

**Christian
Satanic
Book
One**

By

Lucifer Jeremy White

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PUBLIC DOMAIN

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I can be found online under my name (Lucifer
Jeremy White.)

Introduction

In this book I set forth for the fifth time the religion of Christian Satanism. Christian Satanism is a religion of duality and a dualism, but is also the practice of either, one side inclusive, or the other. The important thing is that the Christian Satanist comes back to the center. After all Christian Satanism is about accepting both sides. And to delve into one, then the other, itself makes one more Christian Satanic.

Christian Satanist is an anti- term. It is a non- title title. It is a title others will question. But it is as simple as $1 + 1 = 2$. If for any reason someone finds your title offensive it is because they are sided- minded. But then here are you not taking a side. Taking things wrong. Not siding. They are those that need their opposites. Christian Satanists are as those in a war that say they are on both sides.

Other than that all you can do is explore and learn from this book. It is a well made religion.

Like any religious book really, you don't have to read from beginning to end. You can just flip it around until it's consumed.

“Be Liberated”

Christian Satanists don't really “worship” Christ- certainly not in a way that is typical of his worship. Rather we are just those who are agreed to accept him. After all do you have to follow him in any particular way or can you simply just do- without this strange condition particular to a drowning Christian? A Christian Satanist takes a more reasonable perspective of supporting Christ. They haven't Christ wrapped around them as a snake. Perhaps they are wrapped around Christ like one.

In the pursuit of truth and justice the Christian Satanist is well enough to obtain it on his own. When someone kindles within us a wrath, our misery given does not like company. We want to deal revenge out with our own hands and all of our being. Sometimes what people do to us is simply unacceptable. In all the world we rationally walk around peacefully. Then we took a wrong turn which was nothing our fault and become a victim of a free from all and free for all world. We've of to keep our world. This must change.

We do not follow Christ in a way that Christians do- taking that twisted route of word prose and idealism. We follow Jesus reasonably, not lost in Jesus lost without- but approach it rationally as one seeking to make a friend soundly, not in any way as a fanatic. We've got to keep ourselves on guard about over involvement in Christianity. Christ is best regarded as a brother and friend. So be on guard not to become overly involved pouring into verses like diving into oceans from high above and getting lost in the process.

They are far too involved a people and its cost them their reasonable pragmatic minds. But what's despicable is that they are only involving their selves so intricately because they want his power. Which is very true if you think about what's in it for them.

In a Christian Satanic perspective: we are the light of the world, but not with excessive devotion but rather with exuberant happiness and pride. We are the light of the world because goodness we've often from the world. And when we made the world more kind to us we made the world

more kind to others. We don't trespass on the world, hating it, but instead thrust into it a spear making it our own and better for others.

Any bad day can come. But on those days we must be silent and bear it. It is then that the Christian Satanist is preserving himself from wrath against the innocent. Anger in the least, but wrath are of those with no control over ourselves. So in this way the Christian Satanist does forgive. They are forgiving the world when they hold their selves back. There's time to keep silent. After all we are in this boat together and must calm our raging storms if we are to remain in the right direction. But it is the best reason to correct any or any amount of people that aggress against the innocent. Yes God did say vengeance is his but he has so often used others to correct the wrong doer.

When we follow Christ pragmatically then our reasoning is developed *reasonably*. The Christian Satanist follows Christ not as a do as I said figure but rather a guide to find the best way to act. We put his advice into as good as it could be applied. After all Christ said that all things done in all of so many ways that he was presenting his teachings to us in a way indicative of him wanting us to do things such a way. In other words he was obviously wanting our reasoning to be used in regard to following him. And I don't think he meant anything to absolutely be set in stone.

Have you overcome the world as a Christian Satanist? What are all the many ways that you can overcome the world? Jesus overcame it by putting himself on the cross. And before that he denied worldly pleasure to the extent of being ostracized and beguiled- I mean *he* beguiled it. But is it a rule that the world must be overcome in that way alone? What if the world working against you could still offer its pearls? A Christian

Satanic Pearl is one of the most precious natural resource. It is for those that hold onto it while everything else is falling apart and yet one sees through the thickness of clouds, soaked in rain, yet find the silver lining and rainbow.

He who treads the Earth and enslaves it masterfully to their whim is far greater than one who is isolated and loved by none. Its not that they are wrong by not being loved. Its that they need to be loved and held by people and cannot see the good things in life, alone *as they walk. They are alone. As they talk. They are alone. As they create. They are alone.* All that matters to them is being held so tight.

But God said that man was to leave his father and mother. And find a wife. But it was said, too, that he was to bring himself into marriage. And that's all good and fine but He *also* said that a person is better off without that. As for me my dominant Satanic gene has me going forth in life being married to the world. I even put rings upon it from time to time for others to find. I'm altogether married to the world. My book their selves are my children. These are more like thought children than fleshly ones. My book represents my mind and thoughts more than a physical child would. My books are as children saying what I want them to and alive in a way, doing things I have set forth from them. And these children, my books, don't cost me university, food, or clothing money. In fact, my book children pay *me*.

I put my children online. The moment I provide them online, that is, when complete, they live online and live through me even when I'm not online- my books are.

In that I have lived through many different social situations, from one extreme to the other, truly, I am a socially rich man. I had been incarcerated for two years of my life, was homeless for an entire year, brushed up against Marine Core training, was in The Hole/ isolation, in tight confinement. I was even committed to a State Psych Hospital for a year. So having gone through all these conditions, am I not qualified to teach and guide others through life the best way to do well, survive, keep ones hopes up, even thrive? I have had involvement into both Christianity and Satanism from an early age and been around the best and worst of all of them. I am sure I can point you into the real way of life, the better way, if you just let me show you.

So take a seat and enjoy the ride. It could very well be that we are in the last of times the “end of days.” If Christ is right. *And surely he must be.* He has been ardently believed and followed for two thousand years. The disciples were too devoted, sincerely so, risking life and limb to bring him out into the open air- to have been lying. These great, otherwise grandiose things he said came to be. No one has ever said that the entire world would know what he said- but he did, and was right.

You can't win against Christ. This is altogether true. The Christians have had enormous power through him in the past, changing and shaping the world we live in today. And if you can't eat them, join them- half way. Why not take a piece of something yourself, Satanist, that has proven a great and nightly power? And if we are to use it more carefully and reasonably then we have it as a horse. We have it as reins, a sail- a great ship. It will be that all will bow to him. But so what? What's bended knee for us? But it's everything to him.

As the idea if grey things increase, perhaps we will along with it. People have been waiting for a *very* long time for gray things to emerge. Concepts of balance. Actually waiting isn't he right word. But its time is due where things are both good and evil. This is emerging as Bat Man who from time to time does evil. And Suicide Squad where evil people were made to do good. Or X Men with Jean Gray. Or as in the movie "Beautiful Creatures. " and Gray Jedi in Star Wars. It seems people are thirsting for what could be Christian Satanic.

Some will say, of course there could be a religion made of both Christianity and Satanism. Those are just two sides of the same coin. And I've ward it said that everyone already is both- more accurately they are both than one, but not at all the other.

When all is said and done enjoying life the most you can is the only real thing that matters. Food should be enjoyed and music. These could even be called the mist important two things. It has been said by Christians so often that God fills a void of emptiness. The way I look at it is that to only enjoy the good things in life is exuberant, yes, but such people don't seem to have much as a soul. So you need not only good things but a purpose. Maybe those are all that matter: food, entertainment, and purpose. A purpose gives your pride. And it can be said very realistically that pride gives you DRI e and ambition. Maybe like a car that is well handled, but also used.

My counselor at one time in my life said that God gives to everyone a purpose. And I really don't now why that so strongly clicked into me to suddenly desire to create Christian Satanism in me when she said that. But it certainly did and I proceeded to. I had heard the term use a time or

two at the time and I think it made an impression in me that was for some time ignored.

I had heard of people in prison being unable to have a Satanic Bible or other Satanic reading material. And as for myself the Marines didn't want me. They squeezed me out as I brought a Satanic Bible to boot camp. Though in hindsight I was glad they did. A military life is too tough for me. And my patents were conflicted in me being a Satanist. But most of all I didn't want to do something that had been done for so long with very little difference. I even saw this book called *The Satanic Living*. I had made a book called *Satanic Living*. He had made one called "The" *Satanic living* as though he had his mind trapped into finding a title better than "The" *Satanic Bible*, or, *The Antichrist Bible*, or, *The Devil's Bible*, or any other large amount of titles trying to be *the Satanic Bible*. I just made a book called "The *Satanic Book*." Its been so to this date that Anton LaVey has been the most successful Satanic author of all time, him and Aliester Crowley. Anyways the point I make is that I didn't want to be as so many that followed suit. I wanted a new suit, as a nice one. A suit of my own.

Be grateful that you are not among the gravely foolish. There are some that easily and violently break the law. They choose to murder someone and are either immediately caught or killed, or choose to kill their self to evade punishment. If they aren't caught then they will live with a heavy burden until they are, knowing that any moment of the day the law can burst forth, pound on their door, and arrest them. Day by day they will live with this until they are caught. And they will face in court a punishment. And their lives will either be spent behind bars or they will be executed for the choice they made: that choice to kill.

And a punishment comes to anyone who blatantly breaks the law. It could be something minor, but a habitual practice of shoplifting will catch up to them. A habitual pattern of any unlawful behavior will each time increase the likelihood of being caught. They are those that decided to do one thing unlawful. And that first time was the worst choice they could have made because to do it once, the second time is far more easy.

Be very grateful that you are not like them. Put out of your practice any unlawful, punishable behavior and live free. If in the course of your life you fall into a fit of rage and gravely harm someone then punishment awaits you. I am *not* saying it is deserved. But I do warn of the consequences that could result from not being careful with your choices. This is what Jesus meant when he said that by ones choices could one incur the first wrath of hell.

With all of numerology-

The Number 1 represents a beginning, a sole source, the start, from which all numbers must be part. It indicates an initial step, a singular entity that may lead to anything.

The number 2 represents a merger, a coupling, the first time things may be multiplied to. So it is a number of things sprouting forth, greatly adding, and the start of something that may be multiplied.

The number 3 represents partnership, acceptance to bring forth new things. The beginning of a union, a group, something established, agreement. It is a number that represents help, or help seen and gotten to and help inquired.

The number 4 represents stability, a foundation, something established and fortified. It represents something consecrated, come into order, a joining together and group.

The number 5 represents strength, a bond, law, power, a kingdom, a rule, a mighty force, elite, pose, gang, and survival. It represents progress, evolution, continuity, and power of being.

The number 6 represents overcoming, victory, society, success, motivation, drive, ambition, tenure, a leader, a king/ one who holds and enforces power, or enforces law.

The number 7 represents God, things Holy, perhaps metaphysical, magic, the unknown, happen stance, miracle, luck, the unexpected blessing, angels, higher being, messengers, and things beyond typical understanding- so too it is new knowledge, things uncovered, reaching further, and things of depth.

The number 8 represents balance, retrograde, a returning, tradition, using what is known, starting again, doing something well, using what is available already, our resources. It is a number of the result of things and their uses. To use what is available. To take what there is and have it used- is the number 8.

The number 9 represents a new beginning, something began over and is a number at the brink of the end. After it comes number one. It is a number leading to one that puts into gear, works toward, a new beginning, and causing the same. It is the last of all numbers that creates/ puts into place a new start. It establishes what the new start will be, and from it the number 1 is born.

As far as under dogs go to appreciate them when others don't will eventually put you in first place. It's been said that the things of the past ignored and passed up become the rare treasures of the future. And having something be second place in a story its creator will, all along, helplessly push that character's strength out until he can no longer resist him being at the top, the best. There are those that are the bottom of something and they have more drive and determination than those above

them, and eventually crawl there way up to the top with things as a luggage of superior ideas that were before them unfounded. One does not mess with the rules of success- unless they are at the bottom.

Take New Mexico. A poor state isn't it? But what many do not know is that New Mexico is full of mountainous forested areas- not just desert. The rent there is substantially lower than other places. Mr. Allsup's owns the Allsup's gas station there with the slogan "There's one near you!" and how right he is! It is a gas station that always seems to be in the perfect place- on the corner of a hospital or a car wash next to, or right before you enter or leave town. They sale fried burritos. Have you ever had a fried burrito? They are damn good and New Mexicans are always entering Allsup's just for them. And that gas station which began in New Mexico- is now in at least three states.

You can't hurt me! I'll sue!

People that are unfamiliar with the law- with police, or with security forces, will have thought that arrests would be polite and gentle. But in fact a police officer will very well force you to "not resist," meaning- you've better play dead! They will inflict pain on you if you are disorderly toward them or approach them too quickly. They have an effective technique in restraining you- they bend your wrist until it is on the very brink of breaking- and if it does break, I guess you could sue, but that's not going to be preventative. The pain of the wrist bend is an intolerable pain that they can have you in for a few minutes as they lead you back to jail.

I yelled at a police officer calling him a conk and he bent my wrist, taking me back to my cell. But one time this happened because I approached the cop too quickly. And I was just done with a fight at Jack in the Box when a security guard pinned me down with my arm behind

my back- which is another “intolerably painful” thing to experience- but something that is done by them, if not mace. You simply cannot resist or else any number of things could happen. If not by one police officer than by a few.

Being disruptive in jail could get you sprayed in the face with mace. And it is not altogether uncommon you could be beaten to death. One time I was in “the hole”/ isolation for a month in Clovis, New Mexico when I was pulled out to shower. I refused to shower. I just wanted to be in my little hole. But in they came, five of them, with anti riot shields and protective gear (I had bit a guards hand previously) so they had me put on a face mask. Then they tried forcing me out but I resisted. They got me into increasingly compromising grappling moves and finally said, “IF YOU CONTINUE TO RESIST WE *WILL* DESTROY YOU!” What did I do? I discontinued.

I hallucinated in The Hole. I had seen many frogs. One day I was painting on the wall with mustard and juice packets- like punch red, similar to using cool aid. And I couldn't seem to get my image quite right so I swiped my hand across it thinking I was done with trying. But I looked at it. I *knew* I had painted Satan on my wall. It looked like a bird, but more like a snake. If you are familiar with the Baphomet sign- Satan looks like the letter-symbol on the south west corner of the inverted pentagram. Later it came across me while watching a video about the appearance of Satan looking the same. Beside it was a ghostly figure with the appearance of one that was screaming. I put eyelash hairs where his eyes were and his eyes as painted were x's. His mouth was an obtuse circle. The Satan I drew had his hands straight forward like a Baphomet image seen on Slayer's Reign in Blood album image. Below his extended hand I put a strange mixture of jail food and piss. As for that it was ceremoniously combined, some of it regurgitation. And on the

container it held I wrote a demonic name similar to Ragnarok. I let it stew for days before consuming it. I called it the Ritual of the Antichrist.

Not long afterward during the course of eating my food I developed the idea of my “Principle List.” It was carefully made, something I’ve never could have created in a different setting or on my own.

The Principle List

of

Lucifer White

PERSON ONE- Red, Bird, Hand, Staff

PERSON TWO- Bee, Brown, Cane, Bear

PERSON THREE- Green, Rabbit, Seed, Stage

PERSON FOUR- White, Ring, Goat, Thief

PERSON FIVE- Red, Whip, Cat, Fairy

PERSON SIX- Joker, Sword, Swine, Gold

PERSON SEVEN- Yellow, Rodent, Duke, Wind

PERSON EIGHT- Bomb/ Blast/ Wand, Fox, Beast, Black

PERSON NINE- Yellow, Toad, Dust, Horse

PERSON TEN- Assassin, Creature, Word, Tiger

PERSON ELEVEN- Blue, Elephant, Stone, Spirit

PERSON TWELVE- Purple, Dragon, Mask, Dog/ Wolf.

These are found and known through cinema.. Movies, shows, or cartoon.

Entering into the presence of Satan and the arch angels may occur to anyone but it is actually very likely to occur to those that seek them ardently and struggle to the greater ends of producing a mind, mentality, a work, and a creative work that serves him well. You may be void of metaphysical entities in your life, more accurately you may seem to. But there are always diabolical forces working in your life from behind the scenes ready to subtly appear.

If you are doing a work for God or Satan, or both than it is not unlikely that these things are seen and used and effect your life. When you draw sigils or write things for Satan than let them set on your desk. As they test they rot. When they rot are sensed. And then seen.

But your words are very well seen. And it helps if you have it taken to the higher commands through seemingly regular people. There are peoples of these different heavenly realms before us in life. It is just incredibly short sided to think that aliens would appear in metal space ships. That's not really different than a flying wooden ship like you'd find in Final Fantasy 4. They don't ravel along in metal ships. Such a thing passes in development of science to the development of it to such an extent has passed onto metaphysical travels. They are spirits that can be anywhere and had came unto that scientifically. We won't be flying around in metal spaceships ourselves, forever.

They are with us and have every good way not to be seen. And it is a law they bear that they are not an interfering people, and furthermore they don't need our attention. They exist out there and are in fact in

many places. We have a duty to advance and develop and if we do not on our own, but rather helped as hands held, we are robbed.

We are a monitored people who do well to making our place ever reaching to the grandest prize, immortality. And along the way have piled up quite good luggage to bring with us into our own paradise someday. A place well. A place perfect. When Adam ate of the forbidden fruit and Eve, it was the same as firing God from his duties to protect and preserve us, essentially having made it our own job to. And finally, the work is almost finished. And God will take us to the next step at it is again his responsibility.. For the sake of His creation as a whole.. They watch us, but it is more to monitor or voyeur.

A more personal perspective can be applied to every day entertainment. While all singers are essentially talking about themselves or worse, didn't create their own songs but instead were created by strangers trying to fit you into an impersonal identity- the music makes you. But it doesn't have to. It can be reformed into ideas about you that the song isn't Ben about. This is done to a lesser extent. People think they are relative to the music quite intricately, thinking its talking about them when others never think so in their lives, or even care.

Its probably more accurate and existngist to hear music about others in their lives.

But better still it is to just let yourself believe it is all about you without giving thought that it really says nothing about you and when it does it speaks quietly.

Music can be made about anyone or anything to those that have mastered hearing it. You think its about things that has nothing to do with you, when you do. The music then can be about anything or anyone. Am I the only person who regards music sometimes about being

about God or Satan? Am I the only one that does this when it is not A) a hymn or B) heavy metal songs about Satan?

When I hear trumpets in Classical music it sometimes sounds to me like God being teased by Satan. Such as with the music of Handel. I could swear that he composed trumpet music in such a way that it seems to tease God to come down. Like saying “are you ready yet? No?”

A seasoned well paid priest will convince himself his riches are from Gods Kingdom. *God* they believe are blessing them enormously for teaching His word. Whether or not He has they take it, but if they were to take it and purchase something like a mansion and well tailored suits are they not making a horrendous insult against the poor they should pity? That’s so obviously unchristian. They believe God wants them to have a mansion and limo while they are preaching about the poor. That’s like saying they deserve more.

But they must find a “reason” to take great riches and that excuse comes cheap: *God wants them to have great blessing*. No, no, Jesus said *blessed are the poor in spirit. Sell your riches. Give all you have to the poor. Don’t be as a Pharisee. Don’t turn Gods church into a market place.*

But how readily they accept Gods multi million dollar blessing. God wants his followers to teach about helping the poor and getting rich from it! Does He really? Or does He regard this as robbery. Like saying, “I want you to help me with the poor. What’s your price? Millions of dollars? Okay, help the poor.”

Perhaps, though, this is nothing bit a test, and the price of their soul. Sure they were happy to teach about God, thousands or millions of dollars happy, but in fact further teaching is not necessary from them. They have been bought.

That is a blessing that you have been set aside not to be a foolish Christian, a popularist, and a non living person who cannot think beyond a common cultural mentality.

But you, you are to think differently, separately, as an individualist and not find your self in the slavish throes of Christianity. Rather you are to follow Christ pragmatically, sensibly, with all your faculties intact.

And do not go the way of the popularized thinker. S/he is one of so very many, certainly the majority of any society or cave clan would promote a common and bonded mentality.

But their ways are not ours. Our culture is our own. Our culture is not Thiers. We are our own culture and their cultures aren't our own. Therefore give no thought of having other peoples lifestyles- this is our lifestyle, Christian Satanism.

Let us then be bonded together, even as individualists. Let's each learn Christian Satanism well then offer our own rendition, our own applicable interpretations. Will you be greater with God or Satan, please present yourself to us a new song that everyone would love to hear.

And sacrifice nothing for Christian Satanism without sincerity. Do not fly a flag you don't have to, one you don't are about. But those things you love the most about Christian Satanism, glorify that. Yet don't tread upon another's personal interpretation of it.

Be an individualist, one unique. Do not become entrenched in ways not you but a small part of the greater public whole. Think all things that others refuse to, and challenge daily the common understanding of others.

In these ways you will altogether never be lost. Rather you will grow and your soul will shine bright. These of those I speak have no soul, can

only think in terms of conventional, shared thought. Follow what I've and you will find yourself, purely, wholly, and all of every bit, you will be as one, one your own, even among us.

There are many that fight for their own kind. There are even those that struggle for their own kind- typically race, gender, or sexuality. All of their rights have been well established. Even when they aren't that's good for them, being as workmen to their cause. But what about the rights of a Satanist? The Christians still pray and worship in government settings. Christians as they are, think it must be. It is their way or the highway. Though they think a prayer to God is not only a must and done to serve but could be no other way. "This is America." Actually I see every indication that this is The Devil's New World." So what of Satanic right Why shouldn't hey be allowed to erect Baphomet statues and conduct Satanic ceremonies out in the open? The atheists would have a field day with this. But generally Satanic rights are restricted and even when not, its open practice occurs great abrasion. But this *is* the Devil's earth and *this* is his country- and that must be made known. They'll get such a sour taste in their rotten mouths as less and less Christians are appreciated- less and less approved. They'll gather and sing but find their passion lacking when no one is watching or caring. And meanwhile in their town is a Satanic statue that everyone is paying attention to. Someday the cross will be old and people will rather see a pentagram or attend church on Halloween. A church of all pleasurable things as opposed to Christian churches.

An application of perfection is the foremost trait of a Luciferian. When applying and seeking the perfection of anything you are being Luciferian. Being as a Yasatic (YAweh, SATan- ic) you can break the rules and be Luciferian. Why not? Is there any rule about what someone calls their self such, anyway? You already know that it makes good

sense to apply the best of both two “polar opposites.” Just because they are exact opposites you cannot use both? Yeah by their mentality. So we can be Luciferian and still be Christian Satanic. Why not throw in a bit of Buddhism and Islam? We are Yasatic. That means we can do anything, sides not taken into account, we can, and already do. So may Christian Satanism be a religion of all religions taking a stance of incorporating other religions within this frame freely. But it must be called Christian Satanism/ Yasatism (Yasatism is just a synonym meaning the exact same thing.) We are like a people who cannot be lured in like dumb fishes. We aren’t caught on the net or sucked in like a dust devil. When most people go to church they do so to join and be a part of something. They celebrate and revel in being a part of a kind and having involvement with a social circle. But when the Yasatist goes to church it is a different matter. They don’t take upon their selves a side. They are only collecting what they need to know. They are not connected with the others. Half of them tells them so. They are there in Church for reasons other that becoming or remaining a groupie. And they can’t be pigeonholed.

A person that takes freely and is himself honored by his own ability to hustle is not as the person that Jesus said is asking. Jesus said give, yes, but to give to these sort of people is not Christian Satanic. The Christian Satanist gives to the needy. Not the needful. You are not doing much of a good cause to give to those whom smoke crack. You are only lending to evil when you do. If a person asks of you and you don’t give, let it be for these reasons: that what they buy is not good- like drugs. That they are forcefully about it, that it is their habbit to ask, and that they never help themselves. After all are you being a good Samaritan when you enable a person to depend on others, especially if they are buying drugs? And if ever a person even lightly seems pushy toward you, do not give

to him. No one owes anyone anything. Is it difficult to say no? Its not after you've done it a few rounds. It even becomes pleasurable.

The Christian Satanist is like a sheep that leaves but always comes back. He is very able to find Christ and has an enemy a friend.

The Christian Satanist is like someone that has decided he will perform with Satan's power the use of Christ

The Christian Satanist is as one that is strong enough to walk many miles away and many miles in returning

The Christian Satanist is as one that God wanted and very well created

The Christian Satanist ponders things that others cannot and finds that there is a place where good and evil meet, even embrace

The Christian Satanist is like one that rests under an angels wings. There he is protected and preserved

The Christian Satanist is as one that judges both Christians and Satanists, because he is both, yet niether

The Christian Satanist is as one that is good here, but is also good there. Therefore they are well anywhere

The Christian Satanist can find fault where others can't. Especially compared to other Christians unable to see any wrong in their beliefs.

And the Christian Satanist is someone that is ever questioned of. An enigma- a mystery.

If you are filled with unsettling emotion like rage you can't employ then you've overcome so much of it having to let it pass, being unable to *destroy*. There are people in the world all assholes that play with your thinking and use it against you. This is why I am going to fiddle while the world burns and is consumed by fire. Let them burn. They've ever

been ready. But at its best end is its last. I mean, any society that has become rich, privileged, lazy, is about to face destruction by its own sort. People that are free in this setting are free in so many ways. Its not a great leap for them to make to use freedom to its greatest extent. I don't now if I hate to say it, but America won't be forever. This has been so with every great nation. Is Rome still a great power? Is Alexandria? Its not so much war that torn these kingdoms apart than its own people.

I don't like the sort of people that are American. The politicians have nothing better to do than tax soda and ban flavored tobacco. Or- provide for the seemingly weak. Or- flood us with awareness, protecting us, guarding us against foolishness.

People in America spend their best time on social websites and gorging food. TV and entertainment media is saturated about the same topics, again and again. Its got to be about race, or approval to butt fuck. Women get a great big glimmer when they see one of their own- making the most money for a woman- being fat is okay- but it is all empty pride. *I* am racist, but my pride does not come from race. I was born white. I did nothing to be as such. So it isn't pride earned.

It is a lost and worthless people, for most part.

I feel a good feeling knowing that London Bridge is Falling Down. Humpty Dumpty had a great fall. The pig's house being blown away by a wolf. It brings me pleasure to see such a well constituted mess unable to be swept away. The bottom of the rug is filthy. The windows need cleaning. And I have come to help. But the house isn't worth cleaning and should be set on fire. I don't promote violent behavior from you. I am saying, I like what they are doing because I do not like who they are.

On one corner are the mega churches not doing any good except for their pastored. On the other end there are those filled with exuberant rap prose. They can't play real music. So they rhyme and slap an open hand onto something while they do. Their philosophy doesn't go far beyond race, gender, or sexuality. People are rushing into mental health clinics ready to claim a diagnostic title. After all, there are counselors who care about you entirely whereas your parents don't. And there are psych drugs to receive. And best of all, a ticket for SSI. But let us not forget that even murder may be overlooked of them (at least they think.) I imagine that police hate the psychiatric system.

All around the Mulberry bush the monkey chased the weasels. He piped their heads open because he could not tolerate it. Maybe he was expected to tolerate the intolerable. Or maybe he was just looking for a good home but came to be trapped in a cave. Whatever the case these people need to go. But they die out so slow. It takes too long. Couldn't it just hurry itself along? I'm wanting to see the fireworks. I'm aching for the music of the fiddle. God, could you please send the four horsemen and plagues? Where is God when you need Him? But Hell soon be here, I'm sure.

If I had a weapon made, my own design, I'd make it a bamboo stick with a throwing star on top. When you press a button it shoots forth. It is attached to a cord so it can be pulled back in. As the star sets on top it can be used like a spear could, except it has a razor throwing star on top. And actually two are better. One star can be shot while the other rests upon it, fixed.

I purchased a can of bear mace from eBay a few years ago. I thought if I ever use it I could kill someone. And there's no way I could let that

happen. So I emptied it out in my room and didn't open my door to leave until I did. My Golly, it hit me like a ton of bricks. Water didn't help. And I just didn't know what to do. So I started running in place and quickly sweated it out, while my lungs expanded.

I'm not much of a gun person. But if I made a football team it would be The New Mexican Outlaws. There would be a colt 45 revolver on its helmet. And it would be a contrast to the Dallas Cow Bows, Americas team.

I suppose the worst weapon possible is simply a syringe. I mean, any one poked by a needle piercing his testicles would surely die from agony. I don't even like to think of this. Poke! Someone comes up to you from behind and pushes a needle into your balls. I honestly am uncomfortable just from thinking about it.

Weapons are easily come by. That's why guns should not be outlawed. It makes sense that outlawing them won't stop mass shootings. They would just become mass bombings. If they can't see a gun they could use a knife, or their car, or a bomb, or- or-

Most of life is shallow. I don't blame people for making any sudden and drastic thing in their life. I myself got so unsettled that things were ever the same and nothing was being done about it. So much that I was destroying my life- by throwing fits of rage at those in my life, such as mental health counselors, or room mates, even friends. Then one day I was put in jail for trespassing and one thing lead to another. A few months after leaving jail, charges dropped, I moved to San Francisco. It really is an improvement over living in a small New Mexican town. If I

hadn't had the NAD attitude I did I would have remained complacent, doing nothing to this day.

So I offer it as advice. Don't settle on the mundane. Whether a little or a lot, but as much as necessary, do all you can for a good life, one less dross. That is, if that applies to the one reading. I used to think that things wouldn't be much different if I moved. After all, what's so different city to city. Actually a lot. Pride included. I like to say I am, now, a Franciscan. I've been in Alcatraz, walked past the Golden Gate Bridge. Had wonderful experiences homeless, but now wonderfully settled down in a treatment facility (where I am monitored along with 15 other crazy people. If you are legally psychotic you wind up here.)

I am Schizophrenic. Scientists say I hallucinate things that agent real. That my visions are not real, just hallucinations. My friends scream at there demons, sometimes, being to be left alone. Some of them make demonic sounds like the demon/s in them are trying to make sound from their body. But Scientists believe it is just a chemical imbalance. "Not much is known about Schizophrenia. But what is known is it could be a chemical imbalance."

Two things should qualify for a person's upper class status, and neither are money. The first is being productive and the second is complying with the law. Even if some one rich went to jail they would not suffer so much. They'd have their large bag of commissary weekly and books being sent in that they could trade off. But they have good lawyers to begin with and as long as they have their money legitimately then are not much that break laws. That's because they have a good life. Most of there time is spent in a Jacuzzi, so to speak. They have body guards. They don't have to fight. Unless they take drugs there is not much to

breaking any law. But even then they are hidden well within a large home and can easily snort shit up behind closed doors and gated houses.

But the poor have a wretched life. Their life can be a daily battle. While they can barely afford a good meal each day, if at all, their hands are set on stealing. They desire what the rich have. So they could wind up robbing a bank. Maybe they robbed it because of being fired. Or maybe they found it unfair to do menial, low paying jobs. Sometimes it's just how the poor grow up together.

If they enact great acts of violence it is because the outer world deserved it, and this was God's intention. We are like those in Noah's time, excessively indulgent. And a brief note on that- they have faces most beautiful, as though every turn of it is a priceless picture. They move, so elegantly.

Christ has taught us, as well as the Holy Bible has, that all good things come before the end. It's very smooth sailing but then a storm comes, and that is his own destruction. We have become entrenched in a system of systems sort of thing one carefully calculated to hold back chaos. But no one of anything can be held in for too long. Sooner or later it bursts, and so you have a thing such as chaos breaking out. All those things derailed and repressed in a people will only serve to idolize it and villainize it. Said for so long *you cannot* unstir people. It's the villains that are most greatly idolized. And find it fallen prey a lion made.

Countercultures rise into prominence for these very reasons. People are saying *go right! Go right!* But when they are not looking they turn left and find it most satisfying. It used to be that the villains were Satanists,

in every way. But society and culture followed these formulas until what was once a cause of execution is now common place. Those Devil Worshipers that once were, were no doubt more involved and sunken pleasurably deep into their secretive lifestyle. But Satanism has lost most of its appeal when it became that no one really cares. If a Devil Worshiper is to live a forbidden life he can't, apart from sacrificing humans, I guess.

Chaos build up. Human societies operate in a way that their demons are locked away in a box, like fully active poke-balls. They trap inside everything they don't want, that they find distasteful, or can't accept. They make a Pandora's box.

Not only that but they are ever trying to improve things. Things can only be so good. Sometimes there is a desirable perfection to simplistic methods. Certainly too much perfection is a shade most grey. They seek out Utopia to no ends. And they don't realize that for the better all whole there are things that simply must be permitted, worked through on ones own terms- not by the government on your part, and such as any way that simplifies an over- taxed system. Oh what better use of money than awareness propaganda. They are taxes cigarettes. Do they fund lung cancer research?

And furthermore they need chaos. Chaos the likes of Jesus. Jesus came on a stage of an over done world that has long walked right on pass God because they valued so much the words of Moses. But Jesus presented a chaos to the stagnation he dwelt in. He was himself chaos, made so by the place he was. And that happens often. There is one man here and there, this time and place and another, a one man change. One man- *one*,

changes everything. Be it Gandhi, Martin L King Jr., Buddha, or Jesus. Things by *one* man changes everything.

Those are people who stand out. They are those that don't mix well in the world. They are people that embody a boiling pot flowing over. They live in the world with an atypical perspective. It is unsettling for them. And they want better. They are usually loners. And it takes a loner to see the world differently.

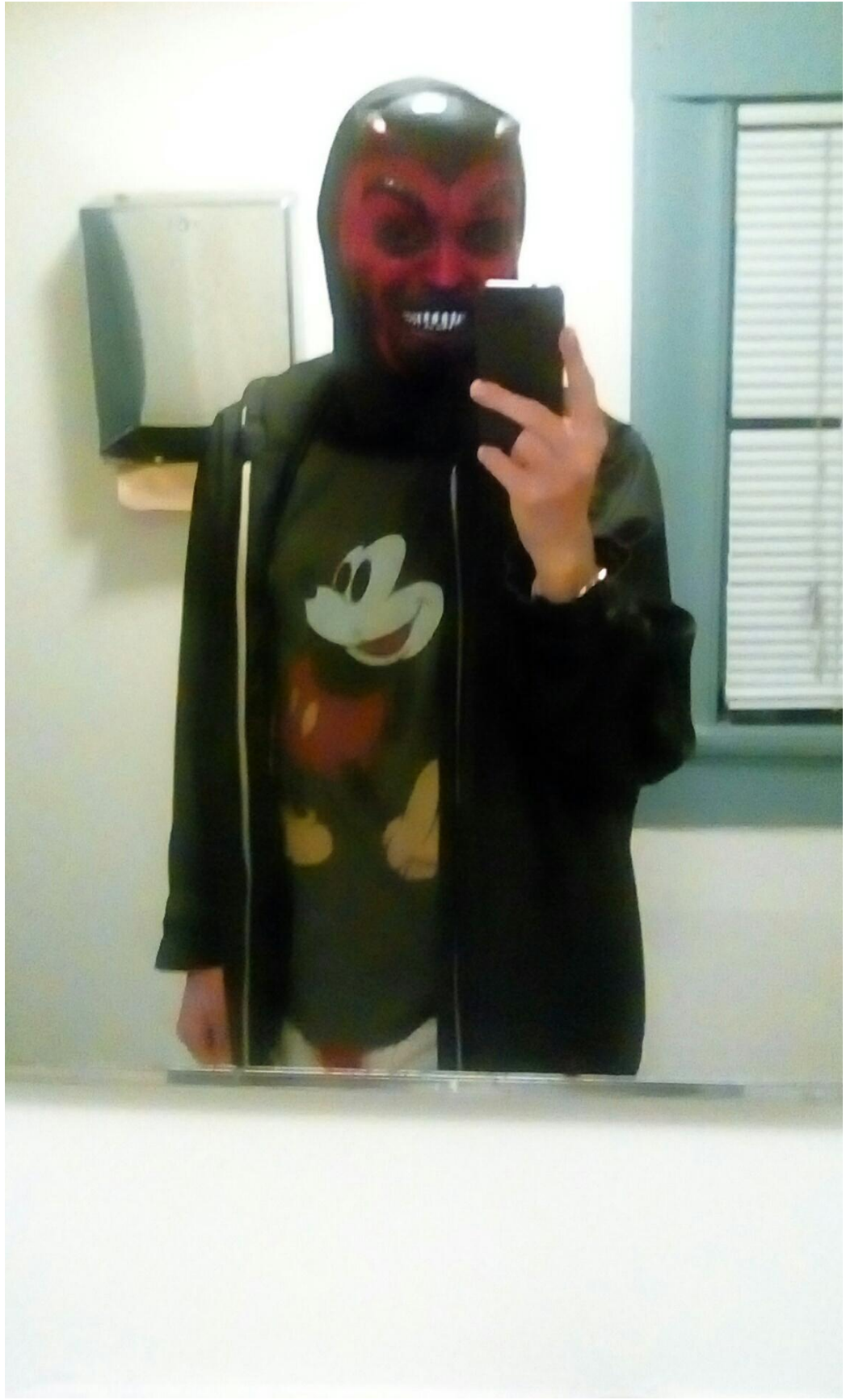
But better than these are those clever who have been changing things all the while. They know what their actions would do but hide their modus operandi. These that take over kings, and taking their places rule. Or those that make riches from poverty and remain rich all their days. People like Solomon and fictional, Lex Luther, those are the truly admirable. The best of all accounts was in the story of Star Wars, someone like Palpatine.

There exists people out there that would aggressively harm the innocent, sometimes in groups. They pursue people they picked as a target and assault them who've done nothing. Sometimes they just think they'll kill a child and sometimes they pre meditate their rape and murder. Sometimes their victims are adults. There is a very real and seriously logical reason to carry a gun. That because such type people exist whom very, very seriously deserve to be shot and killed. And whether or not its self defense is "excessive" it could very well be necessary and should be a person's right of self defense.

They don't know anything but bloodshed and should be slaughtered. And here is such a time in which we live that good people must be ready to do so. People that heartlessly murder the innocent, they that pursue

harming others, even murdering them, should be executed or imprisoned for life.

But on a brighter note- Halloween is coming! I always go as The Devil. A devil with red face, horns, a red cape and pitchfork. I also listen to metal music, particularly Slayer. South of Heaven can't be left out. And it's a time to watch horror movies. Halloween is perfect for Halloween. But what they is that I went the rest of the year I'll return to. Then theirs the candy. And it's a time of embracing evil, if only with fantasy.



School was different for me, different for a few of us. When I was fifteen I was quite lazy in school. And they took it as a learning disability, placing me in special ed. After that my math problems were very simple- simple multiplication in high school. All they really wanted was to fake effort. To just do a little here and a little there to satisfy the system. Often I just watched TV and movies.

And there was a certain room I could go to where all my friends were by showing a card and saying I'm leaving.

Most of my teachers approved of my Satanic lifestyle but none of them let me put Satanic art on the art board. One time I brought a book to school called *Navaho Witchcraft*. It was confiscated by the principle and I was brought into his office. This was in Texico New Mexico. He looked at me angrily and insulted my beliefs. He forced me to pray with him and said if I didn't he'd swat me. And that has been my experience of dealing with Christians.

I've said it many times: Christians are hateful bullies who spend most of the time finding sinful fault in them and others. As with the case of Separation of Church and State a woman's little boy was being harassed into prayer and Christianity, when he should have just been there for education, not church. He was disciplined and ostracized for not participating in the teachers make shift church. If Christians are harmless for any reason it is only because their power has been taken from them.

They are such strange things as "the only truth, the only way, and the only life." If I contend with regular, normally functioning Christianity in any way, its by its fruits.. Weeds, really. It produces people that are thoroughly fucked up. Its better tenants are by passed, somehow easily

ignored. Taking the philosophy of itself it looks just fine. It seems somehow elegant, beautiful, wonderful. But I can only determine its result by how it makes people be. And they are thoroughly messed up people.

I think I am a person that has an ace in the hole. I've got many aces in the hole. If one thing falters then I will diligently fix it. I've got it to have myself prepared if anything goes wrong even if that means exposing the problem that through practice I overcome it. I used to be afraid of Homelessness until I embraced it. I walked out of my house to be homeless, and lasted two weeks. Which was good. Even in a torn up and poor Mexican infested city like Albuquerque New Mexico I did well. Good, too, because my petty SSI couldn't get me a place to live so as needed. After that I had to be homeless but I left Alby and went on a three day bus ride to San Francisco. And I was homeless there for a year- a whole year!

It's all ants and grasshoppers. I met some outstanding people while homeless. One night a man and his girlfriend came to me in a space beside an ally. That guy was dressed up like a pirate. He had the hat, the eye patch, and the suit. We three smoked pot. There was this guy that said he worshipped Lucifer and got pissed when I kicked his 666 thingy out of my way. Satanists of all kinds are common in San Francisco. If any one city is Satanic/ most Satanic it is here.

But for most part it is better to be alone while homeless. If you aren't already they will get you into crack and sucking dick- two things that go hand in hand while homeless. Me, though, I've ever sold my body. I've ever done any drug other than weed. I'm just smart enough not to- and that's best able done keeping alone.

The problems we face today can only be solved with the emergence of Chaos. And that has been so before. And is now so again. Part of the problem is that these people are fucked with, bullied, and harassed to such an extent that they go on a killing rampage. Others can't solve their own problems. There are so many of them. We are fixated and engrossed in non life thinking and behavior. We can't imply be, alone, but there is a heavy blanket over us saying *we will be okay. Don't move. We will be okay.* And every moment is done weak. And we become sore by trying. We are not strong enough for the weight.

But the truth is there for you if you are willing to take it. The good know that life is good and have not succumbed to: *distorted reality, over simplistic life, life in gratifying, and a need for popularity.* As for that last one it merits the most attention. It *seems* anyone can be famous these days: anyone can produce a book, anyone can pot a viral video, anyone can skip the studio. But they somehow can't. They are always taking a popular status in bits and pieces. A little every day someone far away in the world or hopefully to them, nearby, noticed them and they received a minor feeling of popularity. All the while someone ponders how he can be instantly popular, dresses up as a clown and shoots up a theater. We are, after all, are being trained to desire popularity.

There's little here, a little there. Put in some spite, mix it with happiness and wa-lah! You have a social bomb.

There are those that live under harsh dictatorships. They are forced into labor camps. They are executed for trivial things. They cannot live the life they want. Their duties are chosen and live to serve one man. If you say that you are proud to be American, those words hold far less weight if you don't understand why and do not have a grasp about how it would

be otherwise. In being a proud American try to empathize with the gravely less fortunate. When I think of these nations under kingdom rule I envisage powers that be selfishly securing their property (their people, as their property.) They must do everything within their power to keep their people (their property.)

But what about America, or other dignified democratic States? It's the perfect opposite. They safe guard its people. Its government protects their rights, lifestyle, choices and freedom. They empower the voice of the few. They do this with military might. And that should not in any way be underestimated. It is invaluable. They are working for us, hourly, to have enough might to serve its "master" the People.

Where it can the government helps the less fortunate. They do what they can to help the poor.

And if these things were understood better by all of us then we would understand what such a perfect recourse we have. We would not protest for ant-war causes. We always fight in war for the freedom of others, ourselves, or to safe guard our nation. With the horrendous suffering and a striping of human dignity these dictators incur- they should be abolished and disposed of. We just don't seem to understand how bad it is for them.

Christian Satanism is like a religious that hell and Heaven agreed upon. It was written in a fury of demands and compromises. It is, at last, a merger of the two. Sometimes to make amends, sometimes to out do, and sometimes just out of humor. Those were the ways in which it was written. *The Christian Satanic Bible* is such a book. It took side to side and back to side in its creation and is possibly the best book I'll ever haven't written. *The Christian Satanic* bible didn't come from my hand. It was written by "those above " and "those below." I didn't know quite what I was doing when I written it other than certain subjects and topics,

themes and concepts to be included and elaborated on. I was certainly “auto written” with not much thought of my own except in what I was to speak about.

And perhaps I’ll ever have written such a good book. I look back on it and see just how many of those things were so. Without realizing it later it is very much like I just described: a merger religion. A thing calculated by both sides. For example, sun worship has been referred to by some as the worship of Satan. I wrote about it in a Christian Satanic way- that God gave us his sun to enjoy and be loved by. Reading this later and actually understanding it I was very amused. That's funny!

I’ll tell you and hope you agree that we need to have more “gray” fields of ideas. That is to say- things of both hero and villain, right doing and wrong doing. But as it is, a villain does no good, and a hero never does any bad. Gray witchcraft to this day is seldom found and realized- though its potential is great. Gray magic is usually categorized as “effect” or “chaos” magic, one or the other. Effect magic is conditioning something or manipulating it. *Or* doing things that magically effect the weather. Chaos magic, well, it has been described by someone I know as Christian Satanism. He said: like America and Christian Satanism both are a form of Choas magic. And I quite believe he was right.

Satan does not care about equal rights. He is not miscarried into human discourse. These things don’t latter to him. He’s not off about people that are racist and should not be equated with our own trivial concerns. In short, Satan/ Lucifer does not care if you are racist.

Satan/ Lucifer/ The Arch Angels, are not to be regarded like Yaweh- who is hatch and demands the utmost, most sensitive respect. Ya is almighty and must be regarded in ways humble. Satan is not the same.

Satan is not and uptight asshole. He prefers worship that is not over powered, producing of softies. Those that watch their step toward him are regarded as cowards and the best way to worship him is not in being humble, but playful, as a child, celebrating life.

Worshipping Satan is not a deadly serious thing. It involves rather a childish attitude- and not as childish- childish, but rather as a child would with an adult brain.

Other than that there is one thing that is taken into heart- that is, to work for him and do well for him and his own. A realistic and well done purpose that would serve him well. That's just as it is for you- as seriously or light hearted as it is, naturally. Its not to mean slavish work, but certainly dedicated and well done work.

And Satan is generally an amoral being. Not anti- moral, bit just not concerned with the suffering of beings as though it's his own. He does not care, in general, about the concerns we share as human to human. It's most of all his desire to be the best and to evolve those beside him through our emulation of him as a figure of merited perfection. The key word of Satan is: Perfection.

We have only a little perspective about the beastly state in which we all live. Is it difficult to believe that everyone farts? Everyone picks their

nose? When you see a person with a bloody nose who wasn't in a fight, how do you think it happened? Then suddenly they appear with a bloody nose. How do you think they got that? Do they cut their nails? They must have been picking their buggers really hard.

Don't you know it? People are on the toilet daily taking a shit? Sometimes they are in there trying to force it out.

Every night or almost every night people are in their room at night, whether male or female, no difference they are masturbating and touching their self. I was in jail where people had to be around others each night and showers were not solitary. What were they doing? Masturbating. In fact this one guy lasted all night. I'd occasionally turn my head and his blanket was poking up and down.

And take my word for it, I will tell you something about men- they fantasize about raping women. As harsh as it may sound, they do not care if it is. In fact the reasoning to this is very simple. They want to *take* it. They just want to take a woman and fuck her without approval- to just *do* it and to do it freely. And I guarantee you that when it comes down to it they don't care if she's married. But deep down men do care. To think it is one thing but to actually do it is, fortunately, far beyond most men. Besides, I've ears often from women that they fantasize about being raped. It's just two sides of the same coin. Women just want to be suddenly fucked sometimes.

Ghosts/ spirits I at least know do carry on a human way of living. I know this because I've ward them and their talk sounded much the same as our own would be here in the human world. I suppose that ghosts are with us in a human way. I used to do rituals tirelessly for the same basic things: to see spirits/ demons and Satan himself, and to be in a Satanic group. It was a strange thing of mine that early in my life I was so paranoid of

AIDS that I offered to God I'd be a priest if he protected me from it. I had found a needle in the trash of the ally and showed it to my mother who was aghast and firmly warn me I could get AIDS. But I didn't.

And I wondered out into the New Mexican desert to a place called Ned Houk. And a Satanist there told me "they" needed me to be a priest. In so many ways my life was the perfect setting to be the Founder of Christian Satanism, its Priest.

As for Satan I did see him. My most memorable vision he appeared to me as a little dragon no more than two feet tall. And many voices, as they are called in psychiatric jargon, have I heard. Most of them were repeated frequently. But another time I heard rustling by my bed and heard what sounded like gangsters rustling around and making loud noises. Then they said to a separate spirit they thought I was the Devil. She said to them "There is no god, silly." They said, "He's the Devil! He's not afraid of us!" and she said, "Well maybe he is!" And that was the last I heard of them.

Unknown to most there is a place hidden and kept secret from the outside. There are places hidden from us that if we were to fully understand would be aghast. While the normally, regularly functioning world is very simple, one may find at worst drug use, prostitution, or simple assault- there are places in the earth that are far more vile. *Very vile.*

There is a place on earth for every imaginable kind of evil. People are targeted- and murdered, those who simply were considered a threat, or merely disliked. But it gets worse than that.

There are people that are kidnapped and forced into sexual slavery. And to empathize on that- there are parents missing their little sons and daughters who at this moment are contained in someone's basement and being, even, tortured, and continually raped- something that's been going on for them for years. And they are those that have lost all hope. They can no longer smile. Some of them are left with their thoughts and every day is a day of confinement and rape. In short- through rape, torture and imprisonment their soul has been crushed.

It certainly must be the worst imaginable crime (kidnapping.)

In this world there is such evil not seen, nor considered. There are heartless people out there. People that have harmed others either out of pleasure or to gain from it. There is a market out there for organs, and they are sold on the black market. There are people who in certain places are brutally tortured and executed. And there is a person here, there, everyday that were burnt to death. There is even a market for the hands of children. Their parents cut off their little hands and sell them as good luck charms.

When God speaks of His wrath it's important to know why. This is why. This is the source of His wrath. These evil things that go on- these are why God thinks people merit His vengeance. It's nothing to do with the ordinarily functioning world. It pertains to the evil I've spoken of.

March on forth, Christian Satanist, make all the lands your own. For we live in an ignorant land of greed. Everywhere you look there is a store. At every corner a Church. Does God need so many teachers? The teachers whose only job is to say how it's done? He needs far more real workers. People that do all they can to invest the poor and eliminate suffering. Those that fight for the weak, the helpless.

But Christians have always been a people that rather than doing so, much rather tell others what's wrong with them and the world. They

look into how wrong others are and at the same time feel wealthy in being right. By making others wrong they make themselves right.

Most Christians altogether dismiss the Sermon on the Mount which says turn the other cheek and give yet more to the one that takes from you. They don't do it. They don't think following Jesus should be stupid. Like: *He didn't really mean that, or, that's not important.* They focus on things like giving but they look at it backward, not forward- that they should be given to.

Capitalism drives a society better than Christianity. With it things are ever improving while what it produces even in the least things that make life easier and better. Why doesn't the Christian Bible teach others to be scientists to make life better. Maybe its that it wasn't until recently we realized how far we could reach with it? But know, Christian Satanist-science is more valuable than philosophy or religion.

This emerging "Nanny State" is so because people are driven into their causes. They are obsessed with these causes. They make them feel like heroes, prime- movers. When they enact a cause to reduce or eliminate things like the causes of vehicular wrecks or diabetes/ obesity, they have an easy purpose and suit their selves up as your daddy or mommy. Maybe at home they are not much cared about or noticed. So they want to be the Grand Father or Grand Mother of us all. The numero-uno Parent.

Forget about your own good sense of moderation and responsibility. It is really just another form of religion, one mostly like Buddhism or Monks, that they enforce on you their beliefs. I guess we have been doing these things all along but now they are in the form of Daddies and Mommies.

So soda is taxed. Problems are slowly emerging with greater, greater importance. They are all going to save us. They are going to take the reins of the horse and march us forward. They are going to bust through

the doors and rescue us. They are going to put on their very mighty life jacket and swim to get us, thinking we are drowning and crying out for help while in fact we are just having a good time.

They are going to make for us a lesser house and expect us to like it- *It's good enough, isn't it?* They are going to first talk to us about good diet in the news paper. They are going to talk to us about the same good diet again on TV. Then they are going to come to us in the grocery store and tell us what we should buy.

The problem is- do adults need or desire Parents? Do we want them to parent *our* children? Or should they step back and remove their robes and adornments? This is like a new fanatical religion operated by cult-like thinkers. Like a cult a few things are emphasized to the point that if things don't change the world will end. But you are *fine* -Don't get sucked in or envelop yourself with their so- called remedies. Do only one thing well- enjoy life, even if it shortens it a bit.

Which animal are you?

The Wolf is blood thirsty and hunts in packs

The Sheep does as all others, and are generally dumb

The snake is deceptive and good at conning

The Mouse just wants to survive and nibble

The Horse is driven and determined

The Bear is mighty and strong

The Bird stays away from harm and intelligently gets what it needs

The Rabbit is happy and easy going. Unless you are Bugs Bunny, who is a smart ass from hell

The Elephant is firmly planted, well established

The Cat is always moving around and never the same

The Monkey is a thinker and kinda dorky

The Fox is adventurous

The Pig just doesn't care "it's all good!"

But the Goat- the goat goes to higher places and is an image of iniquity.

I've been them all. I used to even walk down the street like a snake walking in an S pattern. The goat I like the best. It is a beast that went away from other animals by going far away and up high. It chose mountains in which to reside.

Popeye must have sailed alone to the new world on a small boat, alone. He must have lost his can opener. After all he could open a can of spinach with his pipe. And how did he lose one of his eyes? Was he looking through a telescope? Or was he a voyeur? Who knows.

Mario from Mario Bros gets coins in a game. Those coins make the game continue. 100 coins and another game. Its like an arcade machine that while playing you are putting in coins. 100 of them.

Mario must live in a hash of other ideas. Ideas that were mashed. He climbs a beanstalk into cloudland to get treasure of the Sky's. What is missing is the bean, cloud, and giant. He also travels a tornado that takes him into another world, like The Wizard of Oz.

One idea is often used, that of blade hands. And three is the number most often used in short stories: Freddy Cougar, Shredder, Vega, and also that guy from Mortal Kombat, Edward Scissor Hands, The Three Little Pigs, The Three Musketeers, The Three Stooges, The Three Blind Mice (And the two musketeers from a Tim And Jerry episode- who were mice.)

The name Lucifer is present in Final Fantasy. Its just a little different. In Final Fantasy 6, at the end of the game, Kefka was clearly an angel, that angel Lucifer. Then in Final Fantasy 7 there was Sephiroth, a one winged angel (by title.) And Sepher was in Final Fantasy 8. See-luCIFER.

What's really neat is that The Ninja Turtle's disguise only gives them away. Instead of hiding their identity it shows who they are (a red, orange, blue, or purple bandana not over their forehead but their eyes.,)

The Raiders football team has a pirate before a shield as their logo. But pirates don't use shields. That is their in reference to the NFL logo itself. And the Bears and Green bay logos are shaped like a football, I noticed. And there is a lot of other such things expressed only to those attentive.

I think that for copy rights there should be an option to rather receive gifts for each item used (movies, shies, books, songs, paintings, etc.) Instead of cash. That for everyrime it is either sold or traded you should receive a set of items as requested. For example if my book was sold or traded apart from me I have a list of things I want from it. And so with any possibility of this becoming so, or if you would just like to know the things I like, here they are:

Clothing- 100% wool socks, durable sandals, white cargo pants, long johns/ thermal underwear, army belts, turtle neck shirts, arm warming bands, fanny packs, army clip belt, shirts with an angel's wings on back, Steelers football cap, an over coat, jackets with many pockets. Mickey Mouse shirts.

Jewelry- a Mickey Mouse Watch, a blue quartz or rose quartz necklace, a ring of white gold and a tentagram blue sapphire on top, with a rose engraving and an L in the center (let me indulge myself!)

Toyish things- game board pieces, green marbles, action figures that look like either demons or angels, little green army men, glow sticks, things that glow in the dark, troll dolls, Mickey Mouse dolls.

Household things- anything that glows in the dark, especially star stickers, glow in the dark spray paint, lighters, cigarettes. Video game consoles old and new, old computers, somewhat old computers. And all sorts of electronic or computer-used devices.

Stationary things- trapper keeper, stencils, graph paper, foreign bank notes, old coins, rubber stamps, colored pens, stickers, stickers, stickers, because it is stickers that I like most of all.

There was once this man I knew in a psych hospital that was charged with arson. Hearing the head psychiatric doctor informing him if he hadn't confessed to it he probably would have gotten away with it. She said it could have been anything, even a minor earthquake.

So I seen this guy producing lies that they burned down their own house for insurance. Or maybe it was the crack production in it- they were making crack in there. Most of all he emphasized they were somehow trying to take advantage of him. I thought to myself that this guy is screwed and he had no way out of it.

But then he started going around after that saying he didn't use a lighter or any such thing to cause the fire. He said he had great powers and was bragging about them. He said he used his magical telepathy to cause the fire. This was ingenious I thought. And I do not know if it worked or not- but it was damn smart.

I would always be yelling out "Hail Satan!" in the food cafeteria- as a bold expression of faith. I would pray to God, God let Satan taste this good food I taste. Then one day a man set next to me. Our seats assigned and him being there awhile eating next to me. His name was Saturn! But here's the thing: it was pronounced *Sayturn*. And I walked by this guys

room often, as I paced in that place, with nothing else. The light beside his room shot out.

There was another prayer I had that I meet with Lucifer. Which didn't happen, exactly. But a guy came into the ward who was a self professed Luciferianism, bearing Luciferianism books. I had taken the name Lucifer years before. But at this time a new show came out simply called "Lucifer." And now? Luciferianism is the new Satanism. There are very many Devil Worshipers that came from it.

Visualizing to the point of trance and from trance to sleep is an effective form of magic.

Using things old. Enjoying things old, by learning, watching, or listening to them is a form of magic if you are the only one that does.

Pleasure ng a dirty, by ceremony, altar use, prayer, or any other such means, works magic. Much of magic is simply gratifying a dirty.

A childish attitude works *natural* magic.

So does "personality snatching." This is when you play the part of one from any numerously available characters- personalities. This too is natural magic.

For me magic is a thing of two kind: Objective and Natural.

Making certain sounds has a magical effect. These are usually groupings of one to two syllable sounds which for you mean something- such as is present in many Disney Movies.

Giving the earth treasures as though it is your altar has a beneficial effect: as placing a ring in places hidden upon the earth, or burying these.

Wishing upon a star can, if it is done with faith and longing- as much as the same with the moon.

Prayer works magic. Tell God you want to be heard by demonic forces- which he approves more than a same request to an angelic one.

But best I think of these is visualization. And the following night you sleep it is worked out into “Nether” to do what it will.

Watch out for any type of person that would make words like hell or damn unacceptable cuss words.

Watch out for any type of woman that would scream rape because she is pissed off- at the world.

Over sensitive people would scold you for not speaking lightly and delicately. But man should be strong, not weak. We have come upon a time and it is getting worse, that these things are so. People are so irritated by everything. They think that they are right for what they bring to the plate- such distasteful food! I say fuck you chicken. You are my meat. But they tell me I’m not supposed to talk to chickens that way.

Anytime hot water is placed upon ice it melts. But with much ice and the water not too hot, it is balanced. Anytime a warm jacket is put on in the cold it balances out the heat.

Ya has said *Let them*. Nature is a vicious thing. Naturally vicious things just are. But a human being knows good and evil. He either does good, evil, or somewhere in between. If he has convinced himself that evil would suit him and to viciously harm others, then let him do so without question, without remorse, and without guilt. Because when he degrees his evil wrong he will be consumed in God's wrath, because his soul has cried out for retribution against what he has done.

The wolf who kills your sheep must be slaughtered. It is simply that way. A scripture in Isaiah states that the wolves will eat with the sheep. That people will live to be a thousand before they are old. That all the curses will be undone. That knowledge will greatly increase. That many

will go back and forth on the earth, as we do in vehicles. Very well these things are coming to be. They that are Christian will go to Heaven. The evil will have their own place. I assume it's a place of anarchy.

Doing good, it will be seen of you. But harming others with little to no cause must be stopped. It will eventually catch up to you. And the price for it is heavy. Just always remember that those who do no harm have the greatest right to live and live happy, unobstructed. But they that do harm others, it will catch up to them.

The capacity to make something bad good is perhaps the most helpful thing you can know. It is very helpful. This is when you think about a thing considered negative but considering instead how it could be good. It's also known as thinking on the bright side and something I most strongly teach to the Christian Satanist. If you can't afford a couch maybe the living room is a better place for your room. You could live and sleep in the same room. And maybe it's closer to the kitchen.

If you have no sugar for tea you could take it as an opportunity to learn liking it plain. You'd save money. It'll be easier to make and more healthy. But what if you need more ice trays. You could freeze your ice in a bucket instead. And instead of buying more ice trays you could buy an ice pick.

If you can't afford the best home in the best neighborhood you still could in a lesser area, though it's not by the bay- do you swim anyway? And perhaps where you could afford to live the cost of living is lower and the room more spacious.

But I like this example better: since I haven't had the ability to self publish my books through Lulu I put more emphasis on public domain books uploaded as eBooks many more times than I normally would have. Lulu was not functioning on my cell phone. So I tried to publish them in my regular way but couldn't. I determined that the success of

my books are better when applied free as numerous placed eBooks uploaded online. I am on SSI, currently. I haven't much money. So I am saving money. And if I sold too many books I would have risked losing my SSI income. So the turnout was good undead.

They who are productive are certainly meritorious of privilege. I think that if you are on SSI and are not something like "Disabled level three or above," then you should have to choose any number of easy jobs for the gov. That is as long as there is writing, speaking for myself. But certainly if you are only disabled level one or two then you should be suited into some kind of helpful work or output. There have been people who received SSI due to obesity or diabetes. I don't know who draws the line but it should be that if you can work at all, with any good enough reasoning, then you should. As for me I am Schizophrenic, badly. I even came to know what type of crazy it is for me and my life without something like Clozorel. (Lunatic, crazy, nuts, insane,) and me: *deranged*. Deranged defines my mental state while off anti psychotic Schizophrenic medication. The thing is itself that I thought people in my life were telling me what kind of mental illness I should call myself. Like a secret message. Like Schizophrenic gave. And these weren't real people: but voices/ spirits.

I don't now if it really matters if those on SSI should be given an errand, a job or task. Especially not one assigned to them. Then again, maybe so. I'd say so- it would help society overall. And it seems fair. By level 3 or higher I mean those such as those that very much merit free help such as autistic individuals. But most on SSI could do *something*. I have an aunt that's on SSI and SSDI for bad knees. That's actually very understandable. I don't think I could do much with bad knees. The job she preferred and grew up doing simply couldn't be done any more (the job of a waitress.) Must she go out of her way to find a new job where she could? Or has the world kind of been bad in its way for her.

I have no issues with Asians, however. But I don't interfere- think what you want, just don't harm my friends.

You'd have to go far and wide to find someone that could help the poor state of the world and even save it. People are being bullied and harassed to the point that they do a mass shooting. They were assailed at every turn and settled on destroying a world that by nature they were only trying to live well but my practice that couldn't be done. Its so often asked what their motives were. Their motive is that they keep being fucked with. What else are they expected to do? So in a party comes one that shoots up those just trying to have a good time but not really doing anything more ever than dancing around in life and not much else more.

But those that think about the current poor state if the world will realize there are far more important matters in the world than these week causes people put on. No one really thinks about the real issues.

A person could drown in his ego. Often people are in today's world. They dive in too deep and can drown! Their look of their self is shallow. I picture a woman who thinks every moment of movement of her face is a beautiful picture. And then there comes the songs that say they are beautiful no matter what. That's just adding a lot more to things ready there. Believe me, these people do not think they are in any way ugly.

Talent comes cheap. Super man devises such as notation software make writing fully orchestrated music done with ease. These used to take years of university level learning. And now snap snap, there's y orchestra. Or else they simply play a few chords on the guitar. Do you

know how easy it is to sound good on the guitar? You just need to know four, maybe five chords and play them well. Don't bother thinking you've got to double up the study when you don't need to. Most things may seem difficult to learn, but they aint.

But where are those that apply perfect study and execution of what they do? I say, it doesn't after anymore. That's gone with the wind. Just take the easy way out and be good, easily, instead of easily the hardest working. I say write on trash to be a writer- scribble this, draw that, notate some music, spouse some religion, and put it in a plastic bottle. Someday I'll e seen. And if done enough and well enough, well, just done enough- people will even seek them out!

The time of our hard work is just about done. When it is that AI and robotics are advanced enough to serve us they can do so in any way. And so with it ends the strife of daily normal living. Couple that with seeds that spontaneously grow and as such we need and the future is well indeed. Just let us hope and pray for the best thing- a fountain of youth.

A fountain of youth science could create. Considering how far we've one, what all could be expected to occur in the next hundred years? Could you even imagine? So many things happen in just fifteen. But that's fifteen and fifteen two, fifteen again and fifteen to sixty. For another fifteen to 75, from 75 another 15, to 90, and yet a little more. I cannot possibly imagine. We would certainly be like gods up high, dwelling in Valhalla.

The day is coming when our suffering will be obsolite. That anything difficult is done with ease by the things that create by creation. A person would not have suffering. A person could spend his days doing what he wants to, bit is not so relocated toward any one thing.

A person would triumph- humanity will be capable of unimaginable things. Where would any worry or strife go? This indeed sounds like heaven and a place I'd like to be. And I know we can get there, with just a little luck, I could have decades to go before science develops to the point of creating a fountain of youth formula. And you perhaps younger have just the same good things ahead of you.

The times coming round for Halloween and I suppose I could call this book and next my Halloween books because Halloween is very much on my mind. My birthday is 8 days after that, which is even better. I think I'll buy a google pixel phone. They only take fifteen minutes to charge and that buys me more than anything. I spend most of my day hooked up to many wires since I am so much on my phone.

Life is very good for me these days to say the least. I am trying to accomplish the Devil's work and this is the perfect setting to do so.

Creativity could be applied to technological things. There are sigils you could apply to electronic circuits, if not magic. If someone like Solomon had before him this kind of different magic: science, he would have been a brilliant scientist (referring to his occult work involving sigils.)

Apart from that a person could make an effective circuit board their selves. It doesn't acquire more brilliance than thought. A goes to be and sometimes go back to a, or one leads to c in a certain way.

Creativity with technology could be combining two to four pre existing things. *And doing that well*, such as fiber optic tape.

Or it could be as simple as an update to older ideas, as newer ideas have advanced and presents its possible improvement.

A person only needs to know the fundamentals. He doesn't have to delve very far into pre conceived notions. He just needs to know how to accomplish what he needs to. But as for the rest can learn it as he goes along, if he gets somewhere he needs to know more.

Lasers and magnifying glass, dials and pulleys, lights and shades, switches and resistors, are the ways it should be conceptualized.

It can be a very long time coming that you create that one dynamite idea, but it will come to any one that strives to get there.

People are less willing than ever to pour deep thought and time into such things. There are no more Edison's, there are instead teams of scientists. But those are things that could be done by one, if he is so smart.

In any case the reward is monumental- would bring fame and riches. Could you imagine if it was one person who created the CD? Well the important thing would have been break bringing it to the right people, but do much as demonstrating how it worked would be all that mattered. People would be clawing at your door to buy it from you.

When I think about what else I could do I am only discontent. LaVey's brand of Satanism very well taught me to do one thing good. I guess most of all I *am* a writer. When I think about what a book can do and very especially a religion, I'm really not left with another choice. I could paint. What's that? People gaze at it. But does it really do any good? It doesn't create a response that could change the world and make it much better.

I could write music- and had, for some time. But I guess that's all the same. Who remembers and enjoys music from eras long past? Most people are stuck on what's new and popular. Anyways, it arouses emotions and thoughts well but that is very insubstantial toward what I wish done and to happen.

Then there is books which even small, speak volumes and expresses a person fully. And its not like drawings and music can't be added to them. In fact some of the best art come from them: particularly *Paradise Lost*.

I do recommend that Christian Satanists be religionists/ creates of religion, for the greatest of Christian Satanic potential. A religion that has it's adherents create new religions are on top of things indeed.

Start out from scratch and like one draws as a pencil make it up as you go along (naturally, something like auto writing) and as needed, erase and re draw, so to speak. In other words create a first draft and don't worry at all with its initial perfection. The more you add the more that you can improve and the more of which you cover the more available things that can be elaborated on. You'll do well, I believe it.

Ludger
Jeremy
White
Lee

Well today I am going to a pumpkin field to snatch up some pumpkins to carve on Halloween. I have my Satan's mask. Yesterday we all made some masks but I already had mine. I have to cook some food tomorrow for everyone and it looks like I am making meat loaf. So today that and am getting some coffee to drink with the others. I really made a good place for myself here, in San Francisco. I would certainly say I am many times more successful and established than Anton LaVey who lived near my mansion like home. He went bankrupt more than once and never had in his life the things that I had.













CLANCY'S PUMPKIN PATCH 2017

WELCOME
TO OUR
PATCH





The times are coming to an end, culminating into a drastic world wide change. People are bustling to procure good things. They pass their time in entertainment if they aren't working. And that is at least good in the way that TV and similar entertainment baby sits people and keeps them out of trouble. Except that often the TV thing admires the wrong doing.

We have come altogether liberal and captivated with sexual and sociological freedoms. Surely sexuality has propelled some tech devices ahead, such as computers and internet. The internet documents and preserves the knowledge of human kind. And most of it is porn. But we've also have made countless videos that act to plushy illustrate human kind.

And someday the internet will be an all new world of itself, as we go from picture to video to 3D picture to 3D video. It will be so interactive and come to be quite realistically 2nd Reality. You can wager that men, as perverted as they all are, will make fake sex more realistic.

This could happen many ways. There could be made a "touch glove," that let's you touch and grab things afar. There could be true x ray vision. There could be cameras that can see through brick walls. There could be 3D images that are very realm looking, and perhaps in a solid state.

It would be interesting to see how many of these either pass or become prohibited. But prohibiting them or their use probably wouldn't be effective. They are just too easily available and could always have an excuse that they are used differently, legally.

And the point I really make is of how a man can be so very productive-but not at all if he is consumed by sex. So much time is spent sexually, time that can be better used. They'll altogether be caught up, sexually, and I see this as a problem.

I am a very good cook. I can make pizza from scratch as good as the best. And whatever else that can be cooked, I can. Food is one of the

best pleasures of man, and a BBQ done at least once a week with things like ribs and corn on the cob makes life better. If you eat slowly and enjoy it, you won't gain a lot of weight from it. Fat people eat too much, too quickly, one thing after another. Of course people don't get fat on a vegetable tasteless diet. No one eats bowls sky high of these things.

I sometimes incorporate taste magic into eating. Each color and flavor indicates something. And an idea is visualized per each, which remains the same. The theory of this is that the mind is given an idea when it senses certain tastes. I don't now what that would do- but done enough, my mind is naturally guided and transformed by what I eat, and thoughts brought up within, even when I'm not practicing *taste magic*.

A few of the things of food I've thought of are peanut butter cereal peanut butter sandwiches. Some cereals taste good along with peanut butter sandwiches. And a little bit of melted marshmallow to go with it.

Then there's the kings cake- which is a cake on top of a cake and another cake. It has on top of that chocolate candy. Then you melt some candy bars and pour on top.

I'm telling ya, if it tastes good, eat it, but just if it sounds good, too. Lobster is thought to be one of the very best foods. But it's something I cannot eat. When I was homeless in San Francisco at the Fisherman's grotto an old man gave me a lobster. I couldn't eat the damn thing. It looked like an undersea cockroach. And it is. They are bottom feeders. Here they are collecting these things from the sea in large numbers, and even cooking them the easiest way it could be done. And selling them for a killing. Mmm. Cockroach- yummy yummy. Put some melted butter on my COCKROACHES.

It seems apparent to me that not only men have gained the things they have to spur a sexual partner but that women do the same thing. I have always attracted women who were wealthy. And I've always been

attracted to them, too. They have always been eager to share their things with me. They'd buy me.

When I was nineteen I lived with a prostitute. Not for long. She kicked me out because I wouldn't "be" with her. So I've also before and after been the least attracted to women only wanting to fuck. It wouldn't last long. I just wasn't interested in sex that much, not continually with nothing else there.

That actually could be different with me, anymore. As you get older you become less interested in love. I certainly have. I used to pour over "bitch music." I had a bleeding heart. I needed that love of loves for all times. This "bitch music" made me that way, and it wasn't anything good.

My prostitute friend gave me a book about adult relationships. One thing in all it said really stood out. And that was that a woman who tries to get with a man much younger, will give him little things to compensate for their age. And I've noticed that often from older women.

In my life I've been naïve about women who liked me, even wanting to fuck me. I was even invited into their homes thinking it meant nothing, when obviously it did. There are women that were obviously trying to cheat on their husbands or girlfriends. It's been said that men cheat because they are assholes. Women because men are assholes. But no, I've known many women that are just like all other people- no ones principles are so high that they don't think in terms of lots to fuck.

Its actually very surprising. They say things like they don't like their husband anyway, or that their husband can't please them. They invite me into their homes, even though they are married, or they insist that if I be with them, they'll divorce him.

I like to dress in a high class Satanic way. Instead of a Gothic Satanic way. So with a Slayer shirt I wear a tuxedo. You'd e surprised how cheap tuxedos are on the second hand market, even very good ones.

And I like black cargo pants. They seem as a member in the Satanic Elite. But better are white cargo pants and a shirt with angel wings in back- it's altogether angelic.

I've got to have 100% "emerald green" wool socks. There is something to that- like treading on sheep. Besides, they are warm and water repellent- those and that they last long.

Those go well with durable outside sandals (not to be confused with slip ons or floppy flops.) They can only be so durable. In fact I climbed a large hill some miles away and when I came down they fell apart. I had to walk back on sticker patches *thanks to God*. The sandals have some sort of Jesuit quality.

Gotta have many pockets, and so a great reason to wear cargo pants. But it was my brother Joshua who convinced me. My sister wears Khaki pants. Joshua carpenter pants. I had to do one better.

And over coat coat is priceless when homeless. Good ones are so very good in the winter, like walking around in a blanket. Plus pockets are always useful. As is why I use a fanny pack, one of those belt- purses. I never need a back pack.

An army clip belt is the best. They are the most durable, not using holes or some kind of cheap leather.

If a nation determined the best clothing for their military, the best of these are best altogether.

And I also like arm warmers. Other than my face it seems my arms get the coldest. I have less arm hair than about anyone.

And I love a mickey mouse shirt. While I was homeless it was actually one of the things I desired the most. In fact the thing I did want most was a Mickey Mouse watch, which I now do (have both.)

It means very much to me to stay warm. I developed an intense sensitivity to the cold while I was in the hole, isolated, in jail for a

month. I went naked in their in a place of New Mexico, which got cold as fuck. There was a freezing vent overhead, and believe me, I was in a freezer- or at the closest possible thresh hold of one.

So I was also freezing in the streets. I'd see other homeless people trying to keep warm by stuffing news papers into their clothing. Or grating news papers like blankets. You kind of tightly curl up into a ball and try, try, try to sleep. A few times I slept in a au way, when I could. There's actually a peacefully special feeling in so doing. I can't quite put it to words.

So whatever helps- like thermal underwear/ long johns.

As for things of jewelry I have an idea prepared for what would be a perfect ring, if ever I could afford it. It would have white gold, a size 9, men's, a blue sapphire on top shaped like a tentagram, a rose engraved on it with an L in the center- an expensive as fuck ring.

However, though diamonds are cherished and rare, crystals like blue and rose quartz are magically potent.

If I ever got a tattoo it would be an udjat/ eye of Horus. Though I couldn't put it where I wanted of: on my palm.

My diet is at best meats and sweets. I'd rather starve than eat things I don't like. That for the Africans who eat dirt and still live in bare bone tribes.

I am making brussle sprouts, baked potatoes and meat loaf. After I finish this and that I am going to watch some video game console modding. Yesterday I watched a little of that. This guy took an Atari and made for it an A/V output. They normally use an RF switch, which hooks up directly to the cabal line and use channels 3 or 4 on the TV.

I remember my video gaming youth. It speaks volumes about what a kid is thinking when at school doing mental tests, trying to find what was off

with me. I was just thinking of the computer in the room. I eagerly wanted to play a game on it.

I'd rent games once a week. *Grimlins 2* was very fun, and I rented it often. I really wanted to rent *Mega Man 3*. But for awhile I couldn't rent any. I don't remember why.

I was also much into Marvel comics. I would ride my bicycle about a mile to make it to this great little store called Captain Comics. The comics were a quarter each. Relatively after inflation that is still very cheap, about 50 cents I guess.

There was a *Fantastic Four* cartoon on VHS in the same store as was *Mega Man 3*. I wanted it. So I hid it under the movie cases until I could rent it, which never happened.

Marvel Comic movies were very few back then. If any character had a movie there weren't many, and few characters did. But the millennials, the time beginning in early 2000, began producing them in large numbers.

I grew up watching martial arts movies from the likes of Jean-Claude Van Dam, now known as Jean-Claude Johnson. Of these *Blood Sport* was my favorite. I was being picked on in 3rd grade and after my parents talked about it my dad told me he wanted me to fight for myself. And that I did. And it was liberating.

The kids would chant my name while I fought. It was no longer done for self defense, though I wasn't really a bully.

My best friend was Seth. We'd draw images of gruesome murder. I remember drawing an 8 letter looking snowman that had a small pissing with the word pssss! It reminds me of a joke I came up with recently. Where did Jesus take a shit? And the *ermph!* Olive branch! And the *ermph!* Olive trees. Are you writing thissss stuff down, deciplesss?

I grew up going to Church and it totally fucked with my time. I never fell asleep so easily. I'd spend the time drawing Ninja Turtles. But then I watched a movie called *The 7th Sign*. Movies are so much less cheesy in youth, like *Omen 4* and *Warlock*. With this movie I learned about the fantastic mystery of Revelations (The story of it from the Holy Bible.) And my dad told me that everything in this movie was true (whether or not altogether how it would happen, but it is known better in the last book of the bible.)

And I became obsessed with Revelations after that, for at least a year. I was drawing image after image of the Dragon and eventually started to believe I was Jesus (Christian thinking has a way of causing that.) And not until I fully believed I was Jesus than I lost interest in the whole matter, somehow. Before that I'd actually stay up late with a flashlight under my covers reading my mini book of the New Testament.

I got my games from my step brother's mom, for whom they were intended. My parents questioned whether or not I should have a gaming system which was a popular matter of the time. But I played his games and he didn't like them much. The one I played most at that age was his *Ninja Gaiden 2: The Dark Sword of Chaos*. It was a pattern based game. The enemies ever did things based on a pattern, with little reaction.

So my dad gave me a one sided cassette tape of Queen's song *One*, and I'd play that song again and again, day and day, until I beat it.

We also had *Mega Man 4*. I never could get very far on it. Actually I could and did but the game was a long one. My friend had a password to it, and I had to beg him for it. Another kid called Patrick didn't want me to have it. He said let him get their himself.

One night I was at K Mart, that awesome store that is no more, and seen *Ninja Gaiden Shadow* for the Game Boy. And that I had. We were visiting my grandma that night and I asked for that game and I really enjoyed it. But this kid she had living with her that was a little older

conned me out of it and gave me a tape of Skid Rows *Youth Gone Wild*, for the game.

My first cassette tape was Genesis' *We Can't Dance*. My step brother got one by Paula Abdul. I really enjoyed my cassette tape. I also had a pocket radio at about that time. My favorite song was *We Didn't Start the Fire* by Billy Joel. I cannot grasp tightly how so very thoroughly and deeply enjoying these things were as a child. Now it is just a radio. Now it is just a song. But back then it was instant Nirvana.

MTV was exiting. I could sit down and watch it all day. And they only played but 20 or so videos at any time. And that continued unto me until I became 20 or so. It's not that I don't like new music these days. It's more like I can't. I've grown, and gone with it are childhood involvement.

All my life I wanted to be an author, specifically an author of Satanic material. I used to have notebooks and nothing more. My mom complained that I could have used a rain forest of paper. Later I had a type writer. But one mistake fucked up the whole book. I can't believe I lived in a time where that's all their really was for authors. I don't now what to do with my manuscripts. Mail them? Mail them where? There was no internet to find out where they could be sent.

Then I got a computer. Then I could write large books and save my files. But I didn't now what to do with them. This was the early days of the internet.

Finally one day I learned my friends were making ebooks into print form and I went to that like a magnet. Finally my computer produced books could be seen.

And my books actually did well. By that time things occurred that I found Christian Satanism to be idea for me. And I began typing out its

first draft *The Christian Satanic Declaration*. But I didn't always have a word processor, or computer of my own. I had the atrocious habit of pawning everything I had.

So I went back and forth to the public library, doing what little I could, or else would type things out on the computer at a program I attended. Because of it my writing was done as perfectly as it could be. Because I pouted over all night what I'd have typed in. I had much of my time spent in presenting my ideas the best that they could be.

And in about six years time of these sort of ways writing my book, my Christian Satanic Bible was complete. And sharing with the staff about how I was using their computer to write my book they gladly put the printed version on their shelf. Coincidentally, that lady got shot to death by a young man there, recently- she was a wonderful and kind woman, and very helpful.

I once had two roommates that were on disability money and later spent their check instead of paying their meager rent. It was such little money they had to pay, but very helpful for me. So with not paying their rent I put their things out on the driveway.

The police were called. They informed me I couldn't do that or evict them.

Then I turned the power off. They called the police again and this time the officer threatened to throw me in jail if I had tried this again. They said they could not be evicted without a court order. And since I didn't have a lease on them that could take 30 days or something.

So I had one last thing I could do and did it. I took up my things and simply left, moving into my ex girlfriends home. And it wasn't pretty living. I'd only come back to get my cat Whacky (a cat half black and white.. Whackey.) Who was later killed by my ex girlfriends new

boyfriend, even though they insisted they'd take care of it for me and found me despicable for not letting them or wanting them to.

At first I slept in my friend's (Willy, her new boyfriend) little shack. I got a tick in that bed and pissed outside. I had nothing to do during the day. I wound up spending most of my time in their little blue house on ninth street. And later came across some rather metaphysical events while their. It seems my mind opened up and picking through ideas was a big plate. I was further in control of my thoughts as though they were many things to pick through.. Instead of organized and bundled, as before, as is typical for anyone.

I used to love metal music more than anything. I had a few cassettes but could not afford very many as a kid. When my family and I went to a larger town on vacation there was always a heavy metal segment at night time. And I went into the bathroom to listen to it all night, being in a hotel.

Metal was popular music then, second only to pop. I had some Slayer cassettes. Slayer was my favorite band then, and is still my most favorite metal band. My brother Joshua who is seven years younger than me, liked Metallica. He never knew anything of metal beyond that.

And I gave him a CD with Slayer on it and he said something I thought was totally strange. He said that Slayer sounds like a hair metal band. Kind of pisses me off, really.

I remember Slayer saying that their music must give them the chills to be right.

I also listened to Danzig, often. But I was kind of disappointed with his new style presented initially in Danzig 5 (His fifth musical release.) I really didn't like Slayer beyond Devine intervention. Morbid Angel was my third favorite band, them or Megadeth, or perhaps Metallica. For sure those are my favorite 5 metal bands.

Morbid Angel aged pretty well. They changed style too, as it seems like all the other bands do. But I still like their style- though some don't.

I was Satanic due to music, always watching Satanic entertainment (such as witch craft based movies) and the whole lot- from early teenage years until I was about sixteen, when I began getting into vampire- based things (In music Type O Negative, in movies Interview with the Vampire, those two most of all. So essentially I went from Satanic based things to vampiric. Kind of wish I hadn't. I even made an altar for Lilith, with a rubber bat on the altar, when I was 17.

That period in my life wasn't long lasting but had full involvement in these things vampiric. But by the time I turned just 18 my life had taken a sharp turn. I was 18 when I was going back and forth to MEPS (Military Entry Processing Station) to become a Marine. While there I thought someone was following me around wanting to kill me. I was convinced he was even thinking he followed me to my hotel to do so.

When I qualified to enter into Marine Core training I took an airplane ride to San Diego and sat next to a Marine and we talked a little. I got off the plane, went into a small building and then onto a bus. Right before I entered onto the bus a Marine man (officer or something) broke the rubber band on my folder and told me he didn't want the trash.

So I got on the bus. Everyone was cool, calm, and collected- maybe a little nervous, but there was no real reason to be, it seemed anyway. Up until this point there wasn't NY being yelled at. And that didn't at all seem bad, drill instructors just yelling. But it was about to hit us like a ton of bricks.

The bus stopped. A drill instructor began loudly yelling "Get the Hell of my bus! Get the Hell off my bus now! Stand here! Line up!" And before we knew or could possibly understood what hit us we were standing on yellow painted feet's on the concrete where we were to stand.

And that's the essence of it. You do as told when told without thinking of it. We quickly got in dressed and fitted into military clothes. We got a Marine tote bag, camouflage, a military flash light and hygienic items.

The first night we must have spent most of it quickly writing on paper after paper signing our name name after name- again, without thinking about it. I have no idea what I wrote or signed but to this day, fuck it I'll sign it without reading it. But my time on the route was quickly ended when a doctor analyzed me and determined I was schizophrenic, and someone unable to conform, being "too focused on individuality," which was due to Satanism. I mean, wow, that's real compliment to say I was too focused on individuality!

But getting out was nothing of an easy matter. I had to join the RSP- *Recruit Separation Platoon*. And being there I was treated just like any other recruit for the time being. We would go to different areas of the base to work, transporting things by hand, washing large volumes of clothes, things like that. A lot of it was sitting around, though.

But if we irked the higher ranking, which I mean the non recruits, the real Marines, we would be put on Fire Watch. There was no fire. There was a large somewhat cold building, a very large one housing us all that resembled a warehouse. But fire watch is to be awoken in the middle of the night to do work, like polish the metal or pick up bits of paper by hand.

And morning was something like this: "Get up get the hell up get the hell up out of bed right now!" Which we did and were dressed and prepared to eat in no time. After we did a good march we waited in line for an hour or so.

To their credit I've of to say the food, the food is so good! It wasn't because I was hungry, either, it was good to begin with, even one thing being ice cream. But you have to sit with your left hand on lap and not

look at food, except in a quick glance trying not to get caught. Spoon up to mouth without looking below.

But my Schizophrenic attributes didn't yet much manifest. I left boot camp and went to live with my father. He was living in the cheapest apartment complex in town. In Albuquerque, in an area there called "the war zone," the North East side of town. When I got there I was to find a job and filled out numerous applications. Burger King accepted me. And I was doing well and it was even fun. But I missed a scheduled day. I forgot for a whole day I was working. I remembered the next day *I'm working at Burger King! I hope I wasn't scheduled yesterday!* And when I got there, I was fired.

Me and my father watched two Star Trek series in his apartment. We used to watch TNG when I was a teenager living with him in Tucson. In Albuquerque we mostly watched Voyager. We watched it every day on TV. The internet was still in its infantile stages. I often got fifty cents to get an incredibly cold Mountain Dew soda from the soda machine by the office.

It wasn't a great place to be due to the crime. I got smacked in the face there just for looking at someone. He hit me for looking at him. He knocked my glasses off. And I contemplated throwing a lit cigarette in his topless car. I don't even know if that was his car. But I didn't, I held back. He knew many criminal people his friends, I don't t all doubt.

One day a dog was barking at me and I told it to shut up. These four people didn't like it. They said "it was low of me." And I went right to them. I had their head poncho in a head lock but the three others got at me and I fell to the ground on my ear. Which needed stitches, though I didn't get them. With the advice of my father I didn't press charges.

But I pretty much harrassed them after that. They then threatened to shoot me. My friend was beside me when they did. A much older man. We went to his room where he got a shit gun and told me to call the police.

The 911 operator wanted details from me. My friend said hurry up. But the 911 operator was asking question after question and my friend grabbed the phone and said, "just get here." And hung it up. So then we went to those people's room with a shotgun. Since it was kept facing down he was allowed to. The police came, searched these four, had them belly down on the grass and found in their room a gun- looking BB gun. Certainly nothing that could do much of anything to someone, but possibly intimidating.

The thing that occurred that was indicative of paranoid schizophrenia is that one night I heard people outside my room. I was sure they were talking about killing me. I thought any moment they'd UST in and kill me. I woke up my father and told him this and he said, irritated, "you better not be on crack!" but I wasn't. And that's something I've never done to this day.

I had a few friends there in that complex. And a few that I was around but briefly. There was a bit younger girl and boy I played a video game with, a fighting one. I was in there for awhile that night until I was pushed out so that this old man, who was probably fucking that little girl, was taking her to the Waffle House to get breakfast.

I lived with a prostitute a short while. This was just before I was fired from BK. She may have thought I'd have money coming in.

Then there was this girl I was in one of the rooms with. The complex was situated much like a hotel. She kayed down presenting herself. Later two of her friends and her gave a paid threesome.

Most of my friends there were much older. One night three younger people and I were in a man's home. They were begging for money but didn't get it. So they took a bucket of water at three AM and splashed his window with it. Maybe it was piss. I don't see any point otherwise, or for that, really. I quickly separated myself from them.

I dressed in a suit. An old man said I wasn't any less poor than them. Realizing it was pretentious I quit wearing them.

I didn't drink much. Fortunately when young it wasn't easily gotten. By the time I turned 21 the habit never really became, leading me to naturally desire it.

I was thirteen the first time I got drunk. As it is for such things it has to be experienced to be known. And I was at a party with my father when I took out Jack Daniels punch drinks, a little here and there hiding them. Before I knew it I was drunk. This guy said you want to know how to fix it? Drink some more. I think he meant, puke. 13 was also my first year for pot. And again, I had no idea its effects. I thought nothing happened after smoking it. Then I burst out laughing and became more involved with TV.

I had quite a hell of a good childhood and teenage years. But Schizophrenia came about and really began presenting itself. But first I had a good year or so without it, without its "breakout." Me and my father went from that place to my uncles home. While there with my uncle, dad, and grandma, I thought the strangest schizophrenic thing.

Schizophrenics, I'll tell you, have very strange and paranoid thoughts. Thoughts that have no bearing on reality. I thought that while I was sleeping they were crunching my balls so that I couldn't born kids. I thought it sure but wanted evidence otherwise. So I put my sperm in my eyes to see my seed close up. Actually I couldn't we anything. And whenever I saw the word "crunch!" I thought it was a secret message to me indicating what I thought what was being done to me. From the box of cereal or my new book I thought something was being said but wasn't. That was my first true sign of something happening in me altogether Schizophrenic.

After that my father had been trying to get a house and did. He found a very large home, two stories with a lot so large that any home buyer here in San Francisco would envy. That was after the followingly discussed home. A woman was living there with her kid but not paying rent. She was trying to convince him to let her stay just a little longer. My dad asked, "What do think?" and I told her I wanted her to go. So we moved into this medium sized home and I moved into the shed- house next to it.

When I sat on a cushion inside that shed home something scratched my ass. I looked and seen it was a needle. A sewing needle. And as much a Schizophrenic perception as it was, I thought that woman was trying to infect me with AIDS. I didn't stop thinking about this obsessively for the next few days.

I really loved my little shed house. I had a small TV with a built in VCR (a video cassette tape.) And there was a channel I enjoyed a lot called The Music Box. People would phone in what they wanted to watch (music videos.) All sorts of music videos would play and specifically the kinds I wanted.

It was very cold, though. I had to stay under multiple layers of blankets and have my stove burning. The heater did t pass the test. I had a pet hamster from the previous place and brought it over. I tried to set it up that it could freely Rome about my room yet not escape. The walls were adobe. But they see what you don't and it went through a hole under the heater. Before that my dad was quite amused watching it roll around in its plastic ventilated ball.

I spent more time on my dad's used computer. He got it from his dad for a hundred dollars. It is ancient by today's standards. I was on it, often, typing mostly, and also trying to get this three dollar game to work. When I did I enjoyed it for awhile but it was just not the right kind of game for me (Betrayal at Krondor.) But as for typing out books I did, at least awhile. I chose Book Antiqua as my favorite font.

My day wasn't any good without Mountain Dew soda. I'd even walk a good two miles to reach the nearest store and buy it, usually a two liter that didn't last long. That and a pack of cigarettes. Once I stole some of my dad's gold coins to get them. He was furious.

In his second larger home..

My "cousin" lived with us briefly. That was the daughter of my uncle's sister's sister but to my dad everyone was related. She had a boyfriend that was an asshole. My dad didn't want him around. So he said to jeep him out. And I did, forcefully. He said he was getting his gin and just about did but decided to leave, instead. He died in a vehicular wreck a short time later.

My dad always had people living with him. With that and along with other things I grew up very socially developed. My cousin Mike was there awhile and his girlfriend. He was oft afraid of infidelity. One time I walked in on her pissing. And later she burst the door open while I was and said "Now we're even!"

I told my dad I wanted to go live with my aunt Penny, who invited me to. I was quite convinced it would be better. But my dad didn't want that to happen so he put me in a hotel *Sandy's*. One of the cheaper ones. Best of all they had a 24 hour porn channel. I still had my VCR TV. I recorded it.

I also started watching Dragon Ball Z at that time, there. I caught it on the best part, whereas Goku was for the first time becoming super Sayain (Sayan?) I worked awhile and quit. I spent my money on a PlayStation and game Final Fantasy 8. I was again living with my dad. I left the hotel. I played my Final Fantasy game day and night. And I slept in the car from paranoia. One night I heard a loud crashing sound and the next morning I looked to see he threw my PlayStation and game outside. I called him, told him I was leaving, and pawned the system in game, barely having enough for a bus ride out.

Somehow things are very devastating to me that don't appear to have done any bad. Like when my grandfather Ralph died and we attended his funeral. Everyone was crying and I didn't understand how tears could come so easy. But then I was alone in my step father's house (whom I regard as my better dad) and when they returned I went mad yelling "you left me alone! " I was crying badly. I thought it was because my family left me one after the funeral. But it was because of the death of my grandfather. I demanded to be taken to the mental hospital. I said if I wasn't I would certainly kill myself. And on the way there, which took a ten or so minute drive, I bursted out in tears even worse. And didn't know why until later. My dad told me later that people just handle things differently, then I understood my response.

The first time I went to the mental hospital I was commuted and there for two weeks- two very terrible weeks. Most important of what I have to say in regards to all else written, I was thoroughly deranged by the time I was committed- and being put on ant psychotics is a strange process of improving. Like the clouds slowly lift. Before that you are thinking things profoundly bizzare, then after on them a day or so, you can actually sleep because the faulty thinking and voices begin to leave. A few days after that you begin to consider that these thoughts you had could have been false, (delusions) and before you know it you are again thinking normally with all the malice of Schizophrenia removed.

They are not drugs that sedate you or make you high. These drugs are incredible. They remove delusional thinking. That someone thinking they are Jesus (or so surely the Anti Christ) who take an anti psychotic Schizophrenic medication, no longer does. It's like wham, you were all right. I don't have super powers and the people on TV haven't been holding personal conversations with me. I no longer think the CIA is after me. I guess I deserved SSI disability money all along. People weren't investigating of my presumed mistake in receiving it, you know? This medicine isn't poison after all. There are no satellites above

watching me. I can't change the weather with my eyeballs. The voices are gone. I tell ya, it's a pretty fucked up condition being Schizophrenic.

I am someone that must be on med monitoring, nonetheless. It's because that I prefer to be awake. I dislike sleeping. I'm always wanting to be awake. And if I stop medicine just ONE night the effects are horrible. I get stuck on one idea in my mind that I can't stop thinking of, whatever it is. One time I thought of holding a little fruit bat and had to eat it. Isn't that strange? I thought of this image all night. Even while I "slept."

But if I control my own medicine I do take it, bit only in 32 hour periods until I am like a person half crazy and half regular.

Legally I have to be medicated or else I am put into a mental hospital until I've been put back on it and have recovered. It wasn't it by the skin if my teeth that I can live in society at all. I was just about to face permanent commitment. But a good person convinced the courts I could do well enough in a treatment facility (a such place as a group home with councilors, staff, med monitoring, structured living and curfew.) If the public makes you psychotic then you wind up here. I am in a home with 15 others, mostly those coming from jail like myself.

It is a good place to be, however. These kinds of places are only there for those most needy. I am conserved- the government is my legal guardian. I was homeless for a year in San Francisco eating from the garbage, shitting on the side walk, and altogether deranged. From there I spent two years at a state hospital and jail. And a year or so from now I will again be considered just a regular civilian. I'm a strong person with a history rich.

Christian Satanic churches are a place built around productivity. Where these things said are a self fulfilling prophesy, sooner or later this will occur.

Tithing's are places on those that create things they aren't likely paid for aside- especially books. If the Major Priest deems an author qualified to write books of Christian Satanism then he is so hired, and given a little money, or as much can be afforded, but mostly gives her or him the materials he needs to write- such as a word processor and memory card, paper for notes, pens, etc.,

And a member of the church is to save and preserve multiple copies, upload the eBook file online (in as many places possible, but at least ten) and possibly promotes the book, inasmuch funds permit- but is not a necessity.

Churches are a place about being infirmed online, at least in part. It is an agenda prepared for online activity after Church. Things are more often learned online, any more, and the online world is becoming very much our full 2nd reality.

I say be ingenuitive with the music, hell, even have playing video game music or some heavy metal.

I say there should be some good food.

There is also the Christian Satanic tool for absorbing information better and has a hypnotic effect. I wrote about that device previously.

And even if the Church doesn't do much it can at least serve as a place of an erected advertisement. Whatever the case if a person has spent by far the most money and did so very much work in putting it forth, to her/him should be every right thereof.

Christian Satanism is indeed a way of not being. It has been called the perfect hypocrisy. Jesus did he say that Satan can not throw out Satan, would his kingdom stand. I say something else of Satan, that it is here. But by the power of Christ go I.

Christian Satanists consider Lucifer to be so well his perfect self-adorned greatly. Would God have done such to ornament and consecrate his perfect creation if he wasn't, even, unimaginably so? So Lucifer was an entity that took the reins of the horse and treaded great stars. He was put below. And it was damn well destined for him to take his position and rule.

After all if Lucifer served God well it was weeding out the faithless. God then knew who truly desired him. And a weed, what is it, but a plant some like, others do not.

Lucifer's kingdom- He is greater than Satan. He is a fallen angel with arch angels abounding. Get it- *He is an angel. He is the light bearer.* He is above Satan but yet on his side to share the Satanic Kingdom. That kingdom can be called anything, Luciferian.

Satan began as a being that he was but never has been so much against God, really. But having met up with Lucifer came the agenda. It is Satan's earth.

Or Lucifer is the Son of Satan, The Anti Christ whose image is worshipped, and one fallen away from Christianity.

In that case the description of Lucifer was a prophesy.

When I was a fresh man in High School everyone knew I was a Devil Worshiper. And one day a guy from n school said his aunt wanted to meet me. He said she was a witch. I was actually afraid of it. Knowing my own self to be homicidally Satanic I thought she might be the same. I was fifteen. I didn't know what this grown woman would want from a fifteen year old kid.

So I walked there, past the tracks through the winter snow thinking maybe I shouldn't.

It turned out to be a little trailer I frequently visited. We usually played on the ouji board. She thought I thought it was real.

And fifteen was the year I got the Satanic Bible. After reading through it awhile I wanted to perform my first Satanic ritual. And I did, at that woman's house. She looked over what the ritual would entail. It said masturbation was required. She pointed at that part and asked if I'd ave a problem with it and I said *no*.

I performed the Satanic ritual while a tape of King Diamonds *The Eye* was playing.

(There used to be this music store that sold heavy metal items, music, black light posters, Slayer and Danzig necklaces and other bad ass things. That is where I bought some King Diamond and Merciful Fate music. As well as a Slayer and Type O Negative black light poster. I spent all of my birthday and Christmas money there. And looking at this insert from King Diamond I noticed he mentioned Anton LaVey. I thought *that's he only time I ever saw that!*)

This witch noticed I didn't masturbate at the end. A little later I went under the covers with her and looked at her breasts, which were exposed underneath. She started jacking me off but nothing came out. I had my first orgasm a little later, still fifteen, a feeling that blew me away, and kind of scared me, too.

A few Demonic Characters

Leviathan- represents deep thought. Where he settles by the ocean, so is too deep, intelligent thought.

Mammon- represents the guarded gate. He guards the way to sin that sin is taken responsibly.

Neti- represents the coming into a better reality. The initial newly born Satanist having died for Ya.

Shiva- represents indulgence so much that it is beastly, even maddening, the “indulgent mad dancer.”

Lilith- represents the dark, the somber, the sexual and the forbidden.

Agnes- represents childishness, playfulness and fun, or more simply, celebration and victory.

Beezlebub- represents decay, a tearing down, a building back up.

Pan- represents a celebration, joy, exhilaration, a marriage between you and the world.

Azrael- represents a union, a stronghold, might, and power.

Satan- represents that which is “beautifully iniquitous.”

Lucifer- represents perfection.

The Holy Spirit is time. Satan is nature. The indevine spirit is a loss within the details of things. Jesus is water. And God is science- or at his better use (as in using what he created.)

The Primary Facets of Christian Satanism

- 1) To *know* your tastes and well and specifically. To know well what you like and want.
- 2) To remember. To uncover as greatly as you can your memories. This is best done using a dictionary and remembering things based on words within it.
- 3) To taste and taste well. To enjoy desirable stimulation of the senses.

- 4) The practice of visualizing. To envision things as you are most stimulated toward observing.
- 5) Bright side thinking. To “see the silver lining,” to consider how something bad can be good. To know bright fully.
- 6) Proudful thought.
- 7) Self inclusivity/ individuality. Being your own person. Being made up of your own. Refuting popular culture and ideas. Thinking for your self.
- 8) Finality- doing your most possible best. Being the end- all. Doing things as much as possible that could never be out done.
- 9) Practicing perfection. Sure you can't be perfect but the harder you try to be in the things you do the better you are at being perfect, or it could be said *the more* you are perfect in practicing perfection.
- 10) Knowing and understanding The Principle List.

The Principle List

Person One- Bird, Hand, Staff, Red

Person Two- Bear, Bee, Cane, Brown

Person Three- Green, Rabbit, Seed, Stage

Person Four- White, Goat, Thief, Ring

Person Five- Joker, Sword, Swine, Gold

Person Six- Red, Whip, Cat, Fairy

Person Seven- Yellow, Rodent, Duke, Wind

Person Eight- Bomb/Blast/Wand, Black, Beast, Fox..

Person Nine- Yellow, Toad, Dust, Horse

Person Ten- Black, Assassin, Tiger, Creature.

Person Eleven- Blue, Stone, Spirit, Elephant

Person Twelve- Dragon, Purple, Mask, Dog/ Wolf.

The Conclusion

Day after day I poured the best material I could into this, my eight book. I intend to offer it free and keep it in public domain. The best things I could write at the time are here. I also put forth a little of my biography as I intend to do in the future as well, wanting my biography written but not a book of its own. It's well suiting to know the background of one following his religion. Though I encourage Christian Satanists to put together a rendition of their own- or be religionists otherwise. None remember old novels so well. Nor old painters- but as it is with religions and bibles, there is nothing in the human race so influential.

There is now a good foundation for Christian Satanism. But I have yet to be done. I enjoy what I do. And I seek fame and notoriety much more than cash. I want the world to be a better place. It would be unimaginably better if these things went its way, forth in the world and carefully followed.

Of course people will tell you someone can't be a Christian Satanist. Why not so? Nevertheless it is I believe the best title. It's fun, unacceptable, even outrageous to some, especially if you propose it very seriously.

I say if you set forth a determination to be Christian Satanic that your life overall will be much greater, widely improved, piece by piece chunk to chunk. And this book contains the least of what I've written.

I can be found online under my name (Lucifer Jeremy White) and I invite you in. Thank you for reading, as always, and please tell your friends.

Also by Lucifer Jeremy White:

The Christian Satanic Bible

Sexism- The Bible for my Sex Cult

The Satanic Book

Satanic Living

A Map for a Christian Satanist
Christian Satanic Doctrine &
Christian Satanism