



The End of the Millennial Kingdom and King Henry VIII

By Noel Joshua Hadley

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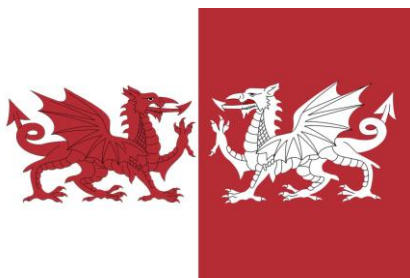
The House of Tudor's and King Arthur

EMBARRASSING but true, it wasn't until researching the [Nanteos Cup](#) and then later writing [King Arthur](#)'s part in my [Seven Thousand Year Timeline Deception](#) thesis, notably in [537AD: The End of Camelot](#), that I first learned about the [Dissolution of the Monasteries](#) in England. "Dissolved" is a rather nice way of putting it. In a few short years, [King Henry VIII](#) destroyed over [800 cathedrals](#), [monasteries](#), [friaries](#), and [nunneries](#), all of which I now suspect were [Millennial Kingdom](#) buildings. I am 44 years old as of this first publication. How had that fact escaped me all these years? The Dissolution was not a part of my education in America, probably because I attended private schools for the most part, all of which were of [protestant](#) design. Why am I not surprised to learn that my grade school educators put nothing on the test unless the propaganda gloried in Protestantism? The [Reformation](#), as well as the

Counter-Reformation which met it head on, truly was a dark period in world His-Story.

Learning about the Dissolution got me looking closely into the man of the hour as well as the players around him, and cross-pollination is everywhere. Choose your *[fill in the blank]* protestant denomination, I was already aware that spooks hugged the pulpits of the Reformation and that not all was as it seems. Henry VIII's **six wives** had long been in my peripheral vision, and I'd also known that Henry VIII had not only created but **declared himself the head** of the **Church of England** in **1534**. There's not even a pole large enough to hold that red flag. Need I remind you that the church is a woman? The whore of Babylon is also a woman. And so, what I had never stopped to appreciate until now is that Henry VIII committed the deed, and in fact went about England destroying Millennial Kingdom buildings, over *women*.

This will take some review.



As part of my **537** investigation, you will recall that **Geoffrey of Monmouth** in 'The History of the Kings of Brittain' has **Merlin** prophesying over the profound meaning of the two dragons fighting underneath **Vortigern's 5th-century** castle. One was red, the other white. The red dragon represented the kingdoms of **Uther Pendragon** and **Arthur**, whereas the white, representing the Anglo-Saxon invasion, would secure **Camelot's** demise, but that is not the end of the tale. Eventually, the red dragon was promised to return, and when he did, the buildings and the gardens of the white would be pulled down. Amazingly, it happened precisely as Merlin prophesied with the Dissolution of the Monasteries. The flag of the **Red Dragon** flies over Wales.

Notably, it was King Henry VIII's father, **Henry VII**, aka **Henry Tudor**, who raised the Red Dragon at the Battle of Bosworth in **1485**, the last significant battle of the **War of the Roses**, after which it was carried to **Saint Paul's Cathedral** in London. That was no small gesture. In doing

so, Henry VII announced to everyone that he and King Arthur shared a familial connection. The reign of the Red Dragon had returned, but already, I've gotten ahead of myself.



What I completely failed to mention in that report pertains to Henry VII tracing his genealogy to **Cadwaladr ap Cadwallon**, king of Gwynedd in Wales, the **last of the ancient kings of Britain**—a succession that began with **Brutus of Troy**. The historians place his reign in-between **655** and **664**, lasting maybe as late as **682**. Those same historians accuse Geoffrey of Monmouth in his 'History of the Kings of Brittain' book of confusing Cadwaladr with **Cædwalla**, King of Wessex, who ruled from **685** until he abdicated in **688**. *Um*, maybe it's because history is a copy and paste affair and they are indeed the same person, did you ever think of that? You notice how it is the modern-day historians who disagree with the historians of old, hinting at the possibility that much has been scrubbed and added to the narrative.

Geoffrey has Cadwaladr leaving a depopulated Britain for Brittany in France, where the British people have resettled, awaiting their return. For **eleven consecutive years**, Britain was "completely abandoned by all the Britons" due to **plague**, which sounds very much like the **536 Fire Reset** and **541 Year of the Apocalypse** events, allowing for a complete **Saxon** overthrow of the land, compliments of the white dragon. After forming an alliance with **Alan Hir**, King of Brittany, Cadwaladr prepares for the takeback of his homeland only to be stopped by a prophetic vision. A voice directs him to sacrifice personal power for the sake of his people and renounce the throne. In doing so, his sacrifice will eventually lead to the restoration of Britain at a future hour, as predicted by Merlin to

Vortigern. Cadwaladr is further told that a penitent life will lead to his sainthood, and that his bones will be hidden. When his bones are finally found and returned to Britain, the Brits will be restored. He then travels to Rome as a pilgrim, where he dies in **689**, only days after meeting and being baptized by **Pope Sergius I**.



With his victory in the Battle of Bosworth Field in **1485**, Henry VII took the crown of England from **Richard III**. Henry VII derived from the **House of Lancaster**, his opponent the **House of York**. That is why it was dubbed the “**War of the Roses**,” by the way. Because the House of Lancaster employed a **red rose** for a badge, signifying the red dragon, whereas the House of York kept their allegiances with the **white**. And as I’ve repeatedly stated as part of my Timeline Deception thesis, the Millennial Kingdom came to an end about that time. In **January 1486**, Henry VII of Lancaster married **Elizabeth of York**, thereby unifying the two houses. Henry VII is depicted with a red rose, Elizabeth with a white. This is why the Tudor Rose exemplifies both colors.


OMG, why has it taken me so long to see it? The **Tudor Rose**. Look closely and tell me what you see. It is a double rose, employing two colors. Red is its centerpiece, signifying the first stage of Merlin’s prophecy, Camelot. White surrounds Camelot, reminding Britain of the unpleasant Dark Ages, *aka* the Millennial Kingdom. The exterior rim of the Tudor

Rose is red again because the Tudor's have reclaimed Arthur's throne. In 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland', **Lewis Carroll** has the three spades plant **white roses** by mistake, an unpleasant reminder. It is while painting them red that their error is made known, and heads roll.



Henry VIII's First Wife: Katherine of Aragon

In **1486**, Henry VII and Elizabeth had a son. They named him **Arthur, Duke of Cornwall**, though he is sometimes referred to as Arthur Tudor for clarification purposes. The King Arthur of legend was conceived by Uther Pendragon and the **Duke of Cornwall's wife**. That same Arthur of legend later became King of Wales, which is probably why Arthur Tudor was named **Prince of Wales** in **1849**, to strengthen comparisons. At the age of **11**, Arthur Tudor was formally betrothed to **Katherine of Aragon**, daughter of **King Ferdinand II** and **Isabella I** of **Christopher Columbus** fame, and who still believes the New World discovery story? Katherine derived from a household of Media manipulation, as did Arthur, a match made in heaven, *er*, I mean, the earth. Just yesterday, I dropped my theory on Christopher Columbus, *aka* **Salvador Fernandes Zarco**, being a **spy** for Portugal. I really need to get around to writing a paper which reflects Christopher's part in the Little Season.

In Catherine of Aragon's marriage to Arthur, a public bedding ceremony was part of the ritual, where the couple were brought to their bedchamber in a public display, signifying the consummation of their marriage. 



They were married on **11/14/1501** at **Saint Paul's Cathedral**, both **15 years of age**. That night, a **public bedding ceremony** was part of the ritual. The couple were brought to their bedchamber in public display, signifying the consummation of their marriage. The ceremony would have come complete with eavesdroppers, pressing a glass to the door. Make a mental note of that. The ceremony may have even been accompanied by

music. They probably even checked the bloody sheets afterwards. Less than 5 months later, on **4/2/1502**, Arthur Prince of Wales died of the **sweating sickness**, though it is also known as English Sweat, leaving Katherine a **16-year-old** widow. What is ‘The Sweats’, exactly? Nobody knows. All we are really told on [Wikipedia](#) is that sweating sickness was a mysterious and contagious disease that struck England in **1485**, which just so happens to be the very year that the War of the Roses came to an end. Other major outbreaks occurred in **1508**, **1517**, and **1528**, with the last being in **1551**, after which the disease apparently vanished into thin air, hmmm.

One to three hours



After **one to three hours**, violent, drenching sweat came on, accompanied by severe headache, delirium, and rapid pulse. Death might occur from 3 to 18 hours after the first onset of symptoms; if the patient survived for 24 hours, recovery was usually complete. Occasionally there was a vesicular rash.



Additional digging reaped its rewards. The English Sweats typically only lasted **one to three hours**. Jot that down in your notebook because I will be referring to that little known fact in a little while. Astonishingly, a victim might die within three hours of receiving symptoms, and within 24 hours, the patient’s recovery is complete. Not days, not weeks. The disease simply arrives and goes, leaving corpses in its wake. The series of outbreaks seems to mirror [The End of the Millennial Kingdom and the Black Plague](#). Be that as it may, YAH may have had other plans for the next king of England. That—or Arthur Tudor may have been a **blood sacrifice**.



Henry VII died precisely one year after Arthur, in April 1509. Succeeding him as king would be his second son, *the man of the hour*, Henry VIII. Up until this point, the Holy Roman Emperor Maximilian I had been attempting to marry his granddaughter Eleanor of Austria to the eligible young bachelor. It was soon after his father's burial on 5/10/1509, however, that Henry declared he would marry Katherine, his brother's widow, maintaining that it had been his father's dying wish all along. Convenient, since there were unresolved issues concerning the papal dispensation and dowry. Eleanor was jilted but she did alright for herself in the end. She reigned as Queen of Portugal from 1518 to 1521 as the wife of King Manuel I and then, from 1530 to 1547, as the Queen of France after marrying King Francis I.

On 6/11/1509, 17-year-old Henry VIII married 23-year-old Katherine. Afterwards, on 6/23/1509, Henry led Katherine from the Tower of London to Westminster Abbey for their coronation over the Stone of Scone. I have a paper on that one too, and it's not to be missed. [Tea Teph, the Stone of Scone, and the People of the Covenant](#). I am also told that Henry declared himself a direct descendent of Constantine the Great and King Arthur from the very get-go, but not all was Camelot at Greenwich Palace. On 1/31/1510, Katherine miscarried their first child at approximately six months gestation. She was told by her physician that she was carrying twins and that the other still lived, so the loss was kept secret as she prepared for delivery, but no child came.



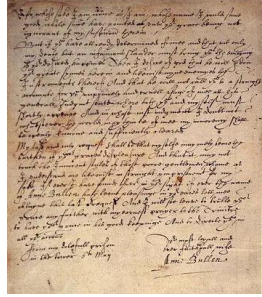
Thomas Wriothesley: Propagandist

KATHERINE got around to conceiving and then giving birth to a son, and in little time, thereby procuring King Henry VIII's heir. Prince Henry was born on 1/1/1511. The illumination we are given, which depicts the Westminster tournament and the king jousting in Katherine's honor (her 'K' initial emblazoned on the horse mantle), was sketched by a high-ranking court official, Thomas Wriothesley. He may prove to be an interesting fellow.

As **secretary of state**, **Lord Chancellor** and **Lord High Admiral**, Wriothesley had a lot of shoes to fill, but he was also a dirty rotten **politician**, informing us of the diapers which needed changed. Firstly, as a member of the **royal secretariat**, the man helped secure an annulment of marriage between Henry VIII and Katherine of Aragon after presenting evidence at the divorce proceedings. He was instrumental in the creation of Henry VIII's **illegitimate son Henry Fitzroy**, via mistress **Elizabeth Blount**, as **Duke of Richmond**.

Most important to this narrative, Wriothesley was instrumental in helping Henry VIII break with Rome so that he could be set up as the head of the Church of England. Not only that, but he was also richly rewarded with royal gains from the **Dissolution of the Monasteries**. You'd think he would have been on the side of the Protestants, but no. Wriothesley pointedly prosecuted **Calvinists** and other Protestants, and isn't it interesting how **John Calvin** was a fellow student with **Ignatius Loyola**, founder of the **Society of Jesus**, at the University of Paris? Moreover, Wriothesley is directly accredited with the royal warrant for the arrest of **Katherine Parr**, King Henry VIII's **sixth** and final wife, over her association with handwritten Bible translations and the **Protestant Reformation**. Who was this guy really working for and what was his agenda? What a dick. All that to say, even his depiction of King Henry VIII jousting for his lady was for political purposes, and probably a manipulation of events.


Henry died suddenly on **2/22/1511**, with no recorded cause of death. Following Henry, on **9/17/23**, Katherine procured another **son**, but he was either miscarried, stillborn, or lived for a few hours, we are never told. Sometime in November or December **1514** yet another **son** was stillborn. **Mary** of **Bloody Mary** fame and future Queen of England was born on **2/18/1516**, but then, on **11/10/1518**, Katherine delivered another stillborn daughter. What the hell was happening? Henry VIII wanted to know. The issue became known as **The King's Great Matter**, but more on that in a moment.



The Posthumous Love Letters of Anne Boleyn

WITH Katherine no longer capable of securing an heir, Henry VIII turned his eyes towards **Anne Boleyn**, the original homewrecker. We are told that Anne was anywhere between **10** and **17** years younger than Henry, and so, how did the court historians not take better care to document her age? It's not like her parents the Boleyn's weren't a prominent English family with land and property. Go ask them. Anne was the daughter of **Thomas Boleyn, English Ambassador to France**. The guy could read and write and keep track of the Gregorian calendar, no? Anne's older sister, **Mary Boleyn**, could recite her birth year perfectly well, and it was **1499**. *Whatever*.

Henry foiled around with Mary for a time and then got bored, favoring her younger sister, but Anne was different, apparently. Anne refused Henry's bed as the story goes unless he first married her. Climbing into the sack would entail **dethroning Katherine**, which is only a little awkward since Anne was the Queen's lady-in-waiting, and also, why the feminists praise her. *Cough*, homewrecker, *cough*. We are furthermore told that Henry VIII's courtship of Anne Boleyn lasted **seven years**, from around **1526-1527** until their marriage in **January 1533**, and that he managed to keep it in his pants for that long. Sure, let's go with that. The plan worked, and Anne managed the crown, but not for long, because heads would roll at London Towers. Anne went down as the first Queen in English history who had a date with an ax.

Henry VIII's love letters to Anne Boleyn are held within the Vatican Library in Rome but are not on public display. These letters, discovered in the Vatican archives, are believed to have been collected by supporters of Katherine of Aragon and hidden for centuries. While briefly exhibited at the Capitoline Museums in 2012 as part of the "Lux in Arcana" exhibition, they have since been returned to the Vatican and are no longer accessible for public viewing. 



Starting in the whereabouts of **1526**, Henry and Anne began passing notes in class. Many of them, in fact. They wrote them so that everyone enrolled in Tudor History would know that she existed and that their love was legitimate storytelling and that none of this was made up. And so, you would think they would be housed with all the other Royal Family papers in the **Round Tower** at **Windsor Castle**, *but no*. They are kept at the **Vatican**, locked away from public viewing, and what do you make of that?

To add insult to injury, nobody knows how they arrived there. There is a floating theory which has Katherine of Aragon and her supporters hiding them in the vaults so that they might be discovered in a future century, thereby clearing her name. I was being facetious but not really, and certainly not without reason. What the historians are really stating is that Katherine was attempting to use them as courtroom evidence so as to prove Anne the hussy that she was but then somebody had them stricken from the record. The only way that works is if history is a Media effort intended to manipulate the narrative. Given enough layers of lies, it no longer becomes an issue of questioning the narrative, but altogether disbelieving it, and so, to that effect I can agree. There is more to it though.


Henry VIII, notorious for his enjoyment of the high life, **hated paperwork** and had a stamp made of his own signature to avoid having to sign papers himself. But, as papers which are now being put on show to the public demonstrate, when he cared about something - such as divorce - he would happily take pen to paper. 1 Dec 2004



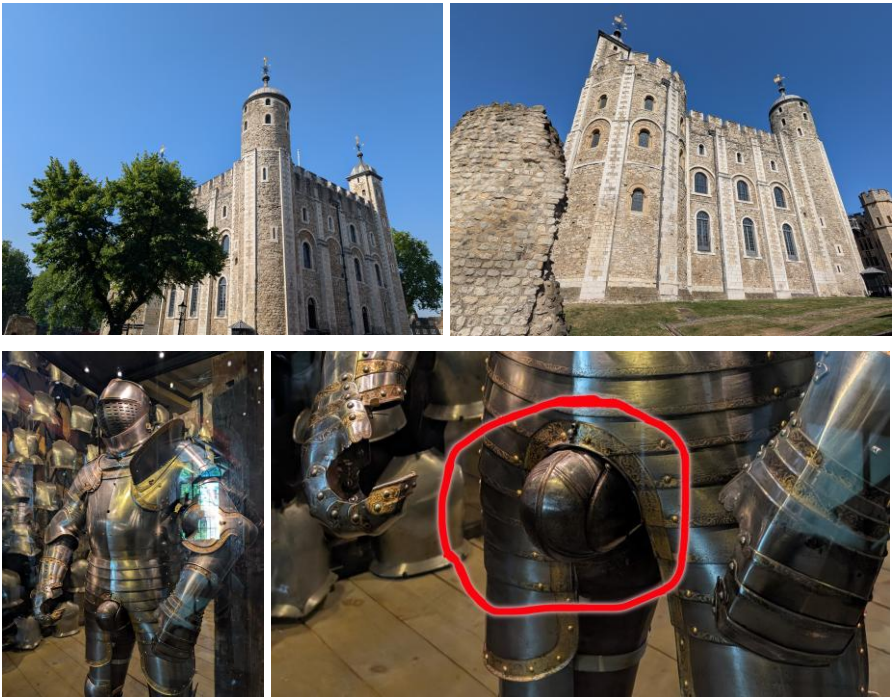
BBC
http://news.bbc.co.uk/uk_news/magazine/

Magazine | Henry VIII - the omnipotent king - BBC NEWS | UK

Henry **hated paperwork**. *I checked*. Henry hated callousing those royal fingertips of his so much that he stamped his own signature so as to avoid signing a name. He is so known for having hated writing that historians consider his love letters to Anne Boleyn an anomaly. It is only centuries later that paperwork began to emerge which has the man taking up the pen, and in these instances, it just so happens to coincide with the narrative of his life rather than routine court paperwork if you get my drift. Nothing did away from the old writer's block quite like the thought of divorcing a wife, apparently. No need to bring out the name stamp on that one.

The discovery of Henry VIII's love letters to Anne Boleyn in the Vatican is a well-documented historical event. The letters were first discovered in the Vatican Library in 1949. 

Henry and Anne's love letters weren't even discovered in the **Vatican Library** until 1949, and when they were, it was a "**well-documented event**." Oh, I see what they did there. It wasn't well-documented until it was, get it? And now you are no longer able to question it, despite the Vatican Library having the worst cataloguing skills and the most amazing discoveries ever. If somebody in Henry's court or the Vatican were truly capable of expunging them from the record so that we wouldn't know about them in the history books, it's a wonder that they were never altogether destroyed.



[**UPDATE** 6/2/25: **SEVEN**. That's how many years they tell us Henry and Anne wrote love letters and courted. Well then, you should know that I updated my [Undying Lands](#) paper earlier today. There's no shame in telling you what it was about. I was presenting the idea that **swords** and **armor** are angelic technology deriving from heaven, which is Biblically backed, and that immortals may have been wearing them during the MK.

I then showed maybe a dozen pictures from my recent trip to the Tower of London hoping to illustrate my point.

That one was a family paper, and so, I had little choice but to leave *this one* out. They tell us it is **King Henry VIII's suit of armor**, and do you see what I see? I decided to zoom in on the image, figuring that the occasional Willy or Johnson wouldn't have the faintest clue what I'm talking about. I then thought it might be a good idea to draw a red line around the item of interest just to ensure we're all on the same page. That's a banana hammock if ever I've seen one. Got to protect the baby maker. And *boy oh boy*, is that not an eye opener. Try not to ogle. And give him eye contact. He's *up here*, you know. The next question is for the ladies. Can you even imagine courting a man for seven years and having to continually face off with the little knight in shining armor? She'd need a horse and a lance to fend him off. Tell me I'm not right on this one.



After marrying Henry on **1/25/33**, Anne gave birth to her first and only child, **Elizabeth**, on **9/7/1533**. Elizabeth went on to become the **Queen Elizabeth I** that we all know and love, the last Tudor—the Virgin Queen. But wait a second, back the baby buggy up. Did you add up the math on that? From 1/25 to 9/7, we are looking at **225 days**. In the real world, the **average pregnancy** is **280 days**, or 40 weeks, from the first day of the mother's last menstrual period. How do you figure Anne the virgin was able to pull that one off? There is so much fabrication going on, the most

painful part in all of this is having to read up on all the other people who take it seriously. I do the monotonous work so that you don't have to.]



The King's Great Matter: A 16th-Century Psychodrama

HE had nearly any woman he desired at his disposal, Elizabeth Blount and Mary Boleyn being just two of them, but nothing could fix the itch of a seven-year courtship with Anne, which is why Henry began to believe that his marriage was **cursed according to the Bible**. After asking his priests to scour the Bible for evidence which might secure a divorce from Katherine, here is the passage which they brought to his attention.

²¹ **And if a man shall take his brother's wife, it is an unclean thing: he hath uncovered his brother's nakedness; they shall be childless.**

²² **Ye shall therefore keep all my statutes, and all my judgments, and do them:** that the land, whither I bring you to dwell therein, spue you not out.

Leviticus 20:21-22

Leviticus 20:21 is supposedly the only verse which Henry's priests brought to his attention. I included verse 22 because why not? Verse 22 reminds the reader to keep YAHUAHA's every command in the Torah, all [613](#) of them, and not just the ones we like to cherry pick. Well, this was the **Protestant Reformation**, and cherry picking in favor of doing away with the Commands was all the rage. Seeing as how Katherine had been married to Arthur, Henry VIII's older brother, Henry is said to have convinced himself that he had been undressing his brother's nakedness all along. Is that so? We shall have to commit to our own investigation of the Bible and find out if the prosecution's case holds water.



five months

Accompanying Arthur on his duties as Prince of Wales, the couple left for Ludlow in December 1501. But tragedy struck. Arthur died suddenly of a mysterious illness on 2 April 1502, leaving Katherine a teenage widow. They'd been married for **less than five months**.



In her courtroom rebuttal, Katherine insisted that Arthur had never had sex with her, and that she arrived in his marriage bed a virgin, a claim that she would maintain until her dying day. A raise of hands, who actually believes that? Katherine and Arthur were married for an incredible **five months**. The average teenage mating ritual probably doesn't last nearly that long. Arthur was **15** at the time. Have you ever encountered a 15-year-old? Not to sound crass, but a 15-year-old only has two heads, capable of using only one of them at a time, and there is no shortage of places to stick it in. A hot **Spanish princess** arrives in his bed and you're telling me he's not pitching a pop-up tent underneath the comforter?

Katherine's present-day defendants claim Arthur got sick soon after his arrival to Wales in **December 1501**, and that they weren't given the adequate time to do the deed, but then they are forgetting they got hitched in **November 1501** when he was fit as a fiddle. And anyways, I asked you to jot down a fact or two regarding their public bedding ceremony as well as the English Sweats for a reason. Even if their bedding ceremony can be thrown into question, the Sweats symptoms only lasted 24-hours from beginning to end, with its victims dying within 3 hours of initial perspiration. December to April does not calculate to 24-hours. Who's counting the five months though when all he needed was to get the girl alone on the honeymoon night?

Never mind all that though. It doesn't actually matter whether or not Katherine had sex with Arthur. Leviticus 20:21 supposes that the woman being undressed already has a son with the man's brother. Katherine had no such son. If she had, then Henry wouldn't have been made king to begin with. She could have had a daughter with Arthur and Kenry VIII would still not have been in the wrong. The prosecution doesn't hold water. I will show you why.

If brothers settle down to dwell together, and one of them dies, and there exists lacking unto him a son, then the covenant-woman of the dead shall not go outside unto a stranger. Her brother-in-law shall go in unto her, and he shall take her unto himself for a woman. **And [the son] which she brings forth shall exist as firstborn, and he shall rise up over the name of the dead, so that his name shall not be wiped away from Yashar'AL.** But conditionally, should the man take no pleasure in taking for himself *ath*-his brother's wife, then shall the brother's wife ascend toward the bearded ones, and she shall declare, "My brother-in-law refuses to raise up for his brother a name in Yashar'AL. He will not consent to perform the *yabam*. And the bearded [ones] of the city shall call out to him and shall set a word in order toward him. And he shall stand and shall declare, "I have no delight in taking her." And his brother's wife has drawn near toward him before the eyes of the bearded ones, and she has drawn off his sandal from over his foot. And she has spat in his face. And she has pronounced in a loud voice, and she has declared, "So and so shall be fashioned to the man who does not build up *ath*-his brother's house." And his name shall be called out in Yashar'AL, "The House of the Drawn-out Shoe."

Dabarayam (Deuteronomy) 25:5-10 [Paleo]

Among the [613](#) Commands in the Torah, Deuteronomy 25:5-10 is the one and only command that insists upon **polygyny**. Supposing the older sibling die without an heir, it is the duty of the younger brother to take his widow and conceive a son with her in the name of his brother. In doing so, he would raise the child under his brother's name, ensuring that his brother's inheritance continue on. The word '*yabam*' means "the Duty." Should he refuse the Duty, it is the right of the woman to haul him in front of the elders, spit in his face and slap him silly with his shoe. It

doesn't matter whether or not the younger brother is already married or not. Even if he isn't, the command does not refuse him his rights, that he too can have a child under his lineage, which could only happen with a different woman.

Do you know what that means? It means that Henry VIII, the obedient cherry picker should have taken Katherine in, raising a child on behalf of his brother rather than him. A child would have continued the kingship under Arthur, but Henry couldn't have that. If Katherine or the Pope ever thought to bring that passage up, we aren't told.



The King's Great Matter was a major event leading up to Henry's forming of the Church of England as well as the dissolution of the monasteries, but at the time, he was vying for the pope's support, as was Katherine. If **Pope Clement VII** was difficult to reach in **1527**, it probably had something to do with Katherine's own nephew, **Emperor Charles V**, who had sacked Rome and was presently holding him prisoner.

At the time, **Martin Luther** is believed to have posted his **95 Theses** on the door of the Castle Church in Wittenberg, Germany, some **10 years** earlier, on **October 31, 1517**, and the cat was already out of the bag. Ironically, he and the pope held a common view over the annulment proceedings. They both agreed that Henry remain married to Katherine and take Anne Bolyn as a **second wife**. Seems like a pretty sweet deal if you want my opinion on the matter, and we all have one. It's not like **King David** didn't have **8 wives** or the whereabouts, but who's counting? He wanted Clement VII's approval in marrying Anne, and he got it. The only part that he refused was agreeing to Katherine's annulment, *whoop-de-doo*. Why didn't Henry VIII take the deal? He could have retired her off to any one of his dozens of castles and called it the day. It's not like Kathrine didn't end up at **Kimbolton Castle** anyways. Perhaps it was never about his lust for Anne to begin with and everything to do with a rebellion against the Millennial Kingdom. The entire narrative plays out like one big

metaphor. That's how deep this goes in case you haven't been reading between the lines. Even Martin Luther's attempt to reform the Catholic Church or break away from it or whatever would all be misdirection in this scenario also.



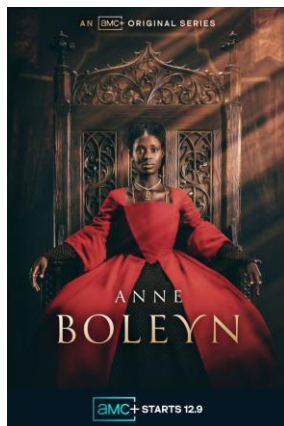
Thomas Wolsey played a crucial role in the King's Great Matter, perhaps prompting some of you to ask, who is Thomas Wolsey? I have written upon actors often, all with parts to play, and I suspect he had his. First and foremost, Wolsey was an **English statesman** and **Catholic cardinal**. Starting out in **1509**, when Henry VIII became king of England, Wolsey was the king's almoner. By 1514 he had arisen to become the controlling figure in virtually all matters of state. He also held important ecclesiastical appointments. Included in them was that of the **Archbishop of York** and **papal legate**. His appointment as a cardinal by **Pope Leo X** in **1515** gave him precedence over all other English clergy.

Wolsey appealed to Clement for an annulment on three fronts. First, he tried to convince the Pope that the dispensation was void as the marriage clearly disobeyed instructions in the book of **Leviticus**. Second, Wolsey objected to the dispensation on technical grounds, claiming it was incorrectly worded. (Shortly afterwards, a correctly worded version was found in Spain.) Third, Wolsey wanted Clement to let the final decision be made in England, which, as papal legate, he would supervise.^[32]

When it came time to present the case against Katherine, Wolsey was capable of convincing Clement VII to hold an ecclesiastical court in England with a representative of the pope, **Cardinal Campeggio**, presiding. His Leviticus schtick you already know about. Secondly, Wolsey objected to the dispensation on technical grounds, claiming it was incorrectly worded, to which we then learn the following statement. "**Shortly afterwards, a correctly worded version was found in Spain.**" Well, isn't that convenient, how documents keep appearing after the fact? His third objection was over Clement's refusal to let the final decision be

made in England, thereby leading to Henry canceling out one church in favor of the one he could preside over.

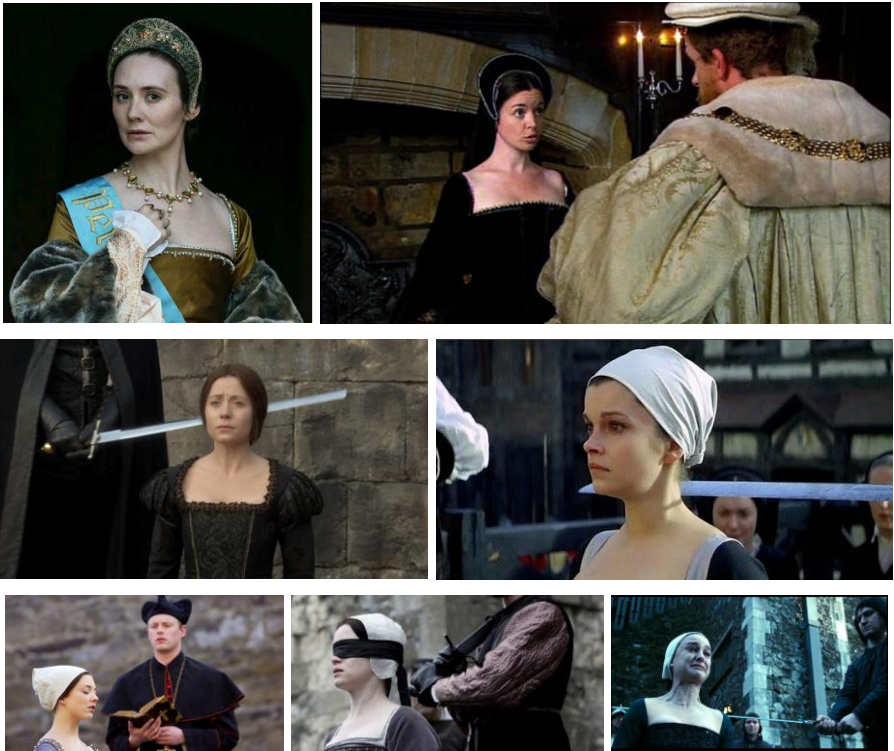
When the pope refused to let the decision be made in England and Henry VIII didn't get his way, Wolsey was dismissed from public office. We are then told that **Wolsey began a secret revenge plot to have Anne Boleyn forced into exile** and that he even began communicating with the pope to that end, *bwa-ha-ha*.



The Rise and Fall of Anne Boleyn

NOT to change topics but what is this nonsense? I literally just now learned about the photos before you, leading me to ask the question, 'Did Henry have a black mistress?' No, as it turns out, he had nothing of the sort. An **AMC** movie portrayed **Anne Boleyn** as a **black woman**, and I thought the black Cleopatra movie was bad. I seem to recall a time when AMC wanted us to take them seriously, but those days are over. Without having wasted my time on this dribble, I'm guessing it has something to do with all the negative flack which Henry's second of six wives received, because they were **Rrrrrrrrr-acists**, you see, and not because Henry made himself the head of a make-believe church hoping to impress an actual homewrecker, not to mention the fact that he was playing her, and that's just surface level stuff. That is history for you, layers upon layers of rewrites and revisionism from the back-room scriptwriters until even the Hollywood propagandists become color blind with confusion, but even that is intended. Before I am old and dead, what are the odds that the kids will be thinking Abraham Lincoln was America's first black president?

How about if we go with depictions that can be deemed *more*—how should we say it—accurate? In the very least, I will return to the Internet and give a reconnaissance mission the old college try.



Ah, that's better. Proof that it happened because we saw her beheaded on the television, as they say. With all these distractions, I'm never going to get this paper finished, am I?



According to the [Welsh Triads](#), Brân's head was buried in London where the [White Tower](#) now stands. As long as it remained there, Britain would be safe from invasion. However, [King Arthur](#) dug up the head, declaring the country would be protected only by his great strength.^[6] There have been attempts in modern times to link the still-current practice of keeping ravens at the Tower of London under the care of [Yeomen Warder Ravenmaster](#) with this story of Brân. The connection can still be seen in several Celtic languages, in Welsh brân means crow, and bran means raven in both Cornish and Irish.

[**UPDATE** 7/21/25: TODAY is one of those days where I'm not getting much work done, and not for lack of trying. We all have them. Just yesterday I picked up a copy of **The Mabinogion** on the Island of Anglesey in Wales, thinking it might do be some good. On a completely side note, I was scrounging around Anglesey seeking the mythological

island of Avalon and believe I have found it. Perhaps I will eventually fill you in on those details in another report. The book has a story about **Brân the Blessed** which ultimately ties us into [Mary Magdalene and the Holy Grail](#). In the Percival Grail stories, he was **Joseph of Arimathea's brother-in-law**, the **Fisher King**. Bran was also a precursor to **Arthur**, being a **giant** and the **king over all of Britain**, reminding us of the tall boy buried at Glastonbury Abbey. His appearance in The Mabinogion ends with his head getting lopped off from his body, but then, look at how his [Wiki article](#) describes it.

Brân's head was buried in London where the **White Tower** now stands. For all of you non-Brits, that's a direct reference to the **Tower of London**. His specific directions were to have it face France, the implications being that it would protect Britain from the incoming **Norman invasion**. Eventually, King Arthur dug up the head, declaring the country protected under his great strength, *woops*. That didn't work out so well, did it? But that is not all. Wiki also links Brân to the ongoing existence of ravens of the Tower.



Responsible for the care and well-being of the White Tower's resident ravens is the **Yeoman Warder Ravenmaster**. Wiki downplays the connection between the ravens and Brân as you might expect them to, though they are pressed to admit there is one. The very word Brân is **Welsh** and means **crow**, though it translates to **raven** in both **Cornish** and **Irish**.

The takeaway is that Brân's head ties us right back into the Camelot legend. Arthur keeps cropping up in the King Henry VIII storyline and not by accident. Perhaps I am too much of an old-fashioned book lover, because I am beginning to see bookends. Brân associated his own head with London Tower and at London Tower Anne Boleyn was the first beheaded queen in British history. Albeit circumstantial evidence, chock it up to more ceremony.]

After a seven-year courtship, if any of that is to be believed, Anne's marriage to Henry lasted only **2 years** and **11-months**. It began with a secret wedding in **1533** and ended with a one-way ticket to London Tower in **1536**. Her fifteen minutes of fame in the spotlight was plagued by critiques and bad press, all of which likely trickled down from top management, and here is some of it.

Surely the most of the lay people of England, which knew not the law of God, sore murmured at the matter (Henry's proposed divorce) and much the more, because there was a gentlewoman in the court called Anne Boleyn.

Edward Hall, History of England (1548)

Edward Hall was an English lawyer, **historian**, a **member** of **Parliament**, and additionally a propagandist by the sound of it. Anne Boleyn "the gentlewoman" was the victim of murmuring and having nothing to do with making the moves on Katherine's jewelry according to his accounting of the situation. And from the lay people of all people, confused by the oaths of loyalty they'd already made to their queen. Mostly though, they weren't accustomed to the law of God as well as the etiquette of cherry picking among clergy and legal types, how dare they? That was a rhetorical question, by the way. *Next.*

And thus the world began to be full of wonderful rumours not heard of before in this realm... **Then began other matters to brew and take place that occupied all men's heads with diverse imaginations, whose stomachs were therewith full filled without any perfect digestion.** The long hid and secret love between the king and Mistress Anne Boleyn began to break out into every man's ears.

George Cavendish, The Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey (1558)

Remember a few moments ago when I told you about Thomas Wolsey's revenge plot? **George Cavendish** became his official **biographer**. I've just given you two historical sources and they both reflect opposite sides of the gossip column. All I can say to that is King Henry VIII wanted to make a public spectacle of both Katherine and Anne, as well as Roman Catholicism, propping himself up as the poster boy for his make-believe

church in the process. I wouldn't be at all surprised to learn that Henry had spooks hanging out in every pub and free house, feeding opinions, stirring the pot, alchemically molding the laymen into life transformational action.



Here is the thing, I could go down a list of sources, but then, as they pertain to Anne's press on the world stage, I could save you the time and jump straight to my favorite.

It is said that more than **seven weeks ago a mob of from seven to eight thousand women** of London went out of the town to seize Thomas Boleyn's daughter, the **sweetheart of the king of England**, who was supping at a villaon a river, the king not being with her; and having received notice of this, she escaped by crossing the river in a boat. **The women had intended to kill her; and amongst the mob were many men, disguised as women**. Nor has any great demonstration been made about this, because it was a thing done by women.

Lodovico Falier, Report to King Charles V (24th November, 1531)

LOL. LOL. LOL. It ceases to lose its comedic flavor no matter how many times I read it. Wait, hold on for a minute because I'm not done yet. LOL. And now, I'm asking for another raise of hands, who here actually believes this dribble? For the few of you out there willing to defend official history

at all costs, turning a blind eye to the ongoing PSYOP, not even the historians think it happened. Not even the artists want to devote their paint and canvas to such an epic scene. **Seven** to **eight thousand women** attempt to murder Anne Boleyn in London, were they financed by **George Soros** and bused in? *Sure.*

Say it with me and free your mind: It was a **Media hoax**. Today, we are fed a daily diet of lies and staged performances, and in **1531**, this was one of them. But then the part about the men dressing up like Norman Bates, complete with wigs and pantyhose and Bernard Hermann's screeching violins, yikes. I'm pretty sure that's in direct violation with Deuteronomy 22:5, but what can you expect when the clergy did away with the Torah? Even if it did happen and there were twenty dudes in drag grinding their British teeth, I'm willing to bet they were spooks, every last one of them.



It was **May Day** in Greenwich, **1536**, and Henry was occupied watching the jousts when somebody slipped him a note. Written upon it were charges that **Sir Henry Norris** and **George Boleyn**, both of whom were occupied competing at the moment, were knocking boots with Queen Anne, getting a little horizontal refreshment on the side. Additionally, Amorous Congress members **Sir Francis Weston**, **William Breton** and **Mark Smeaton** had all hoped a ride onto the same Love Train. On a side note, May Day is a cyclical ceremony which I have already covered in [Mystery of the Maypole](#). Among its many esoteric character traits, the day celebrates the strength and veriditas of the soul, the age of Pisces in full green, with the blossoming of youth finally behind them. Henry's spy network could have approached him at any hour with their findings. How was the precision of their timing not part of the ceremony?

Among the accused, jouster **Henry Norris** just so happened to hold the title “**Groom of the Stool.**” Use your imagination on that one and you may just come up with the right answer, as the lance which he was currently jousting with might be used for any number of things. The Groom of the Stool describes someone who is tasked with assisting the monarch with bodily functions like excretion and hygiene. Don’t even get me started on the Medieval poop problem and the fact that nobody cared to have plumbing in Millennial Kingdom architecture, an investigation I’ve taken up in [Kings and Priests of the Thousand Year Reign](#). Let’s be frank, if anybody needed to drop a turd and build a dookie castle, it was Henry. Unfortunately for Henry Norris, there were barbarians at the gate and he decided to give Anne a helping hand, what a royal pain in the neck that guy was.



I decided to look up the accused in the Tudor phone book, Henry Norris, William Brereton, Mark Smeaton, and George Boleyn, seeking portraits, and I’m not having luck with any of them. That is only a little odd, don’t you think, considering you couldn’t cross the street of a Tudor court without photo-bombing an artist’s portrait. **Sir Francis Weston** is described to us as Henry’s **close friend**, perhaps even his **closest friend**, and who gets that close to a king except a member of his spy network? They were probably all spooks and actors playing their part. That is, if they even existed at all.

We may have a match with the provided painting, but nobody is certain, Wikipedia isn’t interested in offering anything larger than a thumbnail, and even the **artist is unknown**. Like the awkward absence of any painting depicting the epic throng of thousands of women and men in panty hose and kirtle attacking Anne in London, no credible artist wanted to attach their name to this PSYOP.

Another name that you may have recognized is **George Boleyn**. The 'Boleyn' aspect refers to the fact that he was Anne's **brother**, and *yes*, he too was accused of bumping uglies. *Sure*. Laying Leviticus 18 on a little thick, are we, Henry? In short, Anne was a siren and a whore, luring victims into the queen's chambers when nobody but Henry's spy network was looking. And not just any whore, mind you, she was an **incestual whore**, spending a little too much private time with her brother, but are you really buying it? I thought so. I'm not either.



Among Anne Boleyn's ladies in waiting were **Elizabeth Somerset** and **Jane Seymour**, both of whom, ironically enough, Henry was sleeping with. And of course, Jane Seymour would become his **third** of six wives, thereby presenting us with a parable you can take to the bank. A homewrecker rarely thinks the man she has seduced will invite in another homewrecker, but how you do one thing is how you do everything.

After standing at Anne's side at her coronation, Elizabeth Somerset played her part in the psychodrama by becoming the Queen's biggest accuser. Somerset is personally responsible for throwing Henry Norris, Mark Smeaton, and George Boleyn under the bus, a scene which is rather humorously described for us in a **poem** by **Lancelot de Carle**. Because why not have fun with her accusations when describing her brother's "carnal knowledge". If only he'd sprinkled it with a dash of rhyme. It is only a little odd that Elizabeth Somerset never told Henry about Anne's doings during their afternoon delight sessions, and that she would wait for Intel to spring it upon him during a May Day celebration.

Henry never reversed those charges, but then isn't it interesting how her seven years of abstinence was never revoked either. The entire chain of events reads off like a script, with even the note getting passed off on May Day coming across like a ceremony.

Anne was arrested the very next day. Astonishingly, she was accused and tried and then executed along with all of her bedtime buddies within **3 weeks**. Barely enough time to spread the gossip columns around in the pubs, but that is not all. On **5/20/1536**, the day after Anne's execution, Harry and Jane were betrothed. Meanwhile, remember Kathrine of Aragon, Henry's first wife? The desolation began that very year, in **1536**, which just so happened to be the year of her death.



Harry's Reformation and the Dissolution

IT was the end times, and in **1537**, the Protestant Reformation was in full swing, particularly in Germany, Switzerland, and the Netherlands, while in England, Henry was feeling left out of it. One can only speculate as to why he hatched a scheme to start his own church, but then, watching the historians make sense of the script is the fun part.

Henry desperately needed buns in the seat, tithing him money. The Brits, apparently, weren't taking the bait, which is why Henry decided to dispatch an army of priests in the streets. From **1534** to **1536**, Henry appointed bishops for his church. I know this isn't how it was advertised to us Protestants in Protestant history class, particularly among my KJV-only peeps, but that is how it happened, non-the-less. The Reformation was a grassroots movement that was pooled from Top Management.

One year earlier, on **2/6/1536**, **Archbishop Thomas Crammer** set the trend a with a two-hour tirade, denouncing the papal antichrist. His message landed on a **Sunday**. Apparently, it wasn't about keeping the Sabbath. One can only wonder if they cooked up some cured pork legs afterwards. Reformer priests were let off the leash in the wake of Henry's newfound moral conscious, committing themselves to the trending orthodoxy. **John Stokesley** of London, **Cutber Tunstall** of Durham,

and **John Longland** of Lincoln, you may have heard about. With them came the rebranded gospel message that nobody in history had yet to discover, “**faith alone**,” whereby the works of old constituted Judaizing and the antichrist religion.



Jumping onto the bandwagon and proclaiming the “faith alone” message had the habit of launching many successful careers. Never is that more apparent than with **Thomas Cromwell**. I know we have already killed **Anne Boleyn** off on the timeline, but to explain Cromwell’s part in the psychodrama, we will need to exhume her portrait again. As the king’s **chief secretary**, Cromwell helped to engineer an annulment of Henry’s marriage to Katherine so that he could lawfully marry Anne. Thomas Wolsey as you will recall was excused from the room after failing to obtain the approval of Pope Clement VII, whereas Cromwell survived, but that is because he was a crafty one, always ensuring that nobody gets in his way.

Thomas Cromwell’s penchant for survival probably has something to do with his political promises. Mainly, to make Henry richer than any king in England’s history. It would take the usual propaganda and more trumped-up charges aimed at the misconduct of monks, but in the end, Henry could have the Church’s money for himself, even if it meant taking a wrecking ball to the Cathedrals. After Parliament endorsed the King’s claim to be **Supreme Head** of his new imaginary church, Cromwell subsequently charted an evangelical and reformist course where theology is concerned, sowing seeds at the grass roots, and making many enemies along the way. One of them was Anne Boleyn.

On **2/4/1536**, two days before Archbishop Thomas Crammer's fiery sermon, no doubt intended to whip the Brits into tip-top shape, the final session of the **Reformation Parliament** began. On **3/18/1536**, the **Suppression of Religious Houses Act 1535** had passed in both houses. The SRHA legalized the dissolution of the "Lesser Monasteries," those with a gross income of less than **£200 per annum**.

Though formerly one of Cromwell's strongest allies, Anne Boleyn protested, wanting the proceeds of the dissolution used for education and charitable purposes rather than paying the king's coffers. She then instructed her chaplains to preach against Cromwell. On Passion Sunday, **4/2/1536**, Anne's almoner, **John Skyppe**, denounced Cromwell and his close circle of friends before the entire court, encouraging them to recant their ways, change the advice they had been giving the King, and to reject the temptation of personal gain. It went about as well as you might suspect. Skyppe was called before the council and presented with a longwinded and rather colorful list of charges, including "**malice, slander, presumption, lack of charity, sedation, treason, disobedience to the gospel, attacking 'the great posts, pillars and columns sustaining and holding up the commonwealth', and inviting anarchy.**" Mm-hmm, yeah, I'm sure Skyppe was wrong about everything and there was nothing to be gained by having Henry's merry Reformation preachers tare down the buildings.

How convenient is it that Anne Boleyn was suddenly accused of having multiple lovers in as little as a month, and who do you suppose was responsible for cooking up those charges?



Here is something else that I did not realize when researching and writing [The Pilgrim's Path](#). In **1538**, the **Abolition of Pilgrimage** was passed by Parliament and spearheaded by **Cromwell**. *Unbelievable*. In doing so, the

Sukkot experience was no longer deemed legal. The dude was chipping away at the entire Medieval experience, ensuring that the Millennial Kingdom was a thing of the past.



Thomas Cromwell got his in the end. I know this is a story but even fiction has its applauding sections, so get ready, as we are approaching upon one of them. In 1540, Cromwell was dubbed **Earl of Essex**. What a gay title. He was given the name after arranging Henry's **fourth marriage** to the German princess, **Anne of Cleves**. Anne of Cleves was known as the **ugly one** in case you haven't heard. Tell me, does Anne of Cleves look hideous to you? She's a bit of a looker if I do say so myself. And that is why, with Anne of Cleves, history smiles upon us, exposing the lies.

Henry commissioned artist **Hans Holbein** to make the roundtrip journey to Germany and paint her portrait, which he did, resulting in Henry having the hots for her. There was only one problem. When the betrothal was formalized and Anne arrived at court, she looked nothing like her portrait. Hans Holbein had painted it on thick where it mattered, apparently.



The movie makers try their best to match Anne of Cleves up with her portrait, and in doing so, she always comes across as a looker. Who is being gaslit in this situation? Unless I am expected to believe there are no unattractive women for hire in Hollywood, perhaps the elephant in the room is that they cannot let us in on the probability that she was truly ugly, which would entail a royal slip-up within Henry's ongoing PSYOP. The artists have always played their part in history's photoshopping process, and like the scriptwriters, they exhibit the bad habit of applying the make-up. Sometimes they'll even make crap up.

Henry must have cast the blame upon his favorite propagandist, because the marriage was a disaster for Cromwell. How much of a disaster, you ask? Cromwell was arraigned for treason and heresy, and on **7/28/1540**, he was executed on Tower Hill. *Dang.* The Anne of Cleves painting has had plenty of time to dry, but from my vantage point, it is still wet with irony. Meanwhile, Anne of Cleves got the best deal out of all Henry's six wives. Though their marriage was only 6-months lived, she received lands and fortunes to the end of her days.



Nobody could have imagined that within a few short years of his trial with Katherine that every monastery and nunnery in England would be dissolved, and that entire Cathedrals of the Old World would be pulled

down, brick-for-brick. “*Dissolving*” is one nice way to describe it, seeing as how there were over **800** of them, and have you seen their ruinous state? [Wiki](#) has an entire list of wreckage sites. I’ve taken the time to track down photos of **Basingwerk Abbey**, **Beaulieu Abbey**, **Binham Priory**, and **Bolton Abbey**, in that order.



Here are two more. **Buildwas Abbey**, and **Byland Abbey**. Notice what I did there. Those all begin with the letter ‘B’, as in B for Boleyn, when the list is comprised of **A-Z**, implying that I have only shown a mere handful of them. It’s not like foreign invaders took the old battering ram out to these places. No, they were destroyed from within. I’m detecting a theme on par with the destruction of the old world cities disguised as the World Fairs, like the one they burned down in [Chicago](#). The historians have stated that no other event changed Britain more than Henry’s dissolution aside from the invasion of the **Saxon’s 1000 years** prior. There are some bookmarkers for you. It appears as though the dissolving of the Old-World Kingdom began as soon as it was over.



The Dissolution of the Monasteries and Glastonbury

[UPDATE 6/12/25: WITH so many dissolved MK buildings in Britain (800 was it? The sheer number is unfathomable), visiting them all seems improbable, even for a dedicated local Brit, which I am not. Since arriving in Britain a month or so ago I have already dropped by a few and can tell you that **Glastonbury** in Somerset is not like the others. To this day, it is still treated as a pilgrimage site, and rightly so. Not only is Glastonbury the **Avalon** of **Arthur**, but it also happens to be the location of **Britain's first church**, planted by none other than **Joseph of Arimathea**.



Before jumping into the puddle with my Wellies on I should probably remind everyone that I can never publish anything without my *lovely*

readers reminding me that there is a smorgasbord of opinions out there beyond my own. In instances of Arthurian locations, a number of sites are proposed, with Avalon being no exception. There is another far less popular location for the Isle of the Dead in north-west Wales. Be patient, I intend to go there as well. All I can tell you at present is that **Cadbury Castle** is **16 miles** to the south-east of Glastonbury, and after personally exploring the mound, I can't imagine a better location for **Camelot**. I covered my visit already in [537 AD: The End of Camelot](#). Also, there is more to Glastonbury than what I intend to involve in this discussion. Aspects of my visit have already been detailed in [Labyrinths: Seeking the Kingdom Within](#). I hope to include further updates in [The Rod of YAHUAHA and Excalibur](#), and [The Holy Family in Europe](#) will not be excluded.



Upon arriving at Glastonbury, I was already aware that **King Arthur's purported burial site** could be found on the grounds—I simply didn't know where to look. After combing the field for a time, zigzagging to and fro and sometimes retracing my steps in circles, I finally stumbled upon the marker, not really prepared for the emotional impact. Well, *there* it is, and *here* is the story handed down to us.

In **1190**, right about when the [Knight Templar](#) were in their heyday, **King Henry II** reportedly ordered workers at the abbey to dig for the king of Camelot. They dug and they dug over a great swath of grass. Before telling you what they found, I think it would benefit you to know that Henry II was the **great-grandson** of **William the Conqueror**, and the **father** of both **Richard the Lionheart** and **John the Bad**, from where we pull the **Robin Hood** stories. He was also personally responsible for **Thomas Becket**'s murder. Lot's going on with this guy which, YAH willing, I will

eventually get around to covering. Diggers at Glastonbury unearthed a leaden cross buried between two ancient stone pillars. Inscribed on the cross were the following words.

Hic jacet sepultus inclitus rex Arturus in insula Avalloni.

Latin is a language which I studied in college, but it's been a while. Let's see what I can make out. '*Sepultus*' would refer to a sepulcher, '*rex*' a king, '*insula*' an island, and '*Avalloni*' is self-explanatory. Yup, still got it. The rest, however, I can't quite make out. Let's see what an English translation has to say.

Here lies buried the renowned King Arthur in the Isle of Avalon.

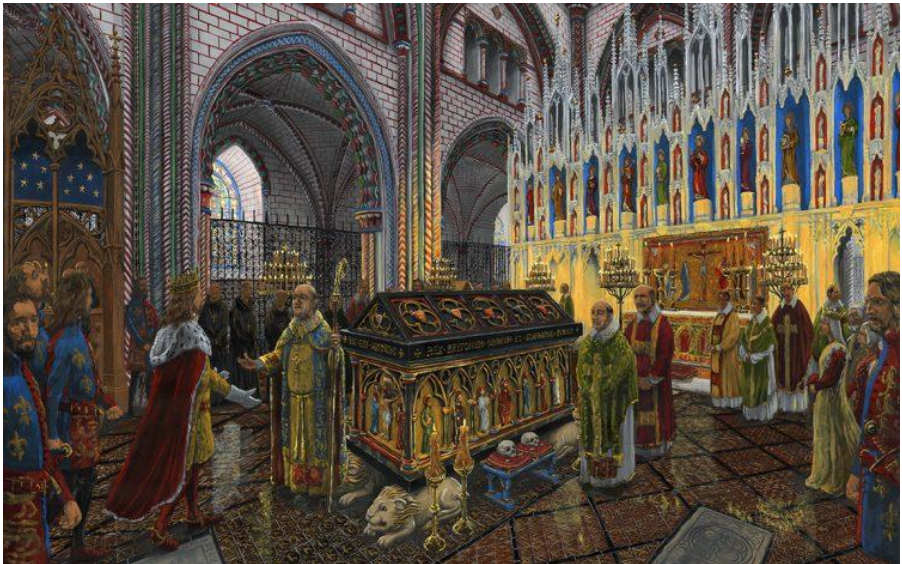
Hmm, seems pretty direct, wouldn't you agree? Either the monks were onto the discovery of a lifetime, or they'd planted the evidence, anticipating the money to roll in. The historians are quick to dismiss their discovery in hopes of establishing official history while dismissing Arthurian legends as mythology, you know the drill. But whichever way you lean, I will ask you to consider their next discovery before making your decision.



Digging deeper into the earth, and to a depth of 16 feet, they found the trunk of an oak tree, hollowed out for the purposes of a coffin. Inside the oak coffin, they found the skeletal remains of a man and a woman.

Wouldn't you like to know how tall the man was? He was 4 foot 2 inches, a bit of a dwarf—just kidding. He was a **9-footer**. No word on the woman's height, though she was presumed at the time to be **Gwinevere**, and I don't see why not.

By the way, that's not a photo of a Glastonbury monk, as they didn't have photography back then—not officially. I am showing you a photo of **Ralph Glidden** digging up his **Catalina giants**, and not without reason. As an avid collector of newspaper articles, I published a book on this subject a couple of years ago, [Giants In America: Newspapers of Our Realm: Volume I](#). There's no better way to discredit yourself and ruin your career, dying a very poor man while becoming the subject of ridicule, than exposing plot holes in the **Jesuit** history books with your pick and shovel. Try not to let the **Smithsonian** truck run over you as it backs up to the site. *Beep, beep, beep*. The monks of Glastonbury began digging for Arthur based upon their assumption that the stories were true, and Ralph Glidden did the same. Nothing criminal in that. All that tells me is that their thesis, albeit non-canonical, was a correct one.



After the initial exhumation in **1191**, the bones of Arthur and his woman Guinevere were placed in a tomb in the choir of the abbey church, near to the altar. The same tomb would later be opened in **1278** for King **Edward I** and Queen **Eleanor**. Nearly a **hundred years** had passed since Arthur's discovery. Supposing he wasn't a 9-foot-tall giant and just an

ordinary-sized man, Edward I's eyewitness exhuming would be the perfect time to speak up and say something. He did not. By the way, the provided illustration comes to us by way of **Dominic Andrews** at www.archaeoart.co.uk. According to Dominic, the person visiting Arthur's tomb in his drawing isn't Edward I but **Edward III** in **1331**. Not sure if Edward III had a peek inside, and if so, he didn't say anything that survives on record.



You might be wondering how the artist thought to depict Arthur's tomb in such illustrious detail. I've seen many of these tombs in various cathedrals and none are alike, and rarely as grand, which is why I was wondering the same thing. The tomb was not described for us until the **antiquary John Leland** visited Glastonbury in the **1530's**. According to his [Wiki article](#), Leland is described as "**the father of English local history and bibliography**." Hmmm, sounds suspicious. Was he under the pay of Henry VIII is what I want to know. Yup, I just checked. He was buddies with **propagandist Thomas Cromwell**. To better understand that connection, you'll have to read my [Henry VIII](#) report.

How is it that nearly **350 years** had passed without a single description, or were all those records destroyed? Well, as they say regarding the 200 million sperm released with each mommy and daddy private time, sometimes all it takes is one of them to make it past the goalie's net. According to Leland, the tomb was of **black marble with four lions at its base, a crucifix at the head and an image of Arthur carved in relief at the foot**. His timing is only a little odd considering that the tomb was assumedly dissolved along with the abbey in **1539**, but whatever. Better late than never.

The question I would like you to answer is why they would hoax their Arthur discovery with a giant when none of their Arthurian literature, written either before or afterwards, upheld the story. That is one question but now I have another to counter it. How is it that Henry VIII would destroy an abbey devoted to Camelot's king when he himself not only claimed to be descended from Arthur, but he also based his existence upon the fulfilment of Merlin's dragon prophecy? To top that off, Glastonbury is reportedly the site of Joseph of Arimathea's church. The ramifications of that are never paused to be appreciated nor tested in the history books. It simply happened. He got away with it, and the other side of the story, the missing side, is never intended to be told.

While you consider your answers, I too am thinking out—allow me to throw some potentials your way. Arthurian chroniclers **Geoffrey of Monmouth**, **Robert de Boron**, **Chretien de Troyes**, and **Sir Thomas Malory**, though I am probably forgetting others, all seem to forget that little detail regarding his tomb and height. If nobody thought to describe Arthur as a giant, perhaps it is because the 1190 Arthur story was invented centuries afterwards to throw us off the scent of where he is actually buried, and also, where Joseph of Arimathea planted his church. Even Avalon is being hidden from us. If so, then Henry VIII's audacity is somewhat less audacious and to be believed.

Not that I'm saying Glastonbury isn't the true Avalon. Because maybe it is. I haven't visited the second proposed site in Wale and am simply keeping my options open. The giant story is a convincing one in my book. Even if the giant was somebody other than Arthur, there is still the little detail regarding the Latin sign identifying him, bringing back around to my first question. Why lie about a giant? Either way and whatever the scenario, Henry VIII doesn't weasel his way out of it without coming across as a total dick.]