



COMING CLEAN AND RESIGNING MY
COMMISSION WITH THE GCHQ



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After 33+ years of involvement with British Intelligence, I have been called to step forward and come clean.

This article details my recruitment and involvement with the United Kingdom's GCHQ (once known as MI8) and the American CIA's attempt to recruit me to become a contract killer. It also provides testimony of Christ's mercy and grace.

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“All the world’s a stage, And all the men and women merely players.”
---William Shakespeare (As You Like It)

Shakespeare lied. ***Original Sin*** set the stage for the downfall of *man*, but men and women are not "players" in Christ's eyes. Through the gift of ***free will*** we have options.

The gift of free will gives us control over our destiny. We can choose the right path and follow Christ or chase our follies and disappear into the abyss. In short, we can choose to abide by teachings and adhere to His commands or lose our life to sin. Ultimately, we can devote ourselves to a life in His image and experience heaven for ourselves or perish in the flame.

I have known men and women who spoke of their childhood religious experiences with animus and derision. Some talked about the “***fire and brimstone***” pastors they had to endure during worship services. Others spoke of the boring and unnecessary “***babel***” they heard when they attended religious services. In both cases, they complained that the time devoted to worship kept them from following their own selfish pursuits

These men and women seemed to harbor resentments toward Christ, and revealed that they were more comfortable with their own sin than they were with living an honest and virtuous life. In fact, I could see the fear in their eyes as they spoke of their experiences and feel the hate within their hearts as they shared their accounts.

When I meet people like this, I feel a sense of sadness for them for I myself once related to a degree. There was a time in my own life when my own sins nearly consumed me. The pressures I had placed upon myself nearly pushed me past the point of redemption, and it is only through Christ's grace that I pulled through. I am alive to share this today only through Him.

WHERE MY JOURNEY BEGAN

I didn't receive a religious upbringing. The man who raised me harbored contempt and hate for Christ and he openly expressed his hatred. In turn, my mother nearly abandoned all hope. She was an alcoholic who repeatedly relapsed. She denied the realities of her situation and willingly placated the man to whom she was married simply to avoid his wrath.



The man who raised me isn't my father. During alcoholic stupors, my mother was raped by multiple members of his family on two different occasions and I was conceived. I was born premature, and it is only through my mother's love and Christ's grace that I survived.

The only time the word "God" was mentioned in the household, it was followed by the word "damn." I was verbally, sexually, and physically abused by the man who raised me as was my mother. From my earliest memories, I desperately wanted out of the situation and turned to books and outdoor activities as an outlet for escape.

The man who raised me traveled regularly for work, and my mother would turn to the bottle as soon as he was out the door. For the first fifteen years of my life, he was on the road eight months a year, five or six days a week. By the second or third day of his business trips, my mom would routinely pass out on the couch in an alcoholic stupor and there was no waking her up. Consequently, I was forced to fend for myself through the remainder of the week.

When I was five or six years old, my dad sat me down and told me that if I ever spoke to anyone about what went on in the household I would be taken away and sent to an orphanage. He punctuated the threat by saying I would never see my mother again if I ever said anything. Afterward, all I could picture were scenes from Oliver Twist, and I made a vow to myself that I'd stay silent and tend to my mother.

A CROSS THAT NEVER BELONGED TO ME

Part of tending to my mother meant sobering her up by the time the man who raised me returned from his business trips. I'd scour the residence for half empty liquor she'd hidden throughout the house, dump them out, tell her that my dad was scheduled to return, and remind her that she had to pick him up from the airport. I would repeatedly screamed at her to "act right!" and tell her to drink coffee to sober her up.

I feared what would happen to the both of us if the man who raised me returned home and found her drunk or hungover. He had a snap temper and openly demonstrated his wrath when I was a toddler. He was viscous with my mother, and he joyfully beat a cousin of mine two years my elder who visited us the summer I was four. That beating occurred because my cousin had violated a simple house rule. My cousin pleaded with him for mercy and forgiveness, and none was given.

On one occasion, when the man who raised me was in town, he came home from work late one night, said a few words to my mother and then headed straight into the bathroom where I was alone and taking a bath. He burst through the door, stood over



me menacingly, looked me in the eye, and shouted with a whisper: “It’s your fault your mother drinks!” His voice was dripping with contempt when he said this to me, and I could see the hate emanating within his eyes as he spoke.

A TIPPING POINT

When I was fifteen, I had finally had enough. My mom’s drinking becoming more and more erratic and it was nearly impossible to cover for her. On top of that, the years of abuse I’d suffered at the hands of the man who raised me began to boiling over. I was maturing into adolescence and I had rage and anger deep inside.

During the summer break before my sophomore year of high school, I came home one afternoon to find my mom totally **inebriated**. She was on her hands and knees attempting to wash the kitchen floor. She had a rag in her hand and a bucket of watered-down ammonia by her side. She was so drunk in fact that she could hardly keep her balance even on her hands and knees.

Embarrassed and ashamed, I asked my mother what she was doing and she replied in a slurred voice: “I have to clean up! Your father’s coming home.”

This occurred a Thursday, and it sent me panicking. The man who raised me was expected home the following day, and I could only imagine what was going to happen when he walked in the door and found my mother drunk or passed out.

In that instant, my mind snapped. I moved through the kitchen toward her and balled up my fists. I began beating her as hard as I could and screamed at her in rage. I must have beat her for a minute or more, and by the time I was done she lay prone on her back and groaned in agony for help.

In fact, I must have beat her **within an inch** of her life. Despite her please for help, I felt nothing. I was numb. As she whimpered in agony, I collected myself, made my way out to the front porch of the house, sat down on the step, and waited for the man who raised me to return from the airport.

As he pulled into the driveway and climbed out of his car, I stood up, balled my fists, and marched directly toward him. I got right in his face, pointed at his forehead with my index finger, and screamed: “If you don’t get that fucking bitch out of this house, I’ll kill her and I’ll kill you!”

After that, I ran out of the yard and kept going until I was far away from the neighborhood. I didn’t return home for a couple of days.



I don't remember where I went, but when I returned home I found the man who raised me sitting docile at the kitchen table. To my surprise he didn't get up to confront me. Instead, he quietly announced that my mother had gone to Phoenix to stay with her sister and that she would be entering a treatment facility. He never said another word about the incident during the entire time I knew him.

GIVING IN TO TEMPTATION

Shortly after my sophomore year in high school began, the man who raised me informed me that my mom would be returning home from Phoenix. A sense of fear and trepidation engulfed me when he told me this. That said, we didn't speak about the implications of her return. Instead, I retreated alone to my bedroom.

As I sat down on my bed, anger filled me and I began to cry. I thought about the beating I had given my mother and the evil I had been living with all those years. Rage filled me, and I simply said to myself: "Fuck it!"

In the months before the incident, I had begun hiding full bottles of liquor that belonged to the man who raised me in the rafters of the basement. I did this to curb my mom's alcohol consumption and I had never returned them.

Fueled by rage and confusion, I got up from my bed, went into the rafters, and pulled out a 1.75ml bottle of peppermint schnapps. Within forty-five minutes, I downed about half the bottle and drifted into euphoria.

That first drunk sent me on a trajectory I would never have imagined. It opened the door for the devil. To protect myself and my mother from the man who raised me, I had begun to lie at an early age. I was pretty good at it. So good at it in fact that I would later be able to pass a professionally administered lie detector test without breaking a sweat.

I honed that ability throughout high school by blending in with the popular crowd and creating fictitious stories about my background. With the exception of British Freemasons that had dealings with the man who raised me, no one ever suspected the violence and abuse I grew up with. Instead, they perceived that I was wealthy child from a privileged upbringing which is exactly what I wanted them to believe.

A DARK AND DANGEROUS JOURNEY

I had always had strong ambitions to enter the military through one of the nation's [service academies](#) and I applied myself to achieving that goal throughout high school. I participated in sports, held a job, made good grades, and basically [kept my nose clean](#).



My senior year of high school, I received invitations from one of Colorado's Senators and the U.S. Congressman that represented our district to interview for service academy appointments. At the time, I had no idea that my activities had been monitored by British Freemasons on behalf of the British Crown since my early adolescence. Simply put, I fit a certain profile they were seeking for covert operations and they offered me a path in life I never could have expected.

Unlike the meeting with the Senator, my meeting with our U.S. Congressman was arranged as a screening qualifier. I was personable, reasonably attractive, a decent athlete, and my aptitude scores were off the charts. British Intelligence officials were aware of the abuse I had suffered at home and my growing dependence on alcohol. I was self-managed, had little fear of violence, and had the ability to lie when under duress. In short, I passed the screening qualifier and accepted what I believed was an invitation to serve the United States Government.

This happened in 1988, when NATO was still locked in the Cold War with the Soviet Union. I have an Eastern European heritage and had taken Russian language courses in both middle school and high school. A Soviet KGB agent posing as a classmate once lured me to join their cause and I turned her down unequivocally. I had an endemic love for country and a desire to serve the nation.

Two men dressed in nondescript black suits accompanied my U.S. Representative into the interview room the morning of our meeting and they recruited me right there on the spot. They convinced me to forgo my military academy ambitions and instead offered me the opportunity to terminate high-value targets within Eastern Bloc nations on behalf of the American government once I completed finishing school. That paved my way into Princeton.

My undergraduate years at Princeton were not the typical college experience. I was groomed to fit in with an elite crowd, received advanced hand-to-hand combat training, and went through rigorous mental conditioning throughout my four years. During my time at Princeton, I infiltrated two secret societies, gathered intelligence on their members, and gathered intelligence on other prominent members of my graduating class.

I was still in college when the Berlin Wall fell and the Cold War began to come to an end. Needs changed, and I was reassigned to a Clandestine Operations regimen here on U.S. soil. After graduation, I underwent additional mental conditioning and was then placed into a private sector job to build an alias persona.



PULLED OUT OF THE PIT

Thirteen years ago, I completed the obligations required of me under my original **oath of service**. I was trained to kill on command and terminated the last of two targets assigned to me sometime that year.

Afterward, I was reassigned to a non-combat role. During the transition period, I began to take stock of my life without even realizing it. The assignments I'd performed were masked from memory under a voluntary and excruciating training technique known as **Monarch Programming**. Through a combination of life-threatening torture techniques and hallucinogenic **drugs**, I was taught to slow my heart rate, separate myself from all emotion, and blind myself from my memories. In effect, I became a trained psychopath.

My memories of my activities during the first twenty years of my career were buried deep within me, and this was by design. I had no recollection of the men whom I had terminated nor my pursuit of those men. That said, I had an earnest and sincere desire to quit drinking and unburden myself of all the guilt and shame I had carried with me since childhood. For more than a year, I was filled with grief and debilitated with depression.

On February 25th of 2012, I got down on my knees, and asked Christ to relieve me of the compulsion to drink. I asked His forgiveness for my sins and asked Him to fill me with the *Holy Spirit* and change me from within. That night, I went to bed and rested soundly for the first time in years.

THE FIRST ATTEMPT ON MY LIFE

There is no fairytale ending here. Shortly before I allowed Christ into my heart, a **CIA** recruiter approached me with an offer to become a spook. I was told I'd be left to my own devices to further American interests and that the Agency would neither confirm nor deny my involvement in their activities if I were ever outed. **Black Ops** contract work wasn't discussed, but it was one of the principal reasons they reached out to me..

There was no implied consent on my part and I went about my business after the meeting. That said, my activities were monitored and there was a presumption of collaboration on their part.

Shortly before my combat duties ended, I migrated out of the private sector and formed a consulting firm of my own. I began to help entrepreneurs in the Southeast structure their operations. In the fall of 2012, those experiences led me to decide to begin a business venture of my own.



My startup venture was modeled after [William Randolph Hurst's](#) INS news service. During the early 2000's, I had witnessed that European press syndicates were becoming more and more partisan and I recognized the same would occur within the United States. Recognizing the threat that posed to American democracy, I sought to counteract the trend with an unbiased news service.

The [business model](#) to support this new service was revolutionary and our strategic objectives went against the wishes of the both the United States Federal Reserve's *Board of Governors* and of the British Crown. The company planned to cover current events with an unbiased editorial approach, and our objectives were to both educate and enlighten our target audiences. In short, we were attempting to defend American values and principles.

In June of 2012, I began shopping the business plan to prospect partners and investors. As enthusiasm for this new service began to build, the FED's *Board of Governors* and England's Crown Prince Charles of Wales both marked me for assassination.

Throughout the remainder of the year and into the spring of 2013, I faced adversity as I attempted to get the new business venture off the ground. Evil encircled me and demons clouded my judgment. I spent time in jail on a disturbing the peace charge, had my life threatened, and also had my reputation besmirched.

Then in March of 2013, I met with two [Secret Service](#) officials stationed within the Atlanta field office on a matter unrelated to the news service. Unbeknownst to me, the meeting was a setup arranged by CIA Director John Brennan and British MI6 Intelligence officials.

During our meeting, the two Secret Service officials I met with excused themselves briefly and left the meeting room. I learned later that they had placed a call into John Brennan's office in Washington D.C. and that he had authorized them to tail my movements. This was so they could orchestrate an assassination attempt.

In June of 2013, I arranged a business trip to Denver Colorado for business and for pleasure on Sunday the 23rd. I arrived at the airport hours before my flight and proceeded to walk the terminals. I happened to notice suspicious activity from young Middle Eastern man and alerted the authorities. I could also sense that I had been tailed to the airport.

My flight to Denver took off on time and the plane was less than half full. I remember thinking that that was unusual because commercial flights have been deliberately overbooked since 9/11. Nevertheless, I drifted into rest during the flight and didn't give it



much thought.

When the flight I arrived at Denver International Airport, the ride I had arranged was nowhere to be found. As a result, I was forced to scramble for an alternative means of transportation. Again, I didn't give this much thought at the time.

I made arrangements for a rental car, but had an uneasy feeling on the way out to the lot. Something simply felt wrong. Consequently, I canceled the rental car and decided to take a bus to my place of stay instead.

DIA's ground transportation terminal was undergoing construction at the time, and my flight had arrived late in the evening. After the excursion to the rental car lot, it was already into the next day.

The corridor leading up to the bus platform was darkly lit, and I made my way up four stairs to the platform from which my bus was scheduled to depart. Within the corridors, I observed three men with tightly drawn hoodies in my passing. It was a warm spring night, and I remember thinking their dress was unusual, but I didn't give it much thought.

When I arrived on the platform, I looked out toward the Rocky Mountains and breathed deeply. Deep in thought, one of those three men I had passed pushed me through the wooden guard railing on the four-story bus platform. I fell from a high of 45 feet and landed head first on a grassy knoll located outside the airport's short-term parking lot. Angels sent by Christ guarded my body as I lay there nearly unconscious.

It was later revealed to me that the three men I had passed were *Cosa Nostra* soldiers contracted by the CIA to assassinate me. I also learned that the Delta Air Lines 757 I had arrived on had been wired with plastic explosives.

Under Barrack Hussein Obama's executive order, John Brennan had planned to have the flight explode in mid-air. The DNC planned to frame me as an ultra-white Nationalist, and claim that I had wired the plane to explode. Instead, Christ himself intervened and the plane arrived safely.

ONLY THROUGH CHRIST

It is only through Christ's grace that I survived the assassination attempt. I spent two and a half weeks in a coma after my heart stopped beating in the emergency room. During those two and a half weeks, I visited the gates of hell and was nearly swallowed up. Christ Himself redeemed me.



I spent nearly five months in the hospital after I awoke from the coma. I then spent another year and a half in outpatient physical therapy and underwent multiple surgeries during that time. As a result of the coma, I experienced [heterotopic ossification](#) within my elbow joints. For the better part of a year, I could not bend my elbows and my mother had to spoon feed me.

In September of 2015, I completed my physical therapy and returned to Atlanta to begin again. Meditation became a daily part of my routine, and for the first time in my life I began to feel at peace. I counted my blessings every day and received guidance and instruction from Christ on where to channel my attention. Through him, I began to put together missing pieces of my past and gain a sense of what led to the first attempt on my life.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST

In 2019, an opportunity fell into my lap to strengthen cultural ties between the United States and our allies in the Middle East. Sensing the rapidly growing tensions between China and the West, I helped orchestrate an international business deal designed to further American interests within the region. That deal centered around sports and entertainment.

As the deal began to solidify, the CIA reached out to me again and offered to help fund the back-office functions. I was enticed by the offer but decided to hold off for reasons I really didn't understand at the time. Through prayer and meditation, much more was revealed to me in the following months, and I'm sad to say that most of what I learned wasn't flattering.

For starters, I had to come to terms with the fact that my time as a covert operative was never what I believed it to be. I had taken the [U.S. Maritime Service Oath for Commissioned Officers](#) when I was sworn into service out of high school, and the fact that I was serving the direct interests of the British Crown was hidden for me. Although I am not unique in that regard, the sting was humiliating.

The [GCHQ](#) has historically taken advantage of men and women from broken environments that have a desire to escape their upbringing and excel. Originally known as MI8, the GCHQ has targeted men and women such as I within their former colonial territories through British Freemasons since 1858.

Over the first twenty years of my career, my duties required me to regularly engage with organized criminals and determine their size of their threat to British allied interests. Over the course of my 33+ year career, I identified two criminal masterminds,



surveilled their business dealings, and terminated their entire operations. The men I executed on behalf of the British Crown were among their most hardened and notorious criminals ever to walk the planet.

Private sector jobs were a cover for me. They also helped the British Crown gather intelligence on men and women that could be easily compromised by foreign actors within the Financial Services, Education, and Transportation sectors. I have no regrets for my service. These same men and women are or were a threat to interests of national security as their value systems were up for sale.

That said, I was no more than a disposable asset to the British Crown, and the same was true for the eight-eight families represented by the Federal Reserve's Board of Governors that voted to withdraw their assets from the United States in 2004 and then hung me dry in 2013. I proudly supported the values they claimed to uphold, and was rewarded with not one but two attempts on my life.

On April 24th of this year, the car I was driving was attacked whilst I was driving on a commercial road on Atlanta's West side. The vehicle was struck by a sonic cannon and the entire driver's side of the vehicle caved in.

The blast from the cannon cracked my eye socket and left me with a severe concussion. I was transported by ambulance to a local hospital and poisoned with a nerve agent in the emergency room. It was revealed to me later that Ukrainian orderly that the poisoned me was a trained MI8 assassin. Once again, it is only through through Christ's grace that I survived these assassination attempts.

TENDERED MY OFFICIAL RESIGNATION IN AUGUST

On August 24th of this year, I sent a letter to the United States Merchant Marine academy and officially resigned my commission as a Major Lieutenant Officer with the *British Royal Intelligence Services*. I can no longer serve the interests of a regime that diametrically opposes the teaching of Christ.

The same can be said for the United States Government's *National Security Aparatus*. All three United States law enforcement agencies (The FBI, the ATF, and the CIA) are inherently corrupt. So too is the NSA and the United States Military's Joint Chiefs of Staff. All five government entities have bowed to the will of despots and forsaken Christ's teachings.

I can tell you through first-hand experience that the British Crown has deliberately destabilized American culture and society in a calculated game of chess ever since the Continental Congress adjourned in 1789. Although I never knowingly engaged in



these activities, they have been allowed to metastasize largely through the apathy and ineptitude of the American intelligence community. What government in their right mind has a total of seventeen separate intelligence agencies?

The British Crown accelerated their plans to reclaim the Americas as colonies shortly before the Cold War ended. They declared a covert war on American interests during **Bill Clinton's** two terms as President in the 1990's and have taken advantage of America's bloated Federal Bureaucracy to weaken the fiber of the nation. While Americans are obsessed with sports and entertainment, Christ's enemies are sharpening their knives.

The **British Crown** has now begun to do much the same within their own boundaries. They aim to usurp the British **Parliament** and regain control of their their colonial empire as a step toward achieving global hegemony. MI4 and MI6 agents orchestrate controlled chaos throughout their own territories as part of a strategy to reestablish the *United Kingdom* as a fascist state under the authority of the British Crown.

The British Crown intends to usher in **fascist** political regimes throughout the England's protectorates once the Queen Elizabeth II passes away. Once Prince Charles the Duke of Wales ascends to power, they intend to foster economic calamity throughout the *Free World*. In fact, British operatives have already stacked Royal gold reserves in Denmark to facilitate this power play.

That said, they are not alone. The *Bilderberg Group* and the *People's Republic of China* both have similar objectives albeit in the form of Communist dictatorships. Sadly, with the exception of Donald Trump's Presidential Administration, every Presidential Administration since 1988 has played into their hands.

Since the first attempt on my life, it has been revealed to me that several of my Princeton classmates have sold their souls, or a portion thereof, to the *People's Republic of China* and/or Bilderberg for what amounts to a **handful of silver**.

Believing our foreign adversaries have no long-term agendas, they have willfully diverted jobs and strategic manufacturing capabilities to Indochina and India, thus weakening the America's security. Either that, or they are complicit in treason. I had affection for some of these classmates during our time together at school, and what has been revealed to me about their business dealings and their rewards for betraying the nation leaves me feeling glad I never really knew them at all.

For years, foreign **sleeper cells** from China, the Russian Federation, and Great Britain have wormed their way into American communities and into our schools as part with the intent of dumbing down children and separating them from Christ.



American philosopher George Santayana once said, "*Those who forget the past are doomed to repeat it.*" Nowhere is this more evident than within America's most elite academic institutions. Most men and women from the Baby Boomer generation on down have no true sense of the absolute horrors of war unless they grew up in a third-world country and escaped the horrors of war themselves.

Over the years, I have had direct engagements with sleeper cells from Russian, China, and Shite Muslim nations. Each of these sleeper cells routinely conduct espionage and passively recruit naive young men and women to their causes. It's a big reason why American school systems have destabilized over the last three generations and American society as is so fractious.

LESSONS LEARNED WHILST IN NATION'S SERVICE

There is a war coming. The British Intelligence officials I once reported to have known this for years. So too has the CIA and the other big players within the global intelligence community.

The most wealthy and powerful among us have designs to carve up the map and feast on the spoils. Eight family networks that control the world's financial markets and have bloodlines that trace to the Roman Empire are currently placing bets on this war for global hegemony. As Christ warned during his sermon upon *Mount Olive*, and as *the Book of Revelations* describes, men and women that surrendered their souls to Satan hope to eradicate Christ's memory from the face of the Earth and hand the world over to the *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* for all eternity. (Matthew 24 & Revelations 18-20)

This war for global hegemony has been well over two centuries in the making. Many of the wealthiest and most powerful among us envision conquering the heavens as mankind has conquered earth: through blood, sweat, tears, and slavery. Many believe that war to come will lead to human transcendence and grant them immortality.

As **Proverbs 8:5** reminds us, they have forgotten Christ's teachings and hardened their own hearts.

Having survived countless brushes with death, I can tell you first-hand of Christ's grace. Having been delivered from the bondages of substance abuse and the sins of my professional career, I can tell hardly begin to tell you of His mercy. Christ lives, He listens, He sees and hears **everything**.

Contrary to Shakespeare's allegory, we are **not** players in a game as the wicked and



the evil would have you believe. Men and women that have accepted Christ into their hearts know this to be true. We are His, and He never let's go once we entrust ourselves to His care. Only nihilists would perceive life as a game.

On December 21st of 2019, astronomers around the world picked up a sonar signal that originated from *deep* space on November 28th of that year. The signal defied the laws of physics, and for some reason astrophysicists were baffled to provide a reasonable explanation. The powers that be quickly buried news of the signal so as not to alarm the public and proceeded on with the agendas described above.

Sons and daughters of Israel know the source and the meaning of that signal: It was The Clarion Call. Christ and His angels are returning to reclaim His inheritance and vanquish evil from the face of the earth. (Revelations 24)

Everyone reading this has a choice to make: You can surrender your care and your will over to Christ and be welcomed into heaven; or you can choose to take sides in a futile Third World War that will culminate with Armageddon. Those that choose the first option will be blessed with eternal life, and those that choose otherwise will disappear into the abyss.

***Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed be those who mourn, for they will be comforted.
Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed be those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall be fulfilled.
Blessed be the merciful, for they will receive mercy.
Blessed be the pure in heart, for they will see Christ.
Blessed be peacemakers, for they will be called sons and daughters of Christ.
Blessed be they who are persecuted for righteousness,
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are you when men and women insult you and persecute you, and
and falsely say all kinds of evil about you because of Me.
Rejoice and be glad, for your reward in heaven is great; for they also persecuted
the prophets who went before you.”
---Matthew 5:3-12***

CHRIST RETURNITH. CHRIST TRANSLATES FROM BEAST TO YEAST.



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