



Children of the Mud Flood

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Teenagers: An American Invention

YES, you heard me right the first time. *Invented*. The historians love to claim the part where America discovered electricity and the microwave oven but then leave out their other introduction to the world. *Teenagers*. Check out the history books and not even our Controllors thought to involve the pimple people in the narrative until **Rudolph Valentino** came along. If there was any question as to why the silent screen actor had earned himself the nickname “Latin Lover,” the unbridled screams of 10,000 women invading his funeral in 1926 should erase any doubt. Afterwards, **Frank Sinatra**’s legendary opening at the New York Paramount Theater in 1947 had the clean-up crew sopping the seats, thanks in part to the bobby soxers in attendance. I’ll leave the wet cushions mostly to your imagination, but here is a mental image to help you along. Sweaty, heart-throbbing girls, contaminated with an almost alien case of *hormones*, were simply unable to compose themselves among the shock-and-awe swooning from the man who was later referred to as Chairman of the Board.

When originally composing this paper some years ago, I made the mistake in comparing Sinatra’s bobby soxers with the wild Bacchant women who would be whipped up into a drunken frenzy whenever their favorite god arrived for a forest romp. Those were housewives, *mainly*. Don’t get me wrong, the spirit of Bacchus and the Dionysian Mysteries had undoubtedly been exhumed in the 20th-century, but teenagers were still

unaccounted for up until a hundred years ago. Ever since that time the boys down at Langley have had a field-day milking their product, and in fact making it a top priority, with the exclusive aims of reshaping the face of humanity.



It would take **Elvis Presley**'s hip shaking and the television, another American invention, to spring the American teenage experience to its next unprecedented level. The very opening words of Presley's career opening hit, 'Heartbreak Hotel', said it all. *Well, since my baby left me...* Elvis goes on to speak of a bellhop whose "tears keep flowing" and a "desk clerk dressed in black." We learn of "broken hearted lovers" who end up "down at the end of Lonely Street." Unlike the adult themes emanating from rhythm and blues, a musical genre which 'Heartbreak Hotel' heavily

borrowed from, Presley had (seemingly for the first time) channeled into and defined the teenage experience, reaching directly into the primary adolescent emotion and beckoning them to a melodramatic self-pity.



Across the Atlantic Pond the Brits were seemingly immune to the burgeoning howls of western sexuality until the Beatles came along. For a time, they might happen upon film reels which depicted youthful boys in lettermen jackets paired with girls in poodle-skirts, bobbing their ponytails while guzzling Coca-Cola, milk shakes and hamburgers to the spells of a jukebox, attempting to make sense of it all. **John Lennon** understood the difference between the youth of Britain and America. Some years later, after invading America the four horsemen of the apocalypse, the Beatle remarked: “America had **teenagers**. Everywhere else just had people.”

In *John Lennon: the Life*, author Philip Norman reports of the British:

[The British] had regarded the process of growing up as perfectly straightforward. **The system was that children went on being children until puberty was well advanced. Then, virtually overnight, they turned into grown-ups**, wearing the same kind of clothes as their parents, aspiring to the same values, and seeking the same amusements. The effect of rioting hormones on immature

and impressionable minds had yet to be studied in any depth by scientists or sociologists.

Whenever I write these papers there is always that one person on the Intel-net who doesn't listen to anything I say because they've only shown up to argue in favor of the gatekeeping opinion. Just know that I'm not the one saying it this time. No, Establishment biographer Philip Norman *is*. Buy the book and read it for yourself if you don't believe me. It just so happens that I read it for myself cover to cover, and look at his claim why don't you? The children were children until they became adults, seemingly overnight. There never was an intermediary period and not even the psychologists knew about them.

FYI, we're talking about the British. The very empire in which was once claimed the sun never set upon it. My thoughts on the United Kingdom goes well beyond boundary markers though. You'll have to read about Great Britain *here*. [The People of the Covenant](#). It's important to the current discussion and I wouldn't have linked it otherwise. You have your homework cut out for you.



Leave it to the Brits to invade America with America's own psyop. Screaming teenagers. Weapons of warfare, I guess. I have been told regarding past papers that I borrow too heavily from copyrighted images but the US Supreme Court states otherwise. There is something called 'fair use', a doctrine codified by the Copyright Act of 1976. Examples of fair use include commentary and criticism of a copyrighted product, which is precisely what we are doing here. For all I know, every provided picture is owned by one Corporate entity or another. If I didn't show you pictures of screaming teenagers, you might be inclined to claim I am making the entire thing up.

Well, as you can see, I'm not. It's true—all of it. The Bacchic women of the Mystery religions returned but as a hybrid creation this time around. Unfortunately, that isn't nearly the whole of the operation. Before moving on to an earlier portion of the psyop, we should stop and consider the absurdity of every parent's worst nightmare; the sexual alienation of their one-time innocent child; and then question why it is that we consider the teenager as gifted to the human experience when in fact our Controllers have only recently materialized and grafted them into existence. The reason *why* is obvious enough. Yahuah Elohiym created man in his image and our Controllers weren't too pleased about it.



Revelation 20: They Live *Again*

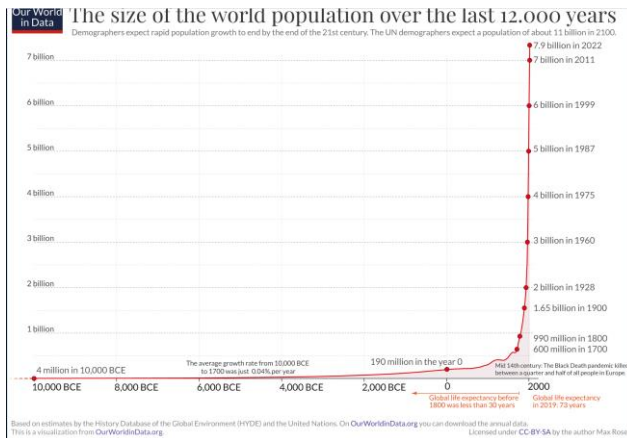
⁵ **But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished.** This is the first resurrection. ⁶ Blessed and holy is he that has part in the first resurrection: on such the second death has no power, but they shall be priests of Elohiym and of Mashiach and shall reign with him a thousand years. ⁷ And when the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison.

Chizayon (Revelation) 20:5-7 [Cepher]

THE best policy is sometimes to come right out and say what you and I are probably already thinking. It's why I dropped this week's Bible memory verse into your lap. Revelation chapter 20 has been an ongoing source of commentary for the entirety of my Millennial Kingdom investigation, seeing as how Satan's short season of deception is our probable whereabouts at present. Up until *this* very moment however, I

have yet to put any emphasis on the highlighted portion. The part where it says the dead would live again after the thousand years were finished. You will tell me the context is already provided and it is speaking of the judgement of the dead. Is it though? Read it again. The first resurrection is referring to those who were promised to be priests of Elohiym and of Mashiach and to reign with him a thousand years.

Again, it is only after the thousand years that the dead lived again. Lived for judgement purposes only you will tell me. *Wait*, hold your horses. Who is Satan released from prison to deceive then if the dead are already being judged by this point? It can't be the resurrected. The second death has no power over them. There were undoubtedly citizens of the kingdom who had rejected Yahuah's Torah, Mashiach, or both, a major contributor as to why shalom on earth was interrupted. But they had already made their bed and were laying in it once Satan was released for the purposes of deception. Who are these dead people then (living again, mind you) while Satan goes about rampaging to the four quarters of the earth?



Have you checked out a world population chart as of late? I suggest you do. I have even taken the time to provide one for your consideration, and what do we observe? The *official* narrative has a population explosion rather recently in His-Story. Seriously bro, it's off the charts. Apparently, hardly anybody was interested in making babies up until the black plague. For nearly 12,000 years, the citizens of earth were too hard at work picking cotton to muster any energy in the marriage bed when the lights went off. And then did you read the note at the bottom of the chart? It says life expectancy before 1800 was less than 30 years. Well, that's suspicious.

Let's not get distracted though, seeing as how the population trackers are obviously unconcerned with any number of population-spurts in-between the resets, nor are they capable of documenting them, and in all honesty are attempting to hide them. What concerns us is the intervening years following the black plague. We have before us a population explosion. Though it really takes off around 1700, soaring by 1800. Seriously, not even NASA rockets can manage such a trajectory. They're going to need a much longer spreadsheet at this rate. That—or inoculating the world with the prick will do the trick.



Remember the Georgia Guidestones? Its demise took us all by surprise. My wife was in pre-labor when the News hit our mailbox. That the Georgia Guidestones was destroyed by a *reported* bomb blast. The date of its destruction was **7/6/2022**, only one day after CERN fired up its engines. Our first daughter was born on the *following* morning. What a glorious way to enter the world if I do say so myself. Also, the numbers are all over this one. The first thing to note is the moment in which the blast hit. **4:03:33**. As if the precision of those numbers aren't suspicious.

The Guidestones have stood for **42 years**. **Explosion**, **Freemason**, and **Jesuit** all *equal* **42**. As mentioned, the bombing ritual happened on **7/6/2022**, emphasis on the 7/6—like **76**. The same date is **George W Bush's 76th** birthday. You will likely recall that Bush is a certified **Skull and Bones** member. **76** again. It's the secret society that identifies with

the number **322**. And wouldn't you know it, the Georgia Guidestones etchings were unveiled on March 22, 1980, or **3/22**. The builders as well as its demolition crew have all left their calling card, it seems.

Here are a few more numbers for your consideration. The day of the Guidestones destruction coincided with the **201st** day of **Pope Francis'** birthday. Man, this guy shows up often in the numbers game. Speaking of which, **The Jesuit Order**, **Order of Illuminati**, and **Skull and bones** all equal **201**. And lest we forget, **Event 201** is what led us into this planned-demic mess to begin with.

Word or Phrase	Reverse Full Reduction
Skull and Bones	76
RC Christian	76

Elberton / Area code

Area codes 706

We have already seen how **Skull and Bones** equals **76**. Well, so does **Bomb**. It only gets better though. The name of the person who supposedly wrote the Guidestones is a certain **RC Christian** and guess what his name adds up to? But then take a look at the area code his Guidestones are in. **706**.

The numbers just keep on coming. July 6 is the **187th** day of the year in the Gregorian calendar; **178** days remain until the end of the year. **Kabbalah** equals **178**, bringing us right back around to this very numbers game, whereas **Society of Jesus** and **Washington DC** both equal **187**. Simply incredible.

Something else worth mentioning (actually, it would be a crime not to) is that the sun lined up with Sirius on **7/6**. The alignment happens every year during the first week of July and would not be missed at the Guidestones. In ancient Egypt, both **Isis** and **Anubis** were identified with Sirius. The Mysteries of Isis centered upon the cycles of death and rebirth, whereas the jackal-headed elohiyim Anubis was capable of walking the line between the worlds of the living and the dead. Likewise, in ancient Shamanic cultures, Sirius was believed to be a portal where the souls of the dead departed this realm for the next. And again, seeing as how CERN fired up her engines a day earlier, you will have your work cut out convincing me that this wasn't a death and resurrection ceremony for the present Great Reset. Do recall rule number one of the Guidestones, which stated the *following*.

Maintain humanity under **500,000,000** in perpetual balance with nature.

Half a million people dials the clock back 400 years ago to 1600 numbers, pitting us precisely in the whereabouts when the descendants of our Controllers were celebrating the news. That Satan's short season had arrived, and they were no longer required to play by the rules.



[12/7/2022 **EDIT**: THE resurrection claim wasn't able to slip by without controversy and it doesn't in the least surprise me. Regardless, I'm always appreciative of *added* information which readers send my way, even when their purpose is to disagree. An ever-accumulative collection of Scripture helps give way to better research decisions on my part. Somehow, the

following passage in 2 Baruk slipped right by me. I wish I had seen it earlier because it's the far side of spectacular, but as I often claim, better late than never.

49 NEVERTHELESS, I will again ask from you, O El Elohiym, yea, I will ask mercy from him who made all things. ² In what shape will those live who live in your day? Or how will the splendor of those who are after that time continue? ³ Will they then resume this form of the present and put on these entrammeling members which are now involved in evils and in which evils are consummated or will you perchance change these things which have been in the world as also the world?

50 AND he answered and said unto me: Hear Baruk this word and write in the remembrance of your heart all that you shall learn. ² **For the earth shall then assuredly restore the dead, which it now receives, in order to preserve them. It shall make no change in their form, but as it has received so shall it restore them, and as I delivered them unto it, so also shall it raise them.** ³ For then it will be necessary to show to the living that the dead have come to life again, and that those who had departed have returned again.

Baruk Sheniy (2 Baruk) 49:1-50:3

How do you read a passage such as this one? It's talking about the restoration of the dead. Baruk asks a question and Uriel responds that the future restoration will make no change in their forms whatsoever. However the earth has received any given person then that is how she offers them back up on the day of resurrection. They will look exactly the same. I take that to mean everyone will return at the same age of their departure, and also, that they will theoretically be totally recognizable. It means adults will make a sudden reemergence but then so will the children. I don't know about you, but the snippet from 2 Baruk not only gave Revelation a second witness, it made me more confident in the

suggestion that the post mud flood world was quite possibly and suddenly repopulated by the resurrected.

I hate to do this to you but you should totally read another one of my papers, [Preexistence](#). The question that has long vexed me is why one preexistent soul would grow into adulthood whereas another would enter the womb only to be aborted or sacrificed at the altar of Moloch. We cannot possibly know the number of children who were murdered for ritual over the last 7,000 years of HisStory. To this very hour it's an ongoing problem though, as there is an estimated 125,000 abortions each and every day,



corresponding to something like **40-50 million abortions** per year. It's a numbers game. HaSatan is buying his time. Every murdered child is another potential vacant seat at the banquet table in New Yerushalayim. Not to mention the countless generations which were expected of that child, *also* eliminated at the altar.

Yes, adults would also be resurrected in the scenerio I'm proposing, though certainly not all of them, as most adults have already made their bed. That is to say, they have either forsaken Messiah or the Torah of Yahuah or both. Children and babies were never given the opportunity to overcome the lies of this world. For the remainder of this exercise, I'm not nearly concerned for the adults filing into the vacant cities as I am for the babies and the children cropping up in every concievable corner of the realm.

Look, I'm not saying they *were* the resurrected with certainty. People have all sorts of theories regarding the foundling problem, one of which involves cloning. Those who follow my work should know by now that I give Scripture the old college try whenever possible. I seek out ancient texts for my informants and Yochanon didn't say the short season would be met by clones. No, he said *the dead* resurected. If only he'd said *clones*. He didn't though. Also, there are passages in Chanok as well as Daniy'el which seem to infer that not everyone will be resurrected from the dead. That is another topic which I've covered and don't intend to repeat it here.

The entire subject matter is a complicated one, and might I add, beyond our own dogmatic bullet points of comprehension. I am leaving all options on the table and clones is one of them but in the end I'm going with what can best be demonstrated in the Book, and Revelation *says* what it *says*. Either we are in the short season or we are not and the rest of the dead live again after the thousand years were finished.



All Onboard the Orphan Train!

ORPHANS are everywhere in nineteenth-century literature. **Dorothy Gale** was an orphan, and she went over the rainbow. **Anne** was an orphan and she managed *Green Gables*. Then again, **Heidi** was given a second chance in the Alps, and she was an orphan. **Mowgli** too—except he was raised by wolves in India. **Jane Eyre** was an orphan. **Oliver Twist** and a whole lot of other **Charles Dickens** characters were orphans, including **Pip** from ‘*Great Expectations*’, **Sydney Carton** from ‘*A Tale of Two Cities*’, **Nell Trent** of ‘*The Old Curiosity Shop*’, **Esther Summerson** of ‘*Bleak House*’, as well as **David Copperfield** and **Martin Chuzzlewit** from *said* titles. And then there’s **Tarzan** of the Apes.

The list goes on *and on* and on. Orphans were in the forefront of our consciousness for a time, painted like exoteric hieroglyphs within the alphabetized symbols of dried ink. I have long considered the arcane without being entirely able to put my finger on the issue. But now I believe

I'm finally onto something. If you haven't guessed by now, it relates to the passage we read earlier in Revelation 20:5-7.

This is the part where you interrupt me, seeing as how your patience has worn thin and you happen to be a psychologist. Your doctrinal thesis was on Steven Spielberg movies, and the one you stood up for the most was 'Hook,' despite all the peer pressure to go with the Auschwitz movie. **Peter Pan** was an orphan as well as the **Lost Boys** of Neverland. And so, you're quite certain, as literary devices go, the heavy-handed presence of orphans in classic and contemporary fiction are simply there to remind us that we spend our childhood hoping to grow up while the rest of our adult lives attempt to reclaim what we've foolishly abandoned, and also, something about nihilism, the meaningless randomness of existence, and how we are all destined as adult-children to become orphans. Did I get that right? That must be the answer we were all seeking. There are those hieroglyphs I was mentioning earlier. Never mind that Peter Pan has pedophilia scribbled all over it. We mustn't pull that curtain. **Pippi Longstocking** and **Little Orphan Annie** were also orphans, by the way. And that little **French girl** from 'Les Misérables'. There are others.





The sheer number of orphans isn't just a metaphysical problem of 19th-century literature though. Orphans were cropping up everywhere at one time. Practically busting through the windows. Popping up from the

floorboards. Tumbling out of the pantry. Growing like weeds on the back porch and overtaking a town near you. How many adults can you find surrounding the dead horse? I see none. The street is quite literally overrun with little people. Remember that Mother Goose poem about the little old lady who lived in a shoe? She had so many children, she didn't know what to do. *Mm-hmm*. They were orphans. She then gave them some broth without any bread and whipped them all soundly and put them to bed. Or as Little Orphan Annie might put it: *It's a hard knock life for us*.



Look at all those babies, why don't you? Huddled in a shopping cart. Looking totally confused as to who they are or where they're going, much less where they've come from. Off to the market is my best guess. Orphans, every last one of them. Probably couldn't

hand them off to the adults fast enough. And so, I'll ask. Where *in the world* did all these babies come from?

“That one is easy,” you will tell me as you begin drawing a diagram of a woman’s uterus on the chalkboard. “When a daddy loves a mommy, you see...”



Society had a title for their mothers. **Fallen women**. Interesting verbiage. Most students of history are kept unaware of the fact that there were a series of laws passed into effect in the 1800’s whereas unwed mothers were coerced to hand over their children to authorities just so that they could be carted off to the market for strangers. Thousands upon thousands of women *supposedly* complied—but *why*? Nearly all we are given are paintings to show for it. The official explanation often falls upon the shame of immorality mixed with the toxic ingredients of

Industrialization workhouses. They wanted to escape the trappings of parenthood while making a better life for themselves and simultaneously living out the pleasures that brought about the baby in the first place, making the term “fallen women” a a double entendre as well as a circular pattern. And so, they abandoned their children to child labor institutions and re-education centers.

At the Foundling hospital in London, an estimated **4,500** women handed over their children. And that’s just one hospital. There were as many as **four** Foundling Asylums in New York City alone, in which they were collectively turning over a thousand babies annually. By 1847, the number of child migrants who had been identified as orphans in Canada were unprecedented. Though Grosse-Île in Quebec usually managed **10 orphans** per year, they were overrun with more than a hundred in less than a month, and by years-end, **thousands** had arrived.

Italy fared no better. Infants were deposited into foundling homes in scathing numbers. The trend started as early as the 1830’s, when as many as **32,000** infants were reported per year. Nearby Spain and Portugal saw as many as **15,000** annual foundlings each. That number exceeded **35,000** per year within two decades, so that Italy had over **1,200 locations** where newborns could be dropped off. Before 1860, some **374,000** recorded infants rounded the turnstiles in Milan, Naples, and Florence alone.

Beginning in the 1840’s, a swelling influx of foundlings were handed over to the State. We’re talking hundreds of thousands of children, and in the decades to come, in the millions. The abandonment of babies became so commonplace that asylums were established in every major city on this flat motionless plane. There were post office boxes where you could literally drop your child off. No questions asked. “Gradini” refers to the steps of the church where they were found. “Del Rio,” *by the river*. Or “Diotallevi,” *God will take care of you*.

By 1887, foundling homes in St. Petersburg and Moscow began receiving over **27,000 babies** on their doorstep. Historian David L. Ransel records that Moscow was receiving between **16,000 and 18,000 infants** annually by the 1880’s, and furthermore sending over **10,000** of these each year to outlying villages for care. “In 1882 there were all told **41,720** foundlings

from the Moscow home living with 32,000 foster families scattered throughout 4,418 villages. A dozen villages had over 90 fosterings each.”

Entire cartloads of foundlings were trucked in by women known as **kommissionerki**. I have already shown you one such photo of the baby collectors. Mothers were apparently offering them up whenever the cart rolled around. How were these kommissionerki announcing their arrival exactly, with ice cream truck music? Fees for babies in bulk were apparently substantial, which reportedly provided the kommissionerki with a comfortable living.

Annie Macpherson will go down in history as the woman who helped to solve the Great Britain problem in scamming more than **100,000** foundlings, shipping them from the United Kingdom to Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa, even to Australia, so that they could be sold into child labor. 100,000 is a hell of a lot of children for anybody to manage much less to remove from one concentrated area. She is described as a **philanthropist** by the way. There is no possible way any one individual could dispose of so many and still fly under the radar unless the Gubbernment were involved, which makes MacPherson a straw man. The sheer number of no-name children without a mommy and daddy who were shipped off to one work factory or another is likely unfathomable and will never be known.





Nearly a decade before the American Civil War, **1854** to be precise, orphans had become such a problem in the streets of New York City *alone* that trains were organized with the sole purpose of distributing children to farming communities across the U.S. You might be wondering who was capable of organizing such an endeavor. Snatching children off the streets, coaxing them with candy maybe, and then loading them by the cartload onto the magic choo-choo express. I was too. It might have been the Coachman from Pinocchio for all I know. The only information we are readily given on the origins of the orphan train, per its [Wiki article](#), is that the **New York Juvenile Asylum** was primarily responsible. They were founded in 1851 by **24** “concerned citizens” of New York but we are not given names. **Philanthropists**, every last one of them. Apparently,



Juvenile Asylum was too hard-knock of a title, and so, they later reorganized into the sweet and fragrant sounding **Children’s Village**. All the better to lure them with.

The primary name given to us belongs to **Charles Loring Brace**, *also* a **philanthropist**. Brace got his start opening an NYC lodge house for the newsboys, which in turn inspired several of **Horatio Alger**’s novels and eventually a Disney movie. I’ve jumped over to Brace’s [Wiki article](#), by the way. Try to keep

up. Other associates of his were **Frederick Douglas**. Ironic, seeing as how Brace was an **abolitionist** and the abolitionists were swimming with spooks, Douglas being a little too obvious. But also, because the orphan train was a poorly masked slave operation, with the majority of its ticketholders being young Irishmen.

And get *this*. Brace was very good friends with **Frederick Law Olmsted**. You've got to be kidding me. No, Wiki doesn't outright confess to it at the moment. They simply claim Olmsted designed his estate some 20 miles north of New York. That's codeword for "friends". Don't take my word for it though. Sometimes you have to keep digging in [other places](#). Brace and Frederick Law Olmsted's brother **John Hull** were roommates at Yale. He accompanied both brothers on walking tours through southern England and Wales while Olmsted figured out the "landscaping problem" which the "past residents" of Great Britain left behind. Olmsted was a fixer you know. This was the guy who designed Central Park in New York, cultivating the landscape to its modern unnatural proportions. And you'll never guess what his last career project was. *Guess*. I know I said you wouldn't but take a stab at it anyways. Olmsted designed the landscape for the **1893 World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago**.



Before they boarded the train, children were dressed in new clothing, given a Bible, and placed in the care of Children's Aid Society agents who accompanied them west.^[1] Few children understood what was happening. Once they did, their reactions ranged from delight at finding a new family to anger and resentment at being "placed out" when they had relatives "back home."^[1]

Back at the Orphan Train Wiki article, we read a great many things, one of which has very few children understanding what was happening to them when they were handed a Bible by the field agent tasked with escorting them to the train. That's just a nice way of saying the dog catchers were roaming the streets and that those who couldn't run fast

enough were abducted. It even states many of the nabbed expressed anger and resentment upon learning they'd been dubbed, especially since they had relatives "back home." *Oh gee*, tell me these philanthropy abolitionists weren't dealing in human trafficking again. It can therefore be stated that not all orphan train children were true orphans. No, they were made into orphans through the forced removal from their biological families and distribution into distant places, often a week's journey by train. I am told it was quite common to have children separated from their siblings.



Many orphan train children went to live with families that placed orders specifying age, gender, and hair and eye color.^[10] Others were paraded from the depot into a local playhouse, where they were put up on stage, thus the origin of the term "up for adoption."^[11] According to an exhibit panel from the National Orphan Train Complex, the children "took turns giving their names, singing a little ditty, or 'saying a piece."^[12] According to Sara Jane Richter, professor of history at Oklahoma Panhandle State University, the children often had unpleasant experiences. "People came along and prodded them, and looked, and felt, and saw how many teeth they had."^[13]

It gets *worse* but you will need the eyes of a Bornean Tarsier to read the print. No need to worry because I will deliver the cliff notes. Upon arrival, orphan train children were paraded from the depot to the local playhouse, where they were put up on stage and expected to sing or perform for the prospective parent, thus the origin of the term "up for adoption." We then read how "people came along and prodded them, and looked, and felt, and saw how many teeth they had." Slapping a thigh, checking out the goods, and not forgetting the dental work. *Yeab*, sounds like an auction house to me as well.

Here is how an author phrased it in a completely [separate article](#) purposed with advertising her children's book series.

The trains stopped at towns where people were waiting to see and select the children. A train's arrival would be advertised in advance, with handbills, posters, and notices in the newspapers. Some people were interested in choosing a child to raise as their own. Others, though, were looking for older children who could do housework, farm chores or other labor.

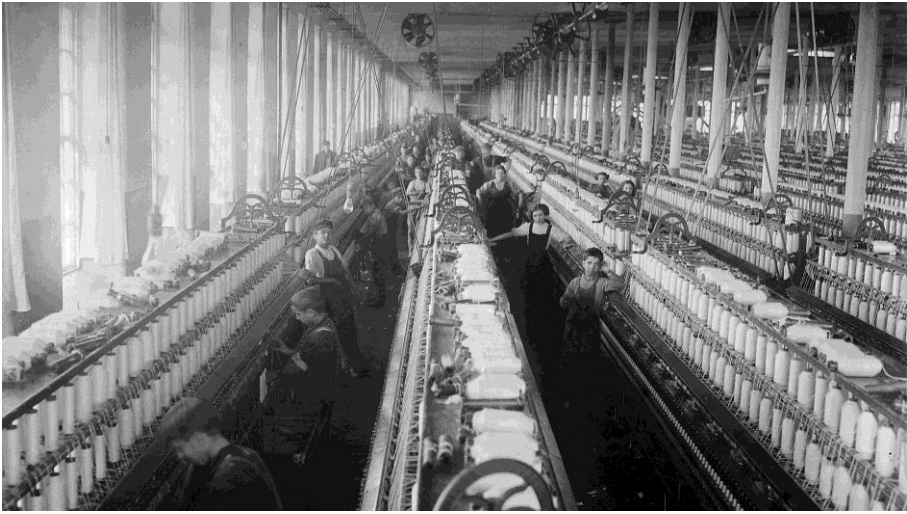
Only *some* people were interested in choosing a child to raise as their own. Certainly not all of them. The author then adds: "Others, though, were looking for older children who could do housework, farm chores, or other labor." You needn't even read between the lines with this stuff. That's a rather lame attempt at describing slave labor while letting the abolitionist *sponsored* Orphan Train off the hook. How often do you suspect the pedo people arrived for the droid line-up with the other moisture farmers whenever the Jawas pulled the Sand Crawler into town? That's a 'Star Wars' reference by the way. Sexual slavery is something which the Orphan Train historians seem unwilling to talk about but was a reality all the same. There are documented accounts, with what little documentation is given to us, of children being chained up in the barn and a great many ran away from their newfound plantation.



Meanwhile, in New York City, we stumble upon photos such as *this* one. We are told it was probably taken during the labor parade in 1909, less than a decade removed from World War I, and what do we see? A Yiddish girl and an English girl speaking on behalf of the little people. Calling out child slavery. *Speaking of which.*







INDUSTRIALIZATION. You wanted to know why so many children were forced into the coal mines and the factories. Industrialization is the reason for the season. That may not be the answer you were seeking but it's what we are more often than not given. Child slavery. Because Lincoln freed the plantation slaves and society couldn't continue on without them. Actually, he sold all Americans into slavery but that's a discussion for a separate hour. Also, blame the Puritans. That's another excuse I've seen floating around on web pages. It was Puritan mentality which pushed children onto the plantation. There are various explanations to these photos, but none are satisfactory. You should know then that I'm starting to form a greater peripheral vision in all of this. Something else was going on aside from the *obvious*, and I'm curious if you see it.



What would you say the ratio is between child and adult workers in photos such as this one? In most of these photos it's difficult even finding an adult, but I'm counting three to one this time around. The girl in the foreground isn't even wearing shoes. And then

there's her handler keeping a close watch over her. He is wearing shoes and they appear polished. Probably had them buffed by the corner slave boy twenty minutes earlier. And now what is he up to? Making sure the little girl presses all the right buttons in their proper order. Society depends upon her. The way his hand is on his hip tells me she was probably acting naughty a moment ago. What do you suppose her operations manager might do if she slips up again, stepping out of line with those bare feet of hers? If only those two boys would jump his ass. They look hard-knock enough and could totally take him.



Well, I'll be. Stick a pipe in that one and it's off to the mill for Tiny Tim. With a walking stick and a day's water and tobacco ration, seems like he's thought of everything. Make sure the old lady has dinner ready when he gets back. Also, excuse my German, but who *the hell* orders a six-year-old chimney sweep? Tell me. Answer me if you know. That takes 'Chim Chim Cher-ee' to whole new levels of Nanny. I think I just discovered Bert's childhood photo, and *this* is it. From the looks of it he's fresh off the job. Bankers probably. *Oh*, I'm sure they would have hired a grown up to give the smokestack a polish if it weren't for all those millions of fallen women dropping off babies in baskets by the wagonload.

Where are all the adult workers and what happened to them exactly? They obviously didn't think that through when marching off with Napoleon for Waterloo. It's not simply that there weren't enough adult workers in the city either. There were apparently far too many children to lure into any

one coal pit because, as we've already seen, an added surplus won their very own golden ticket onto the Foundling Express.

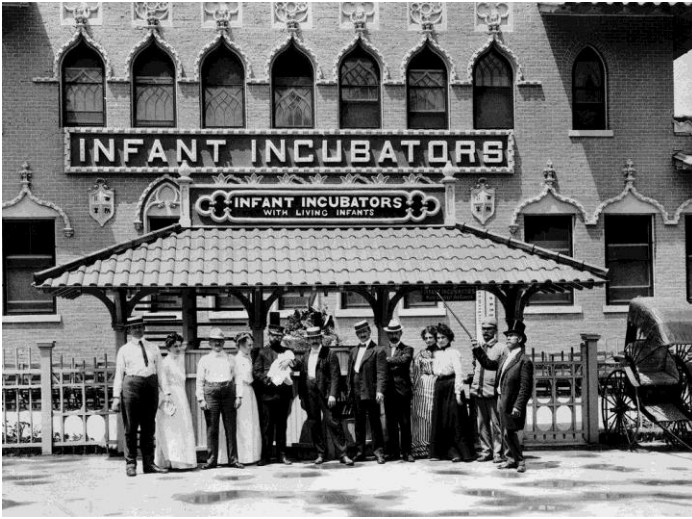


There are those orphan train children again, most likely. Finally settled into the country life by the looks of it. Far removed from the gang banging foundling streets of the City and their pesky relatives. Because nothing says Industrialization and the dire need for slave labor quite like a row of younglings posing with their work buckets.

They often arrived at the depot without birth certificates or any kind of identification paperwork. Sometimes even their names were changed by their adoptive parents. Family crests as well as generational ties and entire lineages were swapped or even rebooted if they ever had one to begin with. I get the feeling that the confusion was intentional, if not masterfully orchestrated, starting with the placement of the baby on the doorstep. What memories remained among the older foundlings likely faded in time, easily programmed by the reeducation camps that were the 19th and 20th centuries. How many multi-generation Midwesterners living today, not forgetting big city folk and the suburbanites, have the remotest clue of

their origins story? What if much to everything that we know of our own genealogies were carefully masked completely fabricated by the mud flood inheritors?



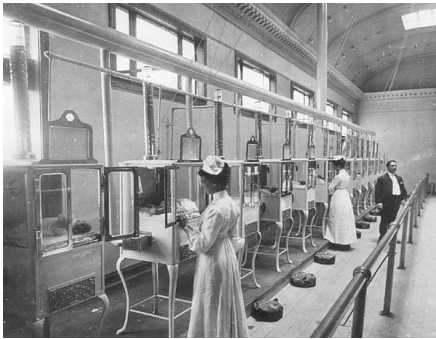


Incubator Infants *and* the Luna Babies

MENTION was made already regarding my feelings towards the 19th and 20th centuries, that they were the equivalent of reeducation camps, and I stand by it. I hate to break the news but we're still living in one if you're left unaware. The Military-industrial complex as well as the Media steers the ship, whereas Initiates take the stage to flesh out the Intel script. Modern history in a nutshell. I'm leaving out a few key ingredients, but my readers know how the cake mix is prepared and then placed into the oven by now. You would also be made aware then that the world fairs had their part to play in the indoctrination.

Eventually, the children of the mud flood grew up and grew old, with babies and then grandbabies of their own. What memories they retained in duality with what was successfully scrubbed and rewritten by their Controllers as well as their knowledge of societies functions beyond our own recollection remains in question. The obvious part by this point is that the Elite were successful in carting millions of souls to their Expositions before cars were invented, and in a time when the home

harvest meant life or death. How many days or weeks the average pilgrim set aside to make the journey by horse and buggy or train, and to cities advertised to them as being constructed of chaff, is measured perhaps by the sheer weight of lies they ingested upon arrival.



Baby incubators were *officially* invented in 1888 by Dr. Alan M. Thomas and William Champion but would not be introduced to the world until the 1896 World's Fair, dubbed the Great Industrial Exposition of Berlin. Considering the sheer number of mud flood orphans that had already manifested and were still actively being distributed across the realm, its exposition origins contain all the familiar flavors of duplicity. The story we are given is that somebody by the name of Martin Couney held an exhibit called Kinderbrutanstalt which, when translated, literally means “child hatchery,” to demonstrate the effectiveness of infant incubators. Upon arriving in Berlin, Couney was somehow capable of acquiring several premature babies on loan from the Charité hospital, thank in part to its hospital director, Rudolph Virchow. Nothing unordinary to see there, I'm sure.

Where were the parents of *said* babies while they were put on display for a quarter a peek? I see nobody sitting in the corner knitting. Many of the babies died while under Couney's care. *Oh*, I'm sure the parents didn't mind too much. Of the 8,000 infants which Couney is said to have ultimately displayed for his world fair audiences, only 6,500 of them lived. The story is spun in such a way as to have Couney saving the 6,500 in an era when the hospitals refused to do so. But then where are the parents in all of this? Were they already orphan babies or are these more fallen women we're dealing with? *Assumedly*, the parents of Couney's incubator

babies were told that their infants were not expected to live but knowing how a functioning mother refuses to be separated from her child until they're either dead or buried it seems far more likely a scenario that Virchow's hospital staff informed them that the child did not last the hour.



Following the Berlin Exposition, Couney continued his baby incubator displays for Great Britain's **1897 Victorian Era Exhibition** in London, complete with infants on loan from France. This time around he transported the babies *via* boat across the English Channel utilizing baskets with hot water bottles to keep them warm. Far as I can tell, no parents were accounted for. His incubator baby displays continued at the **1898 Trans-Mississippi and International Exhibition** in Omaha, Nebraska, followed by the **Exposition Universelle** in Paris in **1900** and the **Pan-American Exposition** in Buffalo, New York, **1901**, courtesy of local hospital loans.



Starting in 1903, Couney's baby incubators made the move to Coney Island in Brooklyn, New York. No name relation apparently. A permanent move was then made to Luna Park the following year, Coney Island's largest amusement park, where they remained a fixture until 1943. His incubator baby sideshow would hit the road every now and then, visiting the 1915 Panama Pacific International Expo in San Francisco, the 1933 Chicago Century of Progress Exposition, and the 1939 New York World's Fair. But from that time forward, the infants of Couney's child hatchery had a name for themselves. Luna Babies.

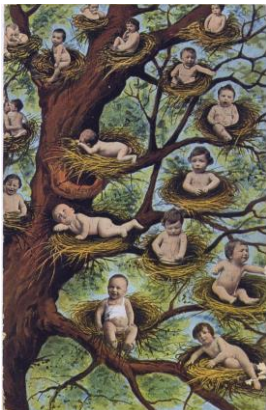
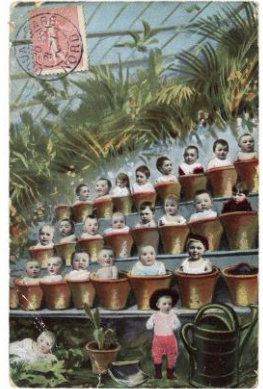
Luna in case you were left unaware is of Latin origin and means 'Moon'. In Roman mythology, Luna was the divine personification, or you might even say the *ruach* of the Moon. From what I can tell, there was never a shortage of hospitals willing to loan these Luna Babies out to Couney over an incredible 47-year period. That's nearly a half-century of sideshow admissions before incubators became the standardized practice. And so, I will ask. Where did all of these babies *truly* come from and, if it came down to the simple equation of hospitals providing or tossing them, how many parents ultimately knew about the fate of their children is something I'd like to know.



The *Original* Cabbage Patch Babies

WHILE Martin Couney was busily initiating World Expo audiences to his incubator babies, another fascinating though mostly forgotten cultural phenomenon was being showcased *via* mailboxes across the motionless plane of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. They come in the form of photo-manipulated postcards of French design, surreal-real compositing. I have already shown you *three* examples but there are others. And what do we see? The same farmer who is dutifully watering his crop in one postcard can be seen attempting to pawn his produce off to respective

buyers in another. We have all heard about the cabbage patch babies before. Infants quite literally harvested from the earth. That is not the only way in which the mystery babies are depicted as being harvest though. The so-called cabbage patch babies were shown as being manifested upon the earth in more ways than one.



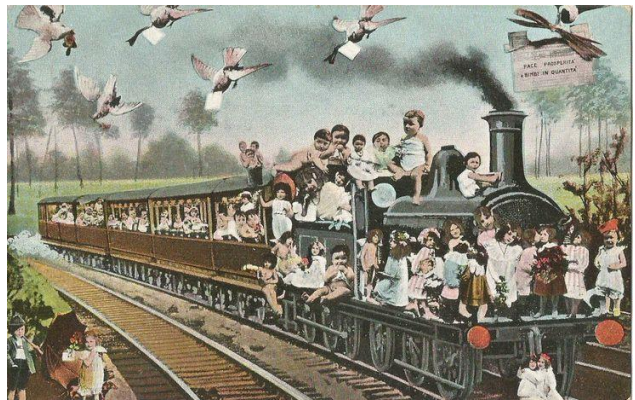
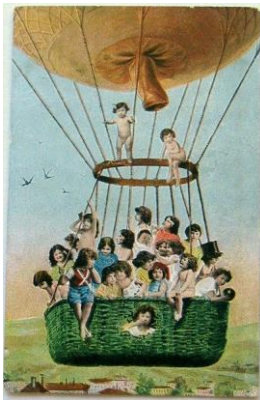
There are probably countless depictions of the cabbage patch babies to be uncovered, though I have only shown you one more. But then we see infants being hatched out of eggs or flowerpots, teacups, and birds' nests; spilling out by the dozens; reminding us once again of Couney's Luna Babies.



Entire boatloads of babies with mysterious origins are also depicted, directing our attention to the post mud flood immigration narrative, replete with Ellis Island overtones. It is the woman in the dirndl attire who really nabs my attention though. You'll find out why soon enough. Infants can be found in the wetlands and the marshes. She seems capable of scooping them up in baskets without effort.



It is harvest already, again? The cabbage patch children continue sprouting by the thousands. But how does one go about feeding them without a mother to nurse? Best to hook them up to the sheep, I guess.



Babies arrive by air in a balloon resembling a nipple—a slightly different take on the stork narrative. Of course, those arriving by rail have the orphan train written all over it. What is it with the French postcard people being so obsessed with nature babies? I'm asking. Answer me if you know.

Try not to make a face while I ponder the possibility out loud, that art is imitating life rather than the other way around, because you never really know, your mother was right in thinking it might get stuck like that.

I have already connected the dots between the foundling overflow in the decades following the mud flood event as well as child slavery and the orphan train, but even before that I had started out insinuating the possibility that the dead would live again during the short season. Well, I found another passage in the annals of Scripture which might help paint a picture as to what was happening. Before doing so I will remind you of a repeated mantra around here, that nothing happened to Yashar'el which did not first happen to the Patriarchs, spiritually speaking. And so, *here* you go.

⁵³ And when the children of Yashar'el heard this thing which Phar'oh had commanded, to cast their male children into the river, some of the people separated from their women and others adhered to them. ⁵⁴ **And from that day forward, when the time of delivery arrived to those women of Yashar'el who had remained with their men, they went to the field to bring forth there, and they brought forth in the field, and left their children upon the field and returned home.** ⁵⁵ And Yahuah who had sworn to their ancestors to multiply them, sent one of his ministering angels which are in heaven to wash each child in water, to anoint and swathe it and to **put into its hands two smooth stones** from one of which it sucked milk and from the other honey, and he caused its hair to grow to its knees, by which it might cover itself; to comfort it and to cleave to it, through his compassion for it. ⁵⁶ And when Elohiym had compassion over them and had desired to multiply them upon the face of the land, **he ordered his earth to receive them** to be preserved therein till the time of their growing up, after **which the earth opened its mouth and vomited them forth and they sprouted forth from the city like the herb of the earth, and the grass of the forest**, and they returned each to his family and to his father's house, and they remained with them.

⁵⁷ And the babes of the children of Yashar'el were upon the earth like the herb of the field, through Elohiym's grace to them. ⁵⁸ And when all the Mitsriym saw this thing, they went forth, each to his field with his yoke of oxen and his plowshare, and **they plowed it up as one plows the earth at seed time.** ⁵⁹ And when they plowed, **they were unable to hurt the infants of the children of Yashar'el,** so the people increased and waxed exceedingly. ⁶⁰ And Phar'oh ordered his officers daily to go to Goshen to seek for the babes of the children of Yashar'el. ⁶¹ And when they had sought and found one, they took it from its mother's bosom by force, and threw it into the river, but the female child they left with its mother; thus did the Mitsriym do to Yashar'el all the days.

Yashar (Jasher) 67:53-61 [Cepher]

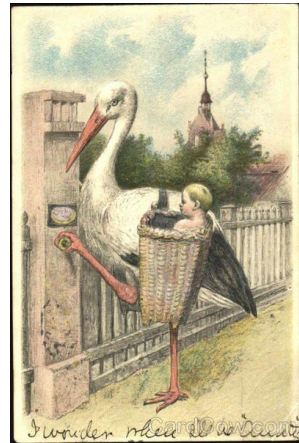
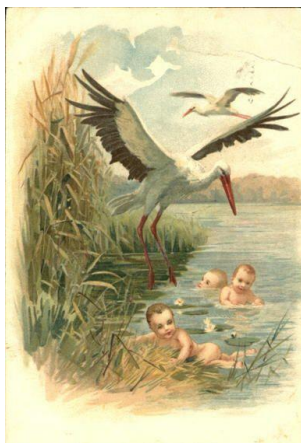
Even the children of Yashar'el were delivered from the womb under supernatural circumstances, you see. There were angels present to feed them. They may have been raised on the plantation afterwards, but then again, so were the children of the mud flood. Slaves indebted to their Masters, nearly every last one of them. What we are doing here is finding similarities between both parties, Yashar'el in Mitsriym with the children of the mud flood, and there are plenty to be had. Another thing we read is that Phar'oh was trying to frustrate their numbers, which is what we've already observed with the mud flood Inheritors. And what else is happening? They were trying to reduce their numbers. Sounds awfully familiar, no? Command number one on the Georgia Guidestones.

Yashar'el was given a mysterious origin story in the eyes of their Controllars because the earth had swallowed them. It *says* they literally sprouted forth like the herb of the earth and the grass of the forest. At the very least you cannot tell me the French postcard makers are not imitating life. It *did* happen in His-Story, according to Yashar. The original cabbage patch babies *were* Yahuah's people.

And so, I'll just place *this* here.



There she is again—the German woman in the dirndl. Still making her rounds. Wishing you a Happy Xmas while she shakes babies out of the foliage and making it look all too easy. Where is a man in lederhosen when you need him? The harvest is plentiful but the workers few, apparently. Seriously, anyone who ever claimed money grows on trees are way off. A lazy stroll through a forest such as that one will cost you.



I would be remiss to overlook the *other* comeback in the 1800s, and that was the stork babies, thanks in part to **Hans Christian Anderson**. Long

before his fairy tale repackaging, the stork legend can be found in Norse and Slavic as well as British mythology. It's no wonder then that the baby delivery service made its return. While the children of the mud flood were cropping up in orphanages and railway depots as well as running amuck through the city gutters, images of storks sailing through the clouds filled the imaginations of many.

Once again, I have come prepared with postcards to prove it. Just look at them, why don't you? Babies are depicted as inhabiting the marshlands, almost like a sea of souls, until a stork can swoop in and collect them. Yes, it is true that they perfectly compliment the cabbage patch babies as well as the Yashar narrative, but in doing so, the stork manages to hike it up to the next level. The very notion of a stork delivering a baby to its adoptive mother and father may work as a deterrent from the birds and the bees talk on a straightforward exoteric level, but rather ironically and on a deeper esoteric level, the stork story is saturated with spiritual implications which speak of the child's preexistence.

According to European folklore, the stork is responsible for bringing babies to new parents. The legend is very ancient, but was popularised by a 19th-century Hans Christian Andersen story called "The Storks".^[142] German folklore held that storks found babies in caves or marshes and brought them to households in a basket on their backs or held in their beaks. These caves contained *adebarsteine* or "stork stones". The babies would then be given to the mother or dropped down the chimney. Households would notify when they wanted children by placing sweets for the stork on the window sill.^[137] From there the folklore has spread around the world to the Philippines and countries in South America.^[137] Birthmarks on the back of the head of newborn baby, *nevus flammeus nuchae*, are sometimes referred to as stork-bite.^[154]



Wiki doesn't have a lot to offer on the stork narrative, but we are given a few gems to work with. Notably, it's as I was already saying, that the stork resurgence only came about during the 1800s. But then keep reading. *Adebarsteine* is a German word which literally means 'stork's stone.' Each of the children were given one. Not much is known about them, but if you were paying attention to the Yashar passage, I highlighted the quip about the ministering angels putting two smooth stones into the hands of babies without commenting upon it. Well, now you know. I was waiting until the appropriate moment. The stones kept them alive until the moment they could be delivered to their mothers. Also, the storks were angels in this scenario. Which is to say, the stork stories are speaking of the spiritual realm.



The storks were carrying souls from one realm to the next and in vast quantity. Not everyone was thrilled with the arrangement, apparently.



[12/5/2022 **UPDATE**: Her name was **Alice Guy-Blaché** by the way. Recognize her? The baby harvester from the postcards. It's *her* alright. Back then she was simply known as Alice Guy though. Very few people know anything about the silent film actress, not even the film historians, which is slightly odd considering the fact she was very likely the first filmmaker to put a narrative onto film. Yes, you heard me right. She was an actress and a filmmaker, the very first narrative filmmaker, but *also* a director and a woman to boot. And you'll never guess what the movie was about. Give me your best guess. I dare you to.

Ask nearly any film historian to name the first narrative film and they're likely to tell you it was 'The Great Train Robbery' in **1906**, and if so then they're way off. Well, here's your *first* clue. It was released in **1896** in Paris. I've included a picture of the movie in case you're running low on ideas.

It involved **babies and a cabbage patch**, as if that's not suspicious. 'La Fée aux Choux' is the title, which translates to 'The Fairy of the Cabbages', though more than likely its original title was 'The Birth of Children.' Either way, the crux of both films involvethe cabbage patch babies.

Alice Ida Antoinette Guy-Blaché (née Guy; French pronunciation: [alis gi blɔʃe]; 1 July 1873 – 24 March 1968) was a French pioneer filmmaker.^[2] She was one of the first filmmakers to make a narrative fiction film,^[3] as well as the first woman to direct a film. From 1896 to 1906, she was probably the only female filmmaker in the world.^[4] She experimented with Gaumont's Chronophone sync-sound system, and with color-tinting, interracial casting, and special effects.^[5]

The Wikipedia claims [Alice Guy](#) was a French pioneer filmmaker and in fact “one of the first filmmakers” to make a narrative fiction film which, come to think of it, is a rather odd phrasing considering I've already told you what the first movie was. *La Fée aux Choux*. Why not just claim she was the first person to make a narrative film and that the cabbage patch movie was it? If you keep reading, the Wiki admits she was snubbed by film historians, and it seems as though Intel is repeating the deed. Even if the identity of the first film narrative can be argued and in fact another movie title is in the running, they could at least have claimed “she was arguably the first filmmaker to make a narrative fiction film.”

The 1896 version of *La Fée aux Choux* (*The Fairy of the Cabbages*) is a lost film directed by Alice Guy-Blaché (then known as Alice Guy) that, according to her, featured a honeymoon couple, a farmer, pictures of babies glued to cardboard, and one live baby. The 1900 *La Fée aux Choux* and the 1902 *Sage-Femme de Première Classe* (originally titled *La Fée aux Choux*) are frequently confused with the original lost film, which is arguably the world's first narrative film, and the first film directed by a woman.^[1]

'The Fairy of the Cabbages' [article](#) does just that. It's “arguably the world's first narrative film.” There is an *older* film from **1895** titled 'The Watered Waterer' in which a boy plays a prank on an adult by stepping on a hose and stopping the flow of water only to get sprayed in the face and a spanking afterwards. Its genre designation is arguable because it comes across more as a matter-of-fact documentation of a prank rather than a developing plot.

The scenario Alice Guy wrote for her first film begins with "a pair of newlyweds" walking in the fields during their honeymoon. "They come upon a field of cabbages where a farmer is working." Then "the young man leans into the ear of his young wife and asks if she would like a baby. She agrees, lowering her eyes...the young man asks permission of the farmer," who gives the couple permission to search his field. The young husband discovers a baby made of cardboard, but both he and his bride are disappointed in it. Then the young bride "hears a cooing behind a more distant cabbage. She runs and discovers a beautiful, live baby and brings it in triumph to her husband." After compensating the farmer, the newlyweds "leave excitedly" while the farmer returns to his field with a shrug.^[5]

The original 1896 plotline has already been pictured for us in the French postcards. It involves a pair of newlyweds walking through a cabbage patch during their honeymoon, who then happen upon a farmer actively harvesting his human crop. Yes, the first narrative film arguably ever made involves the selling of babies. No wonder why the movie has been largely snubbed. Also, the Alice Guy production is completely lost to the film vaults. *Oh gee*. All we have to go by, visually speaking, is the **1900** and **1902**

remakes, both by the same filmmaker. You'll have to watch them on your own.



The [1900 version](#) is improperly listed as the 1896 version on YouTube. I would say the falsified date stamp is forgivable but I'm also guessing the misdirection is intended, as the entire scenario has changed. In the 1900 version, the cabbage patch babies are still accounted for, but Alice Guy plays a fairy this time around, and far more

importantly, the infants are never sold to Parisian passerbys.



The 1896 Baby Incubator Exposition [\[edit \]](#)

In February 1896, on a boulevard leading to the cabarets of Montmartre, Dr. Alexandre Lion opened an exposition, a "boutique fully operational," of baby incubators, filled with live, premature infants. An art nouveau poster was designed by Adolfo Hohenstein to advertise the Paris Couveuses d'Enfants. A nurse holding three babies is framed by a vine sprouting baby's heads in place of flowers. Faint white line-drawings of babies growing on vines-fill in the background. Alice Guy went to this exposition and saw the babies in their enclosures. She later told her granddaughter, Regine Blaché-Botton, that she was inspired to create La Fée aux Choux because she had seen the babies in the glass and metal boxes at an exposition.^[3]

Another gold nugget on 'The Cabbage Fairy' Wiki page places the films origins with the 'Couveuses d'Enfants' exhibit in Paris. Those would be the baby incubators again. Its **1896** promo poster should nab your attention. Look closely. The heads of babies are shown growing in the place of the **roses**. Seriously, when tracing a line between the incubator babies and the cabbage patch babies some pages ago, I had absolutely no clue that articles such as this one had already done the sleuth work for me.

Turns out I was spot on. And you thought I was making presumptions, didn't you? Inventing constellations in the connect the dot game. Well, I wasn't. It all comes around full circle. 'The Fairy of the Cabbages' was based upon the incubator display held in Paris. And so, I will go out on a limb here and make yet another assertion which not even The Wiki cares to admit to. Alice Guy's original 1896 film wasn't simply inspired by the incubators as she claims. No, she was promoting it, but in such a way as to fictionalize and ultimately trivialize the truth for her movie audiences. A movie pastime from its very inception it seems.

Also, I went ahead and included a picture of the exterior of the incubator exhibit which housed live babies and sat under the shadow of the Eiffel Tower at the **1900 Exposition Universelle**. I'll say it again in case you missed it, Exposition Universelle in Paris was 1900. The very year when Alice Guy made her cabbage patch remake for new silver screen audiences. More promotion it seems.



The French film industry was a repeat offender of the cabbage patch narrative. Again, I'm not certain where this still originates from but I'm guessing it's the continued work of Alice Guy, seeing as how the **Gaumont Film Company** is deemed responsible and founder **Léon Gaumont**'s secretary, Alice Guy-Blaché, went on to become the Head of Production of the studio. The movie industry was always studio run, even from its very conception.



At the risk of somebody telling me the incubator exhibit involved roses rather than cabbages and that the cabbage patch baby idea was therefore Guy's invention, I will go ahead and ask you to tell me what *this* is. I spy children in a cabbage and two midwives. I can find very little information on the event surrounding this photo, but I'm told it was part of a Parisian parade in **1895**, one year before Guy's film, and that the actual float was titled the "Chariot of Birth."



That *oldest* cabbage patch baby depiction that I have yet to come across is reportedly dated to **1820**, nearly 70 years before the Alice Guy film, and is replete with the caption: "**That's where babies come from.**" Perhaps I will find one even older still, who really knows? The purported date certainly lines up with everything regarding the founding narrative though.

Tell me, would this young woman be classified as a fallen woman? The entire narrative, as well as the kommissionerki women, may be even more misdirection to try and explain the sheer amounts of orphan infants being found in the fields.



Really though, with every single hour that passes, I am repeatedly stubbing my toes upon *more* cabbage patch baby photos strewn about the Intel-net. In fact, dozens upon dozens of them. Here's one more for the road. It may be the creepier of the lot if only because it captures the Yashar scene in stunning clarity. Is the baby posed as we are expected to believe, or has the truth been staring right back at us all along?]





Cabbage Patch of the Resurrection

1/9/2023

A RAISE of hands. How many of you suspected the garden which Yahusha was buried in was a cabbage patch? A winepress would have been my best guess. Perhaps something involving an artichoke or two. If this were the family game show Family Feud and you guessed ‘cabbages’ as your final answer, the survey would likely spit back an ugly X and all of your family members would be mad at you. Serial kisser **Richard Dawson** would kiss your wife, and though you’d have guessed right you would have still been the loser. It was the 1970’s and you had to have been there. Well, look at what I’ve recently discovered.

¹³ **Yoceph** the Commander took his son Yoceph, Nicodemus and one other and, having already purchased a linen shroud, went to the place of execution, and

removed Yahusha from the cross. Wrapping him in the sheet, they carried Yahusha through the darkness to a tomb already cut out of the rock. It was a two-chambered cavern northwest of the city, having a ledge running around the inside, and the entrance faced eastward towards the place of execution. It was the north end of a garden planted with cabbages, and the gardener was also custodian of the tomb.

Book of the Natsarim 21:13

That's weird. Yahusha was planted in a cabbage patch. Who would have guessed? Normally, I wouldn't bat an eye at a statement such as that one. But after everything we've been through, the children of Yashar'el in the herb fields of Mitsrayim and the French film industry, and now *this*. Yahusha HaMashiach it seems resurrected from a cabbage patch.