

Dedicated to Kate. Her soul radiates love, faith & charity. Thank you for catching me when I fell. I love you always sister! <3

THE MALEVOLANCE OF BENEVOLANCE – Exhibit “B” (First Draft)

By Brenda Everall

holisticusinternational.ca

Belleville, Ontario. June 28, 2021

Hindsight shows me how particular people in my family, along with myself, were historically targeted for severe oppression. It all made sense to me when I finally found a document titled “The Tie That Binds” by James Calnan Taylor.

So much made sense to me after reading that document. It was the beginning of my Masonic research. I verily believe that I now know more about Freemasonry than most Freemasons do. When one does their own actual research and experiences their own transmutation, it isn't hard to see the difference between who's really 'enlightened' and subsequently motivated by the brotherhood and who's just in it for the secretive glitz and glory.

Many are in it for the perks but the odd one does become intrigued by the higher degrees and off he goes to eternally kiss the asses of his new big daddies.

At any rate, I began to see the Masonic connections in my community and then in my own extended family and then throughout the world.

When I was growing up I lived just outside of a small town. My dad's only sister (Brenda (Brown) Sokolowsky), her husband (Ed Sokolowsky) and my three cousins (Jennifer (former married name Donnelly) Sokolowsky, Tracy Demianchuk & Lesley Scherer) lived very nearby and so did my father's parents (Gwen & Jack Brown).

We all lived in a triangle-like setting (ikr) just footsteps away from one another. We all shared access to joined driveways and water from my grandparents well. My paternal great-grandparents, Owen & Eliza Brown, lived to the left of us all just down the road and to the left of them was the family owned cider-mill (Brown's Apple Cider).

My paternal grandmother, Gwen Brown, is a Macdonald by birth. Her family is Masonic. What would you know? So was good old *Sir* John. They call themselves the family of families. They're a tight bunch. Well, if you fit in to their clique, that is. You see, it appears to me that there are inner and outer circles of the family. It seems to me that those in the inner circle of the family are Freemasons.

In retrospect, I feel like the Macdonald family, somehow, played a role in how my family faired in life. I know exactly how paranoid that sounds. It always felt like they were watching, judging and testing us to some degree. I couldn't never explain what I felt but

I have a deep distrust for nearly every single person on that side of the family. My great-grandfather, Donald Hamilton Macdonald was allegedly a highly revered Freemason, an icon in the village of Wellington.

My father seemed to have unknowingly but successfully jumped the Macdonald family's hoops in his youth whereby he eventually received the Queen Scout Scouting honor. The Canadian Boy Scouts are the Freemasons! I believe that my father eventually displeased the hidden hands of the family at some point, in some way and that my father's opportunities in life began to narrow for him around that time.

I could always feel the hand of control that kept my father down in life and now I clearly see the hidden hand that was moving the chess pieces around on us. In the early 70's my father had a near-fatal car accident. The aftermath affected his whole life and left him disfigured and disabled. He slowly recovered and won a lawsuit but the lawyer ended up taking a significant portion. My father began to suffer the effects of alcohol but he lived a normal and functional life for the most part.

I was born in 1974. I share my first name with my paternal Aunt. I'm the oldest of four girls. Even though my dad was struggling with alcohol, he was a good person that valued the respect of his family and community. He always tried in life and he worked exceptionally hard. He didn't have a malicious bone in his body. He had a wonderful nature about him.

My parents deserved far more support than they ever got in life but somehow they always made due and showed as much love as they were capable of showing. They did a better job at it than many parents I knew. They believed in love and in God and they tried to raise a decent family in the face of great adversity. They did their best every single day.

My dad quit drinking when I was 15. All of the troubles that followed him in life were usually blamed on his drinking. One would think that his life would get better for him once he quit drinking but instead, it only got worse. The harder he tried in life, the more he was met with oppression of some sort.

I was always daddy's girl although I did/do love my mother so. The only issue between my mother and I is that she doesn't see me for who I truly am. I've just never been able to satisfy my mother and to make her see in me what I so desperately needed her to see for so long. At this point, I don't need anyone to see what they don't want to see.

Still, I love my mom and always will. I'm extremely grateful to both of my parents for raising us kids in the best ways possible while life was so incredibly hard for them. The truth is, my mother has repeatedly broken my heart. I'll never be whatever what she needs and I'm ok with that now. Somethings just are what they are, sadly. Still, I love both of my parents beyond measure!

I watched the light in my father die over the years as the Macdonald side of the family colluded to punish him for things that we were completely unaware of. The only clues that I've had to help me piece the reasons together are my aunt's comments to me that she made promises to her grandfather to make sure that my father never inherited her parent's estate or made it far in life. She told me that she swore that she would and that she intended to keep that promise no matter who or what got in her way.

I know that the Freemasons use the system of inheritance greatly to their advantage and as a punishment mechanism for unworthy family members.

My father, or I, or someone close to us must have upset the big daddy of the family at some point because we certainly were to become family outcasts eventually. I do know that my Grandmother was once accepted into the Order of the Eastern Star but when my Grandfather was blackballed by the Masons when tried to get in she states that she became upset that her husband wasn't accepted and she quit the Eastern Star in solidarity to him.

My Grandmother was always treated like an outcast by her siblings from my perspective. I'm guessing that my grandmother's family punished her for her loyalty to her own husband. Who really knows? These people are abrupt and cruel in my experience.

Back in the late 80's/early 90's, my father invested in an innovative family business. He started a recycling company called *County Recycling* that employed family members and members of the community. My father worked incredibly hard and invested an epic amount of time and money into the project that he envisioned as a benefit for our community.

Instead of working with my father, the County found any reason possible to shut him down. A public spectacle of our family's affairs ensued to wear my father down. Eventually my father's business was shut down. My parents suffered incredible loss over that ordeal and set the pace for the rest of their lives whereby they are both extremely ill and impoverished.

The County itself took over the recycling operations only to run it all into the ground in literally no time at all. Recycling services were eventually contracted out to a larger company outside of PEC. A good man was destroyed for nothing. It's so sick!

My family also once owned and operated a very popular cider mill called "Brown's Apple Cider." My grandfather told me that the cider business that his father began was ultimately forced to shut down in similar ways to my dad's recycling business. My dad's business operated out of the former cider mill.

County historians usually fail to mention the role that my family played in the cider business. It's usually the proud Loyalist type of historian that leaves that tidbit out of the County history. Why? Oh probably because my family has never jumped the Loyalists

hoops or participated in the Masonic circles. That, and stealing one's history and identity is a form of psychological warfare, which the Freemason's are very skilled at in my experience.

Growing up was difficult for me. My family struggled in many ways but we always tried to be good people who did good things in our community. Whenever we experienced personal issues, those issues always seemed to be amplified and broadcast to the whole community, *somehow*, by someone.

Even though my family and I had our struggles, my memories of growing up are so good for the most part. The surface memories are definitely not bad ones. Then I think deeper and other memories start to surface. Often there is a blip of a memory that lasts for just a split second and I can't hold it. I'm missing huge blocks of my memory. In fact, my messed up memory was another reason I went down the rabbit hole so hard when I had my spiritual crisis at a critical point in my persecution.

I always felt like I was living in a scenario similar to that of the movie *The Truman Show*. The police were always dropping by for friendly visits and when I look back it's clear to me that they were keeping tabs on my family. I know it sounds ludicrous. It is what it is.

As upright as my father tried to be in life, he was always held back from any sort of success. Meanwhile, men in our neighborhood who worked at the almighty cement plant seemed to get away with almost anything. A long-time neighbor, a married father of 2 impregnated a young girl back in the day. I believe she was 14 at the time. He had to do some time for it but the community felt like he got a slap on the wrist, really.

Later on in life when this man's adult child became a foster care provider, the foster kids in her care were always at this guy's house. It was so absurd. He was a sex offender but he was, seemingly, allowed to be around vulnerable children.

The men who worked at the cement plant always seemed to get away with more than the average guy in the community did. I'm willing to bet the brotherhood was thriving in those men's lives.

I was kept busy for the most part of my childhood by attending many community programs like Brownies, Girl Guides, Pathfinders, swimming lessons, majorettes, Sunday school and air cadets. I once travelled to the NORAD underground facility in North Bay with the air cadets.

I was referred, around that same time, to Children's Mental Health Services and began seeing a counsellor named Sharon Sibthorpe. Sharon encouraged me to leave home and made me believe that my parents were dangerous to my stability and future instead of coaching me to understand that my behaviors weren't acceptable and that my parents were just being the best parents they knew how to be at the time.

From my perspective, many parents who had teens in the 80's & 90's ruled with an iron fist. They sure were different times but encouraging adolescents to leave home prematurely and on bad terms while leaving their siblings behind was not the answer as far as I'm concerned. It's around this point that I can see collusion developing in my life whereby my paternal aunt and grandmother began to actively insist, also, that I leave home, which I eventually did for a short period before returning.

I was approximately 16 years old when 4 members of the Picton Pirates hockey team gang-raped me in a basement at a home on Lake Street. I called my Sharon Sibthorpe from the basement the morning after the assault occurred and she instructed me not to return home to my parents care but to, instead, go stay with my ex-boyfriend if possible. That ex-boyfriend was none other than Joe Holm and we'll discuss more about him in just a while.

At any rate, life went on and I had a family of my own. I married a local boy and had two children. My husband was a hard worker and he provided well for our family. No matter what he and I did, we could never seem to get ahead in life. It was so perplexing. Looking through the rearview, I can see now that this is the period where things shifted in my life for my husband and myself to become targeted individuals for community oppression in our own right, respective of the campaign that targeted my parents in life, though still quite connected in ways that would take eons to explain.

My husband and I had a very unique sort of love. Many of our peers actually envied us. On one hand, we had good jobs, beautiful babies and a nice home. On the other hand we were still youthful party animals. Our children were always so loved and well cared by our friends and family members and if they were subject to adults drinking they were always safe and well considered. We had a beautiful, perfect family!

Still, my husband and I were treated like outcasts for openly doing what many other people in the community were doing in their secret social clubs and behind their own closed doors. My husband and I were treated like outcasts by the community.

Even though we lived as normally as possible we were always judged for being some sort of out of control addicts. It was pretty surreal, and actually, very laughable in hindsight.

My husband and I once watched a public safety police officer drive his family home after staggering to his car when leaving a more upper class party in PEC. It was ok for him to do but my husband and I couldn't move sideways without a cop breathing down our necks about the most frivolous things.

At any rate, my children were privy to a perfectly balanced life and were never subject to emotional harm much less physical abuse. Neglect was never an issue. Someone who loved my children were always providing care to my children and no matter how horrible the rumors were at the time, my children's stability was always my primary focus in life.

Was I perfect? Heck no! But I sure was an amazing mother in the ways that truly matter when it came to their healthy development.

I spent a lot of time in hospitals while my children were growing up. My husband and my kids had so many different health issues. Nothing made sense in those days.

My son was born with RH incompatibility in 1998. He was one of the few that didn't respond to the Rhogam shots that are routinely administered to RH- mother's at various stages throughout and after pregnancy. He was sent to the KGH NICU. His first days of life were extremely touch and go. He was born during the chaotic ice-storm of the 1998 Ontario ice-storm. It was a very surreal time. My son ended up having emergency surgery and blood-transfusions and came home with me one-week later.

Then one day my husband was diagnosed with a life-threatening condition. Nothing about his condition made medical sense. His condition was always changing and perplexing the various medical doctors. His bloodwork rarely returned the same results. He was a literal medical anomaly that kept doctors very interested and curious. Still, I won't speak to his specific issues on his behalf. That's his business.

The point is, because of rumors and intolerance my family was repeatedly humiliated and rejected by various members of the PEC community. It was disgusting to see how these self-proclaimed upper class discriminated against my family simply because of their own fear and ignorance. Many people in that morally sick community owe my husband and children a sincere apology for the way they outright treated them for things they knew nothing about firsthand.

These were very stressful days that would only begin to make sense years later. We never got answers from doctors when we needed them. I fractured, so many times, as a mother and as a wife when sent home by health care services to take care of sick people all on my own. I learned a lot about following my own intuition in those days.

I was working full-time, had recently had a baby with another young, sick child to care for and my husband was renting space out in our small bungalow to friends in transition. I was 23 at the time. I was coping by using alcohol and cannabis and experimenting with cocaine. I should've known better but sometimes life's a dance you learn as you go. I would eventually learn to employ far better stress management mechanisms but at this point in my life I was still fairly naïve and I followed the crowd a little more than I should have.

I was extremely stressed and at the end of my rope with consistent 'systemic error' in my life. I ended up having an emotional blow-out one evening after partying with friends. I had reached my tolerance limit for stress and felt emotionally overwhelmed. I knew that I was suffering from the effects of compounded stress, however, I ended up being formed to the BGH psych ward for several weeks for alleged mental health reasons.

I was force medicated and the staff insisted that my hardships in life were because I was mentally ill and that I was a chronic alcoholic and drug-addict. I told them that I was neither and that I had only recently experiment with a drug that I had no intention of using again. The more I fought back against the diagnoses the more I was treated for my alleged addiction(s) and mental health conditions. I didn't believe I was mentally ill and I knew that I wasn't an addict or an alcoholic.

I knew that I was being targeted for asking far too many questions and pressing for accountability about the health issues and the constant systemic errors that my family and I were constantly enduring though I couldn't articulate the complexities of it all. I didn't understand, yet, that I was a targeted individual.

The original doctor who formed me to my psychiatric prison was none other than Dr. E.B Conn. Dr. Conn himself had history with the PECAS. Perhaps you should read the book titled "Who Killed Ty Conn" for more clarity on the historical criminality of the former PECAS. I know that Dr. Conn was attempting to manipulate my mind. People can ridicule that fact all they want. I know what I know. It got to the point that I refused to go to any private counselling sessions with that man. He is the face of evil!

My husband and I were always dealing with some sort of abnormal or unusual stress load that our peers didn't seem to experience, at least as much or as intensely as we did. We always seemed to be the nature of some sort of systemic glitch. For example, we began receiving hydro bills back the late 90's that were in the range of \$3000.00/mo. for a small two-bedroom bungalow, every single month. The hydro company would tell us that there was systemic error but that we would unfortunately have to pay the minimum amount of the bill to keep our service on until the glitch was ironed out. It was the same month after month. We ended up moving.

The compounded stress of life really affected me and my husband at this point. The CAS had originally come into our lives because of reports made to them by BGH staff and remained a cancer in our lives for many years thereafter. CAS staff were always generating problems for my husband and I. They were manufacturing reasons to be involved in our life. We experienced significant relationship problems and by the fall of 2000 I was convicted for impaired driving, my one and only criminal conviction.

The impaired driving conviction itself is a significant example of how our justice system targets and colludes against particular people. When I made my court appearance to answer to the impaired driving charge a deal was reached with the Crown before we went before the judge. When it was time for the judge to hear my case the Crown explained to the judge that they had somehow lost my casefile. The judge told the Crown and the police that they had 30 days to find the required documents and to re-summon me to court. Otherwise the charge would be thrown out.

On the 28th day of those 30 days, the Picton OPP left papers with my husband that indicated that the paperwork had been found and that I was to appear in court once again. When I made the reappearance the Crown announced that they had no

recollection of making any deal with me and that I should be prepared to suffer the full weight of the law for my first criminal offense. My sentencing was incarceration for seven days, while serving three.

I had no notice that any of this would be occurring as the Crown had confirmed that our deal would stand if I was re-summoned to court and then they pulled that rug out from under my feet on the day of my court appearance. The judge made statements in relation to my sentencing that indicated that I was an alcoholic. I would come to understand the reason for the judge's comments soon enough.

The stress continued to compound. My husband and I ended up having a domestic where I received a minor injury. The kids weren't present for one thing and for another it just was what it was. We were under significant pressure and I didn't always act accordingly myself in moments of passionate upset & confusing turmoil. After the blowout we decided to break-up in the best interest of our children and he moved out. We knew we were becoming too unstable together with all that we were experiencing. Even though we still loved each other very much, we knew we had to take a break and let the dust settle between us.

When the PECAS learned that my husband and I broke up they swiftly apprehended our children without any justification whatsoever. CAS workers were saying that I was a chronic alcoholic and that I needed to go to rehab in order to have my children returned to them. I explained that the recent impaired driving charge was simply a bad choice that I made under pressure and that I was not alcoholic. I did not understand why the professionals seemed to be setting me up to look as though I was an addict or an alcoholic. I would learn soon enough.

When I made my appearance in family court to get my kids back from CAS I couldn't believe my eyes. The judge on the bench was the same judge (Kirkland) who had sent me to jail for the impaired driving charge and who provided the extra commentary that I had a drinking problem. Coincidentally, the CAS paperwork was all designed to indicate that I was a chronic alcoholic. Nothing in my life backed up the fact that I had a potential drinking problem other than my recent criminal charge and my medical file.

I had used the duty counsel court service for advice on my first court appearance. On the second court appearance the duty counsel lawyer informed me that he was now my husband's legal counsel. I asked him how that could be after I had made personal disclosure to him at the last court appearance and that he was acting with a conflict of interest. He just shrugged and smirked.

That judge took my kids away from me and placed them with their paternal grandparents under CAS direction. My mother-in-law, Mary Everall, and my sister-in-law, Jacqui Burley worked with the CAS in attempts to cut me out of my children's lives. That most certainly did not work. Even though I was feeling incredibly defeated, nothing could keep me from my beautiful children.

I promptly got my kids back through the courts but I knew something was very wrong with our child welfare system at that time. Collusion in the County became very evident to me at this time although I still didn't know why it would be occurring.

Eventually, I began advocating for others in my community. It didn't take long to see a pattern. It seemed to be that the lower caste were the targets for child protection services by the higher caste. The call for help from average people being adversely affected by the CAS only increased as time went on and I began travelling across Ontario to assist families who were being stalked by terrorists from various child protection agencies. The more that I tried to help children the more my community members resisted me and actively defamed my character and oppressed me any way they could, any time they could.

In 2004 my husband and I re-united. We moved into the family home that I grew up in after my parents moved out and moved to Belleville. We ended up entering into a rent-to-own contract with my parents. After everything we had been through, it looked as though things between my husband and I might just work out after all.

In 2006 my sister went missing after an altercation with an abusive boyfriend whereby she ended the relationship. Her purse, phone, make-up, etc., were all left behind. We learned that her ex-boyfriend had trafficked her to Brantford Ontario. We made a missing person's report and explained the situation to the police. BPS refuse to act. I made a complaint about officer Vandegraaf. That complaint generated severe oppression for me from various officer with the BPS for many years to come.

My other sister and my father took frequent trips to Brantford trying to find her to bring her home. She was sleeping on the street in terrible conditions. She had none of her own belongings. We knew she must be so scared and miserable. The Brantford police would not help us either. It was almost as if both police departments were facilitating human trafficking.

One day, my sister and the ex-boyfriend who took her from us attended a meeting with social services. The worker was trained and compassionate. She recognized the signs of human trafficking and she arranged to speak with my sister alone away from her abuser. When my sister was offered safety and support by this worker she immediately disclosed the truth about her situation.

The worker called the police, myself and other family members to our great relief. Soon, she was home with us again but it was no thanks, at all, to either police department who couldn't have cared less about her safety or whereabouts. That worker is a beautiful soul that I'll be forever grateful to.

Then I learned about the children being raped in our local foster care system. That's when the serious oppression ensued. The system nearly ate me alive while I was trying to expose the PECAS crimes.

The PECAS became defunct, several foster parents went to jail and the former executive director pleaded guilty through a deal for the role that he played in the whole epic saga. In my opinion, fraternal obligations saved William Sweet from the justice he truly deserved for enabling and covering up the abuse of those children!

I have tried, in vain, for several years, to get accountability for the scores of children and their families who have been profiled and stalked by terrorists known as child protection workers in Canada's horrendous child welfare system. It seems to me that the Masonic Brotherhood does everything in its power to control whistle blowers and persons with a fixed moral code.

Speaking of which, my father-in-law, Ron Everall had an incredibly strong fixed moral code. He died in 2006 at the height of one of his major initiatives as a PEC Counsellor. He was informing us all about an upcoming food shortage that he predicted and that we're experiencing at this point in time. It would appear that Ron was ahead of his time and combatting the U.N Agenda for global sustainability.

It appears that PEC Counsel entertained Ron's initiatives to form a coalition with every other municipality in Ontario to collectively approach the provincial and federal governments while he was alive but then swiftly abandoned the cause after his untimely death. My family was promptly kicked out of the Everall family thereafter and we became targets of a smear campaign by the Everall family.

The Everall family is well connected in the PEC. Mary Everall was an RN at a prominent doctor's office in Picton for many years. Mary actively engaged in a smear campaign against me, my ex-husband and our children with patients when they came into the office for their appointments.

My sister-in-law, Jacqui Burley is in some sort of leadership role with Camp Picton and all of its past history. Jacqui is married to Todd who operates a large Loyalist dairy farm in Cressy. Jacqui and Mary would often boast of their prominent friends, particularly Gord Downie. They're like to show boat their connections as I've always been an unfortunate witness to. Larry Everall is heavily associated with agriculture and heritage in PEC.

The whole family has actively alienated me, my ex-husband and our children from the family and we were served notices of no-trespass from Mother Mary Everall, big sister Jacqui Burley and little brother Steven Everall. Although we've never done anything to these people that would warrant their swift and ongoing cruelty since Ron died, they act or speak against us publicly.

I've since learned that forbidding people their inheritance is an old trick of the old boys. The Freemasons control, by reward or punishment, through the system of inheritance.

Part of making a person feel crazy when they're subject of a community smear campaign is done through intended psychological warfare. As wretched as many of my

oppressors are behind my back, many of them are as sweet as pie to my face. I've purposely attempted to avoid people like Jacqui Burley while I'm, say, in the grocery store because it's usually a mind-mending encounter.

I've often been approached by Jacqui where she couldn't possibly be any nicer to me. She asks me about the niece and nephew that she cold-heartedly abandoned and smiles at me with her big red lips like we're all good. LOL. Meanwhile, she has issued a formal notice of no-trespass to me and then carries on like I'm the crazy one for not wanting to engage with her. It's surreal, truly, truly surreal, how these people act! It's creepy and bizarre to be quite honest.

Mary Everall once tackled me to the ground and assaulted me when she discovered that I had recorded a very disturbing conversation between myself, my husband, my husband's paternal uncle and herself.

When the police were called to her property Officer Staffen told me that Mary served on the police services board and that he wasn't willing to have her charged despite the recorded evidence.

From that moment on Officer Staffen directly targeted me and has maliciously sought to impede on my right to life, liberty and security of the person wherever he possible can. I avoid that person at all costs due to his very nature. Officer Staffen is a very dangerous person based on my direct experience.

I've endured several bouts of serious oppression with the police whereby I've been systemically controlled through conditions and incarceration for charges that never saw a conviction. I've been brutalized and severely injured by the thugs known as police. I've been taken out my cell at the Picton police department by ambulance after Staffen refused to treat me health condition with any validity. Police in Ontario have threatened my life far too often. I do not feel safe around a police. Period.

My health kept declining by 2007. I ended up having a hysterectomy. There were complications after that surgery and I was hospitalized in Picton hospital. The nurses withheld medicine from me and outright called me a drug addict while I was on the floor in agony and refused to afford me any dignity whatsoever. Then they lied to my doctor and said that I was being hostile and aggressive.

My doctor ended up walking into my hospital room to yell at me about the way I was treating his 'girls' and said he was sending me home because of it all. The woman in the bed beside me turned out to be a doctor herself. She insisted that I complain to the college of physicians about the way I was being treated and she gave me her contact info for support. I had bigger problems heading my way and I wouldn't get the chance to make the complaint.

On August 23, 2007 I was in Kingston, Ontario. I met a couple of Canadian soldiers. I drove them home to the Kingston air force base at their request. I learned that the one

soldier, Robert Laird, was unable to see his kids after returning home from Afghanistan because of bad blood between himself and his ex-wife. I told him that I would leave him with my contact info so that we could explore his options for accessing visitation rights with his children. I went into the barracks and met many of the people that lived there. I socialized for a while and just before leaving the barracks that evening I was attacked by Laird.

I tried to make it home and to pretend that it didn't happen and that everything was fine. After a few minutes of driving I began to feel like I was blacking out. I thought that I was just experiencing anxiety so I pulled over to try and shake it off.

I didn't realize that I was in shock. I didn't know what was wrong. Although I don't remember doing it, I drove myself to KGH, parked out front and passed out shortly after walking through the doors. I remember a medical team surrounding me and telling me that I was immediately being prepped for surgery. I still didn't know what was wrong. I was in and out of consciousness. I was scared that I would die before seeing my husband and children one last time.

I healed from the significant injuries in KGH for three days. The hospital staff convinced me to press charges. I just wanted the situation to go away but I eventually consented to contacting police because hospital staff convinced me that it was duty to prevent what occurred to me from occurring to any other person. Under duress I consented to speak with police although I still didn't want to press charges and go through the court process. I had already been through too much stress. I truly just wanted to forget about it all!

The hospital staff contacted Kingston police. The hospital staff instructed the officer to come to the nurses' station where the officer would then be escorted by a nurse to see me in my room. Officer Gilbert showed up, ignored the nurses' instruction and walked into my room and started to outright gas-light me in the most unbelievable way. When Officer Gilbert took the report she intentionally made a completely false and inaccurate statement to what I had actually said. That officer was serving *someone's* agenda that day and I have no doubt about it!

Eventually the military police took over the case. I didn't trust anyone at this point and I made that very clear. The officer that was assigned to my case, however, surprised me with his exceptional compassion, humour and straightforwardness. We moved ahead with pressing charges.

The military police searched Laird's room and found a broken finger nail that matched my DNA. The hospital staff had sent my torn and bloody under clothes off to forensics. Robert Laird was charged with 1) Sexual Assault 2) Aggravated sexual assault 3) Forcible confinement 4) Uttering threats, and 5) Breach of recognizance. I learned that he had previously offended in Niagra Falls and that's why he had come to live on the Kingston air force base. I subsequently learned that he was wanted in West Virginia on sodomy charges.

Laird was held for over a year in Quinte Detention Centre until he could stand trial. He was allegedly discharged by the air force without honor.

I was called to the court in Kingston on March 8, 2008 for some pretrial requirements a few months before the actual trial. Things went fine that day but I was feeling very sick and overwhelmed by the end of the day. My husband and I decided to rent a motel room instead of travelling back home since we didn't have to pick our children up until the next day. We went to a pub and ordered dinner and a drink. My husband met a gentleman and they engaged in a game of pool.

I ended up feeling too sick to finish my dinner or my drink and I asked my husband to take me to the car to rest until he finished up. I wasn't in the car long before there was a knock on the side window. There were two Kingston police officers yelling for me to open the door.

I should've never opened that door but I did. The moment I did I was pulled out of the car and assaulted like no tomorrow. It was winter time and they kept pushing me down into the snow and then telling me to get up like some sort of game. I was freezing cold.

They eventually cuffed and shackled me and then they took a chain out and linked the cuffs and shackles. They abruptly picked me up by that chain and my shoulders snapped, painfully, out of place. That pain remains with me today whereby my shoulders will never be fully repaired. I had no idea what end was up. I didn't know why these officers were so brutal or why they were even interested in me.

I was severely beat up by these officers. When I kept shouting about my injuries from my cell they brought a power-washer unit to my cell and blasted me with cold water for several minutes.

My husband had no idea where I was when he came out of the restaurant. He ended up going back to the motel and calling anyone he could think of that might be able to help him to track me down. He called the hospitals first but then finally tracked me down when he contacted police.

He showed up the next morning to meet me when I was released from the cell with a ticket for public intoxication if you can believe it. I hadn't even finished a drink with my dinner. I was sick, not impaired.

When my husband saw me the next morning he was shocked and angry. He went into the police station and asked to speak with someone in charge. He asked the authority why I was black and blue from head to toe and explained that I did not look like that when he took me to the car the previous night. The police refused to deal with his concerns.

When I returned home that day I attended a pre-scheduled doctor's appointment. When my doctor saw me and learned of what happened he called the O.P.P to meet us at Picton Hospital for a forensic exam. Officers took my statement and several photographs but no resolution ever came from any of it. It was just something else I'd have to get over.

I was in a multi-car accident in Belleville in July 2008 and my car was wrote-off. When my parents drove me home from the accident they told me that my life was becoming too crazy and that they though that I should leave my husband. I agreed with them and told them that I did plan on breaking up and that I just needed some time to make it happen.

The repairs on the house weren't being made and our living environment deteriorated instead of improving. My husband was spending a lot of time with his friends and neglecting his responsibilities at home. I kept telling him that I was unhappy, stressed and ready to end things if they didn't improve.

One night after our kids left, my husband and I began fighting while we were drinking together. I called my sister to help me out. Her boyfriend Dave came to take my husband to his friend's house for the night. Before they left Dave played the good-Samaritan and ensured that I took the heavy medications that I was prescribed after my sexual assault. I passed out on a stool in my kitchen once they left.

I woke to David carrying me across the kitchen and into the living room. He had returned and he knew that I was out of it. I was extremely impaired from the alcohol and the meds. I just remember only having enough of my senses to mutter "no" while feeling the hot tears roll down my face.

I put all evidence in a freezer bag when I woke up the next morning and put it somewhere safe. I didn't know how to deal with the situation. I just pretended like it never happened. It's the only way that I could get through at that time. Too much was going on in my life and I was already dealing with a high-profile sexual assault case.

I just couldn't be bothered to keep that can of worms open so I capped it tight until things would come to a point in my life where I felt that important relationships could only be salvaged by brutal honesty.

By this point everything was going badly for my marriage. My husband and I split up in July 2008. My health was very poor at this point. My husband ends up staying in the family home that I grew up in, refusing to move out because I decided to leave the relationship.

Admittedly, I didn't feel strong enough to make it on my own. I ended up dating an old friend. The kids and I moved in with him. It didn't work out though and I abruptly moved out. I was now in crisis. I returned to my husband and asked if the kids and I could stay there just for the night until I could figure something else out. He agreed. My daughter

ended up going to her friend's house for the night while my son stayed with me and his father.

My husband was angry and hurt and I knew it but I still thought we had a fundamental trust level. Before that evening was over, he provoked me by saying that I chose to throw my marriage away by advocating for other families and neglecting my own. I did become angry and I told him that it was my moral duty to protect the kids who were being harmed by CAS. He didn't agree. Once I became visibly upset he called the police and told them I was having a mental break-down. The police arrived and took me away in front of my son.

The police took me to the Picton hospital. I told Officer Kim Guthrie that I would get formed to BGH psych ward and that if she had to take any action at all that I'd much rather go to jail instead of the psych ward. Guthrie insisted that things wouldn't go down the way I said they would.

I told her that there was a conspiracy against me to shut me up about the kids being raped in foster care and that the doctors would work together to silence me. Guthrie told me that I was being paranoid and that things weren't as bad as I was claiming. I begged not to go to the hospital but she took me anyways because she believed in the system and that it was only capable of doing the right thing for me.

Guthrie came into my room at the hospital eating crow. She had to inform me that I was being formed to BGH no matter what she did. I asked her if she believed me yet and she said she couldn't deny it. She told me that she was very sorry for putting me in this position and then I was taken away to be tied down in four-point harness and force medicated at BGH. I was made to stay for the standard 3 days and then, thankfully, I was released.

I was shocked when my own parents told me they weren't comfortable kicking my husband out of the house. I couldn't imagine why they were taking this stance. I had just arranged for a loan whereby I paid my mother approximately \$24,000.00 in one lump sum to pay off what was owed on the house. My grandmother had co-signed the loan for me. I had told my parents the plan when they drove me home from my car accident but now they were acting like it was news to them.

I ended up moving in with my sister and her boyfriend David. Of course I was concerned about living with David but I honestly didn't figure that he'd cross lines with all of the kids around and me being off of my meds and I literally had nowhere else to go. I knew that if I didn't stabilize soon that the CAS would be breathing down my neck again. I paid my sister \$400 to rent a room until I could find a better arrangement.

Not long after stabilizing at my sister's place, she went out for a while and returned in a mood like I've never seen her in before. She was literally off-side with anger but refused to tell me what her issue was. All she would tell me was that she met with my husband and that he told her things that made her hate me. I asked her what he could've

possibly told her but she refused to tell me. She insisted on gas-lighting me and trying to set me off. I did understand what was going on and I almost let her trigger me into losing my temper.

I was catching on to the gas-lighting campaigns that various people were directing at me by this point and I realized that I was supposed to react with anger so that I could be made to look like the bad guy. As soon as that realization dawned on me I calmed down and backed away from her. I told her that she was obviously trying to upset me for whatever reason but that I wasn't going to fall for it.

She left for her midnights shift and I took her kids and mine into the house to calm them down and get them ready for bed. They were all perplexed about why she was acting the way she did. I told them that we were all confused but that we would figure it out together as a family and that everything would be ok. All of the kids thanked me for remaining calm and then I tucked them into bed.

After the kids were in bed, David came into my room and told me that he had no idea why Casey acted the way that she did and that he felt bad for me. He tried to get on my bed and rub my shoulders. I immediately shoved him off and said "never again" and gave him the stare of death. He left my room.

I woke up early the next morning and began to pack. There was no way that I was going to stay there. Casey was acting like a lunatic and David was just predatory. I called my Aunt, Brenda Sokolowsky, and I told her about the situation I was in. I told her that I was going to have to stay with my grandparents until I could figure out what was going on with my house or until I could get an apartment.

I told my aunt that I was packed and ready to go and that I needed a lift from my grandfather. Just as we were hanging up so that she could call my grandfather for me I saw my sister and two police cruisers coming up the road. I told my aunt to put a rush on that ride from my grandmother and went out to deal with the very unnecessary situation.

The police told me I had to vacate my sister's home immediately, even though I had just paid her \$400 and would have no more money for a couple of weeks. I told them I was packed and just waiting on a ride. I took my things outside and waited for my grandfather. My own sister had betrayed me like I never, ever thought she could or would.

After I got settled at my grandparents place I called my sister and tried to work things out with her. She remained as ornery as she had been on the night of our altercation. I asked her how we could ever get over this problem if she was unwilling to tell me what had her so upset.

At any rate, I decided to tell her what David had done to me after he attempted to betray her once again, the moment she left for work the night before I left her house. Casey

laughed and said “oh because you’re so sexy right? Every man seems to want a piece of you. You’re such an attention seeking whore.” She then informed me that David was on his way to speak to me about my allegation in person.

David showed up alone at my grandparent’s house. Both of my grandparents, my two kids and I were present that day. I recorded the conversation, naturally. David and I had a bit of back and forth where he was denying the facts of my allegation. I asked him how his DNA got on one of my towels and he replied by saying that maybe he licked it. He eventually left and I knew he’d try to destroy me just like every other liar with something to hide does. Anytime he’s ready I’ll be happy to split the fees on a qualified liar-detector test.

That was the last time that Casey and I have directly spoken to one another. She did make sure to call the CAS on me though to report that I had smoked marijuana. I was never allowed to see my nephews again after that, even though I had been deeply bonded with them and incredibly involved in their day to day lives since their births. I didn’t speak to or see David for years after that.

Everyone in my family knew that I smoked cannabis for my health reasons and no one ever had a problem with it until then. It was the only thing she had to report me for. She knew I wasn’t drinking and she knew that I was stabilizing from my meds and that I was an excellent mother so she hit me with the only bullet that she had.

Casey reported me to the CAS for allegedly abandoning my kids, being inappropriate around them and smoking cannabis. CAS did act on the allegations but subsequently found them to be frivolous, malicious and vexatious.

My parents were having my husband over to do renovations on their kitchen. I didn’t understand why they were all of a sudden betraying their own daughter and giving my husband so much of their love and praise.

Then one day, I went to my parent’s house and my mother lost her cool with me. She said that I accused my dad of molesting me. I was utterly shocked and I instantly denied her claim. I said that I never said anything like that and that I never would make an allegation like that. I was mind-blown. Then my mother came at me saying and then you accuse David of the raping you. You’re sick in the head.”

I left my mother’s house feeling the most suicidal that I’d ever felt in my life. Everyone I knew was lying about me and the things that I said and didn’t say in the past. At least I knew what had Casey so upset even if she didn’t have the decency to tell me herself. My husband was turning my family against me by saying untrue things. As upset as I was I was relieved to finally understand what was going on.

Eventually, my family came to know that my husband was not standing behind the false allegation about me making claims against my father and that he either didn’t say it in

the first place or that Casey misinterpreted him when she was going behind her sister's back to meddle in the first place. Who knows?

All I know is that the pretense for Casey's original anger with me no longer exists and the only thing we have left to sort out is what kind of person she really is and what she chooses to accept in life when the truth is as plain as the nose on her face.

So the day finally comes for the rape trial with Robert Laird. The military police worked very hard on the case. They wanted this guy off the streets! The Crown was convinced that the case was in the bag. All the evidence was there, the professional witnesses were ready to testify, the history of the accused was plain to see. The trial ran from January 19-23, and January 26, 2009.

The judge, Michael Quigley and the defense lawyer, Matthew Hodgson, mocked and ridiculed the evidence, the witnesses, myself and the crown. The two of them more-or-less derailed the whole case. It was the most un-believable spectacle that one would've had to see to believe.

I'll be forever traumatized by witnessing that outright and brutal mockery of justice. The calculated cruelty in that orchestrated circus was just too much! Justice died for me that day. How can we have justice in our courts when our justices have secret allegiances? Well, we can't actually and that's an epic problem for every single Canadian!

The Crown could not understand what was happening or how it was being allowed to happen. The case spiraled right out of control on her. The Crown Attorney and the victim witness support staff sat down on the ground with me in that court house and shared very real tears about the conduct of the judiciary.

They apologized profusely but we were only 3 women up against this incredible strength of the brotherhood. I think those women did the best they could for me. I'm certainly no feminist but I do know that the brotherhood colluded together to steal our power that day. Those men were nothing but an arbitrary bunch of disrespectful pigs in the way that they acted that day.

The Crown Attorney was a fire-cracker. She was young at the time but she had passion. I believed in her ability! Looking back, however, it seems that they my case was assigned to her because she was just still gaining experience as a Crown Attorney. I believe the system arranged to have Quigley and Foxton assigned to my case knowing that Quigley would dominate the young and inexperienced Ms. Foxton.

As brutal as the judge was with me, he was even more so brutal with her. I felt really bad for the situation that she had been put in. I wonder if she realizes what really went down that day. We've never spoken since.

I think it's safe to say that I have no doubt, whatsoever, that the judge, the defense and the accused were bound by Masonic obligation and oath for that whole trial.

What didn't help matters at all was when I was blindsided by the defense in learning while on the stand that he had a conversation with my husband on the telephone just the night prior. My husband failed to tell me this information and let me go into court blind on that matter. The defense told me while I was on the stand in my own rape trial that my own husband more or less considered me to be a whore.

Robert Laird was found guilty of the breach but not guilty on the other four charges. He walked free from the court house that day without having to be formally released from jail from what I understand. A reporter from the Kingston-Whig seemed to be working with Quigley and Hodgson from my perspective.

Rob Laird had been held in jail for a year and a half until trial because the evidence against him was so overwhelming and yet Justice Quigley

The reporter painted me in a very bad light and gave the illusion to the public that I was an outright liar. Canadians are very passionate about their loyalty to Canadian soldiers. I guarantee that I would've been charged and publicly humiliated to the maximum if I was found to be outright lying or making false allegations against the sexual assault. Get real on that one!

The news articles have been scrubbed from the internet. I've written, on several occasions, to ask them why the articles were removed from the archives but they consistently fail to get back to me on that matter.

My cousin Michelle supported me in the early stages when the charges were pressed and whatnot but I eventually fell away from her support the darker my life became. I didn't want my burdens spilling into the life of my loved ones so I literally started to fight my battles alone for their sake. I'm forever grateful for my cousins' belief in me. I don't think she ever doubted me. She's a gem!

At any rate, I was already receiving insane rejection from my community for protecting children who were being raped in the local foster care system but now my own family thought I was a liar because Rob Laird beat his charges and the newspaper spun things the way that they were. I'm not sure why I care because my family would've experienced the truth of the matter first-hand had they even bothered to support me through the ordeal.

A whole community was eventually turned against me. Rumors circulate to this day that I'm a murderer, an addict, a whore, and/or severely mentally ill. I was beginning to experience my own adverse health issues around this time with no answers or help from the medical establishment.

My kids and I had been staying at my grandparent's home after leaving my sisters. There was still no sign that my husband was going to leave the home that I grew up in and I couldn't keep living with my grandparents. I had paid my parents off for the

balance of what I owed them on the house. I had hoped that they would help me to enforce my husband's removal because the house was slowly being destroyed and I was quickly losing what I had invested in.

I first moved into a woman's shelter. That was a joke. I was abused by women in my time there and it was completely justified so long as a male wasn't doing it. I stayed for a month and then found a more appropriate arrangement. I eventually settled into a 3 bedroom apartment on Main Street, Picton. Not long after I stabilized at the apartment my husband abandoned my home and left in nearly destroyed. It was not livable once he left.

I've been forced to beg, borrow and steal to provide for my children while the system that purports to 'help' them set them up to suffer in the cruelest ways.

My daughter suffered a vaccine injury from a Gardasil shot. Her nervous system was completely out of whack and she'd often pass out without warning. She vomited every 2-10 minutes, 24/7. Her body would break out in random sores and rashes. She was eventually admitted to KGH for the whole week before Christmas in 2011.

Doctors observed the shape that she was in and eventually discharged her. The discharge papers said that she was suffering from undiagnosed vomiting and that she had been referred to psychiatry. That's when I knew the medical system was completely busted. My daughter wasn't mentally ill. She was sick from what the medical establishment did to her and they just wanted to wash their hands of it.

My husband took our kids to spend the night in an apartment overtop of a restaurant that his new girlfriend Lynne Underhill was managing. When everyone was sleeping, a guy named Billy Breakenridge broke in and cut the phone/internet lines. He stole the booze, loaded it up in a wheel-barrow. Then he stacked chairs on top of tables and covered them with tablecloths and doused it in alcohol. He did this right beside the main gas line. Then he set it on fire. He put on my husband's coat and shoes and took off with the loaded wheel-barrow down the street.

There were no working fire alarms in the building that night. My daughter and her friend were fortunately awake in the middle of the night and texted my husband's girlfriend to tell her they thought there was a fire downstairs. They all got out in time and the fire department arrived to quell the blaze. My husband's brother, Steven Everall, attended the fire as a first responder and remained professional, not giving any extra concern for his own nieces and nephews, from their perspective.

The police caught up with Billy Breakenridge walking down the main street, in the middle of the night, in plain view. His behavior that evening seems very odd to me now in retrospect. It seems to me like the event was perhaps a bit more calculated than anyone first realized.

I did end up beating up his girlfriend after an altercation at the courthouse and I was charged for it. My kids were nearly killed and the system was failing them in so many ways. I took justice into my own hands. I was charged for it but I beat the charges when she failed to show up to testify in court because she was allegedly too high, evading police.

My husband served me with family court documents in 2010. When I was served I realized that his lawyer, Betty Ann Predinchuk (a wretchedly offensive woman) filed the paperwork as if this was our first family court case and with a completely brand new court file number.

I didn't know how to deal with the confusing aspect of two different court file numbers so I hired a lawyer to help me to sort it all out. Instead of sorting it out, my lawyer simply facilitated the other side to fix the error and move on like nothing had happened. When I asked her what happened to the first court file number she told me that one never existed and began suggesting at that time that I was unstable or mentally ill.

CAS unlawfully involved themselves into our private family court case. The CAS had interviewed my kids and they had clearly told the Jeannie St. Germaine that they wanted to live with me while having liberal visiting access with their dad.

They simply wanted to be stable in one home but feelings got hurt and then everyone involved started to accuse me of brainwashing the kids. Nevertheless, I believed that things were on track for a final order where we could all be civil and do what the kids wanted and what was best for them.

When I got to court my lawyer greeted me by asking why I had lied to her about where my kids really wanted to live. She showed me a letter that the CAS had written my husband's lawyer CAS had lied to generate a reason to convince the judge that our family required the services of a children's lawyer.

The court ordered the involvement of the children's lawyer and facilitated all of the parties to go on to child protection mediation. Vicki Visca was the chosen mediator. I went through months of corrupted mediated practice only to have the mediator facilitate a private meeting just days before court where the lawyers would gang-up on me and threaten me to change the terms of the final memorandum of understanding that was agreed on in mediation.

My children attended Pinecrest School in Bloomfield for all of their elementary school years. They loved that school, the teachers, and the whole experience. That is until the PECAS terrorist got involved in their school life and literally upset that whole paradigm. PECAS began leaking false information to teachers about me and that I was an abusive parent.

When the Office of the Children's Lawyer got involved, everything spiraled out of control for me and my kids. Heidi Breier is a bald-faced liar who puts children at risk. The Office

of the Children's Attorney is corrupted to its core based on my experience! The Ministry of the Attorney general assigned OCL to my case under a corrupt court file number and while her services were carried out under a completely different court file number. There were two court file numbers afterall!

Eventually teachers at Pinecrest began to make false allegations to the PECAS about me. Once a false flag was raised whereby a police investigation ensued on the allegation allegedly made by Mary Beth Strauss that I intentionally and maliciously assaulted my daughter. The investigation revealed the allegations to be bogus.

Mary Beth Strauss was counselling my daughter to actually come to live with her and her husband who is allegedly a PEC OPP officer. There's no decent words that I can find in this moment to explain how I feel about that sort of grooming. It's sick! Period!

My daughter was very aware of our situation and she was very loyal to me and therefore told me everything that she felt threatened by and I can assure you that she most certainly felt threatened by knowing that she was at risk of being removed from my care just by attending school and being subject to teachers arbitrary opinions of her life.

My aunt, Brenda Sokolowsky, was the caregiver for many of these teacher's children. They would all have a little huddle about me and my kids while they were dropping their kids off at my aunt's and then go on to collude with CAS workers and oppress my kids during their work day. My aunt had tight control of my life in many ways. She thought she could discredit me but she has never been successful with that and my integrity can't be argued.

I know that my aunt had hoped that she could destroy me before I could ever put all of the pieces together in time to expose her. That's been an epic fail on her part. The truth is coming out and it will stand over her and all of her deceptions. She'll be seen for what she really is in due time. I have all the faith in the world on that one! She pretends to be a God-fearing woman but by the time the truth is fully revealed she'll fear God like never before.

By the time both of my children graduated from public school they felt completely alienated from the school that they had grown up in. We had noticed a shift in school administration at that time whereby a strong sense of feminism had come about.

These radical feminist-type role models eventually called the police on my son for trespassing on school property and attempted to criminalize his sweet nature any way they could. These women were disgusting with how they ganged up on my son and subsequently alienated him away from his school community.

My own lawyer told me that if I didn't agree to the changes of the MOA that she would personally make sure that I lost my children to the CAS. I have all the evidence required to verify my claims about the corruption that went down through my court process.

Justice Elaine Deluzio facilitated it all. Deluzio knew what was going on and she let me know that she knew with her snarky attitude and coy smirks.

I emailed my lawyer a few days before my final court date. We were set to have the altered memorandum of understanding signed as a final order by the judge. I told her that I felt like her direction for me to sign the altered MOU was poor advice and that I signed the document under duress for fear of losing my children to the system, as she promised to be the effect, if I didn't.

She didn't respond to that email. She just showed up at court and colluded with the other lawyers to fix the errors in the MOU that Deluzio pointed out and then it was made a final order and they all washed their hands of it. Still, my lawyer billed legal aid for that email I sent her so it was obvious that she was being criminally negligent with her actions.

My daughter attended court for the final order. She had tried attending court on other occasions, however, she was always forced to leave the property by lawyers and court administrators. On this day, however, she was adamant to be heard. Deluzio knew she was there and that she wanted to go on record. Deluzio wouldn't allow for it and issued the final order from her chambers, thus denying my daughter access to her own justice.

We were forced, as targeted individuals, to endure the effects of a life that people who target us could never comprehend. It's a hell that defies explanation. When a whole system of alleged professionals and community members and benevolent groups collude to cause you and your family harm it changes you on every level. It makes you see the things around you with extreme clarity. Paranoia falls away and undeniable facts remain.

In 2011 the news about the foster care sexual abuse scandal finally hit the community. The first foster parents charged were Joe and Janet Holm. Remember Joe? He was the 26 year old boyfriend that I had when I was 16. Sharon Sibthorpe counselled me to go stay at Joe's house, as opposed to going home to my parents, after I was gang-raped by members of the local hockey team. Sharon also counselled me away from informing the police that I had been sexually assaulted.

I think Sharon Sibthorpe is a gate-keeper of the truth. I know that Sharon conceals problems that kids are having with the CAS because it happened again with my own children. My kids were being targeted by CAS and she was their counsellor.

Sharon facilitated the abuse of my children and the violation of their rights by working with CAS and covering up the complaints that my children were making to her. The last time I saw Sharon she was drunk out of her mind at the PEC arena. I guess I can't blame her. I bet living with herself is difficult. At least she has her Gucci.

The PECAS preyed on my children for years and destroyed the opportunities that they should've had just as their peers around them did. My children grew up knowing they

were oppressed and preyed on while their community either looked the other way or joined in to with the other gang-stalkers. My children were intentionally terrorized by unaccountable child protection workers for years under the watch of William Sweet, the former Executive Director.

I ended up falling down the rabbit hole, so to speak, and began to research conspiracy theories at this point in life. I didn't know what to believe but I knew that I needed to understand why all of these connected events of darkness were so drastically affecting my life. I eventually found a guy named Donald Marshall on the internet. He had shared a letter to the world and I didn't know what to make of it. I contacted him and we got on well.

Within a few months of talking on-line, he came to live with me. I had been single for 3 years at that point and I didn't desire a relationship. I let him stay with me because he was homeless. Nevertheless, romantic complications ensued. He stayed for 3 months and then left on difficult terms. My experiences with Donald Marshall are too convoluted to make anything make sense for myself much less anyone else. That's all I've got on that topic for now.

By 2013 the kids and I decided to take the plunge and move back to the house so that we could begin the necessary repairs so that we could live there for the long-term. My grandmother had co-signed a loan for me to pay the house off back in 2008. She had been carrying the payments for me because I had been in perpetual crisis since I got the loan and tried to secure the future for myself and my children.

In 2013, PEC staff tried to sell the house by using unpaid land taxes as their platform when I was just moving back in to try to clean it up and make the necessary repairs. The taxes were immediately caught up but it was clear and evident that PEC staff were trying to undermine me for the property at that time.

Then PEC staff came at me for frivolous property standard issues. My family and I jumped those hoops too while my formal complaints about property standards against the neighbor who bought my grandmothers property went ignored.

I recorded myself making the complaint for property standards and handing it over to Patti Stacey. Yet when I asked Tanya Doolan about the progress of my complaint she said that a complaint from me had never been submitted. I told Tanya that I had evidence to the contrary and that I believed she was engaging in differential treatment towards me but she just shrugged her shoulders and walked away.

I had prepaid \$600 on the hydro bill when I left the marriage. By the time my husband left the property in 2009, the hydro was so far in arrears that the hydro company removed service from the property. I've had estimates of \$10,000.00 to have the service restored. Because I would have no hydro, my grandfather ran a heavy duty extension cord from his garage to my house so that I could have a basic light in the kitchen until I could get some solar alternatives set up.

My grandfather ensured that I had running water. He helped me install a woodstove. My husband came to help me with the chimney installation because our kids needed to be kept warm in harsh conditions. I had never taken on such a heavy responsibility.

I was scared living with so few resources with my teenage children but somehow I knew I could make it and that I had to do what it took to hold onto the property with the systemic failures that I could see coming in for the future. Once I understood the U.N Agenda 2030 for what it really is I began to seriously prepare for my future. The U.N agenda is a blueprint for global slavery no matter how pretty the words might sound.

I was alienated away from my former work place of employment and place of life long worship while church officers at various levels were actively setting me up for criminal charges with the local police. My whole church family and community abandoned me when Rev.

Lynne Donovan initiated her own smear campaign against me. Linda Whiteford (cousin by marriage on my ex-husband's side), a church officer was a key player in assisting Lynne Donovan to oppress me and my children. Linda is a child development professor (or something of that nature) at Loyalist College.

Rev. Lynne Donovan, whose family operated residential schools, booted me out of the church for exposing systemic child abuse but she aligned the church into partnership with the CAS to introduce a program for at risk girls aged 6-9. The gender inequality with that program is perplexing and frustrating. The program is called Reaching for Rainbows. The Freemasons operate a program for girls aged 10 or 11 up to around age 21. If a person fails to see the strong Masonic affiliations with the R4R program needs to look a little harder.

I ended filing a human rights claim against Lynne Donovan in the Ontario Human Rights Tribunal. The proceeding were obviously corrupted. I called out Masonic connections. The OHRT ruled against me. The process was very telling. I am convinced now that the courts and tribunals exist to protect the corruption as opposed to the people. It's an up-side-down system that protects its own!

My research indicates that Linda Whiteford was working with David Remington from the former Ministry of Child and Family Services (current assistant deputy minister of the child welfare and protection department of the Ministry of Community and Social Services) on a project between the college and the Ministry.

David Remington was the individual who blocked me from participating in the Ministry review that took place after the PECAS foster care sexual abuse crimes became public knowledge. David is now the deputy minister of the child welfare branch at the MCSS.

I wrote to the Presbyterian Church in Canada a couple of times, knowing full well that they would protect their own. When I was finally able to prompt a reply, that's exactly

what they did. They told me that my complaint about oppression by clergy could only be dealt with at a local level. I therefore was expected to resolve my own problems with my oppressors.

Lynne Donovan publicly recommended that the community respond with silence to the TRC report. Need I say any more about that? She partnered up with Native artists to do some reconciliation work. Lynne likes to look good and she's a pro at controlling narratives.

I had tried to work with Todd Smith many years ago on the topic of unlawful activity by PECAS employees. Todd Smith directly lied to me and ceased to communicate with me about the crimes of PECAS. The collusion in this child protection racket is so telling.

I've been alienated by own family doctor and pretty much the whole medical community by extension while facing life-threatening conditions. I have SEVERE health maladies that the average person couldn't make it through a day with. The amount of pain that I live with and that I've been forced to endure in the past by medical 'professionals' is intolerable and inexcusable.

I have been left for dead by the medical community. I tried to complain about the way that I'm treated by my doctor but PEC Family Health Team executives indicate they are powerless to investigate doctors who are part of the network and that complaining to the College of Physicians is my only option.

In knowing that I would be up against a huge branch of the brotherhood, referred to as fellows, in making a complaint to the College of Physicians I simply don't bother. In my experience, a person only calls attention to themselves for more oppression when they callout the big boys and I simply haven't been in a position to take that fight on just yet.

At first, my health failed in stages. By 2014 I was undeniably sick and literally dying. At first it appeared to be Lyme disease but I now know that it's a wonky mix of so many things. That's a whole different topic that requires a very open mind about today's technology (nano, quantum, etc.) and the failing immunity of the global population. (I'm currently in the process of a complete lifestyle and diet overhaul to completely reset my immune system and to live a subsequent clean, intentional life.)

In 2015, the military police officer that handled the Laird case contacted me. He informed me that Laird had allegedly re-offended and was being held in custody in Ottawa. I told him that I was reluctant but not un-willing to do what was necessary to finally convict this guy.

After some time had passed I inquired about the status of the case and the officer told me that he was shocked to learn that I hadn't been informed of Laird's release by the Crown of the International Court. He asked if we could meet and I agreed to meet when it was good for him but I've never heard from him again.

Eventually, in 2016, the time came where my extended family along with several 'professional' members of my community colluded together to kill off my Grandfather. Then they turned my Grandmother against her own family and stuck her in a retirement home.

Essentially, my Grandparents believed that both of their children were their legal power of attorney. Somehow, without my grandparents consent or knowledge, my aunt had my father removed as the power of attorney so that she was the one and only power of attorney. We learned of this through a police officer after he attended a call to investigate false allegations that my aunt's husband had made against me and my parents simply because we had inquired about what was happening with my grandparent's estate.

At any rate, once my aunt had full control of my grandparent's estate as sole power of attorney, she killed my grandfather off as swiftly as possible once he got cancer. She saw her opportunity and she took it. She rallied against me the whole time. I was the only one actively standing up to protect my grandparent's rights and we went head to head until he finally died.

My aunt coordinated services with Community Care Access Centre and worked with various professionals from the PEFHT and PEC Hospice. The professionals worked with my aunt to weaken and to destroy my grandfather as rapidly as possible.

They literally couldn't wait to arrange to have him knocked out with pain meds because once he was sedated he'd be moved to hospice, against his will, and if he couldn't ask for food or drink he wouldn't receive such as per Hospice policy.

A RPN named Angel was directly facilitating my aunt with her agenda to get my grandfather gone and she worked against me any way she could. When she discovered that I had recorded one of our conversations she literally lost her mind, ran out of the house and threatened to have me charged for recording her corrupt behaviors. Angel tried to stand in my way anytime I did something good or beneficial for my papa. She's a very cruel, abrupt, rude woman!

I had been taking care of my grandparents 24/7 while my aunt called all the shots with service providers. I tried with everything that I am to save my grandfather's life but this circle of professionals just wouldn't allow for it.

Even though there were supposed to be services arranged to help me to care for my grandparents that help never came. It was on me to provide the constant care or it just wouldn't be provided, at least to a satisfactory standard.

Denis Michaud and Heather Campbell were strong advocates for my aunt's cause and my grandfather's subsequent death. They came to counsel papa about hospice and he became confused and agitated. He asked them why he was getting hospice counselling when everyone involved had promised him that he could die peacefully at home. They

were literally working together to trick a dying old man and they eventually did in the long run.

Despite my papa's wishes, his daughter's wishes mattered more. He would eventually die in hospice just as she so eagerly planned for.

My aunt gave my grandfather a hydromorphone that he did not want nor consent to. My grandfather was so upset and confused by her actions. I knew she was trying to kill him off but he simply could not wrap his mind around how she could make such a mistake. He told me that he thought it was odd that she wanted to give him medicine as I was usually the one that would do that for him. She and I both know what she did to my grandfather.

I ended up calling my parents so that my mother could help me. I was sick myself and I was beginning to fail with all of the pressure that I was under with little to no sleep. I also knew the wolves were circling and I felt very weak in my quest to protect my grandparents as the opposition grew in numbers and more friends and family members came to aid my aunt's agenda.

At one point, Grandpa began to run a fever and he had pain. My mother, my aunt and myself took him to outpatient's at Picton hospital in the middle of the night. We were told to leave him there for testing and when they figured out a plan of action they would call us to pick him up. They insisted that we needed sleep and that it was the best option for everyone. I was very hesitant to leave him there and my intuition was screaming but I was exhausted and coaxed into getting rest against my better judgement.

I got a couple of hours of sleep. I woke up in a panic when I heard the phone ring. I knew that something was wrong. I ran upstairs and my mother told me that I had to get down to the hospital because my grandfather was being restrained because he was allegedly *uncooperative*.

One of the most shocking and painful memories of my life is recalling the moment that I walked into the hospital and saw what I saw that morning. I can barely hold back the tears when recalling how a sick, frail elderly man was treated by medical professionals. I can't get it out of my head someday. I've been sincerely traumatized by the brutality of health care workers who're *just doing their job*.

There my grandfather was in just a diaper sitting in a restraint chair. He was freezing cold and he was mentally absent. I had to speak calmly and slowly to papa and coax him back to reality which I eventually did. He was so frail and upset.

He had literally been in a dissociative state when I arrived. He had been severely traumatized. In my opinion the medical staff were in a dissociative state too. I don't understand how these people justify their behavior. I couldn't wait to get him out of there.

When we were getting ready to leave the hospital when I asked what they had found and what the treatment would be. A different doctor from the one we had seen the night before asked me why he'd been brought in to ER in the first place. When I told him he informed me that the appropriate tests hadn't be performed and that we needed to have that done before we left. I was furious.

Grandpa had not been appropriately treated in my absence and he was in epic pain. They eventually did the tests and realized that he was in need of immediate treatment after all. Yet he had gone all night long without it.

I took him home, got him comfortable and then I told every single corrupt soul present in that room that I was done with their dark, corrupt nonsense. The incompetence of the staff at picton hospital lent to grandpa's immediate demise. Because he was in so much pain at this point, his family doctor was coming to the house to relieve his pain. I knew what that meant.

I knew they'd put him into a stupor and that he'd never come out of. I knew they were eagerly waiting for the doctor to knock him out so they could transfer him to hospice to die. I knew they couldn't wait. I told them all that I would show up at hospice at 10pm every night from that point on to be with him through the night as I had been up until that point and that I would leave when they reared their heads in the morning.

I then left them all while they excitedly made their plans for their new future and I went home. Before I went to hospice on the first night, I made a public Facebook status. I explained, from my perspective, what was going on and that I felt threatened by the key players and that I was making a status update for my own protection.

My mother called me and told me that she had just received a call (I forget who called her now) telling her to tell me that if I make another Facebook status I'll be banned from going back to hospice. I'm usually pretty feisty and defiant in the face of threats like that but being able to be with my grandfather was far more important to me than proving a point that would be lost on the morally void anyhow. They had silenced me. Temporarily.

I was blessed to be able to spend the nights with Grandpa. It was a most precious time for me. At one point, papa was able to wake just enough to communicate with me. He told me that he was sorry and that he *didn't know*. I knew that he was realizing what his own daughter had arranged for him. It was such a devastating moment for a soul who was getting ready to pass.

He said that he didn't want to die but that he wasn't strong enough to fight. I told him that I understood and that it was ok to let go. I told him that this world was falling to pieces anyhow and that he could help me more from the other side. I thanked him for everything and promised him that I would be ok.

My future was always one of his main priorities. My grandfather loved me and my children with great exception. Even though he had his many faults we were always his softest spots (and my aunt knew it and despised it). I just reassured him as best as I could that everything happens for a reason and that my kids and I were going to be just fine.

My grandfather died on my grandmother's birthday. My aunt gathered everyone around my dying grandfather's bed with a birthday cake to sing happy birthday to my grandmother. It was the most insane thing to witness. I was appalled at how sick these people were.

I wasn't included in the making of arrangements for Grandpa's funeral. I resigned to let the dead bury the dead. I was treated like dirt at his funeral by nearly everyone present. I was alienated away from being part of the service by my cousin Jennifer, in all of her benevolence.

I went home and spent the rest of the day by myself. That evening Lisa McGill brought me a casserole. Lisa McGill was the only person to show up and offer me any decency or compassion.

I could only take comfort in that sort of epic rejection. Knowing that I was rejected for truth while a whole community embraced a lie made me proud. Me, my parents, my siblings and our children were treated with great disdain through it all but I still feel like our little alienated group had more morals between us than all of those people from the community put together ever will.

Before grandpa passed, my good friend Marilyn Cooper came to visit him. Marilyn had been very disgruntled with the way my aunt had been treating me and my father over the past few years and so she shrugged my aunt off when she tried to hug Marilyn when greeting her in grandpa's front yard. I knew there's be hell to pay.

Sure enough, sometime after grandpa had passed, two daughters of Marilyn's knocked on my door. When I opened the door they told me that they knew what I was up to and to stay away from their parents. I asked them to explain. They told me that it had become obvious to them that I was using their parents for money and that they felt that I was too dangerous of a person to be around their parents and to stay away. They would not allow me to provide a defense. They were horribly heartless women that day!

Marilyn defended me and her right to make her own decisions about who she has in her life. Still, over time, even Marilyn began to succumb to the effects of an incredibly well orchestrated smear campaign and she began to cover up the fact that we were in contact with one another to her family and friends.

I didn't want to keep imposing and making things awkward for her with her friends and family. We eventually lost touch and I just let it be so that she can live out her final days in peace without the pressure of family conflict. I will always love that woman and

appreciate the shining beacon of hope that she provided to me in some of my darkest days.

My aunt knew that I had been unable to complete necessary repairs on my home and that I would have to move out of my house for the winter if I didn't get them completed. This is why she made sure that I didn't get any time off from caring for my grandfather. I made the call to move out.

When I told my aunt that I would be moving out but that I would still be available to care for Grandma if we worked out a schedule she whispered to my grandfather "see dad, Brenda will be safe for the winter. She's moving out until the spring."

My aunt knew that she was killing two birds with one stone by keeping me busy in caring for papa. She knew that she would kill him off soon enough and that I wouldn't get the work done on my house to be able to stay close to Grandma. My aunt has an exceptional criminal mind from my perspective! Always conniving, always scheming!

I rented a house from Ryan and Rebecca Coens. The experience was an absolute nightmare. I ended up taking them to the human rights tribunal after a smear campaign unfolded against me because of the property manager's incompetence.

By the time I moved into the place in the middle of November 2016, I was sick and broke in all ways. I just needed to collapse in a safe place where I could rest and heal.

The property manager, Penny Cronkwright, did not have the place vacated on the date agreed upon in the lease. Her son was still living there when I pulled up with the moving vehicle. It was a bloody nightmare. I finally got in that night but I had a lot of cleaning to do. Then I learned that the place was targeted for violence because it had been a drug house and sure enough there was plenty of evidence to indicate the truth of that.

The yards were so overloaded with fall leaves that they would come into the house anytime the door opened. I raked up all of the leaves, put them in bags and set them by the deck where the other garbage sat waiting for Penny to take to the dump as she had promised to do.

We were already heading into December. Those leaves weren't my responsibility to rake, bag or dispose of. Penny was, by far, the worst property manager that I've ever experienced. She played all nicey and nice and they stabbed me in the back to save her own face. She had promised many things and never delivered. All of the garbage sat on the side deck, even a broken door, until I moved out.

I had rented the place on six-month contract. Ryan Coens offered to extend the contract when the time to move out was approaching. I declined the offer as I had all intentions of getting back home to keep upgrading my property and to be there for my grandmother. Ryan's tone shifted with me when I declined. The once very friendly, and helpful landlord became accusatory and threatening.

When I did move out, the place was spotless. I had only lived there on a six-month contract and I hand cleaned every square inch before I left. Ryan Coens had been so arbitrarily demanding and accusing before I moved out that I made sure there wouldn't be any problems when I finally left.

Still, he created problems out of thin air and tried to charge me for service fees that simply weren't justified or applicable. He told me that the new tenant spent hours and hours cleaning the home after I moved out and that she billed him for it. My mother and I have the pictures and the videos to prove that the new tenant, Lisa Blackburn, lied through her teeth about the shape that house was in.

Ryan Coens refused to give me a rent receipt and that's why he found himself in the mess that he did with the HRTTO. Still, I know it cost them money to defend the HRTTO case and hopefully that ding in the pocket book makes him think twice about the way he treats the people who pay him good money for fair service.

Penny Cronkwright failed in her duties as property manager and then tries to ruin my good name for it. As if that wasn't enough, the new tenant starts in the slander party against me and the landlord puts off the cost for raw dysfunction on to me. That's the way these upper class families tend to roll in the county and then they get their friends to turn their backs on you as it goes. These people must have rotten horrible souls to be able to treat good people this way.

I filed with the Human Rights Tribunal but the case became so corrupted and took far longer than an average case should and I was getting too sick, once more, to keep up. I eventually changed addresses again whereby the HRTTO and I lost touch.

It was never about the money to me, in all honesty, or I would've made sure to stay on top of that case, because I'm quite confident that I had it in the bag. I just hope they got the point that threatening tenants because they've relied on dishonest family members in distant provinces may not be in their best interest.

Before I was able to secure the rental with the Coen's, I had applied to a place called Loyalist Lofts. A man named Brian Tootle refused to rent to me because I was receiving a disability as a source of income and my son was in a rock and roll band. I explained to Mr. Tootle that he can't discriminate on me due to those prohibited grounds under the human rights legislature and he told me he could do whatever he wants to.

I filed a human rights claim merely because this arrogant man was so proud in his ways. He seemed like a Freemason to me but who knows eh? I won the case. He had to pay me \$2500.00 and submit to some human rights training requirements as a public remedy.

I was filing against snobby landlords that thought they could push people around because I was trying to take a stand against the biased higher caste during the unfolding housing crisis in Picton. I won one. I lost one.

It was around this point that My Aunt Brenda's brother-in-law, Eric Sokolowsky was filmed by a vigilant group a few years back now when he attempted to lure a 14 year old girl for sex. Eric drove from the Quinte region to the Peterborough area to meet with the young lady whom he told that he would not stop if it hurt because she has to lose her virginity sooner or later. Eric is a very sick man.

These are the type of person that me and my kids, and so many other children in the community, were subject to growing up when in the care of my aunt. I remember being around creepy old men who claimed to love me very much and who would explicitly tell me that I was beautiful and very special. I believe that I was being groomed by my aunt Brenda.

Lord knows she was heavily controlling me through religion and the rituals of our church life. I do not recall being sexually abused as a child. Everyone in that town had better hope and pray that I don't have repressed memories.

All I know is that there are large chunks of my memory missing and there was a lot of twisted connections from my past. I am not claiming to be sexually abused as a child but I am also claiming to not remember my childhood for the most part.

My son and I moved back to our house after the six-month contract ended at 4 Harvey Street. My aunt had already arranged to whisk my grandmother away to the retirement home. There was no need for any of it.

My grandmother owned her home and had me right there to protect and to help her. The only problem for my aunt was that she had to upset the apple cart to make sure that she could thwart my dad's inheritance and make sure that I lost access to key shared property features.

When I moved back home, my aunt's husband had smashed the spot where the extension cord that my grandfather had run up to my house had been fastened. It had been disconnected but a point had to be made I guess. Now I know how irritating it really was for them when my grandfather insisted on helping me. It's a minor solace at least.

My extended family was then subsequently able to steal my family's inheritance with the private protection of the local police department. The sale of my Father's inheritance directly affects my property whereby my water and drive-way access have been detrimentally affected.

The professional collusion that went on during the sale of my Grandparent's home was incredible. I complained to the Law Society about Kenneth Menlove but naturally he

was, seemingly protected by fraternal obligation too. Once one understands how big and powerful the Masonic network is, it all begins to make sense.

Alleged benevolent groups and circles of friends purport to *help* the *unfortunate* in PEC but I simply get either ignored or mocked. I'm sure the PEC government has the means to help me more than they oppress me but there is only concerted effort to hinder me in any way possible according to my own experiences.

Pastor Peter Sprague and his church community directly support a few of my oppressors. Some people in that church community were able to come together to give charity to the neighbor that bought my grandmother's house with a complete roof repair but hey, let's just look at Brenda's roof just a few footsteps away and laugh at her and ridicule her for not being able to take of herself. Let's show her that she doesn't fit into our community and therefore doesn't deserve our charity.

My Aunt, Brenda Sokolowsky, who had a hand in the PECAS foster care sexual abuse cover-up, the killing off of my grandfather, the abuse of my grandmother and the loss of my father's inheritance was featured in a video that the Baptist Church put out. In that video my Aunt tried to redeem herself by portraying herself to be some sort of pitiful victim in a situation far beyond her control.

The truth is that my Aunt was always aware of her actions. She simply thought she was above the law, or so it seemed to me. She made some very poor choices. That's on her and no one else but instead of accepting responsibility she pointed the finger elsewhere.

She is trying to relieve herself from her criminality and the Emmanuel Baptist Church was fully supporting it by doing the video for her and putting it up on their YouTube channel. They all know what they're doing and what they're a part of. They collude in darkness to kill the light in me.

It was my own Aunt who facilitated an 'intervention' for me when I began blowing the whistle too hard on systemic child abuse. My Aunt called my cousin, Jennifer Sokolowsky, down from Toronto and called in Lynne Donovan from my local church. Jennifer and Lynne are both Presbyterian ministers.

All three of them colluded together and attempted to intimidate me into silence with what I knew about children being raped in foster care. They told me they were concerned about my mental health and the effect that my 'ludicrous' advocacy was having on my own children.

It's so disgusting how the circle of friends operates in PEC. It's shameful and they should all be so terribly ashamed of themselves and how they've treated a good person and her kids for doing absolutely nothing but speaking truth and protecting children.

My parents are sick and aging. They lost their inheritance due to Masonic collusion. This disgusting Masonic network will protect the wrongs of its brothers and sisters at all costs. So much for good men being better men. What a farce and what a sick bunch of people they are to they're so wonderful when they do people who aren't part of their little club the way they do. It's just so sick and disgusting! Period!

My father had a recent heart attack. When my son and I walked across the parking lot to see my father in the ambulance, David stopped us in the parking lot to talk about the situation. I kept my distance wondering why in the hell anyone who was accused of rape would directly approach his alleged false accuser.

In my experience men are often far more self-preserving and far-less friendly to their alleged false accusers than David was when he was in the presence of just me and my son that day.

Once the family came together in the waiting room of the hospital David kept the conversation going by attempting to make jokes, many of which were sexually oriented. Casey was able to sit there and tolerate my presence but the air reeked of arrogance that was not coming from me. Eventually we all dispersed upon learning that my father was going to be ok and that was that.

David's sister once told me that she believed that David and Casey had sought a consultation appointment with the defense lawyer for Robert Laird. I found that interesting.

Police investigations into any of the matters that I speak of were consistently botched at some point, by *someone*. I complained to OIPRD and Officer John Bakalaar was found to be in err when he refused to investigate my claims of elder abuse claiming that he was unaware of the crime known as elder abuse.

Det/Sgt. Angie Atkinson from OIPRD determined that an investigation was valid and was to ensue. Still, I have never been made aware that an investigation occurred and I don't believe that a proper investigation was ever initiated much less completed.

The connections between the Freemasons and the Police cannot be denied and it's becoming clear that fraternal obligations outweigh an officer's duty to the public. I wonder how many of these officer's understand how truly duped they've been by their brotherhood into serving something they truly know nothing of.

The last time that I called the Picton OPP for any support or service was after experiencing, what I consider to be, psychotic behavior on the part of an Officer Brad Brown. I was alone at my home this person acted very hostile, unstable and threatening when attending a call for service that I had made about an immediate issue with one of my neighbors.

I called because I was constantly being blocked in by snow drifts that my neighbor was purposely piling up into my driveway. This neighbor and I had never had a personal issue. He always treated me kindly though we both kept our personal distance and spoke only as necessary. He let me use his lawn mower for the summer before my grandfather died.

My neighbor had never maintained a strip of grass behind his fence that was in my front yard. My grandfather kept all of that grass cut until he became too sick. After that I maintained my own grass as well as the neighbor's strip of grass.

Then, all of a sudden after years of an amicable, neighborly-enough relationship, he begins to fill up the end of my drive-way with snow drifts off the side of his plow. After I would shovel my drive-way I would find heaps of frozen snow piled at the end of my drive-way, thus blocking me in. If I wanted out I had to shovel through a wall of snow that he intentionally piled up on me.

The following summer he began to cut the strip of grass in my front yard. He started chumming with the guy who bought my Grandma's house. His behavior was indicating to me that he was joining the side of my oppressors. I mean it would only make sense that he, too, would eventually follow the leader. Who wants to be the odd man out eh?

That was the final time that I've called the police for service or willingly engaged with them. I've dealt with far too many officers who are emotionally unstable while wielding too much power to keep inviting them into my life, even if I do need police services. It's far too risky. The Police always find a way to make things worse for me even when I'm the obvious victim in a particular situation at hand.

The police have repeatedly created a poisoned environment between officers and myself. I don't feel, at all, safe when engaging with officers. This means that I feel it necessary to protect myself however I see fit. What else can one do when they are consistently terrorized and brutalized by corrupt police? Even OIPRD has, unsurprisingly, proved itself useless.

Any other routes to accountability that I've taken for the matters that I speak to have failed, well, except for one, kind of... In 2018 I saw that my criminal lawyer's office was holding a free workshop for Criminal Injuries Compensation. I had never dealt with the matters surrounding my sexual assault case from 2007. I was still fairly incapacitated myself but I figured I'd let my trusted lawyer handle a CICB claim for me since he was offering to do in on contingency.

My file ended up being given to another lawyer in the firm. I was hesitant but I trusted the firm so I went for it. This lawyer's name is Jason Easton. After the paperwork to get started was signed we got into the details of the case. At some point, I mentioned that I had no doubt that Freemasons botched my sexual assault case. He reacted strangely. I figured that he was a Freemason, as many lawyers are. I checked him out on Facebook and there he was, proudly declaring his allegiance to the brotherhood.

Wouldn't you know it? I won an award of \$12,000.00 but Jason and the CIBC found a way to stall the payment. It made a mess of things for me financially. I eventually got my portion of the money and Jason got his. Jason and I did not end things on a good note.

It's absurd how a lawyer wants to take a good chunk of a person's award cheque while excusing themselves for errors. I hired a lawyer to prevent errors. That's the whole point of paying a lawyer. Duh! Subsequently treating me like I was the dirt beneath his feet brought the real true blue out in that he was looking to unleash from the moment that I slammed his precious brotherhood.

Alexandra Mazur, a reporter with Global News contacted me to get the 'full story' on William Sweet after he had been criminally charged. I told her everything I could about a network of people who were colluding to conceal PEC foster care sex crimes. I gave her detailed information and several links to follow.

When the story came out there was no exposure of the criminal network that I had spoken of, only more cover up. When I called Alex out on her gatekeeping article she only attempted to gaslight me in return. Global news has involved themselves into the cover up of the PEC foster care sexual abuse scandal as far as I'm concerned!

Even many of the controlled opposition, rebels & advocate groups are controlled by Freemasons. Let's use Dorian A. Baxter of Canada Court Watch for example. I gave many years to Canada Court Watch in trying to make things better for Canada's children and their families only to find that I had been sleeping with the enemy the whole time.

Although I was a well-established, strong advocate my peers within Canada Court Watch and other associated advocacy groups never treated me with much respect.

I hosted an epic social justice conference in 2012. Several alleged advocates colluded against my efforts to turn other advocates away from attendance.

One of the survivors of the PEC foster care sexual abuse scandal was a guest speaker at the conference. One popular advocate, Chris Carter, manipulated this young lady away from speaking out about an experience that she had with another advocate.

She wanted to speak further to her abuse in foster care. She wanted to talk about vulnerable victims being taken advantage of by advocates purporting to help and support victims of CAS. She had just experienced abuse from another advocate, Curtis Kingston, who entered into a relationship with her while in a position of trust.

She ended up speaking only on the topic of her abuse in care. While I was busy with the details of the conference, Christ Carter had sat with her and encouraged her to re-word her presentation to his liking.

I had already had it out with Chris Carter and Curtis Kingston when they addressed the issue with me. They threatened to abandon the conference if she went ahead with her intended presentation. I told them to do whatever they felt necessary but that I was encouraging her to speak about whatever she was comfortable speaking about. I told her that if she felt abused by anyone to go ahead and expose it and that I would have her back.

Chris Carter undermined me in that situation and even though it took me some time to see what he's all about, hindsight makes a lot of things clear to me with the way that Chris Carter showed up as a handler whenever the system was actually being exposed. He seemed to gate-keep certain truths, especially if his friends were involved.

When the Ministry did the review on the PECAS after the foster care sexual abuse scandal, Chris Carter came in on the project that I had been exposing for years and controlled the whole show from there. Other advocates looked up to him and looked to him for the hard answers about what was really going on but he didn't seem to want to act on any form of accountability towards the PECAS.

This sort of in-between crap was all I was getting with the advocates that I was working with. They were happy to expose problems but were never really too keen on gaining any actual accountability for Canadians.

I was put on some projects that I saw as amazing opportunities for truly and genuinely exposing the system for what it really was and ending the tyranny for so many people and, yet, anytime real headway was being made I was told to slow down and to keep my feet on the ground. It seemed that anytime we had true momentum as a group of experienced and powerful advocates we'd just end up eventually stalling out and losing ground, somehow, every single time.

I cut my ties with that group and have significant trust issues with anyone calling themselves an advocate. Words mean nothing to me anymore. Actions speak the truth.

I was moving to take on the extraordinary task of fixing up my house in 2013. It's around this time that the truth about Curtis Kingston started coming out. I was far too sick and defeated to continue on with any sort of advocacy. A woman named Terri-Anne contacted me to tell me that Curtis Kingston was up on sexual abuse charges.

I told Terri-Anne that I was incapacitated and that it was not my responsibility to bring him to justice. She became angry and sideways threatened the CAS on my soon to arrive first grandchild. I was utterly disgusted by her blatant insistence that this guy was somehow my responsibility when I was down and out and trying to disassociate from the corruption in the advocacy arena.

Curtis had eventually driven a wedge between me and the young lady who I'd supported throughout the foster care sexual abuse scandal. A few years later we did reconnect. She told me that Curtis Kingston was eventually found guilty of sexual

assault against one of his own minor family members. I was furious. I knew this guy was a total creep but he kept getting support from influential advocates who were attempting to discredit me. Many of these advocates worked closely with one another to alienate me away from having a voice one of the best advocates Ontario had ever seen.

Not to brag, but I was a very tenacious and fierce advocate for children. I was very good at what I did. Even lawyers and social workers respected me. Exposing the flaws in Ontario's child welfare system in the early day certainly wasn't an easy feat. It's taken many long years and a profound amount of energy, blood, sweat and tears to get society's eyes open as far as they are.

I'm not sure that society's eyes will ever fully open in time. They're their own demise but, incredibly, they're just too damned wise and woke to see what's really wrong in this world.

At any rate, I emailed Curtis sometime in 2020 and asked him if it was true that he was guilty of sexual abuse the whole time he was trying to associate with me as an advocate. He told me not to act like I never knew. I was utterly wanting to knock the block of scum off of this guys' shoulders. This dirt bag is actually trying to insinuate that I knew he was a sexual abuser before and that I had chosen to associate with him.

The fact of the matter with Curtis Kingston is that he burned me early on in our advocacy relationship and I never trusted him again after that. In return, he tried to turn my fellow advocates and even the girl that I supported through the PEC foster care sexual abuse scandal against me, which, unfortunately, did work for a while.

Curtis Kingston is a sick, twisted jerk that uses people and manipulates situations to his advantage. He's a slimy snake that I never had any use for the guy after I first relied on him to protect a vulnerable victim of sexual abuse and he manipulated her for his own will. I won't condone anyone who supports this piece of shit.

The peculiar thing is that I connected with Curtis in the first place because he was encouraged by the other Canada Court Watch advocates. When I found out for myself that I couldn't trust Curtis he knew it and he too began a smear campaign against me. Even though I was a credible advocate these people actually turned on me and purported Curtis as one of their best and favorite advocates. It's all very telling to me now.

One has to be very careful as these perceptive predators will attempt to destroy you before you can even begin to tell the truth about their true character. I'm so sick of watching people go into this mode when they know someone has caught onto their indecent behaviors.

Advocacy groups started off doing good things but they were infiltrated long ago. The movement is now loaded with criminals, pedophiles and unaccountable creeps looking

for attention or money. Canadian's are urged to govern themselves according in the snake pit of activism and advocacy groups.

Another foster child from my past connected with me around 2016/17. We started to spend a lot of time together after I took him some basic essentials one evening. I could clearly see that a significant amount of damage was done to him psychologically by his foster care experiences. He was the sweetest boy. He was a young man but he was emotionally stunted and very vulnerable.

I still find it very difficult to speak to but he recently committed suicide. I won't overstep the family by speaking about him without their permission. I loved him very much and that's about all I can say other than he deserved so much better.

I've watched the system destroy so many kids. I can't even discuss the reality of the numbers and the severity of some of the abuse off the top of my head. It's just too upsetting! I'm truly traumatized by what this system has done to children and that I've had to watch them do it. So many kids and families suffered at the hands of Canada's child welfare system.

Because I wouldn't play the game and shut my mouth it just doesn't matter how hard I've tried to make it in PEC, the Masonic boot just kept kicking me in the face. I had to abandon my home, or what's left of it. I had been living there under the harshest conditions with no power and just a small woodstove to heat a poorly insulated house.

Eventually, I lost consistent water and drive-way access due to the corrupt circle of friends that actively colluded together against me. I had no refrigeration and I was forced to walk into town every day to get my food as I didn't have a car.

My health was failing me while my doctor literally laughed in my face and consistently discriminated against me due to my obvious disability. I was living on a tight-fixed income and had to access food bank services. I eventually quit going to the PEC foodbank because it wasn't worth my time trying to get fair service.

I would take a cab to the food bank only to be treated like an obvious outcast and sent away with an insulting but very telling reduction in food from what other food bank recipients received. Witnesses at the food bank were shocked to see how I was treated by the volunteer 'good deed doers', some of whom were police officers.

My mail and personal belongings were being stolen by neighbors. Wood suppliers were ripping me off. I was living in a snowsuit, even sleeping in it, because even with the stove going it was just so cold.

About one year after the new people bought my grandparent's house I began to experience a significant problem with rodents coming into my house. I eventually became over run with packs of giant rats because of the disgusting hoarding mess that was heaped up in and around their house.

I had been living off-grid for years at that point and I was very careful to run a tight ship as far as filth and germs were concerned. I never had a significant problem with rodents coming directly into my house until the Swackhammer family made their way into my neighborhood.

Far too many community members are just plain toxic if you threaten their perfect little paradigm. I couldn't walk down the main street without getting the old stink eye from someone. They hate the truth in PEC.

The malicious circle of workers in the OW and ODSP circle have even set me up for financial failure by cutting my benefits off for no reason and with no notice just to be vindictive when speaking out about unfair service from the workers. One worker even attempted to make a false allegation against me by saying that I had just threatened her when she didn't want to be accountable for herself in our discussion. When I pulled the voice recorder out her tune instantly changed and I received the help that I needed.

In November 2019 I had to abandon my home in PEC. My son and I moved to Belleville Ontario so that I could save some funds and repair my body, mind and soul from nearly constant oppression that I'd been experiencing since approximately the year 2000 and the hard work of maintaining an off-grid property with literally no resources.

I don't know how I would've ever managed with my move to Belleville without my friend Kate. She has been so instrumental in saving my life and my subsequent quality of life. Kate has given me more than any human being ever could or probably will. Kate doesn't like it so much when I go about what she's done for me but I can't just can't fail to mention how much she's done for me and my son.

Without her I genuinely believe that I'd be dead by now. Kate has been a monumental support with getting my failing health stabilized to a point where I can function again and she shows me that she cares in so many other ways. There's nothing like a day at her house just chilling in the sun room. Man, I live for those getaways. I could go on about what a sweet soul this genuine and true woman is but I know she wouldn't want that. I'll just leave it by saying that not all hero's wear capes.

My son's health was failing too and he had lost too much weight. We had to get somewhere safe and settled for our own long-term survival. As far as living in PEC goes, you're either part of the collective mindset or you're out. Period. My son was obviously out all of sudden and there were no opportunities left for him in PEC as far as we could tell, based on the way his friends and community members were alienating him away from everything that he had once been attached to in the community.

My Son had been in a popular local band called Crimson Cay. The band played gigs for two Canadian iconic bands/musicians. They opened for David Wilcox at the Wellington community centre and for April Wine at a field concert in Cherry Valley. The county set bylaws and fees that significantly hindered the progression of the field concert.

The local newspapers barely said a thing about the bands successes. Although the band toured Ontario and played at iconic bars where other accomplished musicians played, they weren't raised up by the community like other artists. Meanwhile other talent in the area gets highly recommended by particular influential persons or groups.

Even though many locals supported the band, it seems they weren't the PEC elite's chosen artists and so they were never as elevated by their community as they could've been. The band eventually broke up when the lead singer asked them to sign a contract stating that he owned everything about Crimson Cay.

My son explained that he had made major investments and contributions and that he was part of choosing the name Crimson Cay but it didn't matter to the lead singer, his family or his so called managers. Greg & Shane Verner. The whole band met up to try to re-negotiate but when the lead singer stood firm they all walked.

The lead singer replaced the band members, kept the same band name and carries on like nothing ever happened. All of the former Crimson Cay's successes now belong to the new Crimson Cay, like magic. How talented and accomplished they must feel. Whatever. My son is on to bigger and better things... outside of PEC where he can actually breathe and flourish.

My son is discriminated against by his family doctor too. The doctor refuses to acknowledge his historical and significant health issues. He is discriminated against my ODSP and OW. We've taken both parties through the Human Rights process to no avail. The system is simply broken and no body that can help him will because he's not female and not considered valid for many support services as females are.

I've remained single for the last seven years. In the summer of 2020 Donald Marshall and I reconnected for a 3-week period, before losing touch again. We have a very strange type of relationship and that's about all I have to say on the matter for now. I should have all the answers I need to speak with more clarity on this particular matter by the time I put the information together for the next document called Loyalist Traditions – Exhibit C.

HSCAS recently set me up (May 2021). They knew that my son, the child in my care and myself were in a very precarious situation. CAS, although leaving the child in my care, would not confirm or deny that I had lawful custody. We couldn't get any services whatsoever because of this 'glitch'.

ODSP/OW failed to respond to my written request for emergency assistance. I couldn't get any support services for the child who had special needs. The police wouldn't help us. I called HSCAS out for criminal negligence and human rights violations.

The HSCAS acknowledged receipt of my allegations and closed the file at the same time. They left the child, my own son and myself in extreme crisis! All I'll say in summary

is that it's a darn good thing that the child was in good hands otherwise he could've been abused, murdered or trafficked half-way around the world and sold into the sex trade for all that HSCAS cared. The worker's name was Michael Evans. The supervisor's name is Lisa Mascherin.

The HSCAS has generated a potential poisoned environment by intentionally pitting family members against one another. They put my family in a position where my own mother has told me not to darken her doorstep. Still, my father has been civil with me when I've stopped by to drop to see my nephews playing outside. Still, there's this visible wall between us.

That's what CAS does. They come into your life and make mountains out of molehills. Then they blame you and make you clean up the mess.

Needless to say, I'm having issues getting with the transfer of the home and property that I have just paid the land taxes on, under extreme duress, while experiencing family conflict, being induced into a sub-poverty crisis and during this covid nonsense. It's pretty bad when your own family members refuse to talk to you because the CAS made a situation far worse than better for a family that was in a fixable crisis.

I'm currently operating under extreme duress due to this last mess that CAS made for me. My life is more complicated and convoluted than ever. The endless collusion by this well coordinated group of people is going to come to end right here soon. I'm learning about equity and natural law and all of these corrupt people and entities in my life are going to find themselves under the full weight of the law soon enough.

At any rate, I believe that the HSCAS and the BPS are possibly targeting particular family members to apprehend particular children from the care of our family. The CAS have set the stage and I have the direct evidence to back up everything that I'm saying in this regard. Various BPS officers seem to be targeting my family members to intentionally gas-light them. I am concerned about potential harmful action by BPS and/or HSCAS agents against my family at this time.

I can't just ignore the timing of events after all of the collusion that I've experienced. Timing is everything! There are few coincidences in life when it all boils down. This recent round of oppression with HSCAS coincided with the discovery that the house/property in Picton was condemned by PEC during my family crisis.

The former Mayor, Robert Quaiff, refused to deal with my allegations of a criminal network operating in my community to cause me and my father harm back in 2017ish. His administrative assistant, Karen Frigault, assured me that she would arrange for a meeting between the Mayor and myself if I emailed her my intended itinerary.

I emailed her the itinerary and she told me the Mayor refused to meet with me. I believe that PEC Counsel promptly held a closed meeting with its legal counsel in response to the correspondence that I sent to Mayor Quaiff.

Now, here we are. My house has been condemned by the PEC building department and the person who condemned it fails to respond to communications from the authorized agent of that property. I bought the property from my parents and the ownership isn't yet transferred.

Still, there is no reason, whatsoever, to alienate me from fair service as my parents have expressly consented for me to act as the authorized agent for on their behalf. PEC staff have accepted the consent and worked with me on property matters up until this current issue with the house being condemned out of the blue.

Coincidentally, they've condemned my grandmother's former house too. They wouldn't make him clean up the wretched mess when it could've made a difference for me. PEC staff waited for the right time to act in suiting their own agenda as I see it.

The neighbor that was used against me is now finding out what it's like to be used as a pawn it would seem. He was always just a puppet to these people with a higher agenda but he felt special I suppose and who can blame him for taking such a great deal. Surely he knows now that when something's too good to be true, it probably and usually is.

Meanwhile, a building just down the road from me has been falling down for years and is in a condition dangerous to the public and yet my house is, somehow, of immediate concern to county employees? If you can't see what I'm saying here then I'm afraid you don't have the eyes to see much at all.

All the while, PEC staff enable Power Concrete to potentially contaminate the Waring's Creek Watershed through illegal dumping. I've shown County employees, Tanya Doolan specifically, the obvious dumping and the results but PEC tell me that it's on me to make a report to the Ministry.

I told PEC that I'm too oppressed and incapacitated to act on the matter and that since they saw the issue with their own eyes that they had a moral and professional obligation to report violation.

At the same time, I've been banned from one PEC community group on Facebook (Terry McInnes) and censored in another (Shawna Church). The moderators refuse to respond to my allegations of censorship and differential treatment.

I have enough pictures from the last decade to show the progression of the dumping and the mass of 'land' that was created for business operations out of the illegal dumping of hazardous materials. Once I have a free moment to take on a new initiative I'll finally make the complaint to the Ministry myself.

The differential treatment towards me and my family is so OBVIOUS and astounding!

The house that PEC staff are attempting to condemn is the house that I grew up in. I've fought long and hard to keep that home and property while others have done whatever they could over the years to destroy it.

I could never get accountability for their actions because of the extreme corruption circle that is so rampant in PEC. Still, I made repair after repair and did what I could to keep trying to get my home and property finished so that I could just drop off the grid and live in peace.

I'm not afforded opportunity to live in peace. My property is a long sought after chunk of land for particular people with their own agenda. *Someone* keeps facilitating my oppression. Instead of any support or cooperation I only get threats and harassment when it comes to fighting for my own property.

PEC staff are now directly affecting my immediate livelihood and my plans for the future. I was set to put a roof on the house this year but I'm not afforded the decency in knowing what I can and can't do. What a sad joke. PEC staff members are intentionally stalling the progress that I was making on my home renovation process.

I had the highest hopes of getting my property finished and having a nice little home that I could finally be proud of. People have other plans for me. I don't care. The property taxes are paid and I'll live on that property even if they force their way in and knock the whole house down.

The world will see them for what they are and I'll always survive one way or another. Whatever will be will be. I'm not going to worry myself about these parasites. They will do what thou wilt and I'll pick up the pieces when they're done wreaking their havoc.

My sister and I do not understand how our family members can be so closed off with us considering that we've only ever tried to cooperate with their hopes and dreams. We've given much of ourselves to our family members but they treat us like we're some sort of cancer.

They aren't usually outright mean to us or anything, they just keep their distance. It wasn't always like this. We were all once such a close family at one point (unless I'm still fooling myself about that too?). I still can't believe that we're at this point as a family.

Family once meant everything to me. That's what I'm most devastated about losing in life. My family was my whole world now most of them treat me like I'm cancer.

Because of my own life experiences I'm literally so paranoid at this point about everyone in my life. Knowing what I know and having people constantly turn on me leaves me feeling pretty vulnerable.

I don't know who's with me and who's against me. I only trust my established few. Penetrating past my wall of distrust takes some major motivation, especially since the

last chance that I took with letting Donald Marshall back into my life last year. I just don't care to take chances any more. Everyone has different experiences in life and my experiences haven't been so human-friendly. I've experienced the worst of the human heart and condition and I don't have anything left to prove to anyone.

I'm always recalibrating my life and readjusting my thought processes according to rapidly changing information and instant scenario changes that just tend to hit me out of nowhere.

Trying to explain the life of a targeted individual is a very difficult thing to explain while retaining enough mental health credibility. The effects of gang-stalking are to make the individual appear crazy to their community. Therefore, just talking about your experiences makes you seem like a loon to those around you.

As a targeted individual I experience the most random and unusual glitches with nearly every single moment of importance or enjoyment that I attempt to arrange in my life. My internet and phone services always glitch and become unavailable when I need them most. My email accounts were under heavy attack for years. My bank account would not work at critical times.

Appointments that I attended were usually not at the right time or date even though I video or voice recorded the appointment info at the time it was made or left an appointment with a card for the next visit. There was always some technical error somewhere that made me look scattered and dysfunctional.

Revenue Canada has intentionally denied me certain breaks that I was entitled to and have detrimentally affected my credit as a result. Phone companies would constantly flat out break contracts with me and leave me stranded for basic services. The bank of Montreal was intentionally allowing my bank account to be breached, not closing accounts when I have the proof that they were closed, etc.

The amount of professional networking that it's taken to mess with my life is so incredible that it's just simply unbelievable to most. I mean why would a government, or even a network of people, waste so much time and resources on one person of such insignificance in a little outback community like Prince Edward County, right?

Well, it just is what it is, people will just have to take it or leave it I suppose. I'm done convincing anyone about anything. I said what I've said and I'm saying it all for the greater good. I'm not looking for sympathy or hand outs. I went through my darkest days without any help and I don't need anyone thinking that I need anything from anyone although a little support and help would be nice from like-minds.

I'm not trying to sell information. I don't want to lord over anyone. I honestly just want to do my part in fixing this screwed up world so that I could possibly have 20 minutes of peace and utter happiness before I die. That's it. If the crap going on in this world didn't

affect the future of my loved ones I'd be so far gone off the grid just living out my days in solitude.

I don't want to be here doing any of this truther stuff. Unfortunately some of us are called to do things we don't want to do in this life.

As for my health, it turns out that I'm just full of nano-tech. So is everybody else. How it got there should really be an immediate topic of debate for society. At any rate, the corona metabolite came about and now we're dealing with coronavirus. Isn't that a nice little crime against humanity right there?

So yea, it turns out that I am sick from Morgellons syndrome. Yet, another thing that caused my rejection by the ordinary world. Every single thing adds up for me now. Nanotech is just the beginning of our end-game nightmare and it's not too far out on the horizon.

I still get very sick. I go down hard when I get sick. My brain tends to swell and it causes many problems for me. I get swelling in other parts of my body at random times. It's very difficult to deal with. I have untreated pain management needs. My pain is debilitating some days/nights. I have a very sensitive stomach and have to be careful with everything I ingest. So even when I do have an oppression free day or have a bit of money I might be able to do something with I'm just too sick to make it happen. It's so difficult to deal with.

I do a lot of mental health support work and self-care these days. I'm seriously going to die if I don't pull myself together. I'm starting a new diet that I've worked hard to design. I did a lot of research to find out what was wrong with my health and the health of my loved ones. I started to see so much nefariousness in the medical literature. Humanity has once again been duped. It's up to us to figure out our own health.

My daughter continues to be targeted by the system in her own right. Currently she is being discriminated against by a prominent insurance company after they turned her whole life up-side-down and caused her significant financial harm. This is how these people do. They hit you from behind and then mess up everything they can in your file. If Calvin Newman is a good man becoming a better man then I dare say he amplify that inner work because so far he's failing at basic human decency and professional accountability.

It turns out that my daughter finally tested positive for a condition called Elhors Danlor's Syndrome. That diagnoses would've really helped us out 20 years ago because that's what she's had all along. I lined the pockets of so many specialists just so they could screw my kid's life. It's so pathetic! At least we're finally getting some cooperation with the medical establishment, for whatever its worth at this point.

I'll eventually post the health regimen that I've worked out for me and my loved ones to the HolisticUs website. As I understand it, we have to reset our vitamin D receptor

because it's dysfunctional and Vitamin D is therefore not processing in our bodies properly. We need to cleanse the bugs and microbes out of our blood. Boron/Borax is the best way forward for this I believe.

The rest of the regimen is designed to get as many important nutrient into the body as possible with as few supplements as possible on a poverty budget. I've come up with two tasty smoothies and just a handful of snacks and supplements to add to that for a full spectrum, whole-food diet that meets the body's needs and then some. It's designed for a synergistic effect of whole foods to restore cellular health and to repair the damage done to the body by the myriad of assaults that it's been through.

We need to reset our vitamin D receptors and reboot the immune system. It's not cheap or easy. I've been trying to get healthy for a long time. Many regimens are too heavy on my stomach or too gross or too expensive or just too much in some way. I believed that there had to be a better way and I think I've nearly got it worked out.

We can't fix just one system or another in the body and keep responding to illness. We have to get fully detoxed while preventing extreme herxheimer effects or cytokine storms and while pumping the body full of full spectrum nutrients.

On top of that there'll be a clean living part of the regimen that address better hygiene, oral health, exercise, sleep, prayer, etc. habits. Healthy living isn't just about having a good diet. Our mind, body and souls need to be pampered and restored back to full vitality.

My family has had enough. We've been in perpetual crisis for so long now that it just seems normal. Well it's not normal and we've got to find a better way forward. We keep trying to learn and to do better every day.

After everything I've disclosed I think it's pretty plain to see the generational abuse and control that we've all endured as a family. My parents and I, along with my siblings and our children have all been through too much. We just need a break. We just need time to breathe but we never seem to get that chance before the next catastrophe develops.

Even though I have no faith in any of Canada's alleged avenues to justice, I will be processing a Human Rights application against the Highland Shores CAS soon enough. I'll be learning all I can about equity and I'll others will be held accountability through the natural law soon enough.

There can be no doubt that the CAS is a criminal organization and that it needs to be stopped. Canada's child protection agencies are terrorist organizations by definition and deed. The public has a duty to stop this criminality and to protect the children of each respective community.

This can be achieved by forming committees through individual county/city councils. Immediately redirecting municipal portion of taxes appropriated for respective local

CAS' to the committee. Immediately apply to the Ministry of CCSS for the rest of the funds. Hire a team of professionals. Open a local building up for administration, temporary foster care and reunification services.

Continue to develop a fully functioning child welfare committee in each community, with the clear understanding between welfare and protection. Persons unable to make the critical distinction are disqualified from employment. It's easy enough to do. Ad Hoc committees for direct action units could be immediately implemented for the interim and transition.

The good people of each community need to join their local CAS boards and take them back from those who are causing harm. We need to run for city/county counsel, and not just one or two of us. If we all start running, especially in the spirit of friendly and worthy competition we could really take our respective communities back and stand a chance against the malice of this coming UN agenda and the new smart world.

The notion of freedom as a Canadian has been shoved down my throat since my earliest memories and yet, based on my experiences, freedom and justice are mere illusions in this myth of Canada (Doug Force). R.I.P to all of the soldiers who gave their lives to the lie. Canadian's should be furious at how used and abused these men were by their own government and secret government. They were pawns of the global government.

The Canadian people should collectively sue the Ministry, all child protection agencies, the unions that purport the unlawful practice of social work and the OCSWSSW. Then the governments need to be sued for the thefts of children from their families, the subsequent human trafficking of these children and the direct harm caused to them in doing so by the terrorist organizations known as child protection agencies in Canada.

I've been around the block so many times in my quest for any actual accountability for my experiences as a child welfare protection worker. Just ask my MPP and the current Minister of CCSS, Todd Smith and his minion David Remington. Ask the Ontario Crown Attorney and Attorney General. Ask the RCMP and the OPP. Ask every other MPP in Ontario who received a copy of my document titled "The Cost of Social Justice in Canada". I've literally hollered until I was blue in the face about this nonsense.

The Bay of Quinte MPP and Minister of CCSS - Todd Smith, the Ontario Crown Attorney, Ontario Attorney General, RCMP and the OPP were all respectively informed that a conspiracy was operating in Prince Edward County whereby several members of my community were colluding to enable and to conceal child abuse and to subsequently bring me personal harm. Many of those same people were also informed of the criminal conspiracy that killed off my grandfather. They don't bother to reply. It's evident that they understand their liability in doing so.

William Sweet was originally charged under the criminal code with 10 counts of failing to provide the necessaries of life and 10 counts of negligence causing bodily harm for the

role that he played in the PECAS foster care sexual abuse scandal. It should've been so much more than that but it was a start.

He reached a deal with the crown (imagine that!!!) and ended up making a guilty plea in April, 2021, on one provincial charge of allowing a contravention of the (former) child and family services act.

Even though I had sent notice to the Crown, the AG, the RCMP, the OPP and Todd Smith clearly stating that William Sweet acted with intention and that he did not act alone. I made it clear to them all that a criminal network was operating in PEC to conceal human trafficking and child abuse.

I couldn't have been any clearer. The Freemasons have clearly networked to protect William Sweet. It's very frustrating to watch the public ignore the obvious masonic connections because this sort of corruption will not rest until they do. Everything happens when it should I suppose.

At Bill Sweet's hearing, Justice Hunter made the comments that he didn't believe that Bill should've been charged in the first place because Bill didn't know about the sex crimes against children until it was too late. Hunter said that "Mr. Sweet doesn't warrant a criminal conviction" Hunter blamed it all on systemic error. If it wasn't so sick I'd laugh.

At one of my court trials where BPS officers had violated my Charter, Justice Hunter was the judge and he actually thanked the officer giving testimony for his honesty just after my lawyer played a recording of police communications that proved the officer to be perjuring himself. I beat the case and yet Hunter was still praising the idiots who violated my charter. Justice Hunter has the cognizance of Joe Biden from my perspective.

Justice Hunter also made comment that since the PEC foster care sexual abuse crimes unfolded that the agency has transformed. That's such a ludicrous statement to make in my opinion. HSCAS is no better than PECAS was. The transformation that's occurred since the amalgamation allows for people like Sandra Forcier to do what she does.

Then we have the matter of unlawful social work and how unaccountable child protection terrorists are allowed to operate through these criminal child protection agencies.

Canada has a long established child welfare system. Words are being minced by government officials however, to bring the child welfare system more in-line with the U.N's child protection system. In that transition, Todd Smith is facilitating so much confusion about the difference between child protection and child welfare.

Child protection is part of a child welfare system. Therefore; a trained and accountable social worker should be handling the main caseloads while referring files to various departments for support services like the child protection department.

This is where the child protection worker, who is very limited in duty by legislation, would be called in to provide their specific service. It's the same when employing the services of the foster care department or community resources department of the legal department. A social worker handles the WELFARE file and consults with the child protection department if and when necessary. This is specifically why the duties of a child protection worker are limited. HELLO??????

That's not the case though. Child protection workers are being hired (with the requirement of a social work diploma in most cases) to run the whole show and they are circumventing mandatory registration with the Ontario College of Social Workers and Social Service Workers.

I complained to the OCSWSSW about William Sweet holding himself out to be a social worker to the public when he wasn't registered to the OCSWSSW. The OCSWSSW informed me that even though William Sweet attached the letters M.S.W to his name on the official CAS letterhead that he wasn't holding himself to be a social worker to the public. The OCSWSSW stated that even if he was there was nothing they could do as he was not a registered member of the OCSWSSW.

I asked the OCSWSSW Registrar, Lise Betteridge, if Local Directors of a CAS weren't required to be members of the OCSWSSW she ceased communicating with me and referred me back to the OCSWSSW website for my queries.

The OCSWSSW is useless when it comes to regulating the practice of social work and protecting public interest as they are mandated by law to do. The OCSWSSW protected William Sweet and this fact is undeniable!

As a sort of social experiment, I wrote to the OCSWSSW registrar and told her that I wanted to be able to call myself anything I want while actively practicing social work and that I want the same rights and privileges that William Sweet enjoyed as a non-member of the OCSWSSW without experiencing any differential treatment.

I told her that I'd be glad to suffer the same consequences that William Sweet would should he ever be brought to account by the OCSWSSW. She told me to go for it. I told her that the most vulnerable members of the public were at risk and without reasonable remedy under her direction. She didn't care.

Justice is dead, as is liberty, on this land of Canada, if ever alive in the first place. Damn the Freemasons! Damn the Craft. Damn the secrecy! What's done in the dark will be brought to the light. They can run on for a long time but sooner or later God will cut them down!

The corruption is out of control in Canada. The life, liberty and security of every person is immediately at risk. The moral people of society must respond!

Canada is not unique. A plague of corruption has unfolded worldwide and has entered into all levels of government.

The corruption now seeks to bring in a global order through the United Nations. Nanotechnology is the actual pandemic from my perspective. Like why aren't we talking about the spike protein and the corona metabolite that allegedly emerged as a result of smart dust in the human biome?

Nanotechnology will end up to be known as one of the most massive and diabolical crimes against humanity that this planet has ever seen. Once the magnetic nano particles gets into the body a mesh forms. Once you coordinate that with nano rods up into the brain region and then an rfid connection you're turned into a circuit. You're consciousness is recordable.

They're using the IBM quantum computer to design a cloud. Humans will soon have their consciousness recorded and uploaded to the cloud. They want a digital, trans-human world. It seems too unbelievable to most so they just discount the idea and forget about it.

It's really, truly a serious problem for anyone who's not into that sort of soul harvesting. I didn't consent to any of these attacks on my body, mind or soul. Did you? How long will we let them do this do us? To our children?

The only way that I've found to respond to the insanity that I continue to unravel and experience is by moving forward. I put up a website recently because my other one was expiring. I started an organization a few years back called HolisticUs International – Human Services Solutions.

Some of my professional ideas have changed, primarily because of the times we find ourselves in and the time we're quickly running out of. The cause and mission are still relevant to the issues that we're facing in this moment.

I'm incapacitated and fighting a million fires in my life at once but I hope to get the website updated with a better focus and direction. I'm trying to provide basic service to the people in the community who need it most. The system leaves a lot of people for dead when they fall through the cracks and even the most well intended community agencies fail to see these souls.

I've got to keep finding ways to protect myself and my loved ones while continuing to provide basic support services for the invisible population. I need support. I need to find like minds who can help to afford me some protection by numbers. I need to find my tribe and get started on hunkering down together for what's to come for us all in the near enough future.

Why don't we talk about the divisions in this world that are keeping mankind from uniting? Why are we still seeing each other through the various lenses of nationality,

race, creed, opinion, sexuality, gender, spirituality, etc., and that's exactly how the people who govern this whole planet want us to see each other. They want us divided.

Do we, as a collective, have any idea what we could achieve, together as a brotherhood of man? I know I just lost the feminists on this though but that's ok. If anyone is so offended by that that they find me intolerant then my job is done I guess. Let the trash take itself out.

I'm truly sick of the radical followers of trendy movements like feminism. Toxic people are the real problem and we have to solve that big problem instead of dissecting it into a kazillion tiny pieces with names like politic belief or religion or race or gender or whatever.

We have to get back to basic sense. We have to get back to family roots and connections with nature. Otherwise we are truly doomed. Smart Cities will be the end of us.

We're far too sensitive with our language, feelings and reactions. We need to have tolerance or we're not going to make it very much farther in the human race.

Honestly! We've got to cut the crap with our own our paper-thin boundaries and our morally void self-preservation tactics. We must see that we are one race, the human race and that we can live in a united world. We just have to do the hard work of defeating the dragon-beast of a system first.

We could actually be a united people who have the most wonderful technology in our hands. We could achieve wonder and achievements beyond our wildest dreams. We could save or extend so many lives and literally save the planet. No more cancer. No more animal testing. No more catastrophes. No more suffering.

It's so doable. It remains impossible only because we make it so. We fail to get the big picture. We fail to come together. We hide away from each other. We point fingers. We shrink from who we are. We wither away inside. We collectively die. Why would an intelligent species ever opt for that ending?

We're so capable. We're just lazy. We're hurt and offended, maybe even scared. But we're just being stupid at this point. Stupid because we know in our bones that we can make change but we're just too lazy. It's too much, or too hard, or too upsetting.

How else do we explain the situation we're in? We know that we have overlords (Crown Temple). We know where they are (City of London). We know what they're doing (Vatican, United Nations).

That we so many humans drift around this planet suffering is truly society's own damn fault. The people who continuously commit the most heinous crimes against humanity

are in plain view controlling all of our politicians. What is our problem as a collective? Really!

I know the fluoride and the vaccines are doing what they're designed to do. It's scary as hell to watch the people around you turn into zombies. The worst of it is how they believe they get smarter the farther they degrade. They get so angry at people who don't think like them. They demand that we enter into the city of light (the cloud) with them.

As far as I can tell, the collective is playing right into hands of our global slave masters. They want us to realize how bad our governments and monarchies have been. They want us to hate Queen Elizabeth and Justin Trudeau because that keeps all eyes off of them. They set all of the liability up so that they take the fall for all of the evil bullshit unfolding in Canada. I'm certainly not defending the wretch but this definitely isn't all on her.

The Crown Temple wants us to realize how brutal our police are, how failing our child welfare systems are, how corrupt our courts are, how sick our people are and how bad the intolerance for racism, homophobia women's rights, and whatever else. They want us to see the genocides now and they want us to get upset and angry at this time even though all of the atrocious crimes that our government purported against its own people were already well realized by the informed people of society.

The informed people of society are literally watching the agendas unfold and the masses of brainwashed fools fall for the agenda every single time. They want us to wake up to what's been going on in the world, get pissed about it and then embrace their wonderful solutions of Agenda 2030 with open arms.

The sustainable development goals look so darn good to a basic twit who can't think for themselves but critical thinkers can immediately see the mass violation of human rights that must occur in order to facilitate the agenda.

We're letting this greedy bunch of pigs control everything on this planet just to use it all against us and lap it all up for themselves. They are destroying us and everything that we love. Who will stand up to it? Hell, most of us can't even wake up to it.

When will we see that it's a most imperative time in history where it truly has become us against them? When will we see that both wings are of the same bird? When will we learn that love (and some justified righteous anger) is the only way forward for us all?

We need to get back to our roots. Family and community are the only thing, in my mind, that can possibly fix this global threat. We need to scale back and protect one another in our own communities. We need to find tolerance and acceptance of one another and understand that even with all of our differences we're all more alike than we realize on a day to day basis. We bleed the same. We cry the same tears. We die like the next guy. Life is precious. We need to respect it, even if we don't agree with it.

I personally believe that there have been agendas unfolding in this world that have affected human sexuality. Still, I don't give a damn about anyone's sexuality. I understand that everyone on this planet is being affected by the darkness of our infiltrated governments.

Everyone is being affected by the corrupted United Nations various agendas at this point. Therefore, I care about the fundamental human rights of each person, not what they're wearing, where they live or what they chose to believe.

I've advocated for a transgendered individual who grew up in foster care. The person was experiencing harassment by housing providers. I didn't advocate the person's sexuality issues. I advocated their right to housing as a human being.

Do I believe in the Transgender agenda? No, I most certainly do not. Do I care about the people sucked in by it? Yes, I most certainly do. Hate is blinding this world and we need to take a step back and think about how we treat each other.

It was through this sort of human decency that the individual felt valid as a human being. And, what would you know? That person eventually re-transitioned and actually even became a biological parent. Would that sort of full-circle growth be possible in the face of constant alienation and humiliation? I doubt it! We just have to have a touch more love in our hearts over all of the hate and beautiful things truly do begin to unfold.

We've got to stop the hate, somehow, and it starts with us. I used to hate on everything because of my anger. It's only when I show kindness to someone who shows me hate that I can see potential for change. When I hate on someone for hating me we build this perpetual negative energy but when I show love or pity to someone who isn't used to getting that I see an immediate positive effect. There is a trick to this love and forgiveness thing we're always hearing about.

Now that doesn't mean that I live in la-la land. I still get hot-headed and pissed. I let myself cycle through that anger though and I return myself to a balance state as quickly as I'm able to. It's not always a quick transition.

It's very true that when you hold onto anger it's like drinking a glass of poison and expecting the person you're angry with to die. We're allowed to be angry, but we've got to resolve that anger somehow or we just keep drinking that poison while it has absolutely no effect on anyone else but ourselves no matter how much we want it to. That's just insanity when you boil it down. Sitting around being pissed is just pointless self-harm no matter how good or justified it might feel. You have to find a way to make yourself understand this if you've been repeatedly hurt and rejected. I totally get the need to comfort ones self with anger but please trust me when I say there's a better way.

It does take some time to find the groove of not being angry, but once you start and feel the effects there'll be no turning back. When you see how others were able to control you with anger and hateful reactions you'll be able to take your power back and you'll never let you'll understand what immense power you were allowing your adversary to have against you.

You'll eventually see that when others can't trigger your angry that a power transfer occurs. Those people actually get angry at you. The tables turn. You become an alchemist and you learn to transmute the bullshit. You win.

It's so liberating to tell your adversary that you forgive them. When they see your inner peace it causes an outrage within their whole being. They begin to drink the poison now. They don't even understand how the power shift occurred. You outsmart them in this way and you get your revenge 100x over.

Do we understand yet that all governments are now run by secret societies with foreign allegiance? The Masonic order evolves into the Knights Templar and then evolve into the Sovereign Military Order of Malta. The SMOM is the protector and defender of the Crown Temple within the Corporation of the Sovereign City of London. The SMOM are also the military arm to the Vatican and they have a seat as a permanent observer at the United Nations.

We are not going under a new world order, we've been under one for some time now. The Crown Temple is the global de facto government. If Canadians thought the Crown meant the British Crown they were sorely mistaken. The Crown Temple calls all the shots. Please see for yourself.

The Crown Temple allegedly controls every law society in the world. Canadian courts so closely resemble the ancient style of their fancy fairy tales courts that it isn't even funny. The truth is sitting in plain sight for all those with the eyes to see it.

Why don't we talk about how the magnetic smart dust got into the body in the first place? Why is DARPA technology not on the top of critical public discussion? Why not have the government announce the purported amazingness of the progress with graphene, Luciferace, nano rods & mesh, quantum dots, human cloning, consciousness transfer, the quantum computer and cloud, etc?

And for heaven's sake, why in the world would governments fail to make its people aware of the Grand Solar Minimum? I'm still trying to understand the potential grand solar minimum for myself. I'm not sure what to make of it all just yet. Still, what's wrong with open debates on such important topics?

If something is a real threat we can deal with it and if something isn't true as purported we can figure that out together. The way it stands now we rely on our 'leaders' for important answers and we ridicule the little guy who dares to ask a freakin question. We need to get smarter as a society. We need to answer our own questions together. I

don't consent to this de facto satanic government. Do you? This is our world! What will we do about it together?

In the past, the Freemasons have been banned from operating in a free society. Let's not forget how deeply twisted the Templars were/are. Some of them have been burned alive in the past due to their alleged heinousness.

There have been laws enacted to keep these people out of our government but this fraternal order of brothers is just so relentless. They always find a way to infiltrate and to corrupt. That's just what they do.

Any person who wants to defend this old boys club had better be clear about the history of Freemasonry and what side of humanity they're really on! People should read about the Morgan Affair and the history of Freemasonry in North America.

The Jesuits, Freemasons and others always played it off like they were enemies with different goals. Maybe they were. It really doesn't matter because they are very certainly just different organs of one body at this point. John A. Macdonald was a member of the Kingston Templar preceptory. The preceptory website says that it is the head of the Masonic order and that it all belongs to the military arm of the Vatican. Do you see it yet?

The Crown Temple is the new government. And, yet, they aren't new at all. They're ancient and they've slowly been infiltrating, by deceit, for years. The dragon-beast will rear its ugly head, for all to see, very soon. Too soon, in fact!

They City of London put out a scavenger hunt-like game not too long ago. They wanted the public to start finding symbols as clues that would solve a puzzle. It seems the Crown Temple is getting ready to announce themselves as the global government that will operate through the United Nations.

If an individual took a Masonic oath, they sold their soul. You can take that literally or as a metaphor. Either way they chose the dark side. Period!

If I were a brother I'd be more concerned about proving me wrong on that one than in defending the higher degrees of Masonry that many Masons know NOTHING about.

Jesus Christ clearly said that if you walk with him you'll never walk in darkness. It doesn't matter if you take that literally or metaphorically. I'm not going to convince anyone about anything. Still, either way, it's a pretty clear message. Think about the first Masonic oath and what was admitted to.

That's selling your soul to the devil my friends. It's as real or as metaphorical as you want to take it but again, the message is pretty clear. If all of Masonry is a metaphor then metaphorically one should have enough intelligence to put it all together.

I know by my own experience that the 'satanic panic' isn't a panic at all. There's a genuine epidemic of systemic child abuse that's being covered up by many of the professionals in many different communities. Fraternity plays a key role in many of these communities. Coincidence? I think not!

I don't think that the people who abuse children are all practicing Satanists, though some very well could be I suppose. I believe that the system that covers it up is satanic. Satan is not a real entity. Whoever is still thinking this way needs some anointing oil and some prolonged binaural beats.

Actually, I know for a fact that it's not a coincidence. Still, I don't go on and on about the pedophile network, SRA, adrenochrome, etc., because those in the know, know. Those who don't know just choose not to accept it. It gets so old.

After discovering the connections with the Native genocide and the child welfare system I found Kevin Annett. Kevin has authored several books detailing the corruption in Canada but his most epic contribution to the Canadian People is his book titled "Murder by Decree – A counter report to the TRC."

I tried to get a copy of Murder by Decree into my local library. The CEO of that library is Barbara Sweet. Barbara is William Sweet's Wife. William Sweet was the executive director of the now defunct PECAS who recently plead guilty for his role in the PECAS foster care sexual abuse scandal. See how it all connects?

At any rate, I tried to get the Downie-Wenjack Fund/Foundation to accept Kevin's important literature as they are purporting to be setting matters straight about the Canadian genocide.

The DWF told me they are aware of Kevin's book and that it's been shared with their justice circle but yet, to my knowledge, they fail to act on the information in that book. Instead, the DWF is putting out information in-line with the TRC which I know beyond all doubt to be corrupt because I've read the facts for myself.

I asked the DWF why one of their corporate sponsors was a nuclear waste company. I told them that this didn't seem to be in-line with Gord Downie's vision when he created the DWF. The DWF told me they are grateful for all of their donators and thanked me for my inquiry.

I believe the Masonic Native chiefs will continue to facilitate an agenda to expose the Canadian genocide, even though Kevin Annett already has, in order for the UN to come in to protect one of its member states from such atrocities. They are atrocities, indeed! But the unveiling of these atrocities is being perfectly timed by terrible people for an unseen global agenda.

Once the corruption and genocides of various nations is brought to the forefront the UN will step in with its magical fix, agenda 2030. Before you know it the UN will be fixing the

police brutality, the corrupt child protection agencies, the rotten banking system, the failing food supply, the purported global injustices, the twisted education systems, etc., but things certainly won't be for the better.

The puppeteers at behind the U.N curtain and their LEGION have destroyed what we love (thesis). Now they look to the people for a reaction (antithesis) so that they may offer a solution (synthesis). It's an age-old technique of manipulation referred to as Hegelian dialect. Create the problem, generate a reaction and offer a solution. Voila. In the absence of any other solution the people usually accept whatever purported *solutions* the government comes up with for them.

The U.N Agenda for Sustainability is really designed to sustain the corruption no matter how it might appear on the surface. Our Masonic Prime Ministers and their governments have been selling Canadians out to the U.N. since day one. The plan for Canada was always something much bigger than most Canadians see on the surface of our history. We have to look much deeper.

A hidden hand has always controlled Canadian politics. The U.N is quite likely to eventually usurp Canadian sovereignty by invalidating treaties and constitutions of member states under Article 103 of the U.N Charter.

Knowing that this global corruption speaks in reverse, it's plain to see that the 17 sustainable development goals are a threat to the human race. Equal rights means the loss of rights. No poverty means that we all receive the same rations. Protecting nature means cutting us off from it. Meaningful employment means slavery. Everything is in reverse and double-speak is rampant with everything this global government is attempting to do.

The confusion lies in the fact that these elite dirt bags aren't worshipping the metaphor of Satan. They're openly worshipping the energy of Lucifer and they really don't care if we believe in their black magic and rituals or not. They are doing it and they don't care what any of us think about them doing it!

So is every person attached to the Masonic network a bad person? Of course not. From my perspective, Freemason's are either, willing and knowingly a part of the deception or they're being deceived by the other brothers. Freemasons should feel highly betrayed when they figure out what they devoted their life to. I doubt the stature and perks were worth one's soul...

I doubt many lower level Masons even understand the concept of Masonic religion or what practicing the 'craft' really entails.

Since beginning this document, I've learned much about the clan Macdonald. It does seem like these controlling family members weren't just a figment of my imagination after all. Clan Macdonald has a pretty rich history that I'm learning all about. I just love how they thought I'd never figure it out. They always underestimated me.

The truth doesn't need to be believed to stand. I might sound crazy to the close-minded ones out there but I'm very used to that by now. They're not my intended audience. They'll, unfortunately, find out for themselves in the hardest possible ways in the times to come. It is well with my soul!

It's ok with me because I know what I know about this rotten horrible system. I'm the person that deals with the morally confused and traumatized social workers when they've had enough abuse by CAS executives. I'm the one that suicidal clergy and laypeople cry to when their system doesn't make sense to them anymore.

I'm the one who makes the nurse cry when simply challenged by morals over duty. I'm the one the police call when they can't handle an out of control foster child who was abused by tax dollars. I'm the one that parents find when they have no supports and feel utterly defeated.

I'm the one who takes the random calls from the former children who still have nightmares. I'm the one who spends holidays with former foster kids whereby we share time and love in the absence of food or presents to share.

I'm the one that suicidal men find when the feminized, vindictive system eats them alive. I'm the one who tells boys they are just as valid as girls when they're losing hope and can't find their place in the world. I'm the one that doctors release suicidal drug addicts into the care of.

I'm the one who has never made a dime of the sick system that purports all of this pain. I'm the person who never will. I'm the one who never fit in, despite all of the grooming by community and extended family members in my youth. I'm too old to care what people think of me now. I know who I am and what my purpose is.

However this all ends for me now, I know that this twisted system can't stop what's been put into motion. My love and all of the seeds of humility and truth that I planted will continue to grow and I know that one day the darkness in this world will be consumed by the unstoppable, collective truth of the downtrodden.

I have broken free of the religious shackles that controlled me for most of my life but I see that it continues to control so many others who are still trapped in that old way of thinking. At first, when my own spiritual crisis began I turned from God. I didn't want anything to do with an entity responsible for so much misery and suffering on this planet.

Fortunately, I've come full circle in my relationship with my Almighty Father. I've learned, firsthand, that the misery isn't caused by Him after all. It's created and sustained by the dragon-beast system and the growing LEGION of dying souls that work against Him.

I can't help the atheists. The attack on the VMAT 2 gene and the heavy ongoing indoctrination against true spirituality are quite the effective tools for soul harvesting. It's beyond sad! Intentional severing of the connection between individual humans and the divine is an epic crime against our Almighty Father. Please, do not forgive them father for they know exactly what they do.

I'm not prepared or willing to deal with toxic, malicious or corrupt people or practice in my life on any level whatsoever from this moment on.

Equity is denied to me by all levels of government in Canada. PEC, Ontario, Canada, and the U.N are not engaging with me with 'clean hands'.

My hands are clean while my life, liberty and security of person remain at immediate risk.

I'm purported to be the lunatic when on one hand PEC allegedly provides security services for a statue of a genocidal maniac but cancels Canada Day out of respect to the Natives on the other hand. No wonder I gradually felt that I didn't fit in there.

Most of the residents don't know whether to wind their butts or to scratch their watches unless a government official makes the decision for them. Many of the free-thinkers were forced to leave the county so it only makes sense that programmed sheep remain and continue to attract to the area.

It's truly surreal how I've had to record people every single day of my life for the past decade just to protect myself and to ensure that I get fair and basic services that any other person gets usually receives by default.

I think it's so utterly disgusting how the initiated ones have betrayed their own family and community members by working in the dark against their fellow man. Extreme betrayal! And for what? To help the Crown Temple enslave the world through a one world order. Yea. Good job idiots. They've potentially screwed the future for their own grandkids with their secret life and corrupt rewards. I'd start getting redeeming myself now if I were them.

When I finally release the compilations of recordings it'll make for an interesting little documentary one day. At present, however, there are more urgent matters at hand. A document titled Loyalist Traditions will be released with this information one day, soon enough.

I document my experiences because it's important. I've literally risen above what they do to me. None of this is even really about me anymore. It's about something so much bigger. The truth is the only thing that matters to me now. I know that my truth will help others to understand what's going on around them and to help them to find their tribe, their peace and their way forward through the darkness of these trying times.

Some people try to tell me that all hope for a better world is lost or that we're all doomed because of various future scenarios. I don't believe any of it. The mustard seed parable is enough to keep me going. I firmly believe that hope, determination and back bone will save the day. So what if all of the other humans want to run themselves of a cliff? We don't have to consent to that system. She has fallen any way and it's time to come out from under that whore of Babylon.

Like this sovereign dude once told me "freedom ain't easy but it's worth it!"

If human beings stand in the light of truth and act with a love like never before, we'll snuff this darkness out of our respective communities and thus, eventually, from the world. Rebuke anything not of truth and anything that begs of you to contract in secrecy. Take no oath and let no man deceive you. We've got this!

The bigger they are, the harder they fall!

To my allies I send love and say "Godspeed". To all others, may you find peace, whatever that is to you, in this lifetime and may the Father Almighty judge you accordingly thereafter!

Brenda Everall
brendaeveryall@gmail.com