



# Kings and Priests of the Thousand Year Reign

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## On Earth As It Is In Heaven: Little Jerusalem's

[**UPDATE** 8/1/24: FINALLY, it occurred to me that what I needed to do is go back to the very beginning of my investigation and give history, *official* history, “the old college try” yet again. It was while researching and writing my paper [The Legend of Prester John](#), attempting to figure out what if anything is True in the story, that I stumbled upon a man named Abbot **Suger**. And though I’d already known Suger is declared to be the father of the Gothic style of Cathedral architecture, there he was, staring

back at me from the footnotes of the Jesuit history books, the all-too familiar pooppy diaper faced politics of his day practically smothering him.

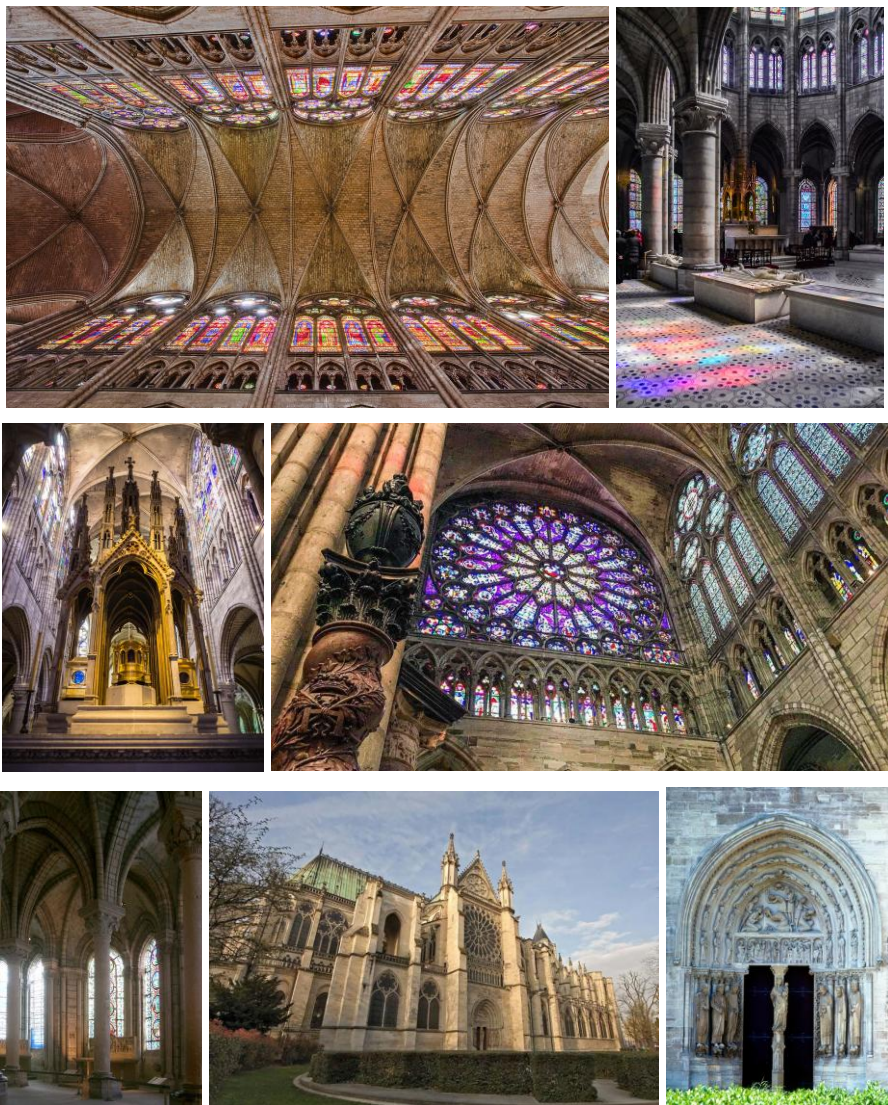
Without getting into all of that again, do recall how **Prester John** is woven into the fabric of Suger's life. After the fall of Edessa in **1144** to Saracen invaders, it was **Hugh**, Bishop of Gibellum, who first spun the tale of the legendary priest-king, Prester John, for the court of **Pope Gregory VIII**. Hugh's report was first recorded by **Odo** of Deuil, Bishop of Freising, Germany. By all indications, Odo was a **News writer** and a propagandist. During the Second Crusade, he served as the personal chaplain of **King Louis VII** of France, being sure to document the entire War, from their march to Antioch to its explosive climax at Damascus.

If any of this is vaguely familiar, then you may also recall that Odo was a confidant of Suger. In turn, Suger had already been a **key advisor** to **King Louis VI**, a position he would continue to hold with **Louis VII** after him, acting as the latter's regent during the **Second Crusade**, *woops*. Although we are told he disapproved of the Second Crusade, at the time of his death, Suger is said to have already started preaching a third, see what I mean? We are often reminded of the rat infested pooh-mounds in the Middle-Ages, seeing as how nobody, not even Suger, thought to employ Roman plumbing in their designs. Well, there is your poop, right there, Suger's walk-on character part in the staged production.



Now that I have gotten those unpleasantries out of the way, official history swears up and down that Suger was the **Father of the Gothic Cathedral**, which is no small statement to make. Many of my readers are of the opinion that history is legitimately 100% fake and that it needs disregarded before the Truth can be discovered in the revision, but I strongly disagree. Despite an onslaught of Resets, not all of which were

exclusively perpetrated by our Controllers, I believe there is Truth, or in the very least, residue of the Truth, to be discovered in the annals, however much they have been tampered with. Perhaps Suger existed as a solitary figure, perhaps he is simply a figment of our imagination, having never existed at all, or per chance he is a composite image consisting of hundreds of heavenly architects working in unison together. I couldn't say, as I wasn't there, but without commenting further, take a look at his stated accomplishments.



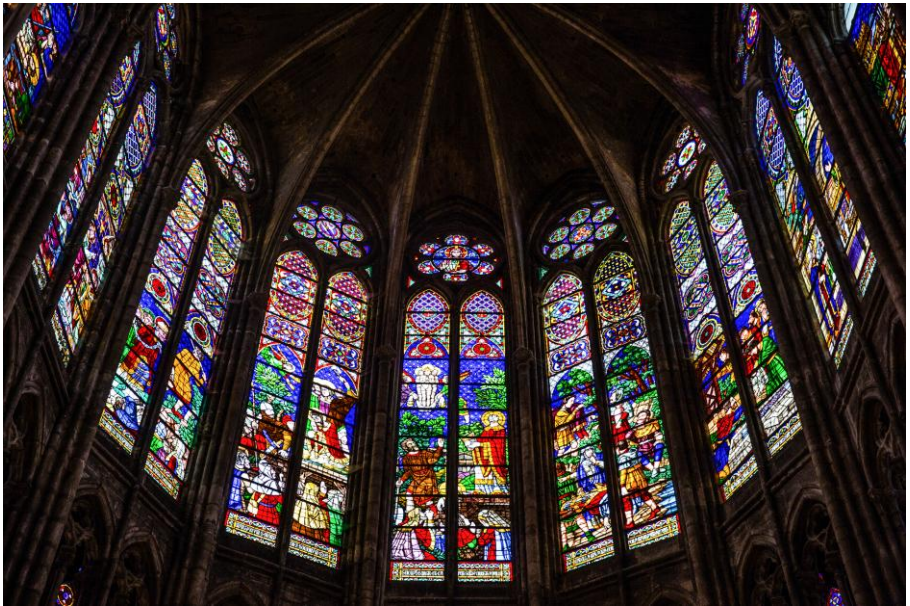


I have just given you the nickel tour of the **Basilica of Saint-Denis**, north of Paris. What a belle. Or as they might say in France, *'Tu es magnifique de l'intérieur et de l'extérieur.'* That would be "You are beautiful inside and out" if you're nowhere an online translator. From top to bottom, Suger is said to have designed her, *mostly*. And just as importantly, every element that would define Gothic architecture can be found there. Check out the vaulted ceilings, the rose windows, the arches, the octagonal baptistries, symmetrical spires, and the cloisters, why don't you? The ultimate purpose of this paper, as well as spin-offs like [Vesica Piscis](#) and [The Interior Castle and the Matrix](#), are to go over what I suspect their true Kingdom purpose was, among other noted features in the antiquitech investigation. So, give me time and we will tackle them in turn.

Keeping wholly with the official explanation for the moment, time and again we come to learn that the number one common denominator for the Middle Ages, as descriptions go, is the **pilgrimage**. I have written a paper on that one, [The Pilgrim's Path](#). Amazingly, the Medieval Pilgrimage experience has **Sukkot** scribbled all over it, and Sukkot, in case you've already forgotten, or the Feast of Tabernacles as it is also known, may be the best description of the Millennial Kingdom, according to Zechariah 14:16-21. The **Carole**, or the Rondeau as it's also known, is another important piece of the puzzle. I will refer you to [Knight Moves](#). The Carole is a lost circle dance of the Millennial Kingdom, meaning, it's been scrubbed though we know it existed, and the residue is worldwide. The Carole also testifies to Sukkot. Everything is interrelated and there are no coincidences. And so, why am I not surprised to learn that Suger's entire reasoning for the Gothic design was in his wanting a place worthy of pilgrims?

Contained within many of the Gothic Cathedrals were [Labyrinths](#), unique pilgrimage tools for acquiring the Kingdom *within*. Not sure who designed those, but Suger is specifically accredited with **stained glass windows**. Assuming for the moment that stained glass windows were present and accounted for and not later introductions, Suger's rationale was that the beauty of the light through the stained-glass helped to transport the pilgrim to a higher spiritual state through meditating on them. Eventually, you will want to read another spin-off, [Mary Magdalene and the Mandala](#), because the Rose Windows are **Mandalas** in every sense of the word, geometric configuration of symbols which establishes sacred spaces, a third-eye allowing its practitioners and adepts to achieve their spiritual goals.

Well, if you read that one, Mary Magdalene and the Mandala, then you may recall the very mysterious **Pseudo-Dionysius the Areopagite**, whom the equally mysterious writer of 'The Cloud of Unknowing' was inspired by. The dude was a late 5th to early **6th century** Neoplatonic philosopher who identified as the very **Dionysius** whom **Pa'al** converted in Ma'asiym (Acts) 17:34. Smoke that pipe, why don't you? Also, hold my pipe for the moment. Pseudo-Dionysius described the Universe as consisting of the "Father of Lights," being God, the "First radiance," being Christ, and the "smaller lights," people. It appears as though Suger was inspired by him as well, because the Cathedral was purposed with expressing the glory of God on the Earth and his incarnation into matter.



For Suger, a key ingredient was light, and the true Light of the World was Mashiach. Therefore, Light and its presence in a church were important in communing with the Creator. If you stop and think about it, stained glass windows are illustrative tools to help mortals perceive the colors resulting from wavelengths which only immortals are capable of seeing. There is more evidence for you that Suger, the real Suger, was not an immortal. Everything contained within the Cathedral had a distinct purpose, which was to awaken within the Pilgrim the profound conscious awareness of God's presence. Stated in a slightly different way, he furthermore believed that the invisible Spirit of God is made visible in stone, light, and tinted glass. Suger described his tall ceilings, large open

spaces, pointed arches, and light through stained glass as the “jewels of heaven.” The Cathedral was intended to be nothing less than heaven on earth.



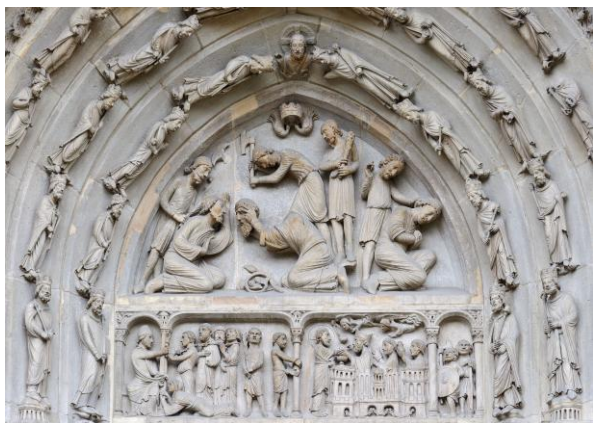
Much as it was with Mosheh looking to heaven and creating the Tabernacle blueprint, as well as the Kingdom Mysteries contained within, based of course upon the body of Melchizedek, it is my personal thesis that Cathedrals were intended to create an entrance to the **heavenly Yerushalayim**. I see evidence that the Medievalist viewed the heavenly City as much more than a brick-and-mortar destination. For them, the Earth was the Kingdom and the City come down, with the individual citizens making up its Living Stones, and the wall of Fire often surrounding their maps was the Ruach HaQodesh, separating them from the Outer Darkness. You will see what I mean when you finally get around to [The Pilgrim's Path](#). In the meanwhile, allow me to help you along with my own thought process.



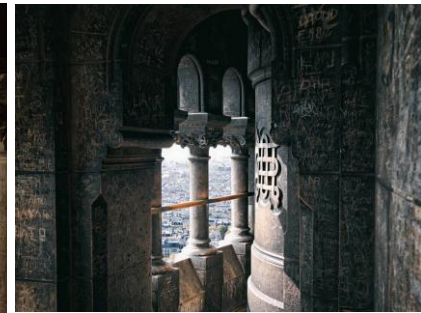
Therefore say, Thus says Adonai YAHUAHA: Although I have cast them far off among the heathen, and although I have scattered them among the countries, yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come.

Yechezq'el (Ezekiel) 11:16

Without going into a much larger study involving the seven golden Menorahs of Revelation, it is once more my thesis that heavenly Yerushalayim, the City in the Sky, is Gothic by design. Perhaps there are Byzantine flavors and splashes of the Romanesque here and there. I mean, the heavenly City is after all a massive one. But that is how the Medievalists depicted the city, anyhow, as a Gothic one, complete with Castle walls and turrets. Whoever this Suger was or is, my research has led me to believe that the Cathedral was designed as little Yerushalayim's.



Featured at Saint-Denis is a headless man, his name being **Denis of Paris**. It doesn't take a sleuth to deduce that Suger's magnum opus was named after him. Remember when I told you to hold my pipe? I will be asking for its safe return now. Denis was the **Bishop of Paris**, and his name is short for **Dionysus**, as in, **Pseudo-Dionysus**. As tradition would have it, Dionysus, the original Dionysus first mentioned in Ma'asiym (Acts) 17:34, was beheaded during **Domitian's** reign, somewhere near the end of the first century. Others claim Saint-Denis is being misidentified and the Dionysus we are looking for was beheaded under the persecution of **Decius** shortly after **AD 250**. Arguably, we are looking at three different Dionysus', all of which are attributable to Saint-Denis, or contrarily, the composite is not a man but the timeline.



The story has Saint Denis' fateful meeting with the Roman lumberjack at the top of the hill of Montmartre in Paris, right about where this belle happens to reside. The heavenly **Sacré-Coeur Basilica** supposedly took **forty years** and five architects to build, being completed in **1914**, the very



year in which the First World War started in Europe. I am including construction photos so that you can't accuse me of holding the facts. Can't accuse me of turning a blind eye. I may be a skeptic, but that is because I've seen too much to take the official history at its word. They just love to show people standing around in these photos, don't they? Watching construction unfold. Slowly. Forty years' worth.

Continuing with his story, Denis is said to have picked up his head after it was removed from his shoulders only to walk several miles from the summit of the hill, preaching a sermon the entire way. The site where he stopped preaching and actually died was afterwards marked by a small shrine, which was then honored by the **Frankish kings**, and finally chosen as the location for the Suger's first Gothic Cathedral. Which reminds me of another thesis of mine. In [The Resurrection, the Seventy, and Rome](#), I can't help but wonder if the resurrected kings and priests of the Millennial Kingdom were given authority over the places they'd served and perhaps died the martyred death in during their mortal life.



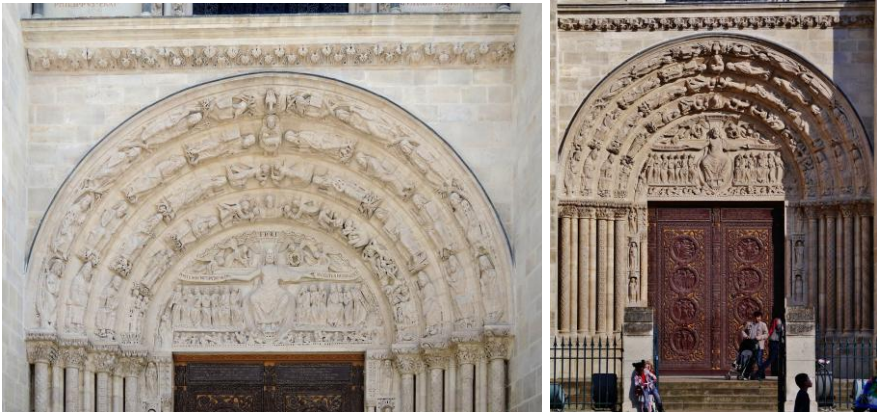
Oh, and by the way, the term Gothic did not actually enter the collective consciousness until **Enlightenment** Inheritor **Giorgio Vasari** applied the term to Suger's work, the reason being that he wanted everyone to think the Cathedrals were rude and barbaric, whereas Neoclassical architecture was all the flave, y'all, no cap. There may be more Truth here than simply propaganda for the Medici's. I'm sorry to once more do this to you, but for that you will need to read [The War of the Sons of Light Against the Sons of Darkness](#), a paper which can be found in my [Seven](#)

[Thousand Year Timeline Deception](#) book. The term **Goth** was interchangeable with **Jew**. Don't be alarmed quite yet. To be called a Jew was equivalent with [Natsariym](#) or **Yashar'el** behavior, which is the same thing as keeping the Commands and the Testimony of YASHA'UA Ha'Mashiach. The lawless are now free to panic. The point I am trying to make here is that they are only called "Gothic" Cathedrals because we are expected to think of them in ugly terms, though the Neoclassical Inheritors were applying the same technology to their buildings, and ironically, the Goths may have in fact been the ones to build them. Have you looked up the name of Suger lately?

**Suger**

[noun] **a person or thing that sucks.**

Why do I get the feeling that the Inheritors either changed his name, changed the meaning of his name, or jumbled a conglomerate of MK kings and priests into the moniker for mockery purposes? Oh, I get it, the architect of Basilica of Saint-Denis totally sucky-suck-sucked face. Real mature guys.



Entering into Saint-Denis through its massive bronze doors one can't help but to observe a depiction of Messiah on his throne, surrounded by **Miryam** and the Twelve, but which Miryam are we talking about? I am of the opinion that the evidence supports Miryam of Migdal, particularly in France, up until the time when the RCC scrubbed and replaced her with Miryam the Mother. Below them, the dead are rising from the grave, and within the greater scene, we see the 24 Elders. And I know what most of you are already thinking. Can it be said that the builder of Saint-Denis depicted a Judgement Event which had already occurred?



## A Royal Priesthood

THE answer you probably weren't looking for or even expecting is **Smaug**. But I will tell you about him anyways. The dragon from **J.R.R. Tolkien**'s 'The Hobbit' lore is how many *might* imagine themselves staking out their treasures in heaven if they're being honest with themselves. YASHA'UA said there would be treasures in heaven and Smaug, as you may or may not know, was a treasure hoarder. He sat upon his pile all day every day, 24/7 for decades on end, wanting every last trinket for himself. Then again, it takes a dragon heart to amass a dragon's hoard. And that is why I am here to tell you that the complete opposite was true regarding the kings and priests of the Millennial Kingdom. Don't get me wrong. They were most certainly prosperous. They were probably the richest people who ever walked the earth. But then look at how YASHA'UA Ha'Mashiach describes their fortunes.

<sup>19</sup> Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust do corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal;

<sup>20</sup> But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust do corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: <sup>21</sup> **For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.**

Mattithyahu (Matthew) 6: 19-21



YASHA'UA had in mind a treasure which is in direct correlation with the desires of ones' heart. The treasure hoarders are also mentioned here. Those things are perishable and easily stolen and cannot be accounted for in their resurrection. It is only the serviceable heart which secures a foothold, telling us that a completely different type of wealth is being described. The person who cares for the widow and the orphan, feeding the hungry and clothing the poor, as well as tending to the sick, and so on and so on, will be rewarded for their efforts in such a way as to continue doing the same in the resurrection but with a dramatically expanded measure of responsibility.

The parable of the talents in Mattithyahu 25:14-30 comes to mind. You will have to read it for yourself. There are others. But with the parable of the talents, the wise servants became elevated servants upon the master's return, with added responsibility and a pocketbook to show for it. That embellished role is further described for us in Revelation, wherein we read the following:

<sup>26</sup> And he that overcomes, and guards my works unto the end, **to him will I give power over the nations:** <sup>27</sup> **And he shall rule them with a rod of iron;** as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers: even as I received of my Father.

Chizayon (Revelation) 2:26-27

Those who overcame the world and guarded the commands of Elohiym by the time of his arrival, though here it says YASHA'UA's works (which is the *same* thing), were promised co-rulership over the nations, complete with a rod of iron to show for it. I know it doesn't outright say priests here. It *is* referring to a royal priesthood non-the-less. The same royal priesthood which YAHUAHA the Most-High Elohiym intended for Yashar'el at Sinai in Exodus 19:6, though they rejected the offer. You have to keep reading in Revelation to uncover a fuller description.

<sup>4</sup> And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of YASHA'UA, and for the Word of Elohiym, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither is image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their

hands; and **they lived and reigned with Mashiach a thousand years.** <sup>5</sup> But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection. <sup>6</sup> 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.**

Chizayon (Revelation) 20:4-6

I took out the marker on two separate sentences so as to move our conversation along. As you can see, it starts out describing those who would live and reign with Mashiach for a thousand years, indicating the Millennial kings. But then it states that they would also be priests of Elohiym. We have before us a description of the Melchizedek priesthood, which is another study altogether. Also, did you catch the part about the rest of the dead living again, but not until after the thousand years were finished? I suspect that's referring to us. We are the dead. Living again. Though most people nowadays it seems are the walking dead. For now, I will leave it up to you to consider those implications.

What I aim to demonstrate over the following *so many* pages involve the wealth of these kings and priests who co-ruled with Mashiach, though again, I reckon it is not as most have cared to imagine. The blueprints of their hearts still remain in some capacity. Our Controllers have tried their darndest to mutilate His-Story, twisting and contorting their servitude into something closer resembling a dragon's hoard. In reality though, a careful examination of the cathedrals spanning our flat motionless plane tell us far more about the architects who designed them than history books would dare to have us know.



## Royal Pains: The Poop Problem

INDOOR plumbing was a Roman pastime. The Romans designed entire aqueducts necessary for the transportation of water into bathhouses and public toilets, sometimes from 100 kilometers away. They were so adept at the toilet game that they'd line entire rooms full of them so that men or women could sit around and appreciate the plumbing without taking a break from conversation. That is all you really need to know about history. That the Romans had indoor plumbing. But not the wealthy Elite, the most noblest of knights, nor the kings and priests of medieval times, all of whom inherited Roman advancements in sanitation but were incapable of telling the difference between toilet paper and a pinecone. Because it was the dark ages, you see. It would take Queen Elizabeth I's godson, **Sir John Harington**, to create the first flushing toilet in **1596**, as soon as the dark ages were over, and then finally somebody named **Thomas Crapper** to turn it into an artform in the **1860s**.

Among the hundreds of church and abbey projects in medieval England alone, the construction of each structure took an average of **250–300 years** if you can believe that. In all that time, and we're talking entire father to son to son to son to son to son building projects, nobody was remotely concerned about the pooping problem. You'd think somebody would connect a couple of tubes together and then tell the king or queen they'd solved their stink issues, hoping for a raise. Much like NASA's inability to return to the moon some fifty years after the fact, they had lost the technology to design plumbing, and it was too painful to build it up again. That must be it.





You are apparently looking at a medieval toilet. Right this very moment. Don't stand too close. I'd also suggest closing your mouth while staring up at it, because that's the pee hole you're standing under. It is generally known as a **Garderobe**, though other names included the 'draught', 'gong', 'siege-house', 'neccessarium', and my personal favorite, 'Golden Tower.' We are told the castle residents would carefully line up one hole with another and then have a bowel movement. The squat would then splatter down the wall and into the moat. Well, if the water didn't keep the dragon out then I'm sure the sludge did the trick. Who knew the first long drops originated from a penthouse? If you thought you felt a breeze from two feet off the earth, then try 40-feet up. On a shrill windswept English morning, that hole had to have been whistling.

How many gong drops were there in any given castle, exactly? I tried getting to the bottom of that question, but to no avail. I've got two bathrooms in my house and with two sons, a wife, and a daughter, it's rarely enough. Imagine an entire castle after the chef didn't wash his hands or the mayonnaise went bad. There simply aren't enough holes. I'm only counting one. If the only other Golden Tower were on the opposite end of the castle, imagine the pain and agony. Have you ever sprinted up or down those spiraling towers while clinching the butt cheeks? Talk about impossible engineering.

The pooping problem has led me in the past to claim that the people who inhabited these castle walls, as well as cathedrals and palaces, were breatharians. A breatharian is somebody who does not require food or water for his or her day-to-day living needs. No obligatory digestion system. A breatharian simply receives energy directly from the Aether, much as a plant would. Somebody who fully devotes themselves to the lifestyle would begin to de-age within several years—or *so* I'm told. My attempt in attributing the breatharian concept to the resurrected kings and

priests of Messiah's kingdom was a noble effort and probably very close to the truth, but still extremely limiting, when in fact the set-apart feasted and feasted well. The seven cyclical holy days of YAHUAHA *alone* would frustrate any breatharians schedule. You'd think they would have needed plumbing then.

You know who else didn't have bathrooms? The children of Yashar'el while wandering through the wilderness didn't have bathrooms. The camp was something like **12 square miles**. No bathrooms and no plumbing required. Imagine having to carry your pot for six entire miles every time you wanted to dump it for sanitary purposes. I've heard tall tales regarding backpackers carrying their poop out in plastic baggies during a weekend trip, but we're talking 40 years of potty business. It's the poop problem all over again, which has long been discussed in theological circles. Well, I think I finally figured out what was going on during the Millennial Kingdom.

<sup>17</sup> He that has an ear, let him hear what the Ruach says unto the called-out assemblies; **To him that overcomes will I give to eat of the hidden manna**, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knows saving he that receives it.

Chizayon (Revelation) 2:17

They ate manna. Just as the children of Yashar'el did in the wilderness. Before you go and ask me for evidence of this manna's whereabouts, as if the leftovers would be sold in the castle souvenir gift shop, need I remind you that it is hidden manna. I couldn't possibly know where that is. A closed mouth catches no flies, and the resurrected sainthood aren't talking. Here is another clue in all of this.

There were good reasons for not exceeding a day's ration in the daily downpour of **manna**. First, that they might be spared the need of carrying it on their wanderings; secondly, **that they might daily receive it hot**; and, lastly, that they might day by day depend upon God's aid, and in this way exercise themselves in faith.

While the people were still abed, God fulfilled their desire, and rained down manna for them. **For this food had been created on the second day of creation, and ground by the angels**, it later descended for the wanderers in the wilderness. The mills

are stationed in the third heaven, where manna is constantly being ground for the future use of the pious; **for in the future world manna will be set before them.** Manna deserves its name, “bread of the angels,” not only because it is prepared by them, but because **those who partake of it become equal to the angels in strength, and, furthermore, like them, have no need of easing themselves, as manna is entirely dissolved in the body. Not until they sinned, did they have to ease themselves like ordinary mortals.**

Manna also showed its heavenly origin in the miraculous flavor it possessed. There was no need of cooking or baking it, nor did it require any other preparation, and still **it contained the flavor of every conceivable dish. One had only to desire a certain dish, and no sooner had he thought of it, than manna had the flavor of the dish desire.** The same food had a different taste to everyone who partook of it, according to his age; to the little children it tasted like milk, to the strong youths like bread, to the old men like honey, to the sick like barley steeped in oil and honey.

The Legends of the Jews: Volume 3

Manna is the grain of heaven, grounded and prepared by culinary angels. It is also the food of angels according to Psalm 78:24-25. No wonder why so many people whined like disgruntled ponies after realizing they’d be eating that stuff every day for 40 years. Never mind the fact that angels eat manna every single day for an eternity and think being a badass soldier with a flaming sword and a chariot with flames decal is a sweet gig. I guess that just goes to show, those inadequate souls who don’t desire heaven here on earth will think its food isn’t worthy of them. Can you imagine having to delight in it for a thousand years then? Waking up to the piping hot aroma of the boulangerie assaulting your senses every morning and then being told to fill the breadbasket to your delight. Such a burden, I’m sure. Baklava is for chumps.

**[UPDATE 2/19/2023:** Don’t you just love it when a second witness arrives at the courtroom? Several months ago, I offered you a passage from LOTJ regarding the scrumptious flavor of manna and then passed it off as something Biblical, having nothing else to back it up with. The protests can stop now. I’ve found one.



<sup>3</sup> But when Mosheh had gone up to the mount, and was staying there forty days, the people, although they had seen Mitsrayim struck with the ten plagues, and the sea parted and passed over by them on foot, **manna also given to them from heaven for bread**, and drink supplied to them out of the rock that followed them, **which kind of food was turned into whatever taste any one desired**.

The Ascents of Ya'aqov 3:3

*Boom.* The Nazarene Acts of the Apostles is a completely different source from the modern-day Talmudists who collected the stories in LOTJ. It's why I keep saying there is much truth to be found in there, even if you have to bring your saltshaker. You can't say it's a kabbalah thing either. The writer of the book identifies himself as Kepha. Even he was under the impression that manna was turned into whatever taste anyone desired. It makes you wonder what he thought about the poop situation. If only we could jump into a time machine and ask him.]



Not too long ago I caught another screening of 'Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory.' Reading about how the manna will take on any dish or flavor which its connoisseur wishes, I'm reminded of that scene where Violet Beauregarde grabs the experimental gum right out of Willy Wonka's hands and then proceeds to chew upon it. She tasted hot and creamy tomato soup and then roast beef and a baked potato for the second course. The blueberry pie and cream are what did her in. She blew up like a balloon, being so full of... *dessert*. The Oompa Loompa's had to roll her off to the Garderobe to squeeze it out of her. **Roald Dahl** must have been in the know because that's precisely what it was like for naughty little children during Messiah's Kingdom.

Look what else it says in 'Legends of the Jews'. The manna would be set out for the children of Yashar'el in the future world. That's speaking of Messiah's Kingdom on earth. They ate manna. Daily. Still prepared by the angels. You figure the sinners had nothing better to do than rebel against a perfectly good thing. Which is precisely why they would need their own line-up of celebrities, men like Thomas Crapper. Because that's the other thing. Immortals had no need to ease themselves, as manna is entirely dissolved in the body. No wonder they didn't need bathrooms. The castles and the cathedrals and the palaces of old were built for the saint rather than the sinner. Sure, a mortal might swipe some manna from grandma's cabinet, but they'd be paying a visit to the Golden Tower on their way out. The Oompa Loompa's probably ended up drilling that pee hole in the first place so as to cart them there.]



[**UPDATE** 5/13/25: MY pee hole investigation has taken me to the ends of the earth, to the **Tower of London** at any rate. Earlier this morning, I managed to find one such draught space in the White Tower. Actually, there were **two** of them—one on top of the other, LOL. Well, isn't that adorable, the gentlemen and the lady prisoners get separate toilets, I presume for privacy purposes in-between massage appointments on the rack. The Beefeaters put up a red rope, barring me to enter, probably to hinder my hope of turning over every stone in this investigation. I was able to lean in and take pictures of the two garderobes anyhow, and it's true, all of it. There appears to be a squatty bench of some sort.

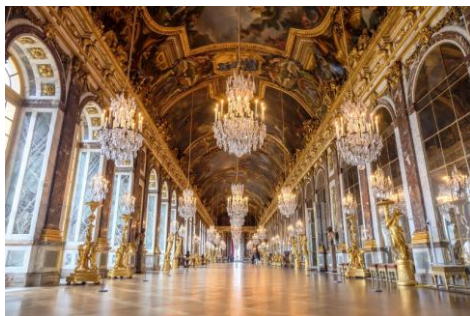
They got me. They finally got me. I'm a big boy and can admit when I've been defeated—and by the King's Guard of all people. Indeed, people did take a dump in the dark ages. I mean, that's what happens when you eat the manna with an uncircumcised heart. You poop. And so, if I were to

build a prisoner tower in the late middle ages, I'd make sure to put in a toilet for the filthy sinners as well. To be honest, I was feeling a little down about my observation, and then I took my search to **Google**. Here is what I was told.

## Garderobe in Tower of London

In the Tower of London, a garderobe **served as a medieval toilet**. These were typically simple holes discharging waste into a cesspit or the moat, depending on the building's structure. <sup>5</sup> <sup>4</sup> One notable example is the Norman garderobe toilet used in the great chamber of the White Tower, dating back to the 14th century. <sup>3</sup> The Medieval Palace within the Tower, which includes St Thomas's Tower, has a reconstructed Edward I bedchamber that features a garderobe wall. <sup>4</sup> These lavatories were often associated with the storage of valuable items due to the belief that ammonia from excretions could protect clothes and other possessions from moths or fleas. <sup>5</sup>

I actually managed to read the AI 8-ball with a straight face until I got to the part where the garderobes in the Tower were used for “**storage of valuable items due to the belief that ammonia free excretions could protect clothes and other possessions from moths or fleas.**” Excuse my American, but are they *shitting* me? All sorts of valuable items are stored in the Tower of London, including the **Crown Jewels**, and so, they simply couldn't help themselves, could they? Playing around with the gaslights, Beefeaters, are we, hmmm? The best way to preserve the royal goods from the pesky fleas and moths is to let her rip on the bog, spray a little night soil on the **Coronation Regalia**, apparently. The MK crowd piled it on thick and loved every minute of it.]



Once the poo-poo potty was finally introduced to Victorian era Europe, the French apparently didn't know what to do with them, seeing as how they were so used to crapping themselves, but mostly just taking a dump while they walked. And no, I am not making this shit up. That's what the

official narrative tells us. Even in their royal palaces, the French had the habit of letting it all out. Have you ever been to Versailles? I have. It's glorious. The place is practically constructed of golden goose-shells. But then the official narrative is bold enough to tell us **Louis XIII** had it built for a hunting lodge. *Oh sure*. Because nothing says 'deer blind' quite like chandeliers and banisters of gold.

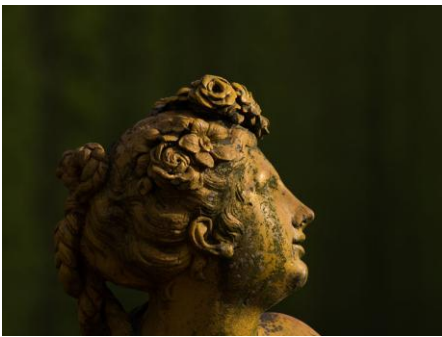
Still not one of his architects thought up a bathroom though. They couldn't even muster up the budget for a pee hole. Flamboyant powder-faced royals just crapped all over it. Just ask a tour guide. They'll tell you its residents would squat in hallways corners, anywhere they could find that was lighted with a golden candlestick. Eventually the palace became so overrun with excrement that the royal apartments, dauphin and dauphine, were gated off just to ensure that the commoners didn't take a dump near it. That's not even the whole of it though.



I am showing you a picture of one such royal. Are you ready for her name? **Françoise de Brancas Princesse d'Harcourt**. **Marie Antoinette** would be the other one. Don't let her flowery sash or her milky white complexion fool you though. She was one of Versailles most vile and serial shitters of them all. And quite unlike the commoners, huddling in the corners, Princess d'Harcourt couldn't even be reckoned among the squatters. Nope, the princess apparently just relieved herself while walking. The poop and the pee would run down her legs and then cling to her dress, leaving a trail as she sashayed like the pretty little graceful princess she was, down the staircases and hallways. Are you buying any or this?



Oh sure, they used chamber pots as well. But then did you hear about that time when Marie Antoinette was walking about in the garden? Somebody by the name of Madame du Barry emptied a chamber pot from her apartment. It landed on Marie's head. Because at least some of its residents were smart enough to chuck their poop from the window rather than squatting underneath staircase banister. Also, I have heard that story told to me, and it never seems to occur to anyone why Antoinette would be walking along the poop trail in the first place. At Versailles, you may be regaled with Marie Antoinette poop stories if you ask the right foam-fingered tour guide. Like that time when there was so much excrement in Antoinette's kitchen that it was a flooded mess. Good times, I'm sure.



Never mind the fact that the Palace of Versailles included a series of exquisite fountains strewn about the garden landscape. Because the Louis' were so concerned with the building project's skyrocketing budget that they had a decision to make—indoor or outdoor plumbing. Did I tell you that, when somebody got the bright idea of introducing indoor piping, they leaked into the walls, filling each and every room with the aroma? Not even the Romans had that problem.

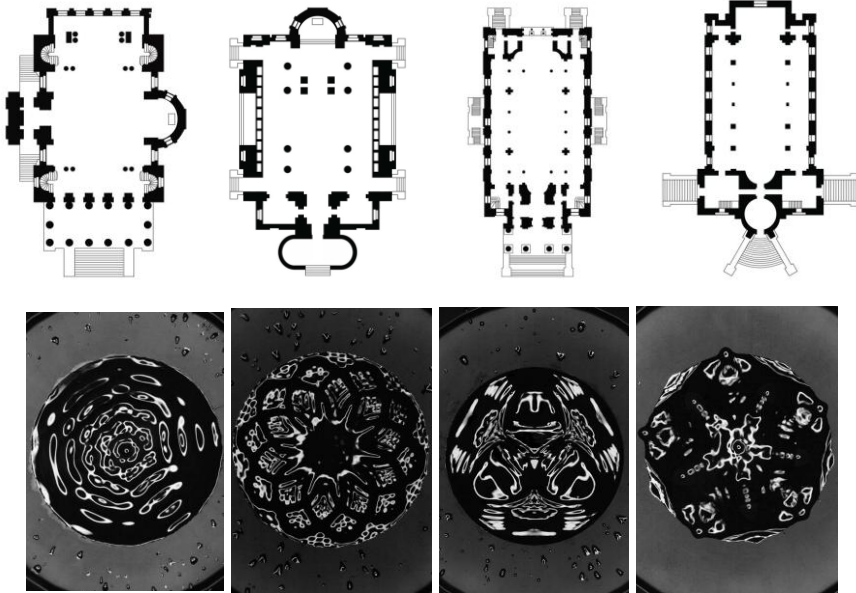


## Good Vibrations: The Cymatics of Sacred Spaces

ARCHITECTURE is frozen music. The cathedral builders were well aware of that fact. Contrarily, you can think of music as liquid architecture. But getting back to the cathedral builders. Their own designs testify to their appreciation for the healing principles of sound, when administered properly. Sound itself is the vibration of molecules within any medium. You might even say it is a creative force which holds the popsicle sticks and glue or our physical world in form. It all comes down to cymatics. What is cymatics? I will explain. Cymatics was a term first coined by **Hans Jenny** in the 1970's. It is the study of geometric patterns created by sound vibrations. Turn the page and you will see what I mean. In **2013**, artist **Tanya Harris** set about to demonstrate the hidden reality of the cathedrals of old, *via* cymatics. Or as she described it, the subtle vibrations through which all life manifests itself.

Harris' experiment involved recording the sound of silence in a series of churches, none of which I am sad to say included the Simon and Garfunkle song. Those which she targeted were specifically said to have been designed by English architect **Nicholas Hawksmoor** (1661–1736). They are all four pictured *above*, and are (left to right): **St. George Bloomsbury** in London, **St George-in-the-East**, *also* London, as well as **Christchurch** and **St. Anne's Church**, *again* London. Pay attention to the order because I will follow it in future references.

Harris then played the recordings back while recording the sound again to gain an amplified recording. By placing water inside of a loudspeaker, Harris was capable of translating the silence into the liquid architecture of cymatics, the results of which are nothing short of astonishing.

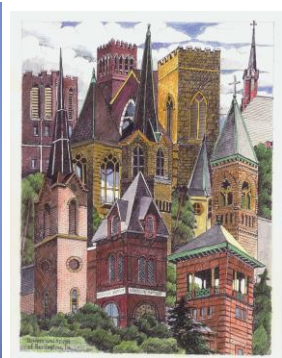


The floorplans of all four churches are shown above. What Harris discovered is a *hidden* sound busily orchestrating symmetrical laws which coincide with the same geometric blue-prints evident throughout nature. I have shown those results. The cathedral builders may not have been visually imitating nature. No, brighter minds were cultivating it, and in such a way as to masterfully create harmonious expressions which were intended to conform to the golden ratio. Is that a five-pointed star? *It is*. And if I'm not mistaken, the resulting patterns look an awful lot like the rose windows found in cathedrals across our realm.

Think about how much of your body consists of water, and then ask yourself, what sort of patterns would you rather exemplify? Our molecules will manifest into something beautiful or hideously ugly, depending upon the music or words thrust upon them. Professor **Sungchil Ji** of Rutgers University found that red blood cells exposed to classical music have a significantly improved lifespan. What I aim to show is that every facet of the cathedral was designed with the physical health and spiritual longevity of humanity in mind.



SYMMETRICAL spires and spikes can be found on countless cathedrals across our realm. The painful part in all of this is that we were dupped into thinking they were designed merely for decorative purposes. Yeah right. And I'm not simply talking about the steeple either. A gothic palace or cathedral might have dozens if not hundreds of spires rising from its various rooftops. Every aspect of these buildings was intended to serve a purpose. Nothing went wasted. And while I can't sit here and pretend like I have it all figured out, or that the breadth of their knowledge in designing these buildings is fully appreciated, what seems evident is that the 'ornamental' spires were used to extract Aether from the ionosphere. They were places of worship but also energy harvesting power stations.



Ever since **Benjamin Franklin** flew a kite in Philadelphia during the great lightning storm of **1752**, the historians have had their work cut out for them writing revisions as to the true motive of his experiment. Some have even insisted as of late that the entire episode was fabricated, as if that's not ironic. Otherwise, you have to wonder about all these golden cake toppers on buildings everywhere. Were they *also* only intended for

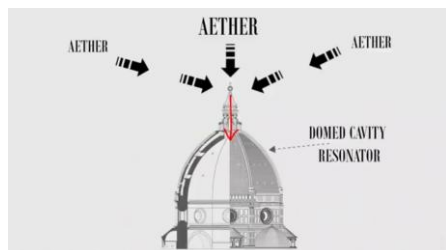


decorative use until Franklin came along? Or was it Alessandro Volta? Edison perhaps? *Ridiculous.*

Turns out, it's not that difficult to find mansions and palaces, not to mention homes, schools, and courthouses even, that included a design capable of extracting free energy from the Aether. There wouldn't even be enough pages available in my paper arsenal to cover them all. They're everywhere. All pretty trimmings and garnishes, apparently.



Copper and gold make for excellent conductors of electricity. You would think the cathedral builders knew a thing or two about it then, but no. We see domes in cathedrals, but also in mansions and palaces.



None of these builders understood what a dome is good for, apparently, with all that flamboyant Tootie-fruity kings' money they had to work with. And yet, their intended purpose couldn't be any more obvious for anyone paying attention. Once harvested from the Aether, the energy would have inevitably been drawn down into these domed structures. They're cavity resonators.

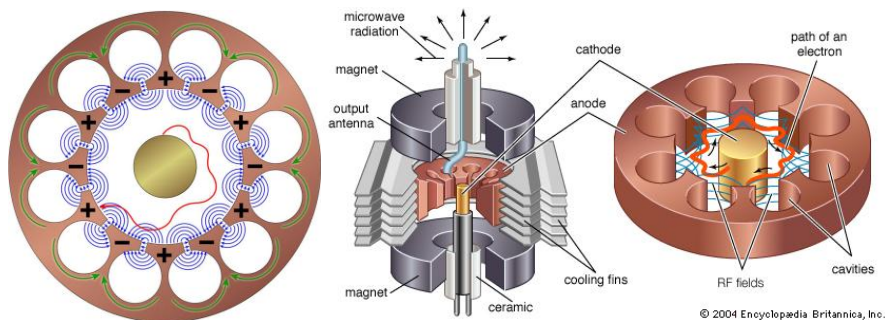


Esthetically, the inside of these domes doesn't disappoint. Seriously, have you ever stood under one of them? You'll cramp your neck. Such perfect symmetry though. An underdeveloped people built these, yeah right. And they did it all for looks, apparently, as we are told they had no function whatsoever except for ornamentation and mood setting. Because nothing passes the offering plate around a second time quite like a dome, you see. How very strange of them then to include *cavities* in the design. And no, I'm not talking about permanent damage to your teeth either. Look closer. Squint your eyes if need be. The cavities I'm referring to are in the

masonry, and just so happen to take on the peculiar look of **cavity resonators**. In the world of electromagnetism, cavity resonators work through symmetry to produce oscillation or vibration of energetic particles. Symmetrical shapes force energetic particles or ions to vibrate in a constant manner, and bada-bing, electromagnetic fields are excited and extracted for use. It's the little details.

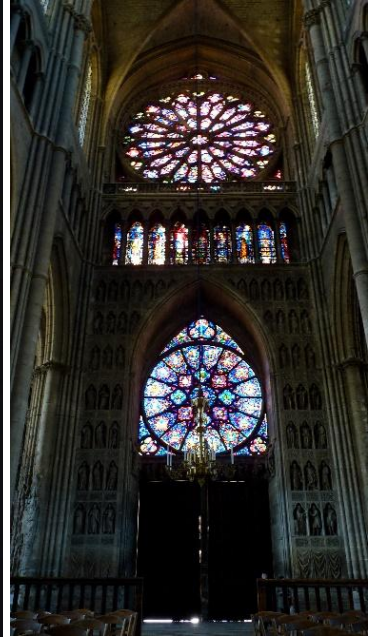


Many domes across the realm have had their cavity resonators removed, but not all of them. The dome on the left is one such victim. It has been stripped of its ornamentation. A magnetron emits powerful microwaves that can act as a source of free energy, and so, breaking the symmetry or closing the vacuum will handicap its intended use. But then look at the dome on the right. Its cavities remain. A better term might be **cavity magnetrons**. A cavity magnetron is a high-powered vacuum tube that generates microwaves using the interaction of a stream of ions in partnership with a magnetic field while in the cavity resonator, all of which operates through a hollow symmetrical vacuum. It's all a bit technical.



All of our microwaves have magnetrons inside. See for yourself. We are told the first cavity magnetron wasn't brought to the US by the British until **1940**, and that somebody named **Albert W. Hull**, who was also known for his research in vacuum tubes and x-ray crystallography, first developed the magnetron in **1916**. Sure, let's go with that.





The **rose windows** seen everywhere on cathedrals undoubtedly had a part to play. The originals wouldn't have included stained glass though. Once again, it is the glass which immobilizes their intended use. The fact that



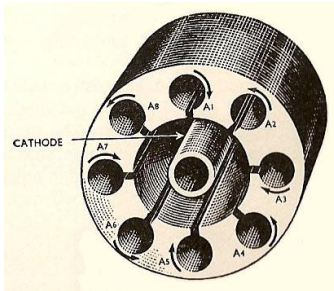
they take on the sacred geometry of light and vibrations should be our first clue that something much more than meets the eye is going on.



But then check out the Cloisters! I'll tell you what, I've walked the halls of some serious Cloisters in my day, but none quite like what the architects built for themselves at Gloucester Cathedral. Cavities on the ceiling. Rose windows. Sacred geometry. This is the sort of frozen music that light and vibrations built. The intricate design of it all. Doesn't it make you want to write poetry? They certainly don't build hallways like they used to.

A cloister if you must know is a covered walkway running along the walls of cathedrals but surrounding a central quad, forming what is called a quadrangle. We can only theorize how the space might have been utilized inside but I'm imagining the most delightful garden, pleasing to all the senses, and with produce worthy of the kings and priests who once

ministered from these great halls. These two pictured derive from **Canterbury** and **Salisbury** cathedrals.



Look at that word if you haven't already. **Cathode**. The name alone should nab our attention. Sounds an awful lot like Cathedral, don't it? A cathode is defined as the electrode from which a conventional-current leaves a polarized electrical device. Similarly, a catheter is a flexible tube inserted through a narrow opening into a body cavity, particularly the bladder, for removing fluid. Turn to Webster and the '*cath*' in Cathedral has lost all meaning. I wonder why. At one time, every rose window would have had one of them. A cathode, that is. Most cathodes have been removed. But once in a while we can still find structures in which traces of the old cathode are still present.

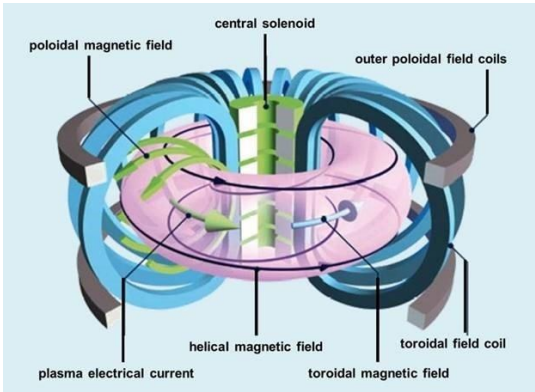


In every instance, the cavity resonators and magnetrons would have had to have worked in partnership with some sort of central engine. Most likely, the engine itself would have been similar to what we know today as a fusion reactor. The cathedrals of old have those. Our Controllers may have removed the engines, but not the outer shell. We know them today as baptismal fonts. If you stop and think about it, nothing will seem more certain. The kings and priests of the Millennial Kingdom would have baptized people in living water. Natural springs of running water. Their cities were of geometric patterns and already dependent upon natural

bodies or irrigated rivers, sometimes even streets of water. Nobody would have entered into a cathedral for the purposes of baptism. And so, they had other uses.



Wherever the hollowed bodies of these *once*-engines exist beyond the confines of a cathedral, *say* in a central square or city quad, our Controllers usually designate them as bandstands.



Some have come to suspect that these fusion reactors would have worked similarly to a **tokamak**. A tokamak is a device which uses a powerful magnetic field to confine plasma in the shape of a torus. In geometry, a **torus** is a surface of revolution generated by revolving a circle in three-dimensional space about an axis that is coplanar with the circle. Colloquially it might be described with the visual pleasantries of a doughnut. Sounds delicious.





The **Pisa Baptistery of St. John** (Italian: *Battistero di San Giovanni*) is a Roman Catholic ecclesiastical building in **Pisa, Italy**. Construction started in 1152 to replace an older **baptistry**, and when it was completed in 1363, it became the second building, in chronological order, in the **Piazza dei Miracoli**, near the **Duomo di Pisa** and the cathedral's free-standing **campanile**, the famous **Leaning Tower of Pisa**. The baptistry was designed by **Diotisalvi**, whose signature can be read on two pillars inside the building, with the date 1153.<sup>[1]</sup>

Sometimes the engines were so large that they required a separate adjacent building. The **Baptistry of St. John** in Pisa is one such example of that. The official narrative has construction starting in **1152** with a completion date of **1363**. That's **211** years, are they serious? A guy named **Diotisalvi** handed in a design so intricately detailed that it would require two centuries and some change, generations of manpower, and an untold fortune, simply to build a dunking pool, yeah right. Are you buying that dribble? **Galileo** was said to have been baptized there. How adorable.



I find myself referring to **Florence Cathedral** often and it is difficult not to. But here is something which I purposely neglected in past papers. Notice the large octagonal shaped building they've got out back. It's another "baptistry." We are told it is one of the oldest buildings in the city, constructed between **1059** and **1128**, for a total of **69 years**. It's even older than cathedral which it is intended to serve, seeing as how Florence



Cathedral wouldn't begin construction until 1296. Construction lasted until 1436, for a grand total of 140 years. I guess the Florence congregants must have pulled out collapsible chairs from the janitor closet week after week and met under the shadow of the Baptistry for 308 years, passing around the offering plate, dreaming big. I hear summers in Florence are lovely. Mm-hmm, they built the most lavish baptistery imaginable before ever getting around to the house of worship. I checked. Florence has the Arno River for baptism purposes. Also, the 17-foot-tall, gilded doors weigh 4 1/2 tons each. Who was baptizing these people, giants?



Here is a baptistery in **Žiža Monastery** near Kraljevo, Serbia. It would seem completely impractical, being outside, though it is also octagonal shaped, hinting us as to its original design.



### Château de Chambord

in France is a castle which I have had the pleasure of investigating in person. Perhaps I will finally get around to detailing the total cognitive dissonance it takes to appreciate this architectural wonder in the face of the *official* narrative.



At present however you should be able to see the series of rooftop towers. Call them bandstands or baptisteries, lighthouses even. Call them whatever you'd like. They're empty. Every last one of them. The story we are told is that the palace was built as a hunting lodge for **King Francis I**, and that **Leonardo da Vinci** was its probable designer. *Mm-hmm*, one of the Ninja Turtles. I'm sure that's why they're empty. King Francis ordered a hunting lodge, and so, da Vinci told him to plant his bum in a tower of his liking and snipe the next deer that came along, soon as it dipped his head for a drink in the dragon moat. *Sure*. That must be it.

Of course, I am sounding like a broken record by this point when stating that these empty spaces can be found all over the world. More often than not, the octagonal shells can be found directly below spires, steeples, or

domed resonators. And when they are not, their position is practical in relation to the structure which they are intended to compliment.



## Reliquaries and Manna

**RELIQUARIES** can be found adorning the rooms of palaces, castles, and cathedrals across our realm. They are indeed stunning contraptions, and our Controllers don't know what to do with them. Which is likely why they have repurposed them for displaying something so simple as a finger bone [for the saints have *yet* to resurrect you see], as if that is what they were designed for.

Look closely.

The reliquaries are not so different from the many empty towers, baptisteries, and bandstands which we have already seen, complete with the spikes and spires of cathedrals. They are empty shells. Because apparently, the medieval designers enjoyed crafting things from precious metals, by which nothing would be placed within them.



It is certainly rare to find any photo which might hint as to what the original engine looked like, but we do have them. You are probably looking at one right now. This one happens to be my personal favorite. Mainly, because we can see a bandstand and a mystery object surrounded by workers and the buttons and probably the mayor for all I know. My guess is a free energy device is under arrest for crimes against humanity and taking a permanent leave of absence to the junkyard behind the FEMA camp. You figure there were hundreds of pictures such as this one in decades past, and then every so often one slips past the goalie net.



As you can see, the photo opportunities are rare. There are other citadels however which appear to display the same mystery object as we have seen in the bandstand. One might relegate these to a lighthouse, but then I will again remind you of the bandstand. The contraption sits no more than a foot off the ground. Was that intended as a lighthouse as well?

**[UPDATE 4/3/25:** THE first iteration of this paper was published nearly three years ago if you can believe that. I was unsatisfied with my findings when placing a date stamp upon it, specifically as they pertained to the purpose of reliquaries. Which is why, returning to the fodder stack, I kept



on with other areas of my Kingdomverse investigation. But as you've probably been made aware by this point in our relationship, one thing leads to another. Bread crumb trails have a habit of being circular. Let's just say I've come upon some new information that should serve this paper well. It not only returns us to the reliquary discussion, but to the manna aspect of the Millennial Kingdom as well.



My tipoff came while researching [Mary Magdalene and The Maiden of the Tower](#) and then studying the painting before you. It is of German origin and attributed to the **Master of Saint Veronica**, circa **1395-1425**. “Congratulations!” is all I have to say about this one. It looks like he got the whole gang together. Not only that, but they also brought along their respected MacGuffin’s for the portrait. Because this is a Kings and Priest paper, I’ll be sure to slip you some of their names. The **Virgin** and **Child** are enthroned, it is difficult to miss them. But then, starting with stage left, we see Saints **Paul** and **Peter**. **Clare of Assisi** is next in line. She is bent down next to **Miryam of Migdal** with her alabaster jar, and look at Miryam’s relationship with the Child, why don’t you? You can tell the woman next to her is Clare because her MacGuffin is the **reliquary**. Take a mental note of that. Just below Clare and Miryam is **Barbara**, crowned

with her **Rook** chess piece. FYI, she was a topic of my Maiden in the Tower paper. Next to Barbara is her twin pillar contemporary, **Catherine**, equally crowned.

Top row stage right, I spy **John the Baptist** and **John the Evangelist**, though their names would be Yochanon in Hebrew. Below them are the crowned ladies. **Agnes** is holding a lamb, probably because in Latin her name literally means *lamb*. **Cecilia**, the patron saint of music and the **pipe organ** is next in line. Consider that next time you listen to the Simon and Garfunkel song. And finally, **Margaret of Antioch** is snuggling up next to her **Reptilian slayer** counterpart, **George**. *Incredible*. Simply incredible. That's a bad ass family reunion if I do say so myself.



Saint Clare showing up for the party with a reliquary was enough to send me on another reconnaissance mission into the Matrix. Will you be happy to know that the Reliquary MacGuffin wasn't a one-off? She is repeatedly seen carrying one around, and why is that? A more pressing question relates to the item *within* various reliquaries. Is it... could it be... **man**na? Girl, quit playing games with my heart.

Well, here is some of what I've come to learn about her. [Follow along](#) in Clare's Wiki article if you prefer. **Chiara Offreduccio** was born in Assisi on **7/16/1194**, the high Middle Ages. She was the eldest daughter of **Favarino Sciffi**, Count of Sasso-Rosso, and his wife **Ortolana**. Traditional accounts say that Clare's father Favarino was a wealthy representative of an **ancient Roman family**, thereby owning a large **palace** in Assisi and a **castle** on the slope of Mount Subasio. Her mother Ortolana is described to us as having belonged to the noble family of **Fiumi**. She furthermore partook in the big three pilgrimages of the Middle Ages, to **Rome**, **Santiago de Compostela**, and the **Holy Land**. I've already shown in [The Pilgrims Path](#) how the pilgrimage not only related to Sukkot, but that Santiago became a bumper sticker emblem for

personal resurrection. And as it relates to Jerusalem, did the [Temple Knights](#) guide her? At any rate, Clare's mother later joined her daughter's monastery.

Perhaps you noted the name of Clare's town, **Assisi**. I purposely didn't highlight it at the time, wondering if you'd notice. Somebody else derived from Assisi, as y'all probably know, and his name was **Francis**. Yup, the guy who spoke to animals. Estimates assign only one or two thousand people living in Assisi at the time, and I wouldn't be surprised to learn Favarino, with his palace and castle, was personally funding him. In fact, we are told that Clare became one of Francis' first and most devout followers, and to the point that she founded the **Order of Poor Ladies**, a monastic religious order for women in the Franciscan tradition.

If you're wondering where the Reliquary MacGuffin comes into this, hold your horses, I'm getting to it. You see, the Order of Poor Ladies was different from any other order or convent because it followed a rule of **strict poverty**. Now, stop and think about that for a moment. Why is a poor, starving woman carrying around reliquaries and staring into them all the time? Because she's always on the lookout for Saint James' finger bone? No. She is gazing intently at the circular object manifesting within it. She is fully dependent upon AL for her daily bread, both physical and spiritual, and I'm willing to bet that's **manna**.



The next leg of my reconnaissance mission did not disappoint. I now have at my disposal numerous Medieval Illuminations which depict reliquaries and the men and women devoted to them. Look at what can be found within, why don't you? Some of you are just aching to tell me I have it all wrong and they're **communion wafers**, manifestation of the **body of Christ** still bleeding out on the cross. Perhaps you are correct. But then I will ask, what are communion wafers (or the body of Mashiach if you prefer) doing in reliquaries to begin with? I *thought* they were designed for

holding locks of hair and other trinkets. I mean, if they were strictly employed for communion purposes, official history certainly doesn't seem interested in badgering that point. You'd think Orthodoxy and the RCC as well as numerous other Protestant denominations would continue putting them to work, but alas, like bandstands, baptistries, and towering spires, they have lost their usefulness. Perhaps something else is going on in these illuminations after all.



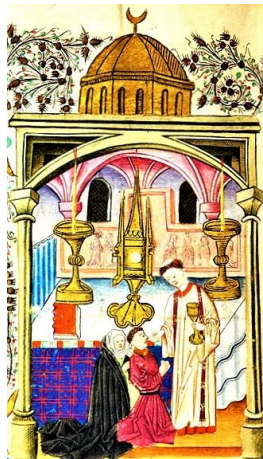
And now the question I have relates to the sheer number of angels seen hanging about the reliqueries. They are **cherub** angels. Time and again, I have noted the relationship between MK-Tech and the spiritual realm, even moats with dragons, and now we have additional evidence for it. Look closely at where the angels are positioned. Their tie-in with the **Ark of the Covenant** is an unmistakable one. And in every single instance, we observe manna materializing within. Oh, excuse me, “communion crackers.” *Mm-hmm. Sure.* Let’s go with that. Is this how the kings and priests of the Millennial Kingdom were nabbing their daily food rations? I’ve already made the case for manna being a staple of the MK, but up until now, I wasn’t completely certain how it was accomplished. Now you know. A morning visit to the bellangerea is only one step removed from Willy Wonka’s chocolate factory and needs to be on every person’s bucket



list but who really needs that when the spiritual world was materializing their daily bread for them?

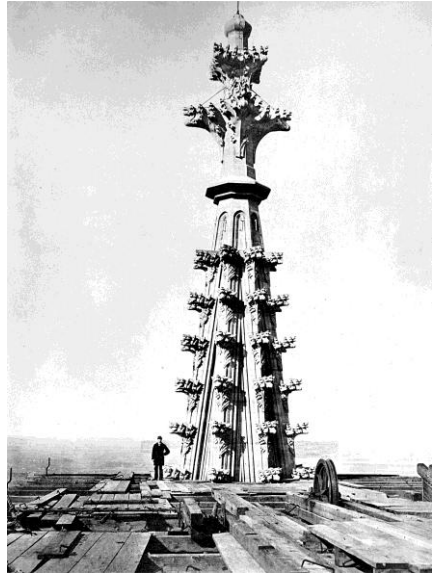


Yet another late Medieval-era illustration highlights the sheer number of “Communion wafers” forecasted in the daily weather report. The story which it is quick to tell harkens to the Exodus generation but then let us not overlook the contemporary fashion. That might as well be Robin Hood, Little John, and Friar Tuck collecting their daily food rations.



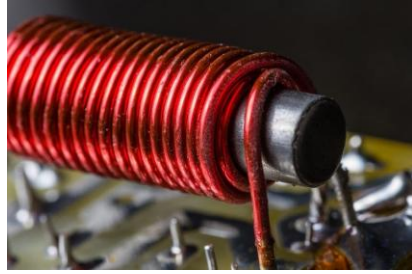
Finally, a man and woman are caught in the act. Receiving communion from a priest, that is. I spy a reliquary. It is surrounded by flaming candles, noting the potential existence of angels. Let us not overlook the **two pillars** which the participants are awkwardly found between, a theme which our **Freemason** Inheritors would heavily borrow from. And lest I

forget, inside the reliquary is the manna I've been talking about. But then, why in the world is a **crescent moon** over the hexagonal dome? I thought those only belonged to the Muslims. Well, I guess we were wrong about that one as well. I'll go out on a limb here and say the Outer Darkness and the [Moon Map](#) are involved.]



The **finials** consist of a central shaft surrounded by two leaf wreaths of different sizes. They date from the last construction phase of Cologne Cathedral around 1880, although the plans still go back to master builder **Ernst Friedrich Zwirner** († 1861), who based his plans on the original, medieval façade plan F. In this design, the finials were to have a diameter of 5.20 metres.

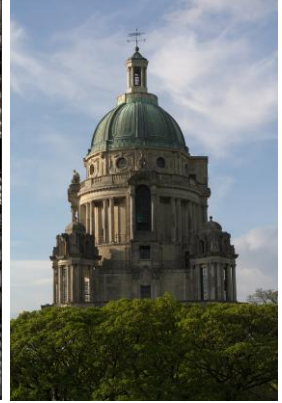
Not exactly a photo. Well, there *is* a photo. It is the sketch, however, which gives interesting insight to the absences of another era. The context of both involves the construction of the Finials of **Cologne Cathedral**, a shaft surrounded by leaf wreaths of different sizes, which was claimed to have been built in the whereabouts of **1880**. It's "master builder" was **Ernst Friedrich Zwirner**, who based his plans on the original medieval façade anyways. Let's assume for the moment that Cologne did receive its medieval steeples in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century. Rather interesting then that they were placing one of them mystery engines into it, wouldn't you agree? Purely ornamentation, I'm sure. Seems like this was more the matter of home remodeling and they were stripping the cathedral of its intended use. Because where is the money in free health? Look at that man standing there by his lonesome, proud of his building project. Probably a spokesman for the pharmaceutical companies.



An electromagnetic coil is an electrical conductor such as a wire in the shape of a coil with one or more turns designed to produce and ultimately increase the strength of a magnetic field. Coils produce vortexes, which in turn create an electromagnetic field. The magnetic fields generated by the wires turns will pass through the center of the coil. The more turns of the wire on the coil, the stronger the magnetic field will be. Today, electromagnetic coils are common in the world of electrical engineering. You'll find these in applications where electric currents interact with magnetic fields, such as electric motors, generators, inductors, electromagnets, transformers, and sensor coils. But it was not always so, apparently. We are told British scientist **William Sturgeon** invented the electromagnet in **1824** using a horseshoe-shaped piece of iron that was wrapped with about 18 turns of bare copper wire.





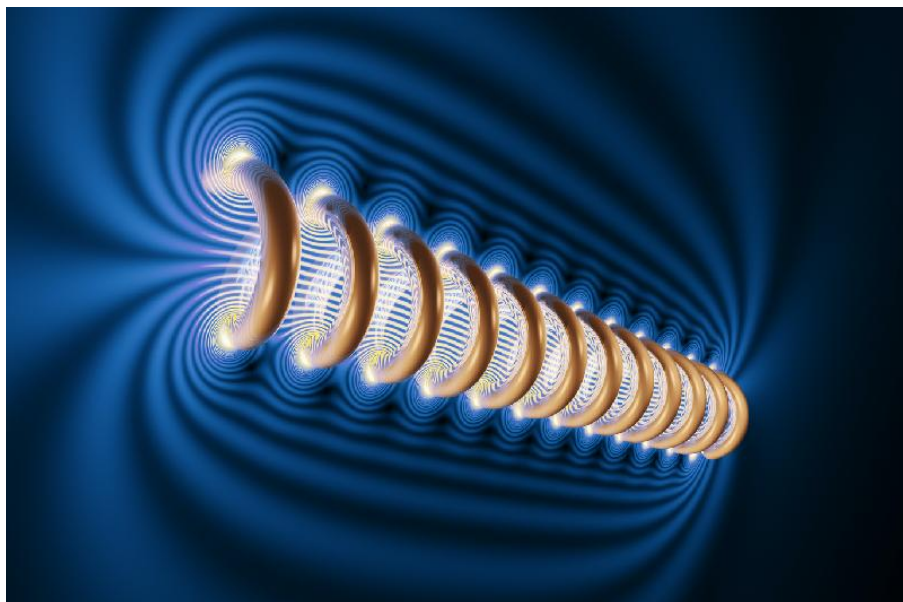


Sturgeon's discovery is a laughable explanation, having no bearing on the reality we can observe around us, as electromagnetic coils are everywhere. They are featured among the columns and rotundas in the structures as well as the landscapes of old. They are even randomly found in gardens. The columns and rotundas were probably designed as powerful coils intended to produce electromagnetism, carrying the current in loops. I already mentioned that the toroidal field in its relation to the tokamak in

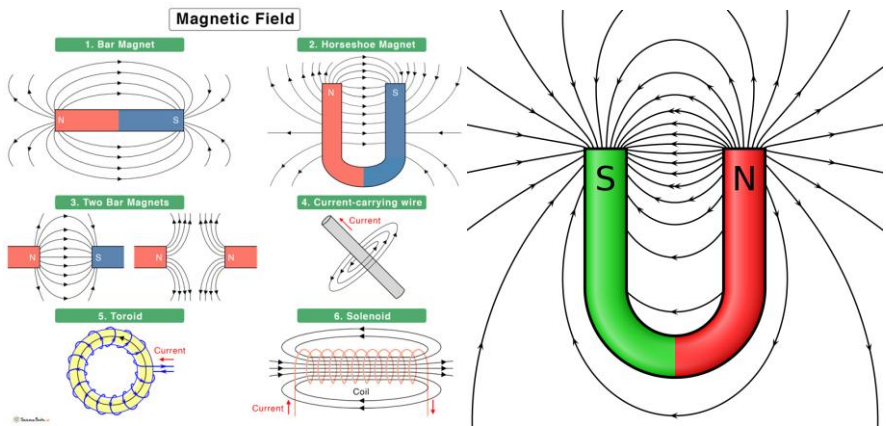


that it is a donut-shaped energy field. Columns have those. They can be found at the bottom of nearly every column.

Scroll-like ornaments known as volutes appear on the top of many a Corinthian pillar. Unless you never left the dirt farm then you've seen them. They look like curling ocean waves. It's the magnetic field being represented. The negative and the positive charge of a bar magnet. The movement of the toroid and the toroidal vortex.



Coils of copper wire are essential in electrifying the magnet. The columns of yesteryear had those too. They are a mixture of stone and metal. Iron rods didn't simply run along the entire length of the column shaft to reinforce the structure. Iron is magnetic. Domes or roofing of copper and gold would thereby complement the geometric design of the iron-clad columns, fashioned in a rotunda as a toroidal field, being strong conductors of electricity.



This chart helps to demonstrate the various mechanisms used to embolden the magnetic field. All features of Kingdom architecture. The bar magnet we have seen. The Toroid. Even the current-carrying wire can be visualized among the sections of a column. But then there is one other device which I have yet to feature. The **horseshoe magnet**. William Sturgeon again. No, I am not making this up. Sturgeon was said to invent the horseshoe magnet in **1825**. Our Controllers apparently gave that guy the patent to the electromagnet and let him run with it. Well, the horseshoe has become the most widely recognized symbol for magnets. Its main advantage over other types of magnets is that the magnetic poles are close together creating a much stronger magnetic field.



The most powerful and undoubtedly the most popular horseshoe magnet to be found anywhere in our realm is the **Arc de Triomphe** in Paris. It is said to have been commissioned in **1806**, after the victory at Austerlitz by Napoleon. What a design. And I'm not simply inferring to the horseshoe

composition. The surrounding traffic circle takes on the appearance of a toroidal field, and just look at how Paris spans out like a grid in all possible directions. Did Napoleon's short-lived success outline the city of Paris as well?

Looking up at the ceiling from within the arc doesn't disappoint either. More sacred geometry. Who molded those intricate details and how exactly was it accomplished? We are once again reminded of the cavity resonators witnessed within the domes of countless cathedrals. These arcs served purposes, and I am not convinced they were merely to funnel troops through in the annual nationalist's parade.

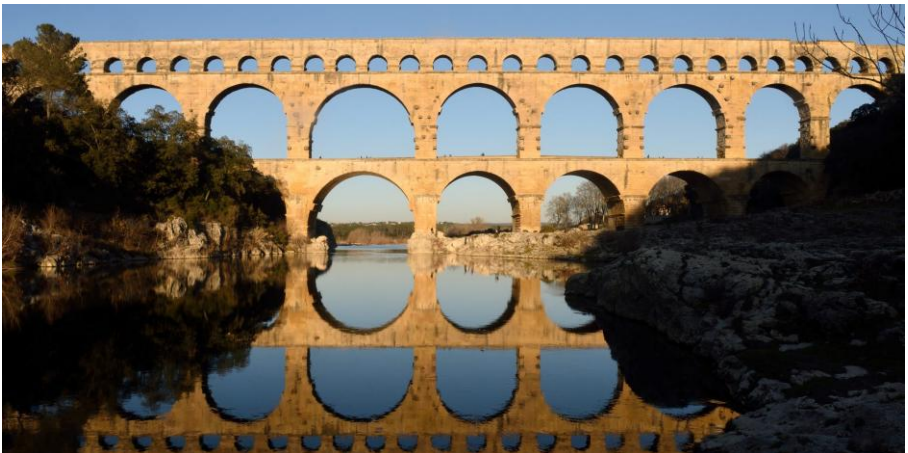


The **Narva Triumphal Arch** in Saint Petersburg is said to have been built in **1814** as a retaliatory response to the Arc de Triomphe to commemorate the Russian victory over Napoleon. We are told it was never originally built to last. It is built using sheets of copper. How very strange then, seeing as how copper is such a strong conductor of electricity.

The **Arcade du Cinquantenaire** in Brussels was said to have been commissioned by **King Leopold II** for the **1880** National Exhibition. What makes this one unique is that, in addition to the ornamentations of copper and gold, a rotunda of columns jettisons out from either side of the triune arches. Never mind the narrative misdirection. Its architects were maximizing the electromagnetic energy on this baby. Such a shame if it truly was built in 1880 then, as nobody would have put it to use.



The thing about horseshoe architecture is that they are not simply to be found hiding behind the masks of victory arches. No, they can be discovered in the span of bridges as well as in cathedrals. Look at the curves on that lovely lady. Surely, a bridge lover such as yourself will agree. I could plop down on a patch of grass and watch that bridge for hours. You will tell me this is a bridge and that sometimes bridges are simply bridges and not power stations. It is the **Ponte Sant'Angelo** in Rome but perhaps you are right.



But then you will have to admit, the architects went a little overboard with *this* one. I mean, I can appreciate a little added support. Because



sometimes sagging comes with age, but really, it's practically written on the walls this time around. Horseshoe galore. We are gazing upon the **Pont du Gard** in southern France if you didn't know that already. We are told the Romans built it as an aqueduct in the first century to carry an estimated 8-9 million gallons of water per day over 50 kilometers to the fountains, baths, and homes of Nîmes. Undoubtedly, a marvel of engineering as it stands. All I'm saying is, with all those ferromagnetic attractors, it is quite plausible that the aqueduct did far more than carry water. We're talking about *living* water. I'm willing to bet most if not all of the arches across our realm towered over avenues of water at one time. Water is just as important to the narrative as the firmament and the Aether. The entire second day of creation was pressed upon making that fact known. It is likely only our Controllers who filled in walkways of dirt and then, after another long day of destroying Kingdom architecture, paraded their soldiers through them. Or in the words of Joni Mitchell, So, they paved paradise and put up a parking lot.



## Cathedral Pipe Organs

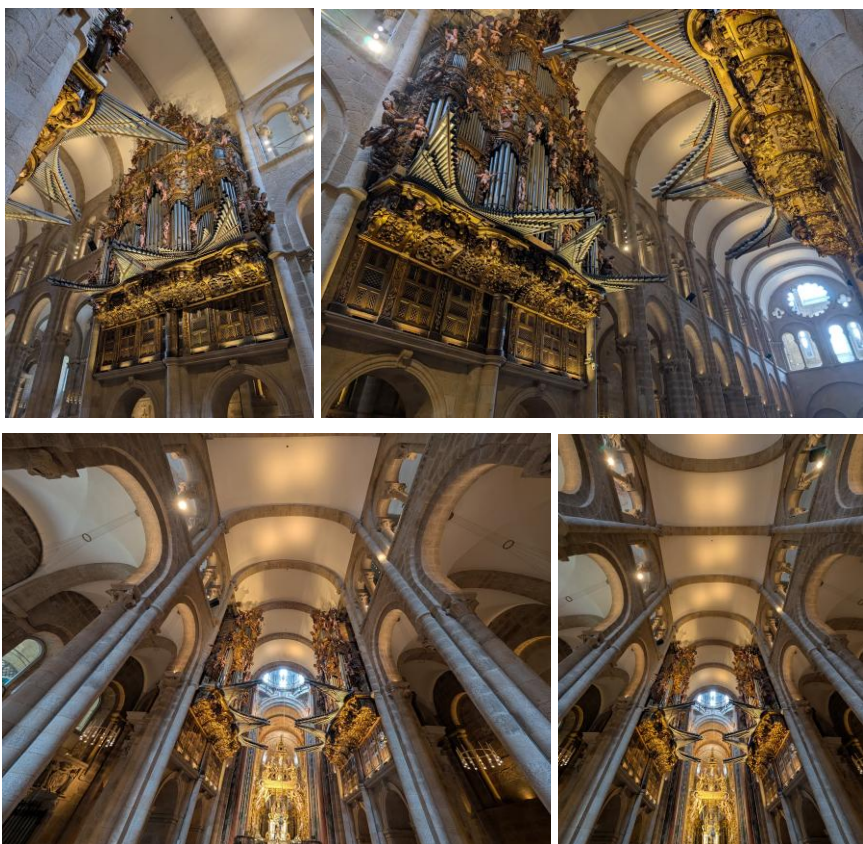
At an earlier moment I showed you the sounds of silence as they pertain to the cymatics of sacred spaces, but in reality, the kings and priests of the kingdom knew how to lob a sound grenade into a cathedral with the **pipe organ**. Have you ever sat and listened to one of those bad boys? They were harmony bombs. Each song would have been tuned and played at the sacred healing tone of **528 Hz**. Not the **440 Hz** garbage which they play in music nowadays. When divided by **12**, 440 Hertz leaves us with the old **36.666** number.

528 Hz is often referred to as the “miracle frequency” or “love frequency” due to its various healing and transformative properties, having positive effects on cellular regeneration and DNA repair, not to mention one’s overall well-being. Additional research suggests that exposure to 528 Hz music can lower cortisol levels, aka the stress hormone, and increase oxytocin, which is the love hormone, leading to a more relaxed state. To add to that, 528 Hz is a natural frequency that supposedly resonates with the Earth and all living beings.

Quick His-Story lesson. In **1885**, the **Music Commission of the Italian Government** declared that all instruments and orchestras should use a tuning fork that vibrated at 440 Hertz rather than the standard of 435 Hertz which preceded it. In **1917**, the American Federation of Musicians

followed suit, with an even heftier push for 440 Hertz in the 1940s. By **1953**, a worldwide standard was agreed upon and signed. From that moment on, 440 Hertz not only became the definitive guideline for how the middle “A” on the piano was tuned, but the frequency for all instruments on the chromatic scale.

In MK terms, pipe organs would have recharged the healing nations while words of praise were lifted towards YASHA’UA their king. As we can see in these photos, they are often nestled in close proportion to the rose windows and baptisteries, reminding us that every separate element of these cathedrals was intended to harmonize in a symbiotic relationship.



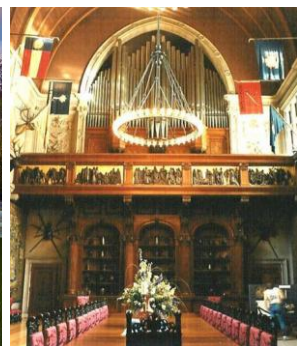
[**UPDATE** 5/21/25: THE pipe organs at **Santiago de Compostela** were sick, but in a completely healing way. Notice how the organ has been divided into two pieces, each facing the other in the space above the choir in the main nave. Imagine sitting beneath those two lovelies while they

blew good vibrations at 528 Hertz. It would be a vision of heaven, blowing your brains out into a healing state.

I've been talking about Santiago a lot as of late. According to the 5/8/25 update of my [Green Man](#) report, I spotted a seashell protruding from the mouth of the *said* person from the cloisters in Ponta Delgada, Azores. This prompted me to make an actual visit to Santiago, which I covered in [The Pilgrim's Path](#), questioning the narrative as usual. It appears as though Santiago was a place of resurrection, and though nobody wants to openly admit to that fact, they can't deny it either.

What I failed to cover are the sheer number of facelifts which the Cathedral was given over the centuries. Looking upwards, you can see how much of the ceiling has been shaved down and painted so as to remove the so-called ugly gothic element. The organs have received a similar fate. I can tell you that on the mere basis that they are covered in **cherub babies**. Cherub babies may be angelic depictions of the Enlightenment era, but they're not Medieval, telling us that they're not original to the MK. Not that I have a problem with that. The MK came to an end and the technology continued for a couple of centuries, and the cherub babies have their own meaning. My point here is that Santiago's Inheritors ensured us that it went baroque.

Supposedly, the organs were built by **Flight & Son of London** between **1847** and **1850**. There is another organ in the Convent of Santa Clara, which I didn't enter, that is supposedly older and built by Manuel de la Vina in 1709, but as usual, you are free to make your own decisions.]



Have you seen the pipe organ they've got set up at the **Biltmore Estate** in North Carolina? It's in the dining room. We are told somebody was commissioned to play it from dawn until bedtime, so long as a Biltmore was in residence. You figure that made it difficult to hold a conversation

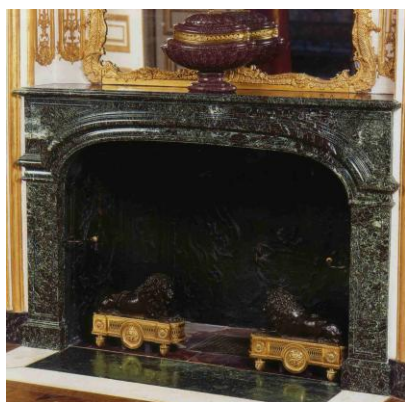


over supper but depending upon the average subject matter these days I probably wouldn't complain.



PLATE XXIII. THE FIREPLACE AND ORGAN OF THE LIVING HALL AT "IDLEHOUR."  
Residence of W. K. Vanderbilt, Esq., at Oakdale, L. I. Richard Howland Hunt, Architect.

The pipe organ at the **Vanderbilt Mansion** took it to the next level, as it was positioned over a hearth of all places. I stress *was* because they tell us the mansion was constructed in **1883** but then demolished in **1926**. Who builds a mansion for the short span of **40 years**? The attention to detail in this photo alone would have us believing it was designed with love. I will ask you to take a closer look at the fireplace. Is it a fireplace though? It's far too shallow. Rather difficult to tell in this photo, but the back of the chamber was lined with a metal plate adorned with art rather than brick. I'm wondering if they all did at one time. Those two andirons couldn't have held logs. They have the appearance of the symmetrical spikes which can still be observed on the rooftop of countless buildings and cathedrals and were probably employed as Aetheric transmitters.



## Fireplaces

EVERY so often we can find a perfectly preserved hearth, having never succumbed to fire damage. Fire virgins, I shouldn't wonder. These three locations originate in France, from what I can tell. Notice the wide, narrow hearths in proportion to the ornamental andirons within. Two of them are lions, reminding us of Yehudah. One thing seems certain, they were never intended to host logs for burning. The palace is either white or glazed with gold. You'd have to be a crazy mad man to char those walls. No, not even the snooty French kings with powdered noses and wigs and a little too flamboyant of fingers would have wanted to light a match in that thing. And look at how far away the lounging furniture is positioned. There is no possible way a manageable fire would heat a room like that, much less the entire palace. Because these so-called fireplaces were never designed for burning anything. All indications point us to the likelihood

that the original hearths were designed as access points to the Aether within each room. Some say the andirons are temperature regulators, but I don't even think the kings and priests required heat.



A common characteristic trait of Tudor housing is their oddly shaped and far too thin for practicality chimneys. In every picture provided, as well as what I can find, they're charred from improper usage outside as well as within. What were the inheritors doing, smoking a ham? Every chimney takes on a different pattern. Some are curved or twisted. Others take on a checkerboard pattern of different colored bricks. The masonry is stunning. And indeed, Tudor architecture as a whole is far more ornately decorated than we might come to expect of such small-minded people, narrowly escaping the plague.

On closer inspection, what do you see? The same symmetrical spikes which can be found on cathedrals and other kingdom buildings serve as rooftop cake toppers right alongside of the chimneys. Only here they contrast the chimney narrative. All decorative, I'm sure. Something far more than meets the eye is going on. I wouldn't be the slightest surprised to learn that metallic antennae have been removed from them by our



Controllers. FYI, domestic chimneys such as these made their appearance in private dwellings during the dark ages.



The narrative *swap* between kingdom architects and our Controllers who inherited their designs likely helps to explain a great deal of the many cities which burned to the ground. Obviously, destruction events were planned so as to assign His-Story for the rubble heap, but let's just assume for the moment that something so simple as energy harvesting mechanisms connecting a room of the house with the Aether might be misunderstood for a hand and bum warmer. Well, here are just some of the fires which burned down the Old World during the 1800's. Probably nothing to see here, I'm sure.

1805 – Detroit, Michigan. *Burned.*

1807 –Copenhagen. Over a thousand buildings in the city, including the Church of Our Lady. *Burned.*

1811 – Great Fire of Podil in Kiev, Russian Empire. Over 2,000 buildings, 12 churches and 3 abbeys destroyed.

1812 –Moscow. *Burned.*

1813 – Buffalo, New York. *Burned.*

1813 – York, Upper Canada. *Burned.*

1814 – Washington D.C. *Burned.*

1813 – Portsmouth, New Hampshire. *Burned.*

1814 –Tirschenreuth, Bavaria. Completely destroyed.

1817 – St. John's, Newfoundland. *Burned.*

1820 –Savannah, Georgia. 500 structures destroyed.



1821 – Paramaribo, Suriname. 400 houses destroyed.

1821 –Fayetteville. 500 buildings destroyed.

1827 –Turku, Finland. *Burned.*

1829 – Augusta, Georgia. Hundreds of buildings destroyed.

1831 –Fayetteville, North Carolina. The city was nearly leveled.

1835 –New York City. *Burned.*

1838 – Charleston, South Carolina. Over 1,000 buildings damaged.

1842 – Hamburg. *Burned.*

1845 –New York City. 345 buildings destroyed.

1845 –Pittsburgh. 1,000 buildings destroyed.

1845 –La Playa, the city port of Ponce, Puerto Rico, destroyed.

1846 –St. John’s, Newfoundland, 2,000 buildings destroyed.

1847 –Bucharest, Romania. *Burned.*

1848 –Medina, Ohio, destroyed.

1849 – St. Louis. *Burned.*

1849 –Toronto. *Burned.*

1850 – Kraków, Poland, 10% of city destroyed.

1851 – San Francisco. 2,000 buildings destroyed.

1852 – Vaasa, Finland. *Burned.*

1852 –Montreal. *Burned.*

1854 –Newcastle and Gateshead, England. *Burned.*

1858 –Auckland, New Zealand. *Burned.*

1862 – Troy, New York. 671 buildings destroyed.

1864 –Brisbane in Queensland, Australia. *Burned.*

1861–1865 – The American Civil War. Need I explain?

1861 – Charleston, South Carolina. *Burned.*

1864 – Atlanta, Georgia. Burned. Destroyed. Sherman.

1865 – Columbia, South Carolina. Sherman again.

1865 – Richmond, Virginia. Burned by retreating Confederates this time.

1866 –Portland, Maine. *Burned.*

1868 – Auerbach in der Oberpfalz, Bavaria. Burned.

1869 –Kent, England. *Burned.*

1870 – Medina, Ohio. Destroyed.

1871 – Several simultaneous fires in Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois on October 8–9.

1871 –Chicago. *Burned.*

1871 – Peshtigo. Deadliest fire in American history.

1871 –Michigan. More simultaneous fires.

1871 –Urbana, Illinois. *Burned.*

1872 –Boston. 776 buildings destroyed.

1874 – Chicago again. 812 structures destroyed.

1877 – Paris, Texas, destroyed.

1877 – Saint John, New Brunswick, 1,600 buildings destroyed.

1878 –Hong Kong. 350 to 400 buildings destroyed.

1879 –Hakodate, Hokkaidō, Japan, *burned.*

1883 –Kuala Terengganu, Terengganu. 1,600 buildings as well as the royal palace, destroyed.

1886 –Calgary, Alberta. *Burned.*

1886 –Vancouver, British Columbia. Burned.

1888 – Sundsvall, Sweden. *Burned.*

1889 –Seattle, Washington. *Burned.*

1889 –Spokane, Washington. *Burned.*

1889 – Ellensburg, Washington. *Burned.*

1889 –Bakersfield, California. 196 buildings destroyed.

1889 –Lynn, Massachusetts. 100 buildings destroyed.

1892 –St. John's, Newfoundland. *Burned.*

1893 – Clarksville, Virginia. *Burned.*

1894 –Hinckley, Minnesota. Several towns destroyed.

1894 – Shanghai. 1,000 buildings destroyed.

1896 – Paris, Texas. *Burned.* Destroyed.

1897 – Windsor, Nova Scotia, Canada. *Burned.* Destroyed.

1898 – New Westminster, British Columbia. *Burned.*

1898 – Park City, Utah. *Burned.*





AND *now* it is time to play a little game I like to call: ‘Red Rover, Red Rover, will the Millennial Kingdom Cathedral come right over?’ That is just one title I’ve come up with. There are others. The point of the game though is that you are supposed to attune your head knowledge in such a way as to spot the commonalities between all cathedrals featured. I’ll give you the *first* clue. From left to right in clockwise order the names of these cathedrals are as follows: **Bristol Cathedral**, **Wells Cathedral** in Somerset, **York Cathedral**, and **Winchester Cathedral**. The clue I am hinting at is that they all four derive from Merry old England. Ground Zero for the Millennial Kingdom.

But then look at the other commonalities. Every cathedral shown is given two towers. There is always a front entrance, *obviously*, but then we can typically observe a rose window or some sort of symmetrical design directly above it. To the left and the right of that front entrance are two separate doors, usually smaller in stature. The spikes and the spires are a given.



Moving on to another corner of this flat, motionless realm, we come upon these two cathedrals in China. What is especially confusing is that both are given the *same* name. **The Sacred Heart Cathedral**. One can be found in Guangzhou and the other Hongjialou. So, the next time you go asking for directions in China, you will have to be specific. Perhaps our Controllers simply confused the two seeing as how they’re so similar. They might as well be siblings. Fraternal twins even. And what do you see? Two towers. Three sets of doors. Rose windows. Spikes and spires. None of it is functioning as once intended.



The **National Vow Basilica** as well as **Las Lajas Cathedral** can be found in Ecuador and Colombia, South America, and what do we see? Three sets of doors. Rose windows. Two towers. Spikes everywhere. Well, Las Lajas only has one tower, complete with a spire. That may have something to do with its smaller size. There are many cathedrals across our realm with only one steeple. It doesn't make it any less of a cathedral. They were either designed to function as places of worship and Aether harvesting power stations or later designed by our Controllers at a much later date to look like the cathedrals of old for ornamental purposes, but only to throw us off the scent and not ask any questions.



It is difficult nabbing a photo of **Saint Joseph Cathedral** on the *left* due to the congested streets of Zanzibar. We are in Africa. From this angle however it seems pretty straightforward that the same features are offered. The obvious addition are those two steeples on top of its towers. They look dreadfully out of place and unmatched in beauty, which reminds me. Most of the construction photos that we can find happen to involve the building of those spires on the top of towers. There is undoubtedly a great deal of remodeling that went on in the 1800's to disfigure these beauties and render them infertile. Those two steeples do not belong.

Even **Acropolium of Carthage** in Tunisia has misplaced the spikes on top of its two towers. An older painting plays witness to their once known whereabouts. Looks like its inheritors paved a parking lot around the entire cathedral, as cars are invited to straddle the steps. That's precisely the sort of thing inheritors would do. No respect. Something else I see is a dome in the back. Its antennae spike is still accounted for. A dome has yet to be featured in this comparison game, but there are plenty of them for sure. What the Carthage cathedral manages to do is blend the east meets west design.



**Cathedral Betafo** on the bottom can be found in Madagascar. Those two domes on top of her towers seem out of place. I'm willing to bet they were added. There is redemption though. Do you see those urn-like slots on either side of the larger entry door? In some instances, our Controllers filled them with idols, but not here. *Oh*, there are idols to be found upon the Madagascar cathedral though. I spy two of them. One of which has replaced the central spike. *Ridiculous*. As if the kings and priests of the Millennial Kingdom were using the Virgin Mary to harness electricity. Popped there for misdirection purposes, undoubtedly.