

My Personal History Memorialized

Compiled Sept. 29, 2011

The name on my birth certificate is Alma True Ott. My family and friends call me “True”. Yesterday I celebrated my 52nd year on this planet. Yesterday, in a moment of quiet thought and meditation, I was prayerfully reflecting over the events of the last decade – and what has transpired in this nation since September 11, 2001. The changes have not been good. Personal Freedom and Liberty have been systemically eroded. “Progressive” (i.e. satanic or anti-Christian) agendas have become enshrined as being “politically correct” and normal. I thought deeply about it, and then prayed for inspiration on how (or even IF) one man could possibly make a positive difference in such a fallen world. The answer came clearly and forcibly to my ear and heart: “You Must Testify of Christ”. “Is that it?” I asked. “Yes, FEED MY SHEEP! FEED MY LAMBS! Your written and spoken words will make a difference in the lives of millions” was the answer once again. Then, at that very moment – a full and complete remembrance of my unique life experiences came rushing back to me in full color over the next hour. I knew immediately then that I had to write and memorialize my story – and then wait for the correct time to share it publicly. I was shown that my written words will be a tool that would possibly aid millions of people to find Christ, and develop a personal, saving relationship with Him. I will FEED HIS SHEEP!

I know that I am just one man. I am nothing special. I am no better, or no worse, than anyone else. I am a human being – far from “perfect”. I have made my share of mistakes. However, I have indeed had a number of life experiences that are likely unique and different. Here is my story.

My Early Years

My earliest remembrance of my true spiritual nature occurred when I was 5 years old – just before entering kindergarten a few weeks before turning 6. Prior to my kindergarten year, I remember being able to see and communicate with beings that my parents (and others) couldn’t see. This was more than having “imaginary playmates” – some “beings” (both adult and children) frightened me – others did not. I also remember well that I could actually see living people’s “aura” – their spiritual energy emanations. Some were bright and multi-colored. Others were shadowy, lifeless, and dark.

I remember at this young age being a big fan of Fess Parker’s “Daniel Boone” TV series. I never missed an episode. It soon became a fashion craze for young boys in my neighborhood of Hawthorne, Nevada (and probably all over America) to sport a “coonskin cap”. I remember how I longed for such a wonderful cap, for I often played the role of Daniel Boone in my imaginary backyard adventures, running from Pawnees with my trusted Mingo (my pet fox terrier dog named Queenie) at my side, and hiding from them in our corn patch! I had a big problem, however, I had no coonskin cap! How could I really be Daniel Boone without a coonskin cap? The problem was, my 5th birthday came and went without the prized gift. I remember being heartbroken – having NO COONSKIN CAP was the biggest personal tragedy in my young life. Worse, when I continually pestered my parents about my terrible predicament and injustice – they made it clear that such a wasteful expenditure would not be forthcoming – EVER! “Don’t ask again!” I was repeatedly told!

With a broken heart I went crying into my room, and I remember lying on my bed thinking how mean and terrible my cruel parents were. Then I remember praying and praying hard – begging God for the biggest single desire of my young heart. The room was almost dark, for it was late afternoon. I clearly remember seeing a small orb of light appear, then watched with fascination as it grew progressively larger and brighter. Suddenly, there at the foot of my bed stood a beautiful blond-haired, blue eyed young woman dressed in a pure, glowing white gown. She told me in a pure, sweet voice that God had heard my prayer, and would always hear and answer me – but would not always provide such materialistic items as “coonskin caps” for me. But “just this once – He would”, she told me. She came closer, and I was filled with incredible comforting feelings of overpowering love and peace as she lightly kissed my cheek – and then, she was gone.

True to her words, the very next day I accompanied my mother to our local main-street “dime store” as she called it. She had to pick up some yarn and sewing supplies, and if I “behaved” – I could have some penny candy. As we walked down the aisle – we passed by a display bin of the best-looking coonskin caps I had ever seen. Without a single word from me, my mother picked one up, placed it on my head – and it fit absolutely perfectly! I remember wearing it with wonder and shock at my good fortune to the checkout counter. I refused to take it off even for a minute – so with a giggle the checker-lady clipped off the price tag with my wondrous cap still secure on my head.

I don’t remember what ever happened to that little piece of synthetic faux-fur fabric that adorned my little tow head so many years ago (I can yet remember it’s smell) – but I will always, always remember the overpowering sensation of the Love of God manifested to a young innocent boy that special day and the evening before. I will always remember that wonderful, kindly angelic messenger who graced my bedroom. That day I learned, that God really did hear and answer my prayers!

I remember watching “The Wizard of OZ” on our black and white console TV shortly thereafter, where I saw “Glenda” the Good Witch – come to Dorothy in much the same manner that I had earlier witnessed in my own room. I remember thinking that perhaps the movie wasn’t ALL make-believe (which made the wicked witch even scarier) and I was also comforted that a similar thing had happened to others – even girls like Dorothy Gale on the TV tube. I also vividly remember when my mother took my sister and I to see Walt Disney’s Pinocchio movie at the local theater. The appearance of the “blue fairy” to that little wooden puppet was likewise VERY familiar to me – for she looked and talked just like the beautiful, loving lady-in-white who had come to me.

The summer of my fifth year was a truly magical time for me. I remember one very hot August day, however, that was extremely traumatic. My mother told me that I had to go with her to the Doctor’s office, and there get “examined” to make sure I was healthy and strong enough to go to school in a few weeks. (What she didn’t tell me was that I needed my vaccinations in order to go to school.) So she took off my coonskin cap (that I often slept with) washed my face, dressed me in a clean shirt and pants – and bribed me that I could wear my brand-new COWBOY BOOTS WITH THE POINTED TOES that she had just bought for me – if I promised to be good. “DEAL” – I eagerly said. Off we went to the “clinic”.

The clinic's waiting room that day was occupied with a few other mothers with their anxious youngsters also about to enter society's "school". There's nothing like interacting with one's peers –and this was my first taste. One by one, those boys and girls ahead of me went into the examination room. One by one I heard a scream or a cry of protest. "WHAT WAS HAPPENING BEHIND THAT INCREASINGLY OMINOUS DOOR?" I wondered to myself. It wasn't long before I was to find out!

Our name was called, and my mother nearly pulled my arms out of their sockets as she dragged my unwilling carcass into the examination room. I was trying to be "good" – but I definitely didn't want to go into that room with its strange odors! I remember the nurse like it was yesterday. Her white uniform and clipped-on hat was NOTHING like my sweet angel that had earlier come to me in my bedroom. THIS LADY WAS EVIL! I could CLEARLY see her aura – and it was dark as any I had ever seen before. I was immediately deathly afraid of her! Her eyes showed no pity, and she was clearly in a hurry to do her work on me. She looked at a clipboard, and disdainfully stated that I had not had ONE vaccine to date. I felt my good mother shudder in shame. I would have to have a total of three that very day – beginning with a sugar cube (polio). That wasn't so bad, I thought – but what is she doing with those two ominous-looking shot needles? I watched as she measured out the dose from two different bottles, thumped them with her middle finger – and then placed them on her silver tray.

As she picked up the first syringe, and walked across the room to where I was, I swear at that very moment that I saw a dark demon entity enter that room directly behind and to the left side of the nurse. (It was very similar to the "banshee" on Disney's "Darby O'Gill" movie.) Its eyes were glowing red and it was literally frothing at the mouth like a rabid dog. Terrified, I shrieked in protest and tried to escape this sudden horror. The nurse then told my mother to hold me down. Nice try! I was suddenly Daniel Boone fighting off a dozen painted Pawnees! While mother was behind me on the examination table holding my arms – my pointy-booted feet were left dangling free from the table. What a weapon of self-preservation I had – and I never hesitated! I remember placing an extremely hard – well placed boot-kick on the advancing nurse's ample left bosom on the upstroke, followed by another boot-heel flush-solid strike on her right front bumper with my other shiny leather-sheathed weapon. I remember her shocked gasp of pain, as she doubled over grasping her injured appendages. Immediately, she placed the syringe on the tray, while she and her attending demon exited the room with a muffled: "God, Lady, can't you control that kid??"

My mother was mortified by my actions – but I couldn't care less. I was crying crocodile tears by this time – but I really didn't care. This was a no-holds-barred WAR! I was absolutely not going to let them stick me with those demonic needles! I was begging my mother to take me home. Then the nurse re-entered the room, this time with reinforcements – another nurse (younger and nicer looking) and a male doctor. Nothing they could say would calm me down. While I no longer could see the demon entity, I could still see and feel their dark auras. The doctor told my mother to take off my shiny new boots, which she did. The doctor and the other nurse then pinned down my legs while my mother held my arms while the 1st nurse gave me both shots, one in each arm. Maybe it was my imagination, but I think she jabbed both needles all the way into my bones!

All the way home, through my hopeless tears, my mother told me how embarrassed I had made her. What had “gotten into me” she kept asking. I couldn’t answer her, except to tell her that what they were doing to me was very bad. Within days, I realized that I could no longer see people’s auras, and I could no longer see people that “were not really there.” When I told my mother about it, and that I was troubled and worried about it, she patted my head and told me I was “growing up” and that she was “proud” of me – that I was finally ready to go to school.

GROWING UP A “MORMON” BOY

My parents, especially my mother, were devout Mormons – and I was, (in Mormon Lingo) “born under the covenant” – meaning the “new and everlasting covenant” of temple-endowed “celestial” marriages. Therefore, I attended Mormon “Sunday School” and a weekly instruction session called “Primary” at a very early age. I was a happy little “Sunbeam” at age three, then a CTR (Choose the Right) boy from age 4 until my baptism at age 8. Then I was a “Valiant” boy for the next four years until I received the Mormon “Aaronic” priesthood at the ripe old age of 12, when I was ordained a “Deacon”, then a “Teacher” at 14, and then a “Priest” at age 16. I was instructed all along the way that all of this “training” was in preparation for my two-year missionary service at age 19, when I would be advanced to the “Melchizedek” priesthood, and become an “Elder”. If I followed all the Mormon rules laid out for me before and during my two year “mission” – I could then be found WORTHY of the companionship of the Holy Ghost, and could then fulfill my Mormon destiny; to marry a good Mormon girl in the temple and have as many children as possible; thereby continuing the cycle of celestial family myself. Eventually, I was told, If I PERFECTED MY OBEDIENCE TO MORMON LEADERS, I would become a literal God myself – with my very own created world just like the Earth with thousands of polygamous wives to bear my spirit children. Jesus, the Son of Planet Earth’s mightiest polygamist “Father”, was simply my “Elder Brother” who through a traumatic ritual sacrifice in Gethsemane had opened spiritual doors for my exaltation. I was taught that Christ’s “sacrifice” was in the garden – and not on the Cross. I was taught that my only hope for “exaltation and Godhood” was complete and total unquestioning obedience to the current Mormon ‘prophet’ and his holy apostles and other “authorities”.

Miraculously, I came to know the real Jesus Christ IN SPITE OF my total immersion in the false dogma of Mormonism, not BECAUSE OF IT!!

During my early years, the Hawthorne Nevada Mormons would congregate in a small, whitewashed building directly across the street from the local high school. Later, during my early teen years, the “Ward” (as in prison ward, or “psych” ward) moved up to a new, modern “chapel” on the southernmost outskirts of the town – the closest building to it was the Mt. Grant Hospital and its only neighbors were the horned toad lizards that called the arid Nevada desert home. I distinctly remember attending “sacrament meetings” as a five-year old on Sunday evenings with my older sister and parents in that small whitewashed chapel with its musty smell and solid wood flooring. I can still remember watching the various auras of the members and speakers as they gave their “talks”. Many of the Mormon congregation had wonderful auras, but not all. I could also see numerous disembodied spirits attending the services as well. They were always present – some were just curious and wandered in and out continuously. Others were much more malevolent, and would occasionally poke their heads in and out

of the dark crimson curtains of the stage where the Ward leaders and speakers sat. They were furtive beasties – never staying put to get a close look at them. However, I always knew they were present – and hiding away. Again, shortly after getting my “vaccines” – I could no longer see them. However, I never forgot the feelings that emanated from them.

I grew up to be a tall, skinny, gangly 6’7” teenager with acne and a social manner best described as “Napoleon Dynamite”. Shortly after my 12th birthday, I took on the responsibility of a newspaper route for the daily Reno newspaper. Over the years, my route grew to be the largest single route in Hawthorne, with nearly 200 subscribers. Every morning at 5:00, I would awaken, fold the papers and secure them with a rubber band, and stuff them into my canvas bags and hit the streets on my bicycle. On a “skinny paper” day – I could do the entire route in one trip, finishing usually well before 7 a.m. On “fat paper” days like Sunday – it often took as much as three loads to complete the route. I took pride in this job, and went the extra mile to do it well. Regardless of the weather, and even when ill, I made sure that people received their papers before the sun rose.

A WEEK IN THE HOSPITAL – NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE #1

Performing my paper route duties while being ill with the flu during the winter and early spring of my 13th year, resulted in a very serious case of “viral” double pneumonia and a week’s stay in the hospital. Evidently, I was very ill because to this day I remember very little about that week. I remember getting into the hospital bed and falling asleep and little else, other than I was there for a full week. On one occasion, I remember waking up to find a Catholic nun hovering over me and splashing water on me (which is what awakened me.) The day I left the hospital, a nurse told me the nun I had seen had been giving me “last rites” three days earlier. Seven days later, I resumed my paper route and slowly regained my strength.

NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE #2

When I turned 14 I completed my hunter-safety course, and proudly took some of my paper route earnings to the local Montgomery Ward store and purchased my very own 12 gauge shotgun – a bolt-action Mossberg with a three-shell magazine! My best friend Greg Schumann and I spent every free Saturday and many afternoons hunting the foothills around town for grouse, chukar partridge, quail, and rabbits. When we turned 16 and got our driving licenses, we would often take Greg’s father’s Chevy Blazer and drive to the north end of Walker Lake and hunt ducks and geese on the river bottoms of the Paiute reservation.

One frosty October Saturday morning, after my newspapers were delivered, Greg picked me up in his Blazer. Our target: Sage Grouse. Destination: A rough, rocky 4WD trail south of “left hand canyon”. Greg’s Blazer had a mounted metal gun rack over the back seat passenger-side window. Greg had his father’s 12 gauge pump shotgun. After we left the paved road, Greg proceeded to unsheathe his gun and fill the magazine with shells and place it in the gun rack –as it was common to see chukar or quail along the dirt road. One of us could quickly jump out and pump a shell into the chamber for quick action. Greg was a safe hunter, and followed the law – there was no way he would have a gun with a shell in the chamber while the vehicle was moving.

Finally, after a very bumpy ride, we arrived at our hunting site – a mountain meadow at the very top of the 4WD trail. I went to the rear of the Blazer to unlock and open the rear tailgate of the Blazer which was secured by a combination padlock over the mounted spare tire. Normally, it was a simple task to move the combination one number and swing open the tailgate. However, this morning was different. There was a lot of thick dust on the numbers. After three unsuccessful attempts, I impatiently bent down to blow the dust off the lock. At that exact moment, I heard an explosion and my stocking cap with its balled tassel of yarn on the top sailed off my head and traveled a good twenty yards. When I straightened up again, my eyes were staring straight at a gaping hole in the fiberglass of the Blazer. White fiberglass particles hung in the air and floated to the ground like snowflakes. I quickly realized that if I had not bent over at that exact second, the shotgun blast would have nailed me exactly square in the middle of my forehead. As it happened, it caught my stocking cap and sent it sailing.

My friend Greg was staring out at me in stunned silence surrounded by powder smoke inside the Blazer. Apparently, the excessive bouncing of the road somehow caused the gun's pump action to open and close with a live shell in the chamber. When Greg reached for the gun, his finger hit the trigger and it accidentally discharged. Needless to say, we took some deep breaths, and returned home immediately. Poor Greg was grounded from using the Blazer for three whole months!

What was unusual about this story is that after I blew the dust from the lock, at the exact second the gun discharged, the lock opened! The combination was correct – it should have opened. If it had, I would have likely been killed. Something had kept that lock from opening – and it wasn't the dust.

NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE #3

At age 19, I received my missionary call (assignment). I was to serve the LDS Church in what the Mormon's refer to as the "Latter-Day Holy Land" – Upstate New York – specifically, the New York Rochester Mission. This is where the false cult of Mormonism began. This is the mission 'field' that includes the "Hill Cumorah" (where Smith claims to have found the mystical gold plates), the "Sacred Grove" – (where Smith claimed God the Father and Jesus Christ personally appeared to him as a 14 year old boy) the Whitmer Farm where the LDS Church was first organized by SIX people on April 6, 1830 – and of course, the Joseph Smith farm and homestead in Palmyra.

My first mission assignment was with a companion named Elder Wood. (Every missionary was named Elder so-and-so.) We were in a rural section of West Albany – and rode bicycles to our appointments. This, of course, was without safety helmets back in the year 1978. A "bike area" (as opposed to a car area) was no problem for me, for I was pretty good at cycling thanks to my years of daily pedaling delivering papers, and I quite often left my companion many yards behind me as I liked to show off a bit.

One day we were pedaling our way down a winding, curving road in a light rain. The road was quite narrow without any shoulder to ride on, and we were pedaling along on the extreme right hand side going with the traffic flow. We had just crested a small hill, and were coasting down the other side with myself a few yards in the lead when suddenly, around a curve, I heard the blast of an air horn and felt myself and my bike becoming airborne before eventually coming to rest in a weed and bush-choked ditch bank.

Immediately I heard my companion screaming my name in panic. I yelled back that I was ok – but I couldn't find my bike. My suit pants were torn, my overcoat covered with mud, and my bike was found a full ten yards further down the ditch. I expected to find it badly damaged, but it was fine with only a few scratches in the paint and a bent derailleur.

Elder Wood then told me what he saw. He said he witnessed the large delivery truck begin to swerve to miss me on the curve – only to have another speeding car suddenly appear in the left lane. To avoid a head-on collision, the truck driver swerved back into the right lane – and Wood said he saw me go flying through the air into the ditch. He thought for sure that I had been hit fully by the truck going at least 40 mph. As I was cleaning myself and my bike up – the truck driver who had stopped and pulled over was walking up the road to offer assistance. He, too, was sure that his truck had hit me, but he said he had heard no thump or felt no bump. He didn't understand how he had missed me.

A tearful Elder Wood told the story at the next "zone conference" gathering (and many times after) – and I became somewhat of a celebrity in the mission – a miracle that showed that "angels" are protecting the missionaries (ONLY IF THEY OBEY THE RULES PERFECTLY, OF COURSE). I didn't know what had really happened that day, only that I had to go to a tailor to fix my torn suit pants and had to dry clean my muddy overcoat.

I served in every possible leadership position while on my "mission". On their final day in the "field", before returning home, it was customary for each "Cumorah" missionary to go into the "Sacred Grove" and there quietly meditate for around 15 minutes. I remember going into that secluded grove of trees that afternoon – and I remember kneeling in what I considered "mighty prayer" in the place where I imagined LDS Founder Jos. Smith may have prayed. I remember begging God to allow me the same "vision" as young Joseph – for I really, truly, had faith that I too could see and talk to God as well. I don't know exactly what happened, but I know I somehow "lost" time. Over an hour had passed when a fellow missionary came up to me and said I was keeping everyone waiting – and it was almost dark. It seemed like only 5 minutes had passed – but it had been an hour and twenty minutes.

I didn't see any "pillar of light" that day. I didn't see God either. But I absolutely knew we had walked together that day in a higher realm of consciousness. I know this now, because the ONE thing I remember about that day, is that I solemnly promised Him in mighty prayer that I would always seek for Truth in all things – and when I found it, I told Him that I would defend TRUTH to the death. The impression that came powerfully to my mind that day, told me that many people would hate me terribly for doing so – even my own family – but yet, I freely made the promise.

After serving my two year "mission" – I returned home to Nevada. The day after I returned, we loaded my parent's furniture and all personal belongings into a U-haul truck for the move back to my father's home town, Tropic, Utah. The following week I returned to Southern Utah University, and resumed my college studies. A year later I married Joan Christensen, and we began our family – residing in Cedar City. I was well on the path to Mormon "exaltation" in their quasi-Masonic "Celestial" Kingdom. I was doing my best to be obedient to the "arm of flesh". Soon, I would discover the TRUTH, however.

MY NIGHT VISIONS BEGIN

On the evening of my 25th birthday, September 28, 1984, I remember playing with my oldest son Jeremy, and cuddling my infant 2nd son Nathan in the rocking chair while I counted my blessings, content with a stomach full of birthday cake and ice cream provided by my dutiful, loving wife Joan. Since my strange experience in the New York grove of trees while on my mission, I had been having an increasing number of very realistic “dreams” during the night. These were/are not disjointed, frivolous, meaningless visions – for I was always accompanied by a trusted companion, who made sure that the slim, silver thread connecting me to my sleeping body was never severed during our evening voyages. Yes, I too have “normal” frivolous dreams like most people – so I submit that I know the difference. The night visions with my spiritual companion were MUCH different, as together he would guide me to vast libraries for the sole purpose of increasing my knowledge. Each time I would awaken abruptly at 4:00 am on the dot. That was my clue that the vision was significant and the information given was important to know and take seriously for some reason.

Since my marriage to Joan, I was learning to trust God’s directing hand guiding the sailing vessel called My Life. Trusting Him is a major part of finding Truth, I learned. You see, my dear wife Joan had her own “near death experience” as well. A few weeks after we became engaged on April Fool’s Day 1981 (no kidding), I accompanied her to a Cedar City physician’s office while she underwent a “premarital exam”. Upon examining her abdomen, the physician at first thought she was at least three months pregnant – which brought some immediate righteous indignation from her. After further examination, the doctor concluded that she couldn’t be pregnant, unless she was another Mary. He then performed an ultrasound – which revealed an extremely large ovarian cyst – and he scheduled Joan for immediate emergency surgery.

There I was, the most reluctant future groom in Southern Utah, sitting in the clinic’s waiting room reading Outdoor Life, when Joan burst through the door in tears saying she had to have surgery ASAP. Keep in mind that at the time of our engagement, I was dating half a dozen other girls as well as Joan, and was wondering HOW I ever became “engaged” to Joan – I was still shocked at exactly how my April Fool’s joke with a phony diamond ring, had turned into a REAL engagement. I felt like a wolf with its paw caught in a trap. She was so incredibly happy, I asked myself every day how could I be so mean and heartless as to ruin her bliss? Yet, when I prayed for a way to let her down easy, a peaceful “dream” would come and tell me NO WAY! That is why I decided to let God’s Will play out, and see where it took me. Now the answer had come – it was all about saving this sweet girl’s life.

I was with Joan’s mother Francis in the hospital waiting room while the surgery was performed. I will never forget Dr. Graf’s words to us that day. Still clad in his surgical garb, he looked us in the eyes and declared: “You have one very lucky young lady there. The cyst was completely full of toxins – we pumped a full quart out before removing the cyst. It was already starting to rupture. If we had not found this when we did, there is no doubt that it would have burst. She would not have survived it.”

I remember well driving to my apartment that day, and talking to God all afternoon. I remember telling Him “thanks for directing my actions to save Joan’s life – do I still have to marry her now?” The answer came into my mind: “You don’t HAVE to do anything – but if you do, you will never regret it.” Even though I didn’t feel anywhere near “ready” for marriage – Joan and I became One on June 12, 1981.

Indeed, without any doubt whatsoever, marrying and partnering with Joan was the highest and best blessing from a living and loving God to me personally. (Incredibly, Joan and I renewed our vows thirty years later this year – 2011. THIS TIME, (outside the Mormon Temple) my forever sweetheart was able to walk down the aisle just as she had envisioned three decades earlier, and our four adult children were our witnesses.)

My silent prayer on that night of September 28, 1984 was a prayer of thanks for my two sons and loving wife. As I drifted off to sleep that night, I remember reflecting on my earlier promise to seek Truth. The spiritual voyage I took that night was unforgettable.

That night I was shown a panorama of what my unseen guide called the “7th Heaven” – where the mansions and abode of Christ the Creator and Those That Know Him are located. My companion acted the role of a sort of “Real Estate” Broker and Guide that night, showing me around a most exclusive neighborhood that literally defied mortal words of description. The peace, the beauty, the colors, the CLEANLINESS, but most of all the incredible SYMPHONY OF MUSICAL SOUND that emanated from these incredible MANSIONS left my mind spellbound. “Ok, I want this – what’s the price? Can I even BEGIN to afford this?” I asked my companion. “Oh yes, this is definitely in your price range” he replied. “The price of ownership is simply for you to fulfill the promise you gave Him that day in New York – to ALWAYS HONOR TRUTH. You see, the CREATOR AND OWNER of this estate is THE TRUTH – and that is the price that one must pay.”

When I awakened at 4:00 am – I marveled at what I had been shown that night. I knew it had been a real experience, and my soul rejoiced in the thought that I could indeed have the possibility to live forever in such an incredible place. That day, I recommitted my quest and my deep love to search for, and defend at all costs: TRUTH. At that time, I was just shown the MANSIONS – I had no idea then that dwelling there also involved living eternally with Christ – a blessing infinitely better than ANY “Real Estate” title. I also had yet to learn that while earthly “family” relations are helpful and important in one’s mortal journey, they are just that – “earthly” blessings. I had yet to learn the TRUTH that often the adversary to Christ causes such earthly relationships to become a substitute for, and thus block the development of, any meaningful relationship with Christ. In other words, the Evil One takes family love and makes it the primary focal point of his false teaching of “heaven” – and thus a personal relationship with Christ becomes secondary at best. In Mormonism, a meaningful personal relationship with Christ actually becomes merely an ancillary function to the primary goal of a “celestial” family seeking “Godhood”. Eventually I came to understand that the LD\$ teaching of “eternal family through Temple marriage” is actually a most diabolical, cleverly designed tool designed by the Adversary to subtly supersede and overshadow the far more vitally important BIBLICAL directive: which is to seek and perfect one’s personal relationship with Christ – in essence, to KNOW HIM. Then, once He is “known” – the final step is to openly invite Him to direct your life and permanently enter your physical HEART. Indeed, I had to learn that this is ETERNAL LIFE – to really KNOW God as opposed to just “knowing OF Him!” (John 3:17) I had to learn this is the central, core TRUTH that I had earlier committed to teach and defend. I had to learn TRUTH by personal experiences, and through loving tutoring performed by Heavenly messengers. In other words, I had to give up my current life (die) in order to be born again

(resurrected) unto TRUTH. The first step had to be giving up my Mormon paradigm and exchanging its falsehoods for spiritual truths. This would prove to be a most formidable task.

Meeting Mark Hoffman, the Mad Bomber

In 1984 I was employed by Hugh W. Pinnock's (a Mormon "general authority figure") company named the Intermountain Financial Group (IFG). Shortly after the vision I received on my 25th birthday, I was summoned to SLC in order to attend a special IFG meeting. At this meeting, all IFG "associates" were introduced to a man named Mark Hoffman – a supposed "antiquities" dealer and researcher. The purpose of the meeting was to assist Pinnock and Hofmann by means of introducing our various financial services clients to the "Church's need" to procure certain "sensitive" documents possessed by Hoffman. It was imperative that the "Church" not purchase the documents directly. Instead, it was "preferable" that our clients purchase the documents in question, then "donate" them to the "Church" in return for massive IRS tax "deductions" that could be extended over years.

I personally witnessed the events that then unfolded. The machinations of Hoffman's scam resulted in the deaths of two innocent people. I personally believe the bomb that prematurely detonated in Hoffman's vehicle was designed for the IFG offices. All IFG associates were ORDERED to plead complete ignorance to any criminal inquiries. Noncompliance would result in immediate termination of employment. This really bothered by conscience. Here I was committed to seek the TRUTH of all things, and my ecclesiastical "authorities" were clearly seeking to keep THE TRUTH hidden and covered-up. Furthermore, I didn't appreciate being coerced and financially blackmailed into keeping silent. I had to ask myself: "Why did Gordon Hinckley, a counselor in the almighty First Presidency, not have the necessary spiritual discernment to recognize the murderous hoax and intent of Hoffman?" Clearly, he didn't. His (and Pinnock's) actions resulted in murder most foul. I soon realized that this was a case of a skilled con man (Hoffman) conning other skilled confidence men (the LD\$ hierarchy.) Their "Fruits" in this case, was murder by bombing and the subsequent cover-up.

Near Death Experience #4

Nearly three years after my 25th birthday vision, I had concluded that I could no longer in good conscience work in the financial services arena. Brokering stocks, bonds, and commodities futures was about as "earthly" a profession as there is. In June of 1987, I purchased what I thought at the time was a "fun" business – a 20-lane bowling center and snack bar. I quickly found out that providing commercial recreation was a whole lot of hard and challenging work. There is a whole lot more to owning a successful bowling center than greeting customers and giving them a bowling lane. The 20 pinsetter machines needed constant repair and maintenance. It was actually more challenging than keeping 20 diesel semi-rigs on the road. Then there was lane dressing and maintenance, employee management and accountability, and snack bar food service. Suddenly I found myself working 16- 18 hour days – often 6 days a week. Like most naïve Americans, I assumed that if the FDA allowed a "food" to be stocked and sold on store shelves – it had to be nutritious and safe to consume. I began skipping wholesome, home-cooked meals in preference for a quick hot dog, fries, and a soft drink at the business. I ate a LOT of hot dogs primarily because we maintained a hot dog rotisserie machine – and

slapping one on a bun with relish and mustard was quick and easy. Some days I would eat a dozen or more during my long days.

What I didn't realize was that I was consuming a very large amount of nitrates by eating so many dogs. I couldn't have known that nitrates and other processed meat preservatives were rapidly depleting potassium and other minerals such as magnesium and calcium from my cells and tissues. Shortly after my 28th birthday, while helping customers at the bowling center's front desk – everything began spinning and I collapsed. I remember regaining consciousness as I was being lifted onto an ambulance gurney for a drive to the hospital. I remember hearing the EMT's telling the E.R. staff that my "BP" was critically low – and only when they injected an I.V. with fluids – did I quit losing consciousness.

Once I arrived at the hospital, I was fitted with a heart monitor and they took a number of blood samples. The E.R. contacted my personal physician – and he came to my room with the "diagnosis". I was "dangerously low" in potassium – which had caused my heart to temporarily stop beating (which is why I collapsed and lost consciousness and nearly died.) Evidently, it took CPR and electroshock to get my heart going again. He told me that my heart was still not working correctly, and kept me overnight for observation.

Near Death Experience #5

For the next two and a half years, I was chronically ill. I spent the better part of 7 months confined mostly to a sickbed while Joan capably ran our business in my stead. My "recovery" was very slow, filled with "good days" and many, many bad days. It seemed I was suddenly "allergic" to numerous foods such as peanuts, that previously I had never had any problem with. I found this out the hard way. One Sunday evening, I over-indulged on a bag of peanut M&M's – which caused my sweet wife Joan to rush me to the Hospital E.R. once again. I was experiencing anaphylactic shock – and once again, my heart went haywire. I remember leaving my body and floating around the E.R. thinking how funny my body looked below me. I wanted to see if I would inherit one of the grand mansions I had seen earlier – but the sound of Joan's voice demanded that I stay with her. We had children to raise, she told me matter-of-factly, and she didn't want to do the job alone. So I fought to stay with her.

I was totally ignorant about the role minerals play in not only a healthy heart, but also a fully healthy body. As I began the healing process, I became completely obsessed with learning everything I could about minerals and their function in nutrition. I read countless books and articles – most of which were authored by Dr. Linus Pauling. I was stunned and amazed that the typical American (myself included) could be so ignorant about the role of prime minerals. I quickly realized that one's physical health is your single greatest possession. It didn't matter if you owned a million-dollar successful business, the biggest house in town, or a fat bank account – without health and vitality – these things quickly became meaningless and absolutely worthless. Moreover, my priorities in life completely changed. I was no longer a perfectionist and workaholic. I now took time to "stop and smell the roses".

In my obsession to learn everything I could about minerals, I discovered a Washington D.C. group called the World Naturopathic Health Organization. They were offering an advanced educational course in Nutrition (a PhD certification when completed) – which focused primarily on mineral functions in the

cell. I liked what I was hearing. They explained that the course was not yet “accredited” by the U.S. governing “Board of Regents” – (they were “working on it”) but that didn’t matter much to me. All I was interested in was learning TRUTH – not so much about how “society” judged it. The curriculum was from Dresden, Germany – a place called the “Kneipp Institute”. To me, the knowledge was like water to a man dying of thirst. I couldn’t get enough. I completed the PhD course, and wrote my dissertation on HOW minerals worked at the cellular level. I documented that there were 21 minerals needed by the body to maintain optimum health. Each mineral has a specific atomic weight and thus each beneficial mineral exhibited a hexagonal crystalline pulse – a quantifiable and measurable SOUND – a TONE. I began to realize that these minerals constituted a 7-note harmonic musical scale of natural crystals with a three octave range of variance. I kept thinking back to my 25th birthday vision where I was allowed to witness the pulsating LIFE ENERGY music and rainbow color palette of the 7th Heaven. I realized it was MINERALS THAT WERE PULSATING THE SONG OF CREATION. I realized that all physical creation is composed of elements composing the “periodic table”. The “creator” is a master conductor of an incredibly complex, yet incredibly simple symphony of harmonic notes governed by ratios of the number 7. All created things, both in heaven and earth, both living and inanimate are tied to the universal law of seven. Even the very stones of the earth, therefore, testify of the Creator (Luke 19:40). The number 7 is His “watermark” code – His signature, His fingerprint, His identifying mark. It is the universal language of mathematics – the absolute PROOF of His divinity and His TRUTH.

My Visit with Michael

During this time of what I call true “higher learning” – many of the secrets of life were unfolded to my mind. I studied the miracle of DNA and protein synthesis. I learned the basic principles of what today is termed “Chronobiology” – the inherent built-in TIME CODE of all living cells. First of all, consider that the human body consists of seven parts – the head, the neck/vertebrae, the trunk, two arms, and two legs. There are seven parts to the human embryo - Amnion, Chorionic Villi, Spinal Cord, Heart, Brain, Umbilical Cord, Yolk Sac. Seven Parts of the human head - two nostrils, two ears, two eyes and the mouth. Seven primary organs – (Brain, Heart, Genitals, Lungs, Liver, Kidney, Stomach.) There are seven hormonal glands – (Pituitary, Pineal, Thyroid, Thymus, Pancreas, Sex, Adrenals.) Seven Divisions to the brain – (Cerebrum, Cerebellum, Pons Varolii, Medulla Oblongata, Corpus Callosum, Spinal Cord, Meninges.) Seven parts to the inner ear – (Vestibule, Auditory Canal, Tympanic Membrane, Ossicles, Semi-circular Canal, Cochlea, Membranous Labyrinth.) Seven parts to the retina of the eye – (Cornea, Aqueous Humor, Lens, Vitreous Humor, Retina, Sclera, Iris.) Seven cavities to the heart – (Right and Left Ventricular, Right and Left Atrium, Tricuspid Valve, Mitral Valve, Septum.) Seven layers of the skin – (Stratum Corneum, Stratum Lucidum, Stratum Granulosum, Prickle Cell Layer, Basal Cell Layer, Corium, Hair Follicle.) There are also seven bodily functions – (Respiration, Circulation, Assimilation, Excretion, Reproduction, Sensation, Reaction.) That’s just the tip of the iceberg. The microscopic world of the cell reveals even more “sevens”.

Studying the miracle of life – the gestation period of the human embryo and the incredible transmutations of “pluripotent stem cells” occur normally in EXACT multiples of 7 – specifically 28 day segments (7X4). But this “chronobiology” is not just found in humans. It is universal in the animal, insect and bird kingdoms as well. Just for example – the common chicken sits on her eggs for 21 days.

The pigeon – 14 days, the duck – 28 days, the goose 35 days, the swan 42 days. I was amazed when I documented that the majority of small song birds' eggs hatch in 14 days. Large "flightless" birds also follow this amazing chronobiological law of seven – the emperor penguin eggs hatch in 49 days, the emu in 56 days, and the ostrich in 63 days.

The same phenomenon is true in the animal kingdom. Seal calves are suckled on the rocks of the shoreline for exactly 14 days. When I visited the Kenai River in Alaska, I mentally took note that the salmon eggs deposited there take 140 days to hatch after they are fertilized. The gestation period of mice is 21 days, the rabbit, 28 days, the cat, 56 days, the dog 63 days, the lion, 14X7 days, the sheep 21X7 days, the cow 40X7 days, the elephant 90X7 days. Even the lowly insects follow the same incredible pattern of 7 in their gestation. The cicada emerges after 7 years! Again, this number 7 is the universal "watermark" of the creator.

As I was piecing this all together, I had another most incredible "night vision" on June 16, 1992. My health was mostly restored by then, and I was nearly half way through my PhD studies. On that night, I was introduced to, and conversed with, a heavenly messenger named Michael. Clearly, Michael was a most mighty and powerful emissary from the Throne of God – an "archangel". During this interview, we didn't converse as human beings do. In that inter-dimensional level of consciousness, no actual "words" are spoken or even needed. Yet, the conversation is no less exact. Michael communicated in a most powerful rhythmic sequence of thought process that made my eternal soul soar with confidence as he communicated. Everything from him flowed in an extremely authoritative, powerful, resonating message that made his words hard to forget. I remember waking up at 4:00 am, and remembering the conversation as if I had a tape recorder in my brain. Michael's message was:

"Greeting! I am Michael, sent from The Throne. I bring you Tidings from the Father.

The Times of the Gentiles is Fulfilled. Satan will soon be Bound and Powerless. The Truth will form his Everlasting Chains. The Will of the Eternal Father reigns! ALL CREATION will rejoice in That Day!"

"This, now, is my Message to you. The Father is calling YOU this hour! Will you honor and fulfill your destiny? Remember you are TRUE - and your Promise offered to Him who rules on high!! You made a covenant to honor TRUTH! I am come to execute that contract.

You are FREE to CHOOSE of course. The Father will force no man's will. Only remember this eternal and constant truth: Where much is given, much is expected!"

"Your mission is to testify OF TRUTH! Prophecy is complete in the Sealed Book. Sealed prophecy will be completed in Time. What is needed is TESTIMONY OF TRUTH!

You then will be Truth's Special Witness. You must be the enemy of Lies. For this the WORLD will HATE YOU! You will be mocked and also scorned. False Witnesses will each conspire against you. The Evil One will tempt you powerfully. He will offer you half the world. It will not be easy to refuse. When you refuse him, anger will erupt. He will seek to utterly destroy you. He will CURSE YOUR NAME AND SEEDLINE. The Gates of Hell shall seek you."

“For this cause I am sent today. A Legion will be given to you. These cause the Fallen Ones to quake. Upon your earthly command, protection will be given. Those whom you bless will receive succor. Those whom you curse will be diminished. Thus your life shall be protected continuously. Remember not your will; instead – the Father’s!”

For a few long moments, Michael let his message sink in to my mind and soul. There was no way that I could refuse such a request – not really. He then signaled the interview was now over. He mentally asked: *“Do you have any questions of me?”*

I did indeed have one primary question, and that was simply: *“WHY ME? – What makes me so “special” – why was I “chosen” to do this job?”*

I shall NEVER forget the stare he gave me then, and the look in his steel-blue eyes as he simply replied: **“Do you think you’re our FIRST CHOICE?”**

With that, he was encircled in a mighty, roaring wind like a tornado and he was gone. I sat straight up in my bed, and there it was – my digital clock had just registered 4:00 am. The bedroom door had slammed shut, and the window shades and curtains were still moving from the mighty wind. It seemed a massive thunderstorm microburst had just hit our home. Both of us looked out the bedroom window expecting to see storm clouds and high winds. Instead, we saw a clear, starlit sky with not a hint of the slightest breeze in the trees west of our backyard.

Joan declared sleepily: *“Hmmm – what in the world was THAT?”* I answered: *“THAT was Michael – I just met him in a dream. He kind of has a flair for the dramatic, don’t you think?”* Joan didn’t reply as she quietly gave me a kiss, let out a big sigh, then went back to bed.

Beginning to Openly Question Mormonism

At this time in our marriage, I had “advanced” in the Mormon “Priesthood” to the office of “high priest”. It is typical that “high priests” of Mormonism concentrate primarily in performing vicarious “temple ordinances” for dead folks. As a result, both Joan and I were “called” (i.e. assigned) to be “temple workers” – which meant that we had to perfectly and completely memorize the LD\$ “Endowment” ceremony. Once this certification of our memory skills was completed, we could then stroke our egos by actually presenting Mormonism’s “sacred endowment”, the veritable pinnacle of this man-made faith, to our peers.

As often as we possibly could, Joan and I would travel the 50 miles from our home in Cedar City, to the Mormon Temple in St. George. There we would be given a numbered “text” of the endowment to study and memorize each part. After internalizing it in our memory banks, we then recited it to a temple “administrator” – if it was perfectly recited – we would receive a star mark in the record book.

As we were nearing the completion of our “certification” – we received what to me was not so much of a breaking curveball – but a most erratic SPITBALL! It was announced from the pulpit on Sunday that the sacred temple “endowment” was now altered and changed. This means that all of our MEMORIZATION EFFORTS were undone. We had to learn a different script suddenly. The SPITBALL was

simply this: while working to memorize the “scripts” – it was constantly emphasized that the text was PERFECT – given via direct “revelation” from Joseph Smith; therefore the recitation likewise had to be absolutely perfect in every way. Suddenly, out of left field, our heretofore “perfect” text had now been substantially altered.

Logic dictates that something is dreadfully wrong with this situation. The definition of “perfect” simply means that any “alterations” cannot be made. If “alterations” are necessary and are actually made, then the script was never “perfect” to begin with. If it was not perfect to begin with, there is no real need to be “perfect” in the recitations either. To me, it was a shocking revelation that Mormonism may not be anything more than a massive mind-control confidence game. If the “pinnacle” of the faith – the “sacred” endowment could so easily be changed – what ELSE in the religion was bogus too?

Joan and I went to the Temple President with our concerns. His response was definitely not Christ-like. Instead of explaining WHY God needed to change his perfect “endowment” – he let us know that we were “on the high road to apostasy” for even DARING to ask such questions. Wait a minute, I protested: Christ continually admonished His disciples to Ask, Seek, and Knock. Since when is honest questioning and seeking for answers EVER wrong or inherently EVIL??

The “fallout” from such actions of “apostasy” was quick in coming. I was immediately “released” from all my volunteer LD\$ Church positions without a word of thanks. In the LD\$ “Handbook of Instructions” – this was what was called “Informal Discipline”. In reality, it was and is BEHAVIORAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL MIND CONTROL!

In the Mormon world, you see, such open questioning is never condoned because the ANSWER TO THE QUESTION that is posed is simply beginning to discover a resounding TRUTH – **Mormonism is a totally man-made false religion.** It is as simple as that. As a man-made false hoax, its teaching logically has no ability to “save” anybody’s soul. It may result in good, humanitarian “works” but human works fall far short. Salvation is not found in a lie. Lies are the domain of Christ’s adversary – the evil one. The MILLIONS of good, honest-in-heart Mormons have simply been duped and conned in a tragic and sinister way. Their minds are veiled and are unable and unwilling to learn the Good News of TRUTH.

Memorial Weekend 1998

My father passed away in December of 1997. My widowed mother made a decision to be a full-time Mormon missionary shortly thereafter. She filled out the necessary paperwork and was then assigned to labor for the man-made LD\$ (Lucifer Deluding Saints) Church in northern Idaho/Eastern Washington state. Her “farewell” Church service was scheduled for the Sunday of Memorial Day Weekend, 1998.

In the Mormon culture, a missionary “farewell” service is a pretty big thing and often draws a large crowd of friends and family. It is just slightly less important to a Mormon family than a wedding or funeral. My mother’s service that Sunday was extremely well-attended. Friends and family from all over the west converged on that day to the Tropic LD\$ “Stake Center”. It was filled to capacity.

As soon as her service date was formalized, the next step was to plan the speakers and musical numbers. Mother phoned me and asked me to present the “concluding” remarks. I told her of course I would do so – I would be honored.

A week later, however, she phoned me highly distressed. After submitting her requested farewell “program”, her “Bishop” informed her that I couldn’t be a speaker – because I was under “Church Discipline”. Keep in mind that my mother lived in another town and LDS Stake. How did her “file leaders” 90 miles away know that her oldest son was under “discipline”? My mother asked during the phone call: “True, have you been unfaithful to Joan?” That was a logical question, since typically LDS “discipline” involves sexual indiscretions on one level or another. My response was simply: “No, Mother, I have NOT been unfaithful to Joan. I simply dared to ask tough questions in the St. George Temple ONCE – but that was YEARS AGO!”

My mother, bless her heart, stuck to her request to have me, her eldest son, speak at her special service. Her dogged insistence undoubtedly created quite a ticklish situation for her local leaders. I soon received another phone call – this time from a member of the “Escalante Utah Stake High Council”. He informed me that before I would be allowed to speak, he would have to come to Cedar City and “interview” me. “Really? No kidding?” is all I could answer. “Sure, whatever, come and see me.” The “interview” lasted around 10 minutes. He kept probing me on my stand on polygamy – the other “hot button” for necessary “LDS Discipline”. He asked: “What are your feelings about polygamy? Do you secretly practice it?”

My response really caused him to squirm. I pointed to his copy of the LDS “Doctrine and Covenants”. I asked him: “Do YOU believe THIS BOOK IS DIVINE – Yes or No?” His response was terse: “Of course I do.” I then said: “When was the last time you REALLY READ SECTION 132 in this ‘divine’ book?” (Section 132 is the “revelation” supposedly given to Joseph Smith while at Nauvoo Ill. identifying polygamy as the “new and everlasting covenant” and the only way to “exaltation”. “Section 132” is still a part of Mormon “scripture” yet today, yet the ruling leaders “officially” denounce the practice.) I said: “No, I don’t ‘practice’ polygamy – but if I told you today that I detest the practice as being flat-out morally and ethically WRONG, I would clearly be in direct and open opposition to Joseph Smith’s “inspired teachings”, wouldn’t I? I would be “apostate” wouldn’t I? Seems I (and you) have a much bigger problem here. We both need to simply be “politically correct” which means we don’t publicly expose these anomalies, while instead we are to publicly pledge our blind, unquestioning loyalty to the boys in the white tower in SLC, even if we know things to be wrong, am I right?” He wouldn’t look me in the eye, as he lowered his head and quietly said: “I guess so.”

The “High Councilor” went back to his “Stake President” and made his report. The Stake President then told my mother that I would be allowed to “speak”, but my remarks would have to be personally “reviewed” (i.e. CENSORED) by him before I would be allowed to present them at the service. She agreed, and the date was set.

Because my mother’s house was the epicenter of activity of traveling family and friends – I thought it would be best to pull our travel trailer and park it in front of the property. Early on Saturday morning,

my family and I arrived in Tropic, and I quickly unhooked and secured our travel trailer in front of my mother's home. Shortly after performing this chore, I received a phone call from a friend named Gayle Smith who lived in northern Utah. She informed me that she was in Kanab, meeting with a special Hopi Indian - a young man named Julian. She said that it was important for me to meet Julian if at all possible. I agreed to meet Gayle and Julian at a midway point - a place called "Todd's Junction" at 7 p.m. This did not set too well with my mother and other family members gathered at Tropic. However, I spiritually felt it was imperative to meet Julian, and so I did. This was indeed a truly remarkable meeting.

I was immediately impressed with this young Hopi Indian. He spoke with a clear, childlike innocence. Gayle had informed me earlier that he had a special gift - a "2nd Sight". She said it would take a while for him to "get to know me" - but if he felt comfortable, he would share some of his "visions" with me.

We had just been introduced, and the three of us were sitting in my Suburban under a street light at "Todd's Junction". I was in the driver's seat, Julian was in the passenger seat, and Gayle was sitting in the back seat directly behind Julian. As we began talking, I noticed that the Suburban began to quiver, and within minutes began to violently rock side to side. I had no fear initially, just shocked wonder. "Hmmm - so this is what a massive earthquake feels like," I thought to myself.

Julian, however, was absolutely TERRIFIED! He began weeping and cried out: "See the OGRES - see the EVIL ONES. - THEY HATE YOU, THEY HATE YOU! Do you have ANY KACHINAS?" I was even more thunderstruck at this, as the Suburban continued to shake from unseen hands. I remember looking at Gayle and saying "What does he mean? What are "Kachinas"? She responded: "Guardian Angels, True, Call on your Guardians, and do it NOW!" I blinked for an instance, and then spoke these words after remembering my earlier interview with Michael and his promise: "Michael promised me a legion of angelic protection. I need some help here!"

Immediately, the Suburban stopped rocking. I looked at Julian, and I shall never forget the look of pure relief on his tear-stained face. Where earlier there was sheer panic, now there was eager amazement and complete and total relief. He excitedly shouted: "I SEE THEM, I SEE YOUR KACHINAS! They are HUGE and VERY POWERFUL!!!" He then looked at me and declared: "You must be very important to Father, to have such magnificent Kachinas!!!" (Only much later during another interview with Julian did he give me a full description of the "Kachinas" he saw that night. He said he saw dozens if not hundreds of them - all standing well over 16 feet tall, and 6 feet wide at the shoulders - with full armor and headdresses. When the ogres (evil demons) had fled, the "kachinas" also retreated, but kept a silent watch for the entire four hour interview.)

For the next four hours, I listened with rapt amazement as Julian recounted his personal walk with Jesus Christ - whom he simply referred to as "Father". Dozens of times, Julian asked me questions concerning things he had been shown, and yet did not fully understand: things of the world outside the "reservation" and things of human health and divers current events. I also shared with him some of my "night visions" and was more than astounded that he had been shown the same things - and that "Father" had told him that he would one day meet a kindred "brother" in the spirit, and together we

would do a very important work for the Hopi people. (The ongoing fulfillment of that is a whole other story – and would fill an entire book.)

Just after 11 p.m., we said our goodbyes, and I travelled back to my bed in the trailer (after a 45 minute drive.) My sweet wife told me as I entered the trailer, that it was not good that I had been gone so long. I apologized, and told her the meeting was very important – and that everything would be ok tomorrow.

My mother's farewell "sacrament meeting" was scheduled to begin at 11:00 Sunday morning. When I saw her that morning, she said that Stake President Munson had been asking to meet with me the night before. He was in town, and said it was "urgent" to speak with me before the meeting. I phoned him, and we arranged to meet at his Church office at 8:30.

I shall never forget that meeting. He demanded to see a copy of my "remarks" that I was going to give. I told him I didn't have anything printed. I told him I didn't exactly know WHAT I was going to say, other than share a few stories of my mother and simply express the support of the family in her choice to serve a mission. Clearly, he didn't believe me at all. He said: "Young man, do you know what I do for a living? I break horses! Some horses are easy to break, others are stubborn and willful. Those who don't listen to me when I'm nice, I have to be rough with. I have to rope their heads and tie them tight to a snubbing post to get their attention. It's not pretty, but I do what I have to do. I'm warning you, you had better not make me bring YOU to the 'snubbing post'. I will be sitting right behind you. Don't make me embarrass you, your mother, or your family – because believe me, I will shut you up if I need to!"

What do you say to that? I simply looked him straight in the eye, and said: "Fair enough – I don't know what you are afraid I MIGHT say, but I promise you, I have no agenda, and only want to honor my mother." I shook his hand, then went and took a long, thoughtful walk.

My Farewell to Mormonism Address

My ten minute address to the Mormon congregation was not easy to give that day for a number of reasons. First of all, true to his word, "President" Munson grabbed me by the arm at the onset of the service, and had me sit next to him, like a naughty, unruly child, for the entire service. When it was my turn to speak, he reached over and whispered: "Remember, I mean what I said!" Secondly, I knew deep inside at that very moment, that Mormonism was no longer where I belonged. And that, frankly, broke my heart. Immediately, the tears flowed freely as I testified to the crowd of my love of the Savior, and Him alone. I showed the crowd a small 4 inch by 6 inch laminated card that I carried in my missionary bible. It simply had three large words printed on it in big, bold letters: **RETURN WITH HONOR!** I explained that I had made that card in 1978 before I entered the mission field in the New York, Rochester mission. I explained that I had printed that card then so that I would never forget my loved ones supporting me back home – and that I had taped it to my mirror and looked at it every single day of my two year mission so that I would be reminded to never do anything to make them ashamed of me during my stay in the "field". I wanted to RETURN WITH HONOR to my home and family.

I further explained that today, the words RETURN WITH HONOR mean so very much more to me. I testified that I ABSOLUTELY KNEW it to be true, that each and every person in that chapel is engaged in

a life-long “mission”. I testified that every man, woman, and child would have to one day look in the face of the Savior Jesus Christ, and give an accounting of their “mission” while on the earth. I asked them to remember the words “Return with Honor – Return with Honor, Return WITH HONOR”. Honor, you see, is synonymous with standing for eternal Truth in all things, even if it means “losing the entire world” to do so. I simply declared that I personally want nothing more than to return to HIM with that highest honor intact – and I challenged each of them to do so as well.

That was it. That was my message – no “written notes” - but I clearly remember there was not a dry eye to be seen anywhere in that packed Mormon Chapel that afternoon. I turned to go back to my seat, and there was President Munson standing in front of me, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief. He not only shook my hand warmly, but gave me a bear hug of an embrace while whispering in my ear: “I don’t know what I was afraid of, that was truly inspiring! THANK YOU!”

My Interview with Satan

The remainder of that Sunday was spent meeting and talking with our family and friends until late in the evening. It was a peaceful and most enjoyable afternoon and evening.

That early Monday morning, June 1, 1998, I experienced another night vision. I found myself walking alone down the extremely crowded streets of New York City. I had been there before. I walked past the sculptures of the Rockefeller Center. I kept walking and eventually found myself directly in front of the United Nations building. I marveled at all of the national flags flying – and wondered why there were so many people crowded around. What was happening? What was the big occasion? Look, there is a massive black limo – EVERYONE IS TRYING TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF THE MAN JUST GETTING OUT. Who is he? Some movie star? Some VIP head of state? Who? I looked at him and was impressed by his extremely handsome face that oozed charisma. Our eyes met, and we stared at each other for a full minute. Then he pointed at me and yelled: “You, Alma True Ott, I KNOW YOU – I need to speak with you – come here, come here.” With that, the crowd became silent and opened up a path for me to advance. I came to the man and instantly we were speaking in a private setting.

I will never forget his words to me. They were spoken words – carefully chosen. He said: “You have deeply offended me – DEEPLY offended me.” Here was a very powerful individual that commanded the attention of a huge crowd of people. I didn’t want to offend anyone – especially him, so I apologized by saying: “I am so sorry, but I didn’t mean to offend you. I don’t even think I know you. Please excuse my ignorance, but who are you?” He flashed his eyes and smiled; revealing a PERFECT SET of gleaming white teeth: “I realize you don’t know me, and that is why I am so offended. I am the TRUE GOD of this world. You don’t honor me, instead you honor the usurper, the lying one who is trying to steal what is rightfully mine. You have allied yourself with him, and by so doing, have made me your enemy. But I am fair and willing to forgive your ignorance just this once.”

Again, I apologized and said: “I didn’t know you felt that way. Exactly how is this false, “lying one” stealing from you?” His response: “He is completely unreasonable and egotistical. I am a fair person – when he came to my world and kingdom, I knew what he was trying to do immediately – yet still I came to him, just as I’m coming to you now, and offered him a full and equal partnership. I offered him any

principality, any kingdom, any power that he wished. Then do you know what he told me? He said "Get Thee Behind Me". Imagine that!! It's all about him! Do you think that is fair? I built this world and its power is MINE. He wants it ALL – He doesn't want to share anything. He never has! He comes and he takes. Then he wonders why I fight against him – why he calls me his "adversary". He has fooled you. He can't give you anything but false promises. He refused my generous offers, fought against me, and died a most horrible death. He lost. Don't make the same mistake, Alma True Ott."

I must admit, his presentation was logical and quite convincing. Could this all be true? Was I following the wrong God? I asked then: "Again, I am sorry for making you angry, what would you have me do?"

With that he said: "All you have to do is kneel before me, and pledge with your eternal HONOR to follow me, and me alone. Your pledge must then be sealed with our special handshake. You know what that is, don't you?" Immediately, I knew what he meant. He was referring to the LDS Temple "Patriarchal Grip – or Sure Sign of the Nail." But I asked him anyway to make sure. He said "Of course – for that is my fully "restored" Church you see. When you fight against my Church, you are fighting against me. Again, that is why I am so DEEPLY offended by your actions. I have heard the prayers of your mother, and your uncles on your behalf. They want you back fully in my church, and so do I. Shake my hand, and I will promise you a very high position – I think you will easily be the youngest and newest apostle. But before that – look at what I can give you – I can bless you with success in business and make you a billionaire if you wish. ANYTHING YOU WISH – I can bless you with. All you have to do is kneel down, and give me your handshake. You will never be sorry. The false USURPER can never give you such wonderful things! Never!"

I responded: "But what about Eternal Life, can you give me that?" With that he got very angry. "That is all a lie. When you die, it's over. Death is the end, so live for today. Make every moment count. Don't waste time wishing for a false promise." Then he pointed and said: "Look – behold your father." I looked and saw my father's 8 month old grave. I saw into the earth, and into the coffin at his corpse dressed in his Mormon Temple clothes. It was not a pretty sight, and it hit me hard. "See – your father was a great man, an honest man, was he not? He's dead and he's rotting away. So will you." Then he said: "What I am offering you is seldom offered to anyone. Make your decision, and make it now. Choose whom you shall serve – me or the lying usurper. I will never make this offer twice. "

With that, I knelt before him and bowed my head. I then looked up and our eyes met. He was glowing with anticipation as I said: "You're right – I'm sorry for my actions." Then suddenly it hit me like a ton of bricks. He never once said the name Jesus – it was always the "liar" or the "usurper". I then stood up and raising my right arm I said: "If all that you said is true, then this will mean nothing to you: "In the Name of JESUS THE CHRIST, I COMMAND YOU TO DEPART!!"

The result was instantaneous. A terrific flash of what appeared to be lightning burst upon us, and a terrible explosion rocked the room. Through the smoke I then saw him in his true form – a gigantic, writhing, hissing dragon standing upright and screaming horrific obscenities.

I was fully awake and sitting up in my bed in the trailer. Joan had screamed and had a hold on my arm, for our trailer was rocking violently. She was terrified thinking that a vehicle had run off the road and

smashed our trailer. She had heard the same loud explosion and the same flash of light that I had, and she was concerned for our children also sleeping in the trailer. I asked her what time it was, and she said: "4:00". I simply said to her: "It's ok, honey, I just had a vision of Satan, and I cast him out. He didn't go easily." I then turned on my side, took a deep breath, and went to sleep. I don't think Joan slept much the rest of that night, however, bless her heart.

Later that morning, we took a short hike into Bryce Canyon, and I sat with Joan on a log and explained to her in detail what had occurred the night before. She shivered and said: "I hope it never happens again." It hasn't.

I Meet Christ

Even after my vision of Satan, I remained a member of the LD\$ faith until after my mother returned home from her mission early in the year 2000. I witnessed a marked change in her manner and demeanor after her mission experience. She no longer seemed to care to interact meaningfully with her grandkids – my children. They noticed it as well. She wasn't "fun" – wasn't "Grandma" any more.

I was still deeply concerned about the changes in the LDS "endowment" – and was also deeply concerned about what Satan had declared to me in my vision. Could it really be "Satan's Restored Church" I wondered?

Then I had another vision. This time, I found myself walking once again in the "7th Heaven" – but this time – I met Jesus there. His love was overpowering and radiant. We communicated once again in the nonverbal exchange. He wanted me to ask my pressing question. So I did: "Are the temple changes from you?" He looked at me deeply and responded: "Are you sure you want to know?" "Yes, I do." Again He asked: 'Are you sure you want to know". Again I responded that I did. A third time He asked: "Are you sure you want to know?" Each time he asked the question, I felt the pressure of being responsible for knowledge of His Truth increase. It was just as Michael had said earlier: "Where much is given, much is expected."

With a tremendously forgiving smile, He then reached out with His right hand and touched me on my left shoulder. Then we embraced, and I awoke once again with the clock at 4:00 am. This time, however, my pillow was wet from my tears. I knew Him, and knew that He loved me dearly.

At the Master's touch, He "downloaded" knowledge and understanding to my very soul. I saw with complete clarity that the changes in the endowment didn't matter – for the entire endowment was never His – but Satan's. Satan did not lie to me on that point at least. I also saw His Glory and His Gospel of Saving Grace. I saw His role as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. In short, I saw a glimpse of eternity and that His Promises (His Holy Word) are indeed rock-solidly sure.

In short, I saw exactly how to Return With Honor in spite of Death and Hell. That is my testimony and that is my message to the World, given in His Holy Name.

