



## Baseball: *A Masonic* Ritual

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AN ARTICLE on baseball would never be complete without mention of my father. I don't know *why*. Perhaps this is another shrink issue and I should altogether stop writing articles on my hang-ups over the fact that we're being lied to about everything. *Sure*, he took me to Dodgers and Angels games as a child, but baseball was likely only nostalgic to my father because it was nostalgic to his father before him. This *also* probably explains why my grandfather attended our father-and-son outings. That is to say: we were not a sports addict family. From the stands, we peered in and digested the enthusiasm, but only sparingly. I figure their noticeable interest ultimately had something to do with our American pastime. Hot dogs and the cult of patriotism and all that. Baseball was just something we did occasionally, kind of like visiting Mount Rushmore or the Grand Canyon.

I also have a hunch that their nostalgia can ultimately be traced back to my great-grandfather, Lynwood. A man whom I've never met nor rarely ever heard mentioned except in passing, but whose profound influence could be felt in the manner of my upbringing. So, I guess you

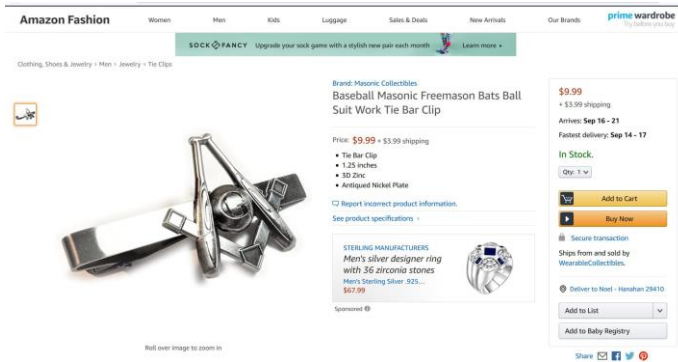
could say this is a follow-up to my recent paper on the Boy Scouts of America. If you're already confused, and you certainly wouldn't be the first, **the Boy Scouts** were created by **Freemasons** for the purposes of *initiation*. But what's new about that? **John Wayne** and **Nat King Cole** are a large part of our national pastime and they're both Freemasons, pushing the masonic agenda in practically everything they did. My great-grandfather was too—Freemason. *Hence* baseball and the Boy Scouts, which brings up my *next* point. I never even really thought about baseball until my web guy *Dave* told me in passing that he doesn't like the sport because it's a masonic ceremony, and I was like, "*Wait, what...?*"

My readers *assume* I have this all figured out and yet I'm simply discovering the man pulling the strings whenever I happen to pass each curtain. Our goal should be to get the hell out of Babylon by removing one layer of occult clothing at a time, and the thing is, I never trust a conveniently hung drape. This takes a dedicated effort. You too can do your own research into all things esoteric, including baseball. If that's what you're committed to at this very moment, then *welcome*. I'm eager to take a wrecking ball to this labyrinth of lies. Perhaps *more eagerly* than just about anyone. It's what motives me to clap away at this here keyboard, week after week. I want out of Babylon.



If my willingness to chuck a piece of Americana into the rotting garbage heap that is the Lake of Fire annoys you, then feel free to write your *shill* rebuttal about how baseball is not a masonic ceremony. Go right on with your consumption of **Cracker Jack**. And by the way, if you remember Cracker Jacks with an 's', then you've just been Mandela Effected. *Go ahead*. Pop that blue pill. Continue with the bread and circuses and paying no attention to the man behind the curtain, that sort of thing. *Shill* reports and gate-keeping academics are a dime a dozen. Entire Christian ministries are devoted to them. I don't even care anymore. Yahusha is soon returning and when he does, baseball is going to burn. Better get used to it *now*. Hugh Hefner's Hollywood sign will have to wait its turn, because every high place is coming down.

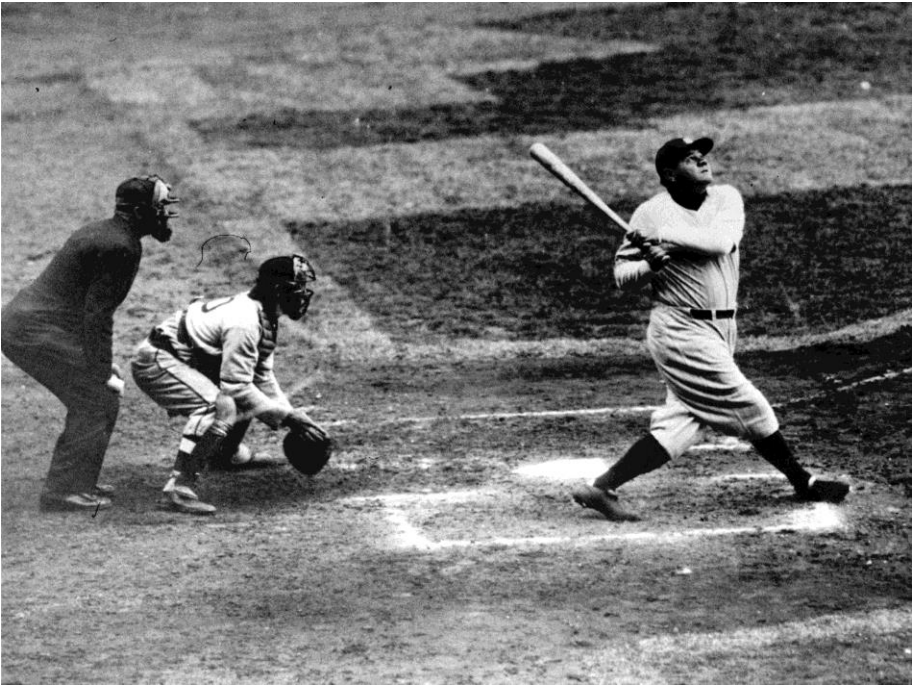
You will accuse me of wild accusations based upon several Google searches and a hunch, but if you've taken the time to read my work, then you should know by now that secret societies like to pinpoint certain key individuals as road markers to the psyop while hiding the greater number of players, so as to throw us off their scent, but *also* to build the illusion that is the American dream and cause the spell to do its intended work.



Finding a connection between Freemasons and their baby was not by any means difficult to do and only took a few moments of my time. The simplest search on Amazon.com provided the *above* item for sale. As you can see, the square and compass design has been cleverly shaved off of its usual camouflage so that the baseball diamond is perfectly exposed. That's what the baseball diamond is, you know. **The square and the compass.** The three usual bases making up the square are present and accounted for on the diamond field. The only creative liberties are in the swapping out of the lines, which separate the infield dirt from the grass, for two baseball bats rather than a compass. But then notice how the pitcher's mound is substituting for the place of God. Take a mental note of that. The pitcher is playing God.

It's a tie clip, by the way. Seems like its designer is proud of the *ceremony* aspect to their little slice of Americana. They can put it right out there in the open because most people are considered profane by the initiated and either don't care or won't notice if they did. None of this is circumstantial evidence. Baseball did not *become* a sport of Freemasonry after endless nights of flamboyant apron-wearing and blindfolded, noose-wearing initiates were led into the dark among a roomful of closeted homosexuals. It was esoterically designed from its very conception. Like

every ancient hieroglyph, the ultimate purpose of the Mystery religions is to lead the neophyte to knowledge of the god within. The immortal soul.



I can probably recite two, maybe three-dozen baseball players off the top of my head. **Mickey Mantle. Lou Gehrig. Ken Griffey Jr. Yogi Berra.** Also, **Joe DiMaggio**, thanks in part to Simon and Garfunkel. My first thought, after hearing that baseball was a masonic ritual, was to begin typing random names into the search engine. I wasn't disappointed.

**Babe Ruth** was a **Freemason**. **Willie Mays** was too. **Ted Williams. Rogers Hornsby. Cy Young. Ty Cobb. Honus Wagner.** Same story with everyone. They're all **Freemasons**. In fact, masonic websites *insist* that baseball players are notoriously known for their involvement in the Brotherhood. **Freemason Branch Rickey** signed **Jackie Robinson** to the sport, and what does that tell us? I'm willing to bet Jackie was a Lodge Brother. They probably all are.



*Spook* literature only grudgingly identifies baseball's inventor as a certain **Abner Doubleday** (1819-1893). For whatever reason, they're attempting to spin the narrative, and it appears as though the bones of Doubleday, buried today at the National Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, New York (the very location of baseball's invention in 1839), are caught up in an identity crisis, but it all depends upon who you talk to. *This* is how Wikipedia phrases it.

In 1908, 15 years after his death, Doubleday was declared by the Mills Commission to have invented the game of baseball (a claim never made by Doubleday during his lifetime). This claim has been thoroughly debunked by baseball historians.<sup>[2][3]</sup>

Doubleday was declared by **the Mills Commission** to have invented the game of baseball, but only 15 years after his death, having never made that claim during his own lifetime. What is the Mills Commission? I'm glad you asked. I had the same question. Wikipedia *again*.

#### **The Mills Commission** [ edit ]

In 1888, Spalding accompanied a group of star players on a world tour to promote the game of baseball, playing an exhibition game in the shadow of the Great Pyramids of Egypt. Upon their return the following year, a dinner was held to honor the players and Mills was asked to serve as master of ceremonies. The dinner, held at Delmonico's Restaurant in New York, was attended by an eclectic and prestigious crowd of 300 guests, among them Mark Twain and Theodore Roosevelt. The event's main theme focused on the sport as America's ambassador to the world. Also emphasized was the notion that baseball had not, as many believed, evolved from the British game of rounders. Reportedly, at various points throughout the evening, audience members broke out into rousing chants of "No rounders! No rounders!"<sup>[1]</sup> The display of patriotism intrigued Spalding and inspired a debate concerning baseball's origins. The debate came to a head in 1903 when Henry Chadwick published a widely read article tracing baseball's evolution from rounders. In response, Spalding, who believed baseball was a fundamentally American invention, published an article disputing Chadwick's claim and challenged him by suggesting that they appoint a commission to settle the matter. Chadwick agreed, and in 1905 a commission headed by Mills was formed.

The Mills Commission found its origin in **Abraham Gilbert Mills** and an exhibition game under the shadows of **the Great Pyramids of Egypt**. Nothing to see there, I'm sure. At a dinner held to honor the players, Mills was asked to serve as master of ceremonies. It is *there* where Doubleday

was named by Mills as the founder of baseball. We are told the 300 guests in attendance was an eclectic and prestigious crowd, involving **Mark Twain** and **Theodore Roosevelt**. There he is *again*. **Agent Mark Twain**. I wish I could say I'm making this stuff up, but I'm not. The way in which Twain zigzagged about the country recruiting spooks, poking his head into practically every paper that I write, it's a wonder he had any time to publish books. I figure the Wikipedia makes special mention of Twain and Roosevelt because they were both **Master Masons**. They probably all were, which tells us that naming Doubleday as the founder of baseball was not by accident.

Theosophy [ edit ]

In the summer of 1878, Doubleday lived in Mendham Township, New Jersey, and became a prominent member of the Theosophical Society. When two of the founders of that society, Helena Blavatsky and Henry Steel Olcott, moved to India at the end of that year, he was constituted as the president of the American body.

Though slim on details, The Wikipedia is at least forthcoming with Doubleday's involvement in **Theosophy**. In 1878, Doubleday relocated to Mendham Township, New Jersey, just 40 miles due west of New York City. His move apparently had something to do with the fact that **Helena Blavatsky** and **Henry Steel Olcott**, founders of Theosophy, moved to India that very year. Doubleday became the **president of American Theosophy** in the wake of their absence.

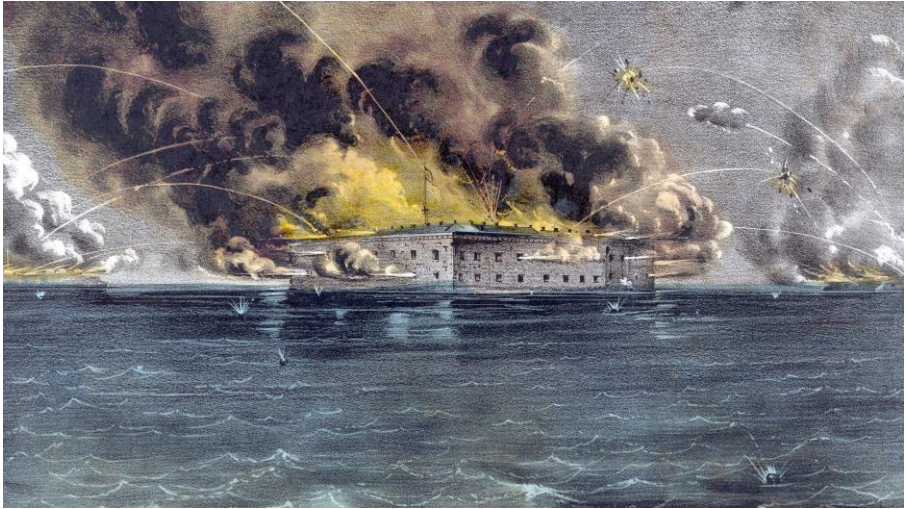
*Seriously*, did you expect there to be so many spooks in this paper? I didn't. Because that's what Theosophy's founders were, and Doubleday was no exception. Was he *also* a Freemason? We are not told. We needn't be though. Being named at a flamboyant Masonic dinner is the tip-off. And besides, Doubleday did fight at the **battle of Gettysburg** and that was one big flamboyant masonic summer festival. Every single officer on both sides were likely Freemasons.

**Abner Doubleday** (June 26, 1819 – January 26, 1893)<sup>[1]</sup> was a career United States Army officer and Union major general in the American Civil War. He fired the first shot in defense of Fort Sumter, the opening battle of the war, and had a pivotal role in the early fighting at the Battle of Gettysburg. Gettysburg was his finest hour, but his relief by Maj. Gen. George G. Meade caused lasting enmity between the two men. In San Francisco, after the war, he obtained a patent on the cable car railway that still runs there. In his final years in New Jersey, he was a prominent member and later president of the Theosophical Society.

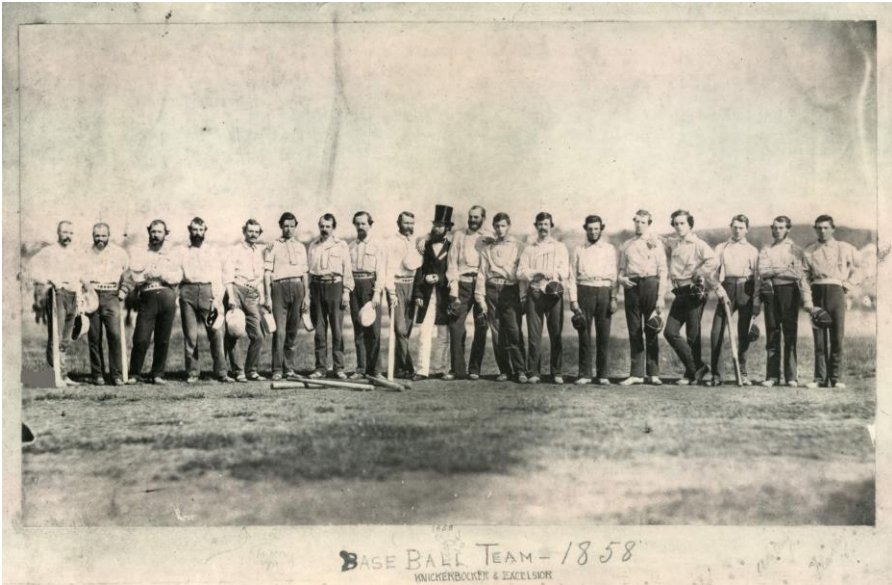
Just look at his accomplishments. We read: “He obtained a patent on the cable car railway that still runs there.” Did he have to shake Satan's hand or something? His opening paragraph is bloated with handshakes. The Wikipedia describes his “greatest accomplishment,” *wink-wink*, by highlighting the fact that Doubleday aimed the cannon that fired the first



return shot in answer to the Confederate bombardment of Fort Sumter on April 12, 1861. Major **Robert Anderson** was Sumter's defender and, I *checked*, he was a **Freemason**. He would even go on to be **knighthood** in New York City the *following* year. Then again, I didn't give up on the background checks. **P.G.T. Beauregard** fired upon Sumter from the Confederate end of the operation, and he was a highly ranked **Freemason**, having only recently been **knighthood**. If only I were making this up. Try not to let cognitive dissonance win the day.



On April 12, 1861, there was a lot of *Boom! Boom! Boom!* going on in Charleston Harbor and *nobody* died. They could have at least *faked* the numbers, as they so often do. Nobody would question a hundred casualties with names like Jedediah Smith or Henry Jones—even if they were invented. The only mortal injury happened afterwards during a 100-gun salute—a certain **Private Daniel Hough**. It is not an accident by any means that Fort Sumter resides on the northern **33rd parallel**. The Civil War began with the lowering of the American flag at Fort Sumter on **April 14, 1861**, by Freemason Robert Anderson. It ended four years later, when Anderson raised the American flag over Fort Sumter on **April 14, 1865**. *Same date*. **Abraham Lincoln** was shot at Ford's Theater by **John Wilkes Booth** that very night. **April 14**. The Civil War was like on big flamboyant Freemason convention. The inventor of baseball was involved in the opening ceremony to a very strange war.



Baseball has another inventor in the person of **Alexander Cartwright** (1820-1892). I *checked*. Cartwright was a **Freemason**. And once again, his importance as the “father of baseball” is in dispute.

Accordingly, its origins can ultimately be found to something called Knickerbocker, from which the New York based **Gotham Base Ball Club** is named. In 1842, Cartwright broke away from Gotham and led the establishment of the **Knickerbocker Base Ball Club**. This might be on the test. And get *this*. Cartwright had a part in the **1849 California gold rush**. Talk about a Masonic hoax. Not just Masonic though. The **Jesuits** and the **Mormons** were involved in that one. Like Doubleday, agent Cartwright got around.

I suspect the rally cry of gold was simply alchemical in nature, a coded language which Cartwright would have been outright familiar with. We are not told who Cartwright spoke with in California, but he quickly reemerged as fire chief of Honolulu in 1850, a position he would hold until 1863. If that doesn't impress you, then the fact that a New York lawyer *turned* gold prospector *turned* fire chief then became an advisor to **Queen Emma** and her successor, **King Kalakaua**, *should*.



Kalakaua was the last reigning monarch of the kingdom of Hawaii. His eventual overthrow probably has something to do with the Intel surrounding his family for the several decades prior, preparing for America's westward expansion and a little something called Pearl Harbor. Among them were the royal house of **Hastings**, involved in far too many psyops and historical hoaxes to number, which you can read about *here*.

#### Donner Party Family Relations.



Agent Cartwright died on July 12, 1892, six months before the Hawaiian monarchy's abrupt end in 1893. It is by no means a coincidence that one of the leaders of the overthrow movement was **Lorrin Thurston**. Are you ready for this? You may want to hold onto something. A role of toilet paper will do. **Thurston played baseball** with Alexander Cartwright III.



Sometime in 1837, before Cartwright broke away from the Gotham Base Ball Club, Knickerbocker rules were formalized by another *reported* founder, **William Wheaton** (1814-1888). I *checked*. Wheaton was a **Freemason**, and just like Cartwright, Wheaton was a forty-niner, arriving to the **Gold Rush** psyop precisely on schedule. As if I'm not already suspicious enough as to what they were hiding in California, particularly the pre-existent cities of San Francisco and Sacramento, Wheaton was later appointed in 1876 by **US president Ulysses S. Grant** to the Register of the General Land Office of the United States, a position

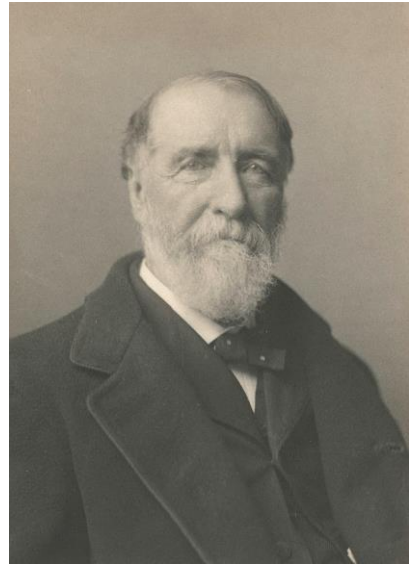
which he held until 1886. Lodge brothers looking out for each other, I guess.

But why diddle-daddle? We might as well get to the meat of the matter. As anyone who investigates this sort of thing will surely come to find, **masonic baseball leagues** were common practice in the first two or three decades of the twentieth century. So many masons surround baseball, that eventually, one has little choice but to throw up their hands from the keyboard and go, *Shut up, Sherlock*.

Let's put it *this* way. I could come up with my own sport. I could then go about proving to you that it's the greatest sport since Aztecs used human heads as a pitching and hoop dunking ball (there's your basketball connection). I could gather my serial readers into an empty field—perhaps where the train tracks meet Walmart—and provide a series of YouTube demos proving to the world how incredible my new sport truly is. But *nobody's* going to play my modern-day version of the ritual human sacrifice, because baseball diamonds carved into the grass of practically every American city doesn't simply happen on its own merit. That's not how the world works. We only know about baseball and a place called **Elysian Fields**, which I shall turn to in a moment, because spooks create the news and then write the books, but *also*, the reviews. And if that

doesn't work, they will purchase every first edition from the shelves and spend millions on their own *crap* art, simply to guide the hand of every American as they cross the street. Or in the case of baseball, they will fill the bleachers with spooks, if need be.

Case in point. By 1856, **Andrew Chadwick**, a sportswriter for *The New York Times*, had already begun pushing the idea that baseball would become America's pastime. A couple dozen Lodge brothers were cracking their bat with a ball in a little field outside of New York and there's Chadwick, selling America on grassroots. *Right*. A quick search on The Wikipedia will easily demonstrate that spook behavior surrounds Chadwick. His grandfather was a close friend of the **Wesley brothers**. His father had an *unspecified* part in the French Revolution, and his brother, **Sir Edwin Chadwick**, became England's "sanitary philosopher." Essentially, Sir Edwin helped pave the way for Agenda 2030 by developing environmental measures and laws designed to counteract the effects of the Industrial Revolution. See what they did there? *Order out of chaos*. Chadwick was married to **Jane Botts** of the **Virginia Botts family**. Already, I've given you four *separate* rabbit trails in the life of Andrew Chadwick, sportswriter for **The New York Times**. Each probably deserves its own paper. For spooks, you see, all swim in the *same* circle.





THE AMERICAN NATIONAL GAME OF BASE BALL.

GRAND MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP AT THE ELYSIAN FIELD, HOBOKEN, N. J.

THE YEAR was still 1845 when, in Hoboken, New Jersey, a baseball diamond was carved out of the grass. In **Elysian Field**, America's pastime would become seared into the national consciousness. On June 19, 1846, the Knickerbockers played the New York Nine in the first officially recorded game between two clubs. **Alexander Cartwright** oversaw the ceremony as umpire.

Hopefully you planted a Buzz Aldrin Hollywood basement moon flag after reading **Elysian Field**, because we've just been given another handshake introduction to the worship of **Demeter** and **Persephone**. Be sure to plant another next to Cartwright's role as **umpire**. If not, then *follow* along. In the ancient Eleusinian Mysteries, immortal rites were reserved only for mortals *related* to the gods, specifically those *chosen* by the gods. The importance of the spiritual Elysian Plane cannot be understated in practically every Mystery religion, including Freemasonry, especially as it pertains to the earthly function of secret societies, but also, *this* topic. Baseball. The assignment which initiates received from the gods in the mortal realm hoped to adjoin with their employment in heaven. Like the Mills Commission and their ceremony under the shadow of the Great Pyramids of Giza, Alexander Cartwright and his associates chose Elysian

Field because they were thinking in metaphysical terms. It was the immortal soul they were after.

Baseball hinges upon sacred geometry and is entirely based upon the number 3. I will therefore remind you, *so is* Freemasonry.

Consider the following:

3 strikes.

3 outs.

9 innings.

9 positions.

27 total outs.

81 games on the road.

Since we're suddenly all about numbers, I'll readily admit to the fact that I'm *terrible* at math. But I haven't even begun to dig into the honesty yet. Truth is, I'd rather trudge barefoot in the snow uphill both ways or play a game of Russian Roulette with Dirty Harry than sign up for another round of algebra. Just in case you too are terrible at math, then I've walked the line between sanity and the banana peel by slapping together a couple of math equations.

$$3 \times 9 = 27$$

$$9 \times 9 = 81$$

See how math works? *Mm-hmm*. Math. It nearly fractured my mind. Hopefully, you're staying strong. Let's keep at it though.

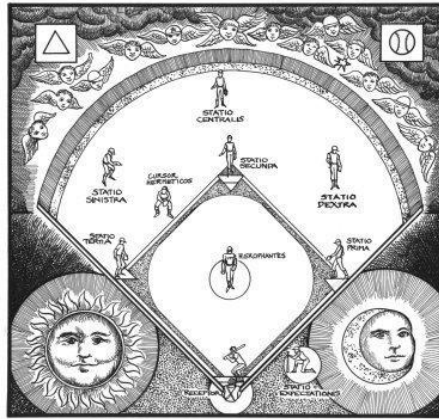


A moment or two ago I was trying to find out *who* it was that first called baseball a national religion. The person's name is **Morris Raphael Cohen**. *Mm-hmm. Cohen*. Take a second glance at the picture. Need I spell it out? Oh, *fine*. He wrote a book called: 'Reflections of a Wandering **Jew**.' Leave it to a Cohen to inform our reality as to what a religious ceremony is and is not. Perhaps as a child, I never understood the connection between hobby and religion because baseball came across as all sport and no ritual.





Then again, I never grasped checkerboard duality either, which just so happens to be how baseball fields are trimmed nowadays. In reality, baseball represents the maintenance of the cosmic order of the universe and the ritual regeneration of life, but only among the initiated.



One thoughtful glance at the *above* illustration, **four corners of the realm and the firmament**, and it's like everybody knows the earth is motionless and flat, positioned under a solid dome. Everyone *but* the gullible masses, that is. FYI, the gullible masses are the people hollering and jeering, stuffing their faces with peanuts and Cracker Jack in the stands. They pay the ticket price merely for the elementary explanation of the hieroglyph and the exoteric amusements of life. The game is *set up* that way.

I can't think up a *better* analogy but that the world is a stage. That's quite literally what we're looking at here, but in cosmological terms. Its star players are traded around on various corporate-owned team rosters while the unsuspecting public are invited to do their part as the profane and watch the initiated perform immortal rites. If you think I am simultaneously describing a Trump or Biden rally, or a Trump and Clinton rally, or a Romney and Obama rally, or a McCain and Obama rally, or a Bush and Kerry rally, or a Bush and Gore rally, then you would be correct.



Baseball can perhaps best be described in the esoteric strokes of a Gnostic journey, and it goes down as *follows*.

It is the spring equinox. **Persephone** is released from her annual bondage in Hades and the game, much like the oncoming harvest season, can annually commence. A sacred song is rehearsed and then the players, dressed in pure white ceremonial garbs, take their place on the sacred quadrant. The umpires are the priests of old, dressed in blue. They know the 'law' and can therefore ensure the ritual is rightly performed.

As spectators our attention is turned upon the pitcher playing the part of the **Demiurge**. The field itself is the Earth, by which the batter must navigate without obstruction to obtain self-illumination. When he steps up to home plate, it is his moment to defeat the dust he is shackled to and *shine* like the stars in the firmament above. The four bases represent the **four elements**. Home base is most obviously the Earth, with third base, often referred to as the "hot corner," signifying **Fire**. Naturally, the pitcher's mound makes up the fifth element, and that is Spirit. The shortstop, considered to be among the most demanding defensive positions, plays off like **Hermes**, navigating swiftly between the spiritual planes.



With the batter, we quickly arrive at the phallic aspects of this ritual. The home plate batter raises his, *well*, bat, which is *not* the law of the Demiurge but the law of Freemasonry and the sacred wand of the ancient Mysteries—a gnosis which can be known but never described. Only the most disciplined of neophytes will succeed. If he strikes out, it is because he was not successful 1/3 of the time, and the Grand Architect, who is *also* the accuser, has secured his place in this present Hades. He must then go back into the dugouts, the ancestral womb by which he was formed, until he is called upon again to bat in another incarnation.

The ball itself is the batter's spirit or soul. If the batter fails to vex the accuser, his spirit then naturally returns to "God." If he knocks it out of the ballpark, he triumphs in so much as his soul has ascended beyond the firmament. Prison walls of the Demiurge's making.

He is *now* immortal.

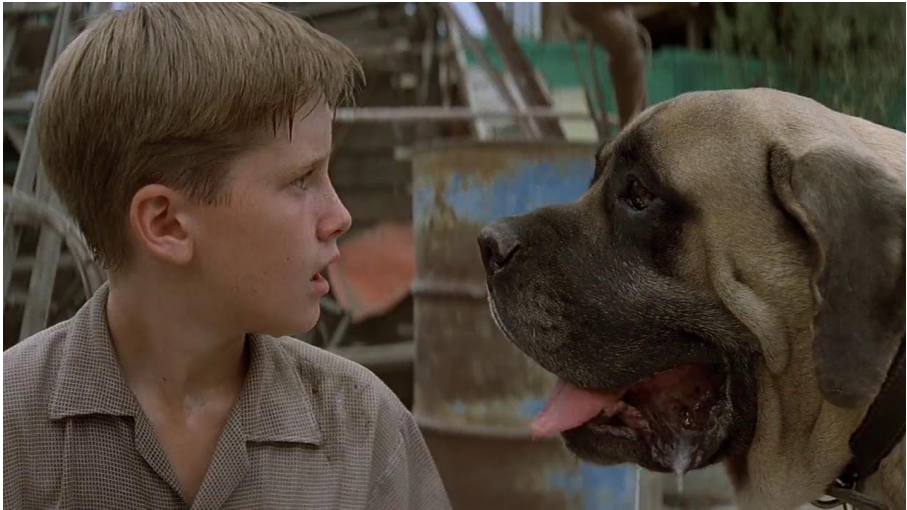


## The Sandlot

WE'LL just call this a movie review. [EDIT: Movie reviews.] Assuming you have read this far, then let's take what we've learned today and apply it to something which I'm almost certain everyone should be familiar with. The *added* ingredient to every father and son story probably involves puberty, and one

of my greatest adolescent expressions came while seated in a dark theater watching a baseball movie. Every hormonal angst was conveyed in a single moment when the boy with glasses faked his own drowning at the public pool with the sole mission of having **Wendy Peffercorn** resuscitate him. You know perfectly well what movie I'm talking about. 'The Sandlot'. I probably don't even need to rehearse the plot, but it goes something like *this*.

In the summer of 1962, **Scotty Smalls** moves with his parents to the San Fernando Valley, where he has difficulty making friends. Although he attempts to hone-in upon a group of boys who play baseball religiously at the local sandlot, he is embarrassed by his inability to catch or throw the ball, and his stepfather is too busy, or perhaps uninterested, to teach him. Only **Benny Rodriguez**, also known as ‘The Jet’, has the faith and patience to teach Scotty the discipline necessary to transform the profane into a player. As the narrative unfolds, baseball quickly becomes a metaphor for the fleeting moments of youth and the bond of brotherhood which very few seem to find. By the way, the boy with glasses is known by his teammates as **Squints**.



Hitting the ball out of the park has never proven a problem for Benny Rodriguez. You’d think that would make him a Master, but no. Rather, Benny has never been pushed nor tested to his own outer limits. The ultimate obstacle, we come to find, is that every single ball which Benny slugs over the ~~firmament~~ fence line is guarded by a dog named The Beast. If we’re keeping a lookout for the esoteric strokes of Freemasonry—the relationship between the phallus and the soul—then the English Mastiff should be easily recognized as a stand-in for Hades.



Complications further arise when Benny catapults yet another ball, this time unknowingly signed by **Babe Ruth**, beyond the *known* realm, only to have The Beast paw and gnaw at it in every way possible. Upon learning of their error, nobody, not even Benny ‘The Jet’, dares to retrieve it from the clutches of The Beast. You see, just because Benny can play the Demiurge like a fiddle doesn’t mean he’s gotten around yet to conquering death.



It will take a **Mithraic**-like vision of **ascended Past Master** Babe Ruth, who enters Benny’s room through the closet by night, to initiate Rodriguez into the immortal fraternity.

Ruth says:

“Let me tell you something about it, kid. Everybody gets one chance to do something great. Most people hardly ever take the chance, either because they’re too scared or because they’re unable to recognize it when it spits on their shoes. This is your big chance, and you should never let it go by.”

The Sultan of Swat then adds:

“Remember, kid, there’s heroes and there’s legends; heroes get remembered, but legends never die. Follow your heart, kid, and you’ll never go wrong.”

If you’re paying attention, The Big Bambino has just defined the stark contrast between a recycled soul in the dugout and an ascended immortal. Benny “The Jet” may be a hero, but he has never truly conquered death, thereby securing his spot as a legend. Moving forward, Rodriguez knows precisely what he needs to do. Break the uneasy but longstanding truce with the Mastiff. In an unprecedented move, and against everyone’s pleas for rationality, Benny plummets over the fence, retrieves the ball, and then scrambles back into the sand lot unscathed. That is, until The Beast breaks through the measly boards separating them, as if its confinement behind the spiritual curtain had always been nothing.



An *epic* chase ensues, but in the end, the dog is tamed. And I can’t believe I overlooked this fact until *now*, but the Mastiff’s name is **Hercules**. Really, how did I miss that? That’s huge. There’s hardly anyone else in mythology who entered the Underworld more than Hercules. As the 12<sup>th</sup> Labor which Eurystheus assigned for his penance, Hercules **was to fetch the hound of Hades**. It was *this* act which brought about his **initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries**.



The dogs' owner is a black man named **Thelonius Mertle**, played by **James Earl Jones**, of course. The character he performs however seems to exemplify the **blind bard** of Homeric legend. At any rate, Benny Rodriguez's bravery is rewarded, and their chewed-up ball is traded in for one of Mr. Mertle's, which just so happens to be autographed by the entire 1927 New York Yankees. Rodriguez and his team have received the blessing and the favor of the gods.

*Baseball* is a metaphysical narrative.





## Angels In the Outfield

I NEVER saw the *original* involving Paul Douglas and Janet Leigh. I probably should though. The movie that comes to mind is Disney's 1994 remake. **Danny Glover**, **Tony Danza**, and **Christopher Lloyd** headlined that one. Those three names were easy to recall. It came as a surprise however to learn that **Joseph Gordon-Levitt**, **Adrien Brody**, **Matthew McConaughey**, and **Neal McDonough** all had a part in the cast. My oversight is easily explained in that I hadn't seen the movie since it's release in the theaters and all four mentioned were at the time unknowns. The title in the *remake* is a bit of a pun, as the angels in the outfield refer not only to the baseball team, but actual team. *How adorable.*

Otherwise, I don't recall any funny business. On





the surface, Disney often struggles with esoteric knowledge. The idea of angels descending to earth from the firmament to help people achieve their goals isn't exactly Masonic, per se. Ridiculous that angels would be concerned with ball players though, from a purely exoteric level. What I'm saying is, I only really recall the angels *being* angels. Not so with the original, from what I've been reading.

The Wikipedia describes its plot as *follows*.

#### Plot [edit]

With baseball's Pittsburgh Pirates in last place, their combative, foul-mouthed manager Guffy McGovern has plenty to complain about. All of this changes when, while wandering through Forbes Field in search of his good luck charm one night, Guffy is accosted by the voice of an angel, who hints at having been a ballplayer during his earthly life.

As the spokes-angel for the Heavenly Choir Nine, a celestial team of deceased ballplayers, he begins bestowing "miracles" upon the Pirates—but only on the condition that McGovern put a moratorium on swearing and fighting.

The angel played by Christopher Lloyd in the Disney remake is here identified as having been a **ballplayer during his earthly life**. *Now* we're cooking. We then come to learn that The Voice is a spokes-angel for the Heavenly Choir Nine, "**a celestial team of deceased ballplayers**." Again, that's just another confession in the way of baseball being a Masonic ceremony which seeks to propagate Ascended Masters among the Elite. But they're not too worried. They know most of this will go unnoticed by the uninitiated and the profane sitting in the stands.

You might be wondering why Ascended Masters would need to leave the ethereal plane to assist ballplayers. The movie informs us. Their concern lies with the combative, foul-mouthed manager of the Pittsburg Pirates. They even go so far as calling him **Guffy McGovern**. Guffy reminds us of someone who is instable, and McGovern is self-explanatory in that he is not dictated by the necessary discipline of the game, should he too aspire to become an Ascended Master. Looks like we need Past

Masters to remind him of where he lost his way, before he ends up in the dugouts for good.

