rushed me - I think he enjoyed that part as much<sup>10</sup> as the sex. He seemed to like the adrenaline rush.

There was a very close call on another night. Jackie was down the hall calling out, "Jack, Jack, Jack!" Looking surprised, he grabbed me and put me in the closet, fixed the bed and answered her

quickly before she opened the door. You could hear the sound of her shoes when she veered off the hallway runner and onto the wood floor. I was in the closet when she came in the room and asked, "Jack, what are you doing?"

I heard him laugh and say he was looking for John-John's shoe. He said one was missing. Jackie asked him to come upstairs and he told her he would just look for a while longer and then he would be up. This guy actually let his wife out of the room, pulled me out of the closet and started having sex with me again, this time with more passion than ever before. He seemed to thrive on the risk factor. When I left, the Secret Service agents usually walked me from the White House down the block to a waiting limo, unless Henry was waiting for me outside.

Henry was cultured. There were little blue vases with flowers in the back of his shiny black car. They had a little light next to them and you could see the flowers in the dark. If after one of these escapades I began talking silly and sexual, Henry would give me the sign to hush up by simply buttoning or zipping his lips and then I knew to be silent and obedient. I could be turned off or on, volume up or down. I ran very mechanically like a Rolls Royce. Henry didn't like noise or children so he created me to be quiet and dignified. As I grew older it wasn't as hard because I was more fully trained and didn't get my personality switching messed up. I got used to being silent with Henry. But it was a difficult transition after I was in the presence of JFK because he was wild and noisy, and his playfulness put me in the same frame of mind, until Henry toned me down.

## Why JFK and His Brother Really Got Shot

JFK had ties to Frank Sinatra and his group. I was shared around all these type groups because of Bob's and Henry's influence. The Kennedy's were highly mob connected, especially

Bobby, as surprising as that might seem for the family man image<sup>10</sup> he projected. JFK took a mob dispute with him clear to the White House and attempted to use his political power as President to shut down his enemies. He publicly appeared to go after the Mob, but he was interested in shutting down only one enemy faction. But he had to publicly say he was going after all underworld crime in order to be able to legally do what he tried to do: dismantle the Mob that opposed the Kennedy family clan. I overheard Joe Kennedy yelling at JFK at a family reunion when he was President. He told him to stop messing with the Mob, to leave it alone, that he didn't know what he was doing. It was shortly after that that Joe Kennedy had a stroke or brain seizure, and Rose blamed Jack for causing it.

Joe Kennedy was very happy with the marriage of Jackie to Jack because Jackie brought with her a faction of mob that would help build up Jack and the future Kennedy dynasty. At least that's what I heard him say. Joe Kennedy was big on mob connections, like his friend J.P. Morgan, who was an important mob buddy and supporter. They supported each other.

As Joe Kennedy got weaker, the tight rein of coexistence he held with the Mob began to loosen and his sons became sloppy and careless, and didn't take seriously the rules of the Mob. Like Uncle Frank (Sinatra) said, "You don't ever try to go against the Mob or you'll wind up in the morgue or worse yet, sleeping with the fishes." I was born into Uncle Charlie's mob connection and he heavily influenced my life because of his arms, munitions and drug connections all over the globe. These were some serious connections that made him sought after by members of the Council. In those days, the Mob made the money and powerful connections. Different mobs supported each other like allies from foreign countries do. They were the power behind the Council, initially - the connections that allowed the Council to get such a toehold, as the mobs worked cliqueishly for or against one another. The Mob provided important funding in the early years, but later the Council

took away much of their power over monopolies when the Council<sup>10</sup> outstripped them of their power through intelligence and outsmarting them with technology.

The Mob couldn't begin to compete. In the beginning the Council knew how to work the different factions of the Mob for the Council's benefit and gain. Once the Council attained the strength they needed to get over the hump and into the big money, they outsmarted the Mob with their mind control technology and were then able to control the Mob. It was a game of intellect and the Council won- checkmate!

Joe Kennedy, William Randolph Hearst, J.P. Morgan and others were part of a powerful underground group. They created their own revenue and their own justice, and they knew how to play by the rules to stay alive and in the game, but the rules suddenly changed with the power created by the Council as they utilized the Mob's success and made it their own. People like Jack (JFK) didn't play by the new rules so they got snuffed.

Often when I was sent in to target JFK, I would be loaded with messages from the different mobsters like Uncle Frank (Sinatra). I gave instructions for JFK to do some favor for the Mob or else, he was told, "the small, sweet favors will dry up." JFK scared me because he always laughed and acted like he didn't take the messages with the seriousness I believed they carried. I had seen Uncle Frankie in operation and he had friends, lots of them, who killed people for nothing much at all, and I was afraid that if JFK didn't listen and do as they said that they would kill him, too. But he didn't seem the least bit concerned about them ...ever. I took them even more seriously after JFK was killed. Then I knew they weren't joking but were very serious and meant what they said about doing everything they said or be killed.

I heard Uncle Frank talk often about people's positions in the Mob. He talked to lots of Mob buddies in front of me. I was used for dangerous connections and, as far as Frank and Dean Martin were concerned, I knew far too much, so they wanted me to "sleep with the fishes." But Henry wouldn't hear of losing his "personal computer" and threatened serious retaliation if they harmed me.

Henry had a new kind of power that the Mob didn't understand <sup>91</sup> at first, until they got burned a few times. Then they understood. But some serious action had to be taken to prove this power, like, as I overheard, "the assassination of a President and his big mouth brother who just wouldn't listen," in order for the Mob - a strong political faction of it - to see where the new power lie, so they would know to back off. By then the banks and newspapers were taken over and reorganized by the Council and their constituents, and HIGH LEVEL TECHNOLOGY took over - something the Mob knew nothing about. It took the wind out of their sails. This was happening during the 60's and early 70's, when I was only a teenager approaching early adulthood, and listening and recording everything I heard per instructions from my boss, Henry Kissinger.

One day in his office, Henry said, "You won't be servicing him (JFK) much longer. The higher ups have some alternate plans for him." At the time I felt he meant death. Henry said, "This will lock you in for life." Later, they used JFK's death on me heavily.

When JFK was killed I was in junior high school and my controllers told me, "If we can take out the President without anyone knowing, who would miss the likes of you?" They told me I was dispensable, easily replaceable, and that no one would ever miss me if I were gone. To give me a clear example the suited man reminded me, "Does your mother even have a clue where you are right now? NO. So who would miss you? Not even your own mother."

In order to insure that I was under program and their total control they continued the ritual torture and trauma. Then they tied the ritual trauma that occurred at home or at the church across the street from my junior high school to songs or hypnotic commands, like "If you try to begin to recall this area of your mind, you will immediately recall this horror scene," which they reminded me of in complete detail, in order to keep me terrified and programmed.

Most people are now familiar with Marilyn Monroe's connection to the Kennedy family and her use with the President. It has been said by insiders that Marilyn was one of the first programmed Presidential models, created under mind control for sex with the President and use in Hollywood connections. While I did not possess the physical beauty that Marilyn Monroe did, I had the mind files and all the right connections to further my controller's interests.

For my assignments, when I wasn't flown out of LAX, I left from Van Nuys Airport, John Wayne Airport, or local helicopter pads that were atop buildings in Los Angeles. My mother took me and picked me up and nursed me back to life if I was hurt or really messed up mentally or psychologically. She would try to make me eat if I couldn't and she put me to bed. I was usually so out of it from the food and sleep deprivation and electroshock done for "National Security purposes" to keep memory of the events safely away from my conscious awareness, that I often couldn't think to bathe, eat or get into bed to sleep. My mom would tell me what to do and the parts of me that participated in these escapades always felt so relieved to be back in my clean bed at home. In my attempt to create some semblance of safety and security I slept against the wall to remind myself I was in my own bed and safe. That was, until my father came into my room at night-then the nightmare started all over again. More than anything in the world I wanted my mother, or someone, to help me--to protect me--to stop the nightmarish experiences. But she never could.

I will do everything in my power to stop these atrocities from happening, so that my daughter, my sons, and any future children born into our family will not have to suffer any longer. I am sure the Mob with their huge capacity for family love and loyalty will understand and pardon this need I have. And to Dr. Kissinger, Bob Hope, UCLA, CIA, NASA, U.S. Department of Defense and all those who participated in my family's high-tech programming, I ask that you honor this request for my family's freedom and safety. I will

hold you in prayer, asking God to show you the ramifications of<sup>93</sup> your actions.

"Be ye kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." -- Ephesians 4:3