

Introduction

Friday, February 27, 2009—3:15 P.M.

David Lindy sat motionless at his desk. Staring at the small office television, his life had all but fallen apart right in front of his eyes. The stock market had imploded since its high on October 9, 2007. The Dow Jones had dropped from over 14,000 then to 7,000. Despair nearly turned into desperation. Then, remembering Pastor Dan Manley’s Sunday message, he dropped to his knees in prayer.

“Lord, there are millions around our nation who have lost over half of their retirement funds during these past tragic fifteen months. Many have lost their homes. Please, show me what went wrong and who is to blame for this horrible financial melt down.”

Little did David realize the journey he would soon encounter. Many things he thought were true would be turned upside down. His life was about to take a totally new direction. One prayer changed it all. His eyes were about to be opened. The truth about money and its planned failure would soon be known by him. Nothing would be the same again. Every time he heard a news reporter’s analysis of world events, because of David’s new acquaintance and the knowledge he learned from him, he would now interpret all ‘talking heads’ financial prognosis differently.

Chapter One

Summer 2009 Trip—Boise, Idaho...

He knew the trip to Boise would need to include work. Selling books had become yet another way for David Lindy to supplement his income. Due to the stock market crash and government policies, work would remain a big part of his life even in his retirement years. Loving family, good friends and a good meal had become even more meaningful after the stock market crash.

A strange happening in the Julia Davis Park...

It was near the end of David and Carla's two-week stay in beautiful Boise. While enjoying a 46th anniversary, their trip also included three book signings. However, not to be forgotten was their grandchild's one-year-old celebration. In fact, this fifteenth grandchild's special day had sweetened the stay beyond words.

The sun was shining but the air was chilly in shady areas of the park that morning. David was not eager to pump those peddles five miles out and five back. However, he had promised his wife.

"Honey, it is a beautiful morning. Idaho's clean air is stimulating. A bike ride is a great way to spend our last day here."

There was one thing David did not tell her. His idea of exercise was lifting a fork from a big plate of old-fashioned pit-smoked barbecue. His waistline was protruding because of it.

Carla had her own agenda. She was determined to change David's habits. His favorite Bible verse from Paul's first letter

to Timothy in chapter four, “*Bodily exercise profiteth little,*” and David’s accompanying attitude—had to go.

Looking out the passenger’s side rearview mirror, David observed a car pulling up behind the 1996 Trooper his son-in-law was about to stop. This seemed unusual because the park was completely empty. The driver of the other car could have parked anywhere. Nevertheless, David saw it as a challenge from God.

“Dad, please wait until the Trooper comes to a complete stop,” his son-in-law requested with a grin.

On a mission for the Lord and holding forth a small New Testament in his right hand, David moved confidently into action, believing what the Apostle Paul wrote, “Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only...”

This will be easy, David thought, as he moved toward the man from the other vehicle. He walked swiftly toward his prospect, determined to give him a Bible—the gift that keeps on giving.

“Hello, how are you on this fine, cool, summer morning?” David asked politely.

The elderly gentleman had left his vehicle and crossed the road. He now stood motionless beyond the bicycle path and a few yards from the Boise River. The river’s rushing stream could be heard as it moved swiftly inside its wide banks. Julia Davis Park’s bike and walking path twisted along the river’s edge. The stranger’s brown-rimmed glasses matched his neatly pressed shirt, which was tucked beneath his brown belt. His sports jacket was light tan with a silky shine. His charcoal-colored pants had a firm crease, with pleats dropping from front belt loops. Shades of gray streaked his hair like jet streams in the daytime skies. A front lock of hair was neatly pulled to one side. David’s soon-to-be new friend was rather thin and tall. David wondered why a well-dressed man would be here in the park alone this early in the morning.

While walking, David thought, *Will he take time to read God's Word during his walk? Did God place us here today for this very reason? Lord, please do not let me mess this up.*

Looking up at the fellow worked to David's advantage. His business sales technique had always been to find ways to disarm those whom he tried to befriend and or sell on his ideas and products. If it required stepping down on the pavement while allowing the other person to stand on the curb, or having the other person stand on a higher step, David made certain it happened. He never wanted to appear like he thought himself to be superior. Scripture Proverbs 18:24 was about to be put into action, "*A man that hath friends must show himself friendly...*" David was bold in initiating conversations. It had worked well for him over the years.

The other man's head turned with alarm. David's genuine smile disarmed him. Regaining composure, David's missionary target reacted to his question, "Well, I'm doing as well as can be expected, considering. Hey, are you selling something?"

David looked directly into the man's eyes, as he had learned to do in the book, *How to Make Friends and Influence People*. Or was it something he had read in his first job as an insurance salesman for Life of Kentucky just after graduating from college?

"I know this may sound strange but I've pledged to others that I would give out several of these little New Testament Bibles on my trip here," David said. "Will you help me by taking one? It contains words of peace for the soul. Here in the front you can look up everyday topics that trouble many of us. Page numbers are listed to make it easy to find the Bible reference for your topic. Here in the back are special verses about how much God loves you and it has His plan of salvation clearly printed."

David smiled and extended his hand with the Bible toward him. The man turned his face slightly away, wrinkling his brow and causing the forelock of his hair to drift down. He looked at David with a slight smile and spoke, “So, you’re a Christian, are you?”

“Why, yes, I am. Are you?” David responded with a joyful spirit, anticipating fellowship with a brother in Christ.

The man shot back a clarification. This time the smile left his face. With snarling lips and squinting eyes, he towered over David.

“You are one of those sad little Christian Sheeple who foolishly spread that sad, tired Gospel message about Jesus, aren’t you?”

David had previously determined in his soul-winning methods to always respond with a positive answer to anyone’s antagonism.

“I meant no ill-will toward you and want the best in life for everyone. And, yes, I do think Jesus Christ is the answer to our problem—for individuals and as a nation. It is why I try to give out tracts and Bibles,” David replied graciously.

His not-so-cooperative missionary target reacted with a blunt and belligerent statement. “I’m an atheist. I don’t need nor want outdated solutions for life. You are in violation of the laws of most countries to even do this.”

David realized that his bold approach had been perceived as a lack of tact and was possibly brazen. Stepping back to gather his thoughts, which was another disarming thing for David to do, he looked up with a grin to cover his shock.

David responded with a question of his own, “Sheeple, you say? What do you mean by that strange word?”

Without hesitation, his new friend, as David was determined to make him, responded. Like a fish in water, he opened his

mouth in a circular fashion. He raised his chin to pull in a breath of air, exhaled with difficulty, and then replied. “You would like to know, wouldn’t you? Well, maybe on this most momentous day in my life, I’m the perfect one to be able to tell you. Most Sheeple can’t handle the truth. I just might tell you my conspiracy secrets.”

“Would you take the time to explain about Sheeple to me? Sheeple sounds like a secret name and I am intrigued by it.”

He was not sure what this strange man might say, but something tugged at his heart. *Lord, if you want me to know some truth here that could make me a better soul winner, I do not want to miss the opportunity to learn whatever you want me to know today.*

David’s thinking was interrupted by the man’s next statement.

“Do you have three or four hours? What I have to say is deep. Listening to me will be work. Most Sheeple could not handle my conspiracy secrets. If you stay, I’ll tell you what Sheeple means.”

David’s curiosity was bubbling over. His passion for lost people to know Jesus was real and he believed compassion is what is required for soul winners. With this belief on his heart, David answered. “I just may have that much time and more. By the way, please forgive me for being so intrusive on your peaceful walk in the park. Are you sure you don’t want to be left alone?”

The next few moments seemed like a lifetime.

The stranger considered his own present plight and then replied, “You’re a little late for that observation, wouldn’t you say? Besides, you will need to leave in a few minutes anyway.”

“I see what you mean. It was I who broke into your world, right?” David tilted his head. “However, I do have at least thirty minutes.”

With more time to talk, the man went on to explain. “My doctor’s news occupied my mind all night and I didn’t sleep but a few hours. My trip here was to be therapy. You may be the very person that I needed to speak to today to get things off my chest. Speaking of chest, that is why my doctor and I talked again yesterday.”

“You certainly look healthy,” David said. He began thinking. *What could it be that he found out?* Deciding to prod a little deeper, David continued to ask questions. “Was it really bad news or something easier to take like my doctor’s orders were for me when he prescribed a regimen of medications?”

“What medications? Are you more than a ten-a-day-man?” Laughing, the man held out a handful of pills. David laughed too.

“For overcoming high blood pressure, bad cholesterol, and high triglycerides, along with an equal amount of anti-reaction pills that were prescribed for me, including the suggested vitamins and arthritic medications, I’m a fifteen-a-day-man myself,” he said.

The stranger laughed gently, putting pills back in his pocket. Then he blurted an answer to David’s question as if to finally confess that he, too, needed other people in his life.

“I have a fast growing cancer in my lungs. In fact, my doctor gave me, at most, a short time to live. Doc said, ‘Get your affairs in order.’ When I asked how soon the lights might go out, my doctor told me to do it as soon as possible.”

With this half-hearted attempt at a joke, the man smiled and dropped his cigarette. A stomp and twist of his heel revealed his frustration. “My health is no longer considered all that good.”

Seeing this, David knew of a probable reason. “It sounds like your problem’s cause is similar to my father’s cause of death.”

“Did he die from it like I’m told will happen to me?” the man asked. “Did he know it was going to happen beforehand like in my situation? Did cigarettes have a role?”

David was all too aware of the problems his dad’s smoking had caused. “Yes, that is all true. Talking to me will be good therapy.”

“Well then, please give me your diagnosis on how I feel.”

“I’m certain that was horrible news. However, I admit, I cannot imagine how you feel. I’ve never been given that kind of bad news. But, I was carried off of an airplane once,” David replied.

“What precipitated that? Did the whirly-lights wagon come?”

David laughed and continued his explanation. “Before landing, I was convinced I’d die thirty thousand feet up. Yes, the men in white boarded, sedated me, and took my vitals.”

“What happened next?” The man’s eyes glowed with interest.

“They carried me off the plane on a stretcher. I woke up at the Resurrection Hospital. I owe my Catholic friends a debt of gratitude for their donations to that fine facility!”

“That is a wild story, for sure,” the stranger said.

David spoke to the man’s need. “That plane experience was drama enough for me, but we all dread your kind of diagnosis.”

Another smile appeared. The stranger wasn’t expecting conciliatory comments. He was ready for *hellfire* proclamations.

Hoping to prod the evangelist, he responded with a question. “At least you were close to Heaven. All JOCKS want to go there as soon as possible, right?” He pointed to the sky with a chuckle.

David wanted to ask what JOCK meant but knew how to respond—speaking the truth in love is a “must” for soul winners. “I know. We want to go there but none of us seem to be too

interested in dying to make that happen. In fact, we like living long lives.”

“So, you admit that Christians want to live a long and healthy life?” The stranger’s smile grew into a smirk.

“Absolutely, I do agree,” David said. “Christians have a high calling to press toward the mark, which is to live a life that honors and glorifies the Lord with each new day. Some days are tougher than others but, nevertheless, that is to be our life’s mission.”

“So, you didn’t want to die; shame on you. Go on, tell me more.” He raised his right index finger and then wagged it at David. This certainly gave David pause for concern, not knowing the man.

“Actually, I really felt bad about wanting to see my wife and family. Later, a dear gray-haired Christian lady told me that God would give me *dying grace*, like Stephen in the Bible,” said David.

“So, do you believe in this Bible kind of *dying grace* doctrine?” He smiled without the smirk. David took that as an opening.

“She told me that if I didn’t have it, it wasn’t my time to go. Actually, I’ve been praying for *dying grace* ever since.”

The man smiled and looked up as if hoping to see this God with whom David seemed to be on a first name basis. He had never considered death until he got his bad news. Actually, he knew about the stoning of Stephen in the Bible but had never heard about *dying grace*. He tucked away a promise to himself. *I will bring the subject up again when it can be discussed in detail.*

Leaning forward and raising his right foot to rest it on a nearby picnic table bench seat, the man put both hands on his right knee. Words came easier now that the two men were mak-

ing open-ended exchanges with some occasional spontaneous laughter.

“It is strange that you would feel sorry for me when all my adult life I’ve opposed your kind,” he said. “I’ve worked day and night to overcome your freedom-loving nationalistic ideals.”

“What makes you so angry at Christians?” David raised his hands skyward to ask the stranger to explain himself with more detail.

“I’ve squashed your types who have attempted to stop our plans,” the man replied.

David’s interest was heightened with this obnoxious comment. Pondering it, he thought, *who is this guy who thinks he knows me?*

“What do you mean, opposing my kind? How have I tried to stop your plans? What plans could you have that I would need to stop?” David asked.

The stranger really wanted to lay a load of heavy information into David’s world. Nevertheless, he felt a need to get to know him better. Besides, David’s kindness had been appreciated.

“I’ve been on planes all my life flying around the world for MM causes. These causes involved your Christian Sheeple flock, as well as many other Sheeple flocks. But before we talk about that, let’s get back to your high altitude trials on that plane. I’m curious about how you reacted.”

He was hoping that *dying grace* would come up again soon. David interrupted his thoughts. “Never mind talking about my adventures. What does MM mean? When I went to the 1979 Moral Majority meeting, did you come?”

“The letters MM are short for Money Mogul. We understand and manipulate financial markets and government administrations,” the man replied, pulling out his shirt by the top button

and dropping his head into the gap. Chuckling loudly, he rolled his eyes.

“Please go on.” David was getting interested in this financial knowledge, having seen his life savings shrink 50 percent.

“We live to ensure advancement of FKM secret plans for every country. We are worldly elitists who work daily for NEO plans to be accepted. Never have we been accused of being members of the Moral Majority. We must talk about that outfit later today,” the man declared.

“What do the letters NEO and FKM mean?” David asked.

The man grinned to let David know that he liked a sense of humor. Then, he began his reply. “NEO means New Economic Order. It is made up of Global Elitists. Global Elitists or GE leaders are also those people we call Financial King Makers.”

“What do FKM people do?” David’s eyes were bright with interest.

“They determine who in a country gets to share in our wealth skimming. International Financial Shepherds, or IFS agents, control Central Banking. Our monetary manipulations make the world go around, you might say.”

“How do the IFS agents make these financial manipulations?” David was curious.

“Fiat money is our fame; interest and currency devaluation is the game. Of course, Sheeple play a big part, too.”

David raised his voice. “How do we factor into ‘fiat’ money? Are you saying that Money Moguls use Sheeple in this game?”

“You pay taxes and get fleeced by money manipulations, which cause a country’s currency to have both inflation and later devaluation. Every confiscation game needs losers who pay up.”

“Please, go on.” David waited. His curiosity was piqued and he needed answers.

“Sheeple have been educated to believe in paying the Federal Reserve Bank interest for money your own United States Treasury prints for us. We then distribute the profits out to our friends and cohorts in the scam. The FRB is really a tool for providing funds to help us gain ultimate power over your lives. We always need political and media support, too,” he explained.

“I’m following you, but how do we figure into your money plans? Everyone pays taxes, which is used to pay our government’s bills. How does inflation figure in?” David’s smile was disarming.

“When we make bad banking deals, Sheeple pay our losses for us.”

David pressed for information. “How do we pay for your losses?”

The man replied, “Globalist Money Moguls have called your rescue of our big businesses and banks *Sheeple Bailouts* for years. Voilà, here come *da* taxes! We have them raised across the board. Our pundits and politicians say they’ll tax the rich but the revisions always end up taxing everyone a lot more, especially the poor. ”

David asked, “Don’t taxes always go up anyway?”

“One reason for taxes is to buy votes to get our pawns reelected,” the man stated flatly.

David smiled. “You agree that our taxes are given out for votes?”

“Correct. Then, there’s money needed to be spent around the world to bring it under our control. Of course, there’s always a need to create an illusion that Uncle Sam pays the nation’s bills or debts with taxes. But, the real ‘tax killer secret’ is inflation. It steals silently and slowly. A statist knows how to do it.”

“What do you mean silently and slowly?” David asked.

Laughingly nodding like a grandfather telling a story, the man spoke, “There was a frog that was placed in a pot of cool water. The longer he sat the better it felt. As the water temperature rose, he stretched out to take advantage of the easier life. Soon, he was so relaxed he did not want to get out. Then, he became too weak to use his legs to escape. That’s when he realized it was too late. Another frog became someone else’s dinner, don’t you see?”

David decided to change the subject, thinking he had opened a can of worms he wasn’t willing to fish with. He spoke up. “By the way, I’m from the state of Virginia. Actually, I’m originally from Indiana, the Hoosier State. I lived there until twenty-seven years ago when we moved to Virginia to put daughters in Christian schools. Where do you call home?”

“I’m a citizen of the world and have no allegiance to any country. I lost my wife long ago during one of my extended trips overseas.”

“I’m so sorry to hear that occurred,” David sympathized. “How did it happen?”

“On a cruise to meet me in Europe to celebrate an anniversary, she fell overboard and drowned in high waves.” The man’s head dropped. “I’ve always wondered if it was really an accident.”

“I am very sorry to hear that.” David’s empathy prompted the stranger to continue. He decided not to pursue the no-accident idea.

“We never had children and I’ve never tried the marriage thing again. So, I guess I will die alone or possibly go into one of our secretly created *Houses of Hospe*. After all, I was the architect for that futuristic project,” he said. A very large grin popped out.

This new topic interested David to the point that he wanted to know more. He rushed into the conversation with an inquisitive response. After all, he was nearing seventy years old himself.

“I’ve heard of those. They seem like a great way to help the dying. Sorry, I did not mean to imply that you have no hope,” apologized David. He was about to clarify his meaning when he was interrupted. Moving into David’s space, the man spoke softly.

“No problem. I’m a big boy. Besides, I’m over the shock stage. However, I am very glad that my life has seen much danger and intrigue. But I am not speaking about the type of dying assistance in place now where folks come to homes to help. My comrades are preparing for a future ‘Secret Hospe’ cleansing operation.”

“What do you mean by *Secret Hospe*? I thought that was the group that comes into homes to help the sick in late stages of disease.” David’s brow wrinkled and his eyes widened.

“The Hospice you know about was started as a good thing, but we will use the idea as a stepping stone for *Hospe Houses*.”

“So, what do you mean by secret *Hospe House*?” David asked.

“Hospe Houses will be where the Humanist Secret Society members and my *New World Order* comrades go to end our pain when terminally ill. *Houses of Hospe* are a type of hospital for *soft-deaths*. There will be *forced deaths* in these units as well. That is where your kind comes in,” explained the man.

“Forced deaths, what do you mean where my kind comes in?” David questioned.

“I mean that all old people and nonproductive types who are not on our *Let-live List*, our LLL files, will be forced to go to a *Hospe*.”

A national emergency alarm needs to be rung, David thought. “Why would you do such a horrible thing like that to people?”

“It’s how to get control of the world’s bankrupt health programs, especially America’s Medicare, Medicaid and Social Security,” the man stated dryly.

David was shocked at death chambers being planned right here in his beloved America. He had more questions. “That sounds like a politician’s answer to a spiritual problem. Nevertheless, I don’t see how that would affect me or my family.”

“That’s why you’re a Sheeple and I’m a One World Money Mogul. These *Forced Death Hospe Houses* are where your kind will go. When someone becomes dangerously unwilling to cooperate or just too costly to keep alive they’ll be assigned to a *Hospe House*. However politically *incorrect* it may sound, all who are selected to go to these Releasing Temples will receive humane treatment. This is our ‘*soft-landings*’ policy. They will be efficient and friendly.”

“Does the government have places like this in operation now?” David asked.

The strange man was more than glad to answer. He enjoyed this sickening renewal time, telling all his secrets. “*Hospe Houses* are already being built and disguised, for now, as Crematoriums.”

“Crematoriums, did you say? What do you mean by that?”

He continued, “Some division of a division of a division is buying up Crematoriums. Corporate America makes it easy to hide a government’s futuristic plans.” He was proud of the project.

“So, are you saying that for now we go into Crematoriums to have a family member’s ashes put into a vase and a few years from now we will be taken there by our government to be executed?” David’s eyes opened wide, his temples pulsated. His

heart was now beating at nearly twice the normal rate. “So, are you saying that when this Statism takes control, Christians are in for a lot of persecution? Is that what I am hearing?”

“I can see that this is upsetting you. You’re a nice enough fellow but that will be your fate when we pragmatists or Progressives, as Levin calls us, get total control. After all we believe that people can be perfected if we have enough control over their lives.”

David pondered; *my grandchildren and great-grandchildren could be persecuted*. Concerns for future generations filled his heart. But he also knew that this man in front of him was hurting.

“Our Founders believed man is flawed and that was why they set up protections against one small group of men, or Lord forbid, one man getting total control over us. That is when real despotism happens. We must discuss this horribly tragic issue again later, but for now we need to worry about your immediate problem. Is there something that can be done for you? Don’t you want to ask Jesus into your heart today and settle that issue?” David asked urgently.

“Not likely. I have already consulted with the best specialists available. However, it is unbelievable to me, after what I’ve just said about JOCKS, that you would care about me for any reason and in any way,” he replied with disdain.

David knew this was the time to emphasize God’s love. “Never mind what you’ve already said about JOCKS and their sad fate. The Bible tells me to love the sinner and hate the sin that robs you of the Creator’s joy.” He planned soon to ask what JOCK meant, but not now, thinking the man wanted him to inquire about it.

The stranger interrupted David’s thoughts. “Why hate anything about me? I’m just a loveable old man.”

David tried to defuse the derogatory comment with a joke of sorts. Hoping to lower the man's guard with a simpler topic, he decided to change gears. "Very funny, you are not what we imagined Mr. Rogers to be. Before JOCKS can call you a friendly neighbor, they need an apology. Please understand, I do hate that this disconnect can occur in a great country like America. Nevertheless, God knows our fate and He is totally in charge. Let's change the subject. Where do you call home?"

"I guess you could call the place I pay property taxes my 'home village.' Wherever I find myself living is home. My job is to establish what my Humanist Comrades call a Statist Sanctuary," he responded arrogantly.

David's curiosity got the best of him. He knew he had to address this conversational 'word-bait,' especially his last words spoken. However, he also knew enough about soul winning to try to get inside a person's head to begin a search of the heart, although he wondered if this man even had a heart to be found. David's human side really wanted to leave the man dead in his sin.

"Where did you say you live? I did not hear that part."

He didn't want David to know where he lived and was coy. "Sorry, I live here in Idaho, but the exact place is not for public knowledge. Accept Idaho as my final answer, Mr. Persistent."

"You mentioned words Statism and Statist earlier. What is this?" David returned to the discussion.

Thinking David would never ask, he began his explanation, "It is a political doctrine that the state is the *supreme institution* in society. All others, including people, must be subject to it and totally controlled by it. The dictionary says Statism is the doctrine or practice of vesting economic control and planning into a centralized state government. Is this too Sheeple deep for you?"

“Not at all,” David responded. “Continue with your One World Money Mogul secrets. I am determined to be informed about it.”

“A Statist is a person, like me, who will oversee it all. Most Sheeple would be offended by my definitions of Statism and Statist. Nevertheless, like a huge human sponge, you want to understand,” said the man. A slight smirk of a smile formed.

“Not a problem. In fact, it is right down my alley. My life has been one of fringe understandings in these matters you speak about,” David responded.

“You need to know everything I know, Mr. JOCK; believe me.”

“What do you mean by JOCK and I need to know?” David asked.

“My advice is to learn to hang on for dear life.” The man waited for David’s response. He liked seeing his opponent shake in fear.

“Speaking of life and death, that Statism stuff sounds a lot like Communism to me. Actually, I’m reading a book now called *Liberty and Tyranny*, authored by Mark Levin. It talks a lot about Progressives and Statism. You should read that book soon.”

David had for many years studied totalitarian governments as a hobby. He had many conspiracy and tyranny books gathering dust.

“We Statists are not Mark Levin’s favorite people,” the man commented. “He explodes on us. But, for now, education is what I need to give you. Statism may or may not be Communism.”

“That is a strange comment. Explain it for this simple Sheeple,” said David.

“Ha... ha... ha... You are making me laugh—which is what I need. Statism is the only god that will save this world that we found in turmoil. One of our many *Peace Options* is the only valid hope for any country. Every country needs our ‘saving grace’ to put it all in perspective. Soon Statists will rule the world.”

“You make this one world conspiracy you are so proud of sound like political sporting teams, it seems to me,” responded David.

“We do all compete. But it is for the right to rule the lives of Sheeple. Global flocks need us badly. We think for you, a person might say. We tell you what to think, and you learn to repeat it. We lead you to a purposely prepared Sheeple pen. You will not be happy there, I’m sure of it,” the man said with a slight grin.

“What do you mean, you think for us? Are you leading me to a pen? Somehow this all sounds very Orwellian to me. Is it that?” David blurted.

“Orwellian, you say? George Orwell’s *1984* portrayal of SuperCorp was a *Mogul Moment*,” the man commented. “Doublethink in *1984* meant whatever is good for the company is truth even if it’s a known lie. However, to understand today’s reality we should substitute Globalism for the SuperCorp. The Globalist Media picks up our ‘Doublethink’ lies and promotes them as truth. In fact, no amount of valid opposition or facts or evidence to the contrary can refute our Globalism’s stated truth. Our truth is the stated and believed truth. Nothing else matters.”

“That is heavy conversation for sure.” David wiped his forehead.

The stranger knew he had a ripe mind to alter and he wanted to take David deeper into his world. After all, he knew his life had centered on bringing needed change to the world. Now that his

life was nearly over, he wanted to accomplish one more thing. His life's passion must not die with him.

He said, "I mean that almost all battles and wars that have ever been waged are basically fought to determine the form of Statism that will eventually rule a country. Sometimes it does take awhile to convince the populace to accept it. This is a fact that I must admit. Fifty or so million deaths fixed that for China's leaders."

"Please continue. I think I know where you are going," David said.

"Communism, Fascism, Nazism, and near forms of Statism including socialist dictators make up political systems in one stage or another contributing to a worldwide Statist Revisionist Project."

"Explain the first three types of Statism in more detail," David requested with a sigh as his body stiffened with visible tension.

"There is a book, *Liberal Fascism*, by John Goldberg. He gets it best of any Sheeple researcher today. Goldberg says Communism is the fascism of the working class. Italy's fascism was nationalistic in nature, while Germany's fascism was racial."

"I still don't understand what the word fascism actually means," David replied.

"Fascism is an anti-democratic dictatorship like in Italy's 1922 nationalism, or like Germany's racist dictatorship," explained the man. "Taking control of existing capitalistic systems is the key. Communism is a form of Statism which owns the tools of production manifesting itself within Russia's 1917 dictatorship."

"Is America moving in one of these three Statist directions?" David gulped. He feared the answer to be given by the stranger.

“I would say that America’s fascism will be a blend of all three. African countries have used a blend of these, establishing dictators. America’s fascist-African-blend will be America’s *One Truth*.”

“And that *one truth* is....?” David gulped again but louder.

“That, Mr. JOCK, is for me to know and for you to find out.”

David was not impressed with these games at all. He thought, *Mussolini’s Fascisti political organization was established in 1919 to launch an Italian fascist dictatorship, which was successful partly due to his study of Stalin’s Communism and oppression of the Russian people that had started in 1917. Hitler studied both Stalin’s and Mussolini’s devious ways to bring his Nazi Party to Germany in the 1930s. I must find out what this man knows.*

Fascinated by the similarities, David renewed his questioning.

“Stalin, Mussolini, and Hitler all fed off each other’s cruelty and nearly conquered the world, while killing over 100 million innocent people. Why go through that again?”

“Like my Globalist Comrades say, those guys got it wrong. We won’t! However, the world could use a few hundred million fewer people to feed. So...” the man’s voice trailed off.

I see many of China’s policies already implemented in America, David thought. Aloud he asked, “Will America and China merge into a Humanistic, Communistic, socialistic system run by Statists bring down a final curtain on our Creator-given freedoms?”

“I wondered when you were going to ask that,” replied the man. “Let me bring clarification by explaining soft socialism versus hard socialism. First, soft socialism is when the government controls the economy, takes taxes, inflates money, and redistributes wealth. It is a mild-warm-fuzzy Statism.”

“Why is redistribution of wealth so important?” David asked.

“We take from those who have earned it and give to those who will vote for more change, meaning more redistributions of wealth.” The man took a deep breath. “Wealth is promised to come back to them for their future votes—the lifeblood of soft socialism.”

“Now, please explain hard socialism,” David said.

“Think of Sheeple enjoying their soak in soft socialism’s warm water. Temporal benefits act like a Statist’s midwife to bring forth the eventual desired goal of hard socialism,” he explained.

“We are being prepared for dinner; is that what you are saying?”

The man chuckled and then replied, “It will be too late when government owns the tools of production, all the country’s natural resources, major financial institutions, and key businesses. Then, Sheeple flocks will find themselves cooked, transformed from soft socialism and waking up in hard socialism like a hard-boiled egg.”

“What did you just say?” David squirmed.

“It is very simple,” the man said. “When hard socialism is achieved in America, Sheeple flocks will see their Creator-granted freedoms vanish into the heaps of past attempts to avoid serfdom.”

David wanted to know how much tyranny one Mogul’s vision meant. Somewhat intelligent and trying to be insightful, he kept the conversation going by continually asking new questions.

“America is not hard socialism yet. We won World War II, didn’t we? What about monarchs, and oligarchies, with a few ruling like kings of old?” he queried. “They won’t give up control over their patch of *terra firma* easily.”

The stranger liked combative exchanges of differing world views. Satisfaction came at the end of a good debate. He

proceeded, “There are several of these eclectically ‘near forms’ of soft socialism. Whatever mutation of government tyranny, they’re only allowed to exist as a bridge over to our *New World Order*.”

“And...that means?” David disliked emotional games.

“I mean that any one of the many forms of Statism may be initially set up due to the makeup of the populace and a country’s founding documents. All will give way to ONE supreme hard socialism under the ONE Genius. That is how progressive evolution works.”

“Now, you have lost me. Who is this Supreme Statist Genius?” David seemed to have unending questions. He needed to know.

The man could barely wait for David to finish so he could exclaim, “The ONE Genius means our SUPREME LEADER.”

David smiled and nodded his head in agreement, trying to humor his new walking and talking wealth of knowledge. “Tell me more about my grandchildren’s future of doomed slavery,” he said.

Having lagged behind, David moved quickly to catch the stranger. Letting him lead in the walk was uncomfortable. Leaning out in front, David turned and spoke. “How do you establish these dictatorial governments?” It was evident that David was out of breath. He held onto the man’s coat sleeve to slow him down.

“It’s easy to bring unrest in democracies. Everything is so open,” replied the man as he looked up at the overhanging trees.

David said, “America isn’t a democracy, but rather a republic.”

“Correct. The form of government here in America is harder to conquer,” agreed the man. “However, it is not just that the supreme power rests in all the people, but it includes the founders’ documents and the three equal branches. Totalitarian and

monarchical societies are easier to destabilize, plus it will be easy to transition them into a *New World Order* when the time comes.”

“Why are they easier to move to a totalitarian *New World Order*?” David wondered aloud.

“They’re used to being ruled by authoritarians,” the man replied.

“How did you say you destabilize governments?” David waited.

“Governments of equal branches with shared powers are tough to close down. It requires years of eating away at the system.”

David was determined to get a confirmation of this devious plan.

“And...you think someone will close down our form of government that I was raised to believe would never end?”

“In America, the populace is being separated, divided if you please. Factions are given financing by Money Moguls with strings attached. Each side hopes that their side will get the upper hand. We’re always moving America along to a final hard socialism by causing an imbalance in the branches of government: Executive, Judicial, and Legislative,” confirmed the man.

David was interested in what the imbalance meant. So he asked, “How are you able to get away with this sinister plan?”

“We are tilting power to the Executive Branch until the right time when we can have an extra strong Roosevelt type to take over. Hard socialism moves in tandem with more redistribution of wealth in the soft socialism stage. It is how we use your tax dollars to build our revolutionary ACORN team.”

“So, you admit that the organization, ACORN, is in on this?” David tried to pin him down.

“If they were, I would not admit it. Acorns are what great oak trees come from to make great forests. Call it coincidence,” he replied.

“Why is redistribution of wealth so important to your revolution?” David wanted to know everything about the stranger’s thoughts.

“This brings about class warfare and citizen strife,” the man stated simply. His pride could not allow him to withhold information.

“Why would you want to bring about division in America?”

“We use your tax dollars to put a team of feet into the streets so that when the time is right they can foment riots. Then, the one in the Oval Office will declare martial law. With these riots, your guns will finally be taken away from you,” the man declared.

David waved his hands as if to halt a moving train. “Why bring about riots? Why make unrest? Why take our guns?”

The man responded with authority, “Your kind will understand by the end of 2012.” Turning to David, he asked, “Am I going too fast?”

“Yes. Turn around. Go back by my family. Please walk slower,” said David. He knew the speed of their walk was not the question.

“I’ll be glad to, but that was not the ‘too fast’ to which I referred.” Disappointed that he could not get a bigger reaction, he continued, “Are you keeping up with this information? I talk fast, like I walk.”

“Yes to both, the slowing down and my information upload,” David replied. “But I do need additional explanations on your plans. Don’t stop telling me what a JOCK needs to know.”

Raising his right hand like a traffic cop, the man turned his palm to face David as if preparing to give him a new direction. He abruptly stopped and turned around. The movement was done to shock David. He never liked to be interrupted.

“By the way, what is your name? What do you do for a living?” the man demanded. “I may be talking to my assassin! I’ve already said enough to get me killed. Actually, I’ve said enough to get you killed for knowing it.” With that statement the man frowned. “Don’t worry, it’s an old joke heard on many Bond 007 movies. However...” The man chuckled. A smile replaced the frown. “Don’t be afraid of me. I’m just an old man with terminal cancer,” he said, looking up and motioning David to move in closer.

Somewhat afraid for his life but determined to seek truth, David drew a breath and answered the questions as requested. “David Lindy is my name. I’ve done many things in my life. My last accomplishment, if you call it such, was writing a book.”

“Tell me, David Lindy, what is your first book about?”

David wondered how a stranger knew he’d written just one book. Realizing people rarely write more than one, he overlooked it and continued, “My life experiences and those as a college golf coach make up the book’s content for what I call a ‘servitude ministry’—some might say it was my *calling*.”

“So, how did your ability to recall details help in writing it?” inquired the man.

“Funny you should ask,” David replied. “The publisher felt uneasy about my use of near-total recall for the book’s details. They said no one had ever published a non-fiction book with their company without a lot of research backed by past records to confirm the facts. By the way, I did not hear your name?”

“Fred S. Creasy is my name. Statism is my game.”

Chapter Two

David's family members had gotten the bikes off the Trooper, aired up tires, tightened gear chains, and tested them for the day's activity. Somewhat tired, they rested, had eaten snacks, and even changed little sweet pea's diapers twice. Nevertheless, time for a decision had come.

"Hey, Dad, we are going on our bike ride in the park. Are you coming? If you don't, Mom will be disappointed."

David's wife, daughter, and son-in-law did not want to go without him. However, they were aware of his witnessing ministry and had seen him linger with strangers in the past.

Part of me wants them to beg me to go because to be alone with Fred in this park seems somewhat risky. After all, he has been very outspoken. Talk of Christians being the world's worst trouble-makers bothers me. While I want to take up for 'my kind,' JOCKS, as Fred calls us, I now more than ever want to learn more of Fred's experiences and reasoning. What could he possibly know and when did he know it? Besides, I have not found out yet what the word JOCK means. It may be a key word to our very survival.

David had his answer. He moved away from Fred a few feet to holler to his daughter just loud enough for her only to hear him. "No. Tell your mother to go without me. I'll be just fine."

David waved goodbye as his daughter left. After confirming David's message, his wife stopped her bicycle, leaned to her left, and secured her foot on the path. She turned her body clockwise and called out, "Honey, are you sure?"

With Carla's inquiry, David pondered what his answer should be. *Fred needs the Lord, and I am the one fishing for a precious soul. Taking the easy way out does not seem spiritual. Besides, riding that bike ten miles would not be easy either, nor very spiritual.*

David had finished his thought and yelled back. "Sweetheart, go ahead. Take the ride without me. I've decided to stay here with my new friend to talk about politics and Sheeple matters."

She paused and David knew her mind was locking in on one idea. "Sheeple matters, did you say? What is a Sheeple, honey?"

Fred didn't waste any time in correcting David. Being nearly six inches taller, he leaned over and whispered to his new acquaintance, "Make no mistake; I am not your friend, David. I have spent my entire adult life herding Sheeple just like you into pens prepared for your kind. After I reveal my past evil doings and our future plans, you will be hard pressed to call me friend. However, I will not harm or hurt you now. Maybe in some sick way, we actually need each other today."

Before David could ask Fred what he meant, Carla interrupted their conversation. As usual, she tried one more time to change David's mind. This time she was more persuasive and demanding, "Are you sure? Don't forget our exercise conversations for weight loss. The doctor told you to get your good HDL up by exercising."

She smiled as those words of loving advice rolled off her ruby-red lips. They had attracted him to her while they were both still in high school. David had to think about Carla's advice, knowing it had often proven valuable to him and had actually saved his bacon many times in the past. He quickly thought over the situation one more time for good measure.

I suppose nagging is a way for her to give me an opportunity to change my mind. She is probably not comfortable with the use

of the word Sheeple. I am always running into strange people who have even stranger ideas. She knows that my unique insight and world view leads me to them. Carla must really feel uneasy about my new acquaintance. I will be absolute with my intent.

“Dear, I’m sure,” David told her. “Besides, we’ve had several days already for me to get that exercise, not to mention all the activity when we fly out. I’ll explain what Sheeple means on the plane.”

It dawned on David that he had not told her his, supposedly, new friend’s name and surmised how that just might quell her fears. “Hey, everyone, this is Fred. We are into a deep conversation about world politics and America’s monetary system.”

Although David was not nearly as sure as he made it sound, he wanted the family to leave so that he could get Fred to continue talking. His thoughts were interrupted by Carla’s voice. “We will be back in about four hours, if not a little longer, honey.”

Carla had yelled back over her right shoulder as she rode down the small hill on the newly blacktopped bicycle path twisting beside the Boise River rapids loaded with holiday kayak enthusiasts. The sun would soon be up over the Julia Davis Park.

Chapter Three

Fred immediately began talking. “I wish that I had family who cared that much about my health, safety and well-being. Where did we leave off? Should we start with the word Sheeple?”

“Fred, it would be great to understand where it came from and what it means. You said there was a lot more that I needed to know. Let’s start,” said David.

“There’s a lot to know and so little time to bring you up to speed. David, a Google education is the best way I know to help you understand.”

David was determined to hear Fred’s ideas until the family returned in four hours. “Fred, how can you Google educate me way out here in this isolated place in the Julia Davis Park?”

Fred answered, “Let me get my computer out of the car. Allow me to show you how. Web sites and internet facts will back up my words. We will soon shut down these embarrassing facts.”

“How would you do that? We have First Amendment free speech,” gasped David.

“David, we already control information like I’m going to show you on China’s Internet. We’ll control all of Google’s information eventually. In fact, we have a bill in the hopper to do just that.”

David wanted to learn what the word Sheeple meant, but first he had a thought to get off of that proverbial hot spot in his brain. “Fred, let’s jump to a brush fire in my mind. Does a Sheeple have anything to do with my childhood fear of Communism?”

“You really don’t have a clue, do you?” declared Fred. “It has everything to do with a brave new world, the likes of which you will not be pleased to know. However, I’m willing to tell you anyway. I know what has taken place and what will be your future. As we continue to get our Progressive Way, it will soon be finished. You cannot change it. Thousands of others have tried.”

Thinking for a moment of his rare opportunity to pick the brain of an insider and to understand things he had wanted to know for years, David responded with a comment rather than a question. He decided to agree with Fred on something while he still could.

David proceeded positively, “Fred, computers absolutely rule the world. That’s a fact we all must face, and *that* we can agree on.”

Fred opened his car’s back left door and punched a button on the door jamb. The front driver’s seat slowly rose. There it was in a hollowed-out place in the floor. He pulled out a burgundy leather briefcase with a gold embossed logo of the United Nations on it. From it he retrieved a laptop computer.

Fred held out a black plastic key that was smaller than a credit card. In it went.

“That’s some computer!” David’s voice matched his bulging eyes.

“It’s like what you’ve seen in high-priced TV Ads. You can use it to find the Internet anyplace in the world. Google and my trusty computer will bring the world to Julia Davis Park. Hang on,” Fred replied, showing David a disarming smile.

With that he pushed the card in further until they heard the lock-in click sound. Voilá—there in front of both men was Google’s home page. Fred placed his magnificent laptop on the car’s hood.

“David, I want to show you an insightful quote by what should be one of your favorite Founding Fathers. This is what he said.”

Click...Click...Click...

There in front of David was the following...

It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth and listen to the song of the siren ‘til she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be among the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

William Wirt Henry and Bert Franklin,
Patrick Henry—Life, Correspondence and Speeches,
Volume 1 (New York, Oris Publishing, 1891, 1969)

“Which are you, David?” Fred demanded, putting hands on hips.

“What do you mean?” David was offended but gathered his emotions. He stopped and waited for Fred to reply.

“Are you going to be a blind Sheeple today or a Patrick Henry? What you are about to hear from me and read from my Google lessons will be the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help me God,” said Fred with a daunting look of superiority.

“Whoa, Fred, you said you don’t believe in God. I thought you were a professed atheist? Why use God to confirm anything?”

David tilted his head to the right while raising his left eyebrow. He then tightened the right corner of his mouth. The smirk was evidence of his lack of truthful enthusiasm. Fred smiled back.

“I still use God to emphasize anger or sincerity. It is a carry-over from my dad’s strict adherence to the Bible during my growing up. Of course, he only used the Bible to make his points.”

“Fred, are you saying that you were raised in a Christian home?” David asked with great amazement that a person could drift so far.

“Yes. It took twelve years of Dad’s hypocrisy for me to be so sick of it that I knew I wanted to be an atheist. He was living a lie and I knew it. Dad used Christianity to hide. He needed forgiveness.”

“What did he need forgiveness from that was too big for God?” David asked again, wanting to point Fred to the Creator’s power.

“I’m not sure that will be relevant to our conversation today. However, if all goes well, I might expound on Dad’s secret life,” replied Fred. His enthusiasm seemed to waiver at that moment.

Click...Click...Click...

“David, read these Sheeple statements and tell me what you think.”

Sheeple is a portmanteau created by combining the words “sheep” and “people.” Someone is considered a Sheeple if they take no heed to good information, choose inaction no matter the case, mindlessly follow the example of the masses, or blindly follow authority. If you are a Sheeple you are not an individual. The corral gate is open, yet, no sheep will leave even though there is greener grass outside the fence....It is not that Sheeple believe the status quo is always acceptable, it is that they think it is inevitable.” —*Signed Heitah*

“Fred, I see error in grammar and even possibly some improper sentence construction. Are you sure we need to read this nonsense? Time together could be much more productive than us doing this.”

“Read on. This is not an English class. It is about world politics. Having the *simple sheep* tell it like it is, can be laughable while their explanations are closer to the truth than a person thinks.”

David’s eyes and attention were drawn back to Fred’s laptop.

A Sheeple is someone who will support a candidate that will only say he/she is for change yet not tell you any specifics. It is someone who doesn’t form their own opinion, but just repeats other things that people say and follows the masses. —*Signed Geronimo*

A Sheeple is someone who does what the government tells them to do without question. Most Americans have become Sheeple. Especially city people. Sheeple let the government herd them where ever they want. —*Signed Cdjack*

Stop listening to Glenn Beck. He’s an idiot. He invented that term as a combination of sheep and people; someone who will follow without asking questions. Ironically, it is very apt for describing his listeners. —*Signed Dogdnhoa*

“These people have signed comical names. Who could believe them? Please don’t waste my time today. So, you watch Glenn Beck, too? He is one of my favorites for truth,” David commented.

“Don’t get fixated on the funny names, just learn. I put Beck last because he’s the one person we fear most on television. Glenn Beck is trouble. Our backdoor ‘fairness doctrine’ will stop him and his nasty little crowd on talk radio and TV,” declared Fred.

“Why do you fear Beck so much and say all sorts of evil against him? Does he threaten your future plans to take over the world?” David asked with a smirk.

“No one can thwart our *New World Order*, David. But, Beck alerts Sheeple and then they think. He seeks ways to stop us,” Fred said.

“I thought that person would be Rush Limbaugh,” said David.

“I said the one on television,” Fred replied. “Rush is our most feared enemy on radio, followed by Ann Coulter, Laura Ingraham, Sean Hannity, Mark Levin, and Michael Savage. These just come to mind first as the ones who have high visibility right now. There are many others not unlike Neal Boortz representing anti-government evolutionists and Richard Land for God and Country.”

“Why list the names for ‘enemy honors’ in that particular order?” David asked, thinking he had found a weakness in the explanation.

“It is strictly alphabetical with the exception of honoring the ladies first. Equal fear for all six ‘Truth Sayers,’ if you know our motto.”

“And, your motto is...Fred?” David asked raising his eyebrows.

Fred expected David’s response and immediately replied, “What Sheeple don’t know about our secrets aids our cause.”

“Where did this ‘S’ word you use to describe us come from first?” queried David.

“The first person to use the word Sheeple in print was Dr. S.”

“Fred, stop the suspense. I know the ‘S’ word, but who is Dr. S?”

“Savage...Michael Savage. He used Sheeple on page 148 in his anti-liberal, anti-Statist, and outlandish book, *The Enemy Within*.”

Click...Click...Click...

The arrogance and hypocrisy of these freedom-hating agitators are unmatched. They take donations to promote tolerance; they lecture to sheeple in ways to be tolerant; but then they turn around and drag those people with whom they disagree to court.

The SPLC [Southern Poverty Law Center] expects everyone to practice tolerance just so long as it's a tolerance for their narrowly defined pet issues: gay, trans, bi, tri, et al. But the moment someone expresses a faith-based opinion, they whip out the jackhammer and blast away with all of the hatred and intolerance they supposedly preach against.

There's a second irony that defines these hypocrites.

On SPLC's web page, they proudly display a quote attributed to Martin Luther King Jr. "*Until justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream.*" Of course, MLK was paraphrasing Amos 5:24 from the Old Testament. Are you getting the picture? On one hand they quote the Bible *when it suits their agenda*. On the other hand, they censor your free expression to do the same. —*Michael Savage*

"I see what you mean, Fred. Savage pulls no punches. According to his statements, Sheeple have no choice but to take a stand while we still have a free ballot box," David commented.

Click...Click...Click...

"David, read this little-known socialist fact."

Government schools (are) laboratories of social engineering in order to produce "Sheeple" who would neither know nor care about, much less challenge, the goal of socialist world government. (*News with Views*)

David became very agitated as he had family members who were good teachers and just happened to be employed in the public schools. He had often heard them complain about classroom conditions and had often been told that teaching is impossible with the unruly kids in classrooms today. “Parents are no help either. They are nearly as bad as the kids they raise, I hear,” said David.

“Sheeple won’t wake up and take back their schools, will they?” Fred challenged with a muffled cackle in his voice.

“I agree that our educational system tends to make kids less likely to be entrepreneurial, and it does seem that they come out rather rebellious, still there are many good teachers. Some in my family say rebellion is a problem for them in the classroom and that this is what causes a lot of their students’ learning confusion. They wish they had more control, not less,” responded David.

“David, do you think the young people of today are willing to stand on their own two feet—think like individuals, I mean—or do they depend on government to think and do things for them? Answer me that question,” demanded Fred.

David replied, “I must admit, they seem to want more help from government. What does that have to do with what we are discussing?” He paused. “Tell me how you make Sheeple.”

“David, our textbooks educate them to believe that there are no absolute truths. By the government’s own stats, according to David Barton, high school seniors end up less knowledgeable than when they were freshmen,” stated Fred with assurance.

“I knew he was an expert on the Founding Fathers,” David said, “but— isn’t there something in the public school curriculum or in textbooks to block this kind of seditious activity to dumb down our students? Parents surely don’t allow educators to harm their kids.”

“That is the reason we removed the Bible and Ten Commandments. It is our plan to have students blindly follow authority. SOS Guides teach them to accept Evolution and discredit Genesis. Theistic Evolution is the best possible result for Christian students coming from a public education,” Fred exclaimed.

“How do you control their minds?” David asked.

“Public schools only have our propaganda. Evolution is our way to say to youth that there is no need for a God. If there is no God, students will look to government for their security,” said Fred.

“I missed that SOS definition.” David wanted to understand.

“While some teachers are *Shepherds of Socialism*, most are just employed to pay NEA Union dues so we can elect more hard-left-wing-liberals,” Fred explained.

“Do you actually have a plan to capture the minds of our kids?” David asked.

“The more beholding to government, the better, we always say. When we get control, the majority of the educators in the public school system will be replaced. That is a fact,” declared Fred.

“Why do away with those who will have gone along with political correctness and paid those union dues you seem to need so badly?”

Fred patiently explained this to David. “Every ‘Dictator’ does this after a final victory. Teachers are activist *mind changers* by nature. After total control is achieved, we will only use dedicated idealists. These informants will be surrendered to the plans of the regime’s National Reeducation Association. This is the Statist’s NRA.”

“Hey, that is the National Rifle Association’s initials,” David exclaimed. “You can’t use those. It’s illegal.”

“You are an activist, David. The fact is when we take over their gun organization the NRA members won’t need these initials!” Fred proclaimed.

“I should have known,” groaned David. “You plan to shut them down, don’t you? What did you mean by Christian Sheeple?”

“Sheeple is a word used to describe any religious group. In fact, in a political context it represents various ideologies. Christians are just one flock of Sheeple. We assign an SOS to each,” Fred said.

Fred abruptly moved to a nearby park table and gently placed the computer on its surface. David watched his every move and mechanically sat opposite him in view of the laptop’s screen. Fred raised his right index finger. David sat still like a good student who was ready to learn. The air was still but neither man noticed.

“For elections,” Fred explained, “everyone is categorized into a political flock and a SOS is assigned to each. This is someone who has been briefed and coached in that belief system or ideology. When inside a political camp’s inner circle, they serve as wolves with ears and eyes. Reports are funneled into our headquarters.”

“Explain this word JOCK to me. What does it mean?” David asked. Fred realized that his student was growing impatient.

“That definition is for later. So just know that is your ilk, David. JOCKS are willing to die for their faith and their right to worship their God, in the name of Jesus. You are as dangerous to us as One-God Jews and that pesky favorite old-world body-bomber Allah-Only Muslim crowd,” Fred jeered.

“Do Jews and Christians consider Islam a partner in any way?” David asked.

“There will never be a partnership. You should read about Mohammed and his Muslim Moon God, Allah, in David Jeremiah’s book, *What In The World Is Going On*,” Fred stated.

“And...Pastor Jeremiah says...?” David wanted Fred’s version.

“Allah was the Arab Moon God and was actually just one of their 350 deities. Arabs went to Mecca to worship in the early days of Mohammed’s life. Allah was the God of choice for Mohammed’s father and grandfather. They even included Allah in their names. Later, Mohammed made Allah the Muslim’s only true God and cleansed Mecca of all other false gods according to his Koran. That is why their religion’s symbol is a sliver of moon and one star.” Fred waved arms in the air like a preacher.

“Fred, I read a book, *Abraham*, by Bruce Feiler. He says Muslims think they’re the true religion because of worshiping Abraham’s God before any others claimed the God that declared Abraham righteous for his faith. They think it was Allah who met Ishmael and his mother in the desert. Nevertheless, I will read about Mohammed and this Muslim Moon God. However true the two views are—is there reason for us to fear Muslims?” David asked.

“Jeremiah also talks about Fatah and Islamification in England,” Fred began.

“Not so fast.” David wanted to make certain Fred did not jump to conclusions about what Christians believed. He was ready to bring him into the true light of Jesus Christ. But Fred was ready for confrontation. “I have the true God, Jesus Christ, our Creator.”

“David, chill out! I was just giving some background information. That is all and no more. You can make up your own mind later.”

“Your Humanist Comrades see the three so-called Mono-God belief systems as a threat to a Humanist World Government. Isn’t that the real issue here, Fred?” David inquired.

“You got it, David. *A New Age* belief is our answer to having everyone accept our soon to be established one world religion.”

“What do you mean? How would a *New Age* movement do this?” asked David.

“Jesus Christ died and rose again, as you say. Right, David?”

“I’m glad you believe that truth, Fred. We are making headway.”

“We are willing to promote the belief that Jesus rose from the grave, too. Doing that will throw Lite-christians a curve to accept our world view,” chuckled Fred.

“How do you spell that first word?” David shifted his body.

“Spell it like a cola drink with ‘no sugar’ as in *L-i-t-e*.”

“What do you mean by that statement? What is a Lite-christian?”

“David, don’t you see? If people can believe that the Spirit of Jesus rose from the dead, then it is still out there in space. Lite-christians are church members who sit-soak-and-sour but are never JOCKS.”

“I’m not following, Fred; please go on with this concept.”

“Here’s my point. Jesus was just one person whom this Spirit of Christ entered,” Fred stated. “Do you get the idea now, David?”

“You are not making sense,” David said. “What do you mean Jesus is just one?” David shook his head in disagreement.

“Consider this idea. The Spirit that entered Jesus could then enter into Buddha, Gandhi, Confucius, and Mohammed—plus other Sheeple gods. This way everyone goes to Heaven, past and future.”

David replied, “That doesn’t make sense. They won’t go for it.”

“We may even have our One World Ruler receive this same Spirit. This will make everyone obey Him, especially Lite-christians.”

“Hold on. My Bible tells me that Jesus told Thomas ‘the doubter’ to touch His resurrected body to prove that He was not a Spirit, but rather flesh and blood in a resurrected state,” countered David.

“None of the Lite-christians will ever know that Bible truth. This *Lc* person has never ever really been a capital C...real Christian.”

Fred watched his opponent look into space. He stopped and looked too. David responded, “Jesus came back to life in a body and then stayed alive to be taken into Heaven after forty days. Over 500 people saw Jesus on earth on one occasion.”

“You speak well for JOCKS. We know this is a sleight-of-hand. Most who use the title of Christian actually aren’t true believers. We call these people Lite-christians. They will follow us willingly. Lite-christians will accept our *New Age Religion*,” Fred declared.

“So, you admit that you Humanists do have a religion also?” David wanted to confirm that faith required religion.

“Right, David. The Humanist Manifesto was published in 1933. Read it. We explain that each person is the center of his own universe, and a god. This is why Humanism will solve the world’s problems. We’re tired of waiting on gods represented by Muslims, Jews and Christians to fix it. Our Progressive World Government is the next thing to come in an ascending chain link of Evolution. We will have our own Heaven on earth by forcing everyone to live under our supreme socialism,” Fred proclaimed joyfully.

“Is that why you call those who lead Sheeple flocks into some pre-picked political mindset the *SOS*, or *Shepherds of Socialism*?” asked David.

“Yes, you are getting the lingo and it will help as we go along further into my world of Money Moguls,” replied Fred. “We are less likely to waste time. Our abbreviations are a unique kind of *Mogul talk*. However, we also use initials to confuse the inquiring Sheeple minds who try to figure us out.”

“Then, the term Sheeple has a totally negative meaning and is used to denigrate an individual or a group of people. Am I right, Fred?”

“Right you are. This is going to be a good session. Stay awake. Your life will never be the same after this day is over,” Fred said.

“What makes you think these Sheeple flocks will follow an SOS off freedom’s cliff? Why do you think people will surrender their dreams, and the privilege to worship as they please?” asked David.

“David, you are beginning to think deeply about this. I like progress. It is time for me to set you straight on one word we will be dealing with all day long. That word is government. From now on I want you to think of a capital ‘G’ when reading or saying the word. Government will never be the same once you have gone through today. Government is your life-giver and life-taker. It is your provider, your protector, your refuge, your great physician, your peace, your comfort, and your true justice. Now I will explain what we are doing to the Sheeple masses with a story about five monkeys. Are you game?”

“Sure, Fred, put your story of five monkeys on me. I am a good listener and I can tell you are a good storyteller. So, have at it.”

“David, the object of my telling you this story about five monkeys is to make it a training session. *Shepherding Your Flock* is a good title for this lesson. This story begins with a cage

that contains five monkeys. Inside the cage, we have hung a banana on a string and placed a set of stairs directly under the prize. Soon, a monkey goes to the stairs and starts to climb towards the prized banana. When the targeted monkey puts a hand on the stairs, we spray all monkeys in the cage except him with ice cold water. Eventually, another monkey tries to climb the same stairs. Guess what happens. I'll tell you. The others try to prevent it. At some point, you can put away the cold water and watch. This process has trained the monkeys in such a way as to make a lasting difference in the caged society. Then, we remove one monkey and replace it with another who has not experienced this treatment. Of course, the new monkey sees the banana and decides to climb the stairs. We will remove another of the original four monkeys left in the cage and replace it with another. Again, this new monkey will go to the stairs and be attacked. Here is the kicker, David. That first newcomer to the cage will also take part in the punishment and does so with great exuberance!

The game will never be the same. Each new Sheeple Monkey will forever conform to a new norm which is now opposite to what their natural tendency once told them to do. After repeated attempts and attacks, each new monkey knows the cage routine. Trying to climb the stairs will always result in an assault.

We replace each of the final three monkeys one at a time until there are no longer any original monkeys left in this experiment. The process never changes, each time the new monkey puts a hand on the stairs, the others jump him. The interesting thing here is this: the monkeys beating the new one actually don't have a clue why they are doing it. They don't even need to be sprayed with cold water to attack the intruder who is not complying with the cage's normal social pattern of living together. Nevertheless, we will no longer have any monkey attempt to try for the prize. Everyone living in this cage avoids the resulting shame and pain.”

Fred paused. David wiped his forehead and face with a pristine white handkerchief that had been kept in a back pocket for just such a need. This dated him, but his need outweighed the deed. Silence fell upon the moment. Both men seemed deep in thought. What would be the next topic? Which man would win the day? Time would tell their story. A Sheeple world awaits the outcome.