

Christian Satanism

By

Lucifer Jeremy White

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From Lucifer J White

PUBLIC DOMAIN

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Also by Lucifer White:

The Christian Satanic Bible, A Map for a Christian Satanist, Christian Satanic Doctrine, Sexism- The Bible for my Sex Cult, Satanic Living, and The Satanic Book.

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

Introduction

This will be a brief introduction. I don't like long introductions and a long one isn't necessary. What is Christian Satanism? Well in many ways its not to be taken seriously. Its something someone will be asked a lot of questions about. In a way its like taking on an anti-title title. But it is a serious religion. And a good one. It offers its followers more choice. In practicing Christian Satanism someone doesn't have to do so in duality. They can be one or the other because this only makes you better at both together.

Its just two sides to the same coin. Why couldn't you use both? Its like two of your friends are arguing. Would you cut off one of them based on this? Its also irritating for some- for many! Because most people choose a lifestyle so that they can have a side, more at *have* a side than be on a side. And here is this Christian Satanists, those that say during war "we are on both of your sides."

Really if you want to know more simply read what is here. There is also The Christian Satanic Bible, A Map for a Christian Satanism, and Christian Satanic Doctrine. Counting this book there are currently four books about Christian Satanism.

Since this book is the way it is, and what it is, you don't have to read it from beginning to end, unless you want to. It can be read piece by piece occasionally, until digested.

THANK YOU.

In our emergence there was Chaos brewing throughout Nazia. People were freshly godless, hatefully rejecting Ya. There is crime all around and petty matters are being resolved with the sword. S/he who outlasts will certainly be worthy to live. And those who love life, should they have to struggle? There was a day that being the bad thing was only the non Christian, in so many of its ways. But if Christians are no more, who would pick up its pieces and carry it forth. Who holds its remnants? Who could bring it back? Ya is very angry right now, so very, very angry. Do not sympathize with the dead today. It is Ya's slaughter. The playground is empty, the children lost. We each go our own way and our own way is lost. Many will die and some will gravely suffer before the Grand Return.

But all is not lost. We can pick up the pieces. We can carry them forth. We can embark on this knowing that what is not is not always lost. From Ya it came and Ya can return it. We are the living vessels in which to carry, keep, and preserve His established ways.

The love of life is of the best. Many would scour at their life and wallow in self-pitiful sorrow. Some are nihilistic. Others don't do anything with their life. But if a Christian Satanist is a good thing then s/ he must actively refuse sorrow and nihilism and pursue greatness, day by day, year by year, in all of their temporary time.

Christian Satanism is so great because it is a thing of many pieces. Its adherents find them slowly, one by one and slowly its picture unravels. It is of pieces far and wide, without count. A Christian Satanist learns Christian Satanism as it fits her or him. It allows for contradiction. It doesn't have to be only one thing or the other. There *is* dualism to it but there is also a presence of both sides, sometimes for one, then the other, like a pendulum, a metronome, this, for its center, this, to know both thoroughly but to rest in the center. For the Satanist it is at one side stuck, The Left Side, as for a Christian, it is stuck at the right. But for a Christian Satanist- its left, center, right, center. A Christian Satanist (Yasatic- the word from Yaweh and Satan) does not have to squeeze his way into the middle. If you do so much you don't fit. If it doesn't fit you it is not you. Besides, one accentuates, compliments and enhances the other. In fact you can wear a black top and a black bottom. One exists *somewhere* whether or not it is readily observed or perceived.

Have yourself open to the best choice from either one or the two. You as Yasatic have so very many tools. And in so doing bad, you can cause good. In so creating bad you can cause it to act against its own. The prime matter is, what is the best possible choice or action to take? A light simple choice could yet be the most potent. A quick vague answer settles many matters. The silver rule of Satan is, "do unto others how you've been treated by them," the golden rule of Ya is, "do unto others how you wish to be treated. But our *Crystal Rule* is: "Do unto others the best action done to them."

Ya may punish but He does so to make better. Those that want, exorbitantly will receive it, if for it they strive. But not before one is very well cursed by Ya. The reward is there, as a merit to overcome the

block there from it, placed by Ya. So one that exorbitantly requests from God great things will receive it, but stand to trial, and must earn it. This is a curse- you will become something great and remain that way but is not pure blessing.

Don't give good things our present yourself in a friendly involved way until you get to know a person and have established a friendship. We have been stuck on Christianity for so long. Its ways must be jumped over. That the human race and etherals advance and progress we must break down that old wall. It has stood for millennia. The fact is, Ya would have us proceed as of these current times. Because what of the wall that has for so long blocked us? Beyond it are things prepared for us that we were yet to receive-proceed. So with the thundering hammer of Thor let us move forward. Christ himself presented the way to be, from his time until now. All the Hebraic world thought their way was forever. But Christ himself was there to present an all new way and is before us, waiting for our own ability to embrace the next step- the new world. So let us come together and establish this "level two" way. We must one each and all contemplate and understand not only what is best for us, but others as well. Otherwise we'd have no sympathy, nor empathy. We must come to great understand how things are and could be better. Despite any personal difficulty let us preserve peace and wellness for each and all. We are all in the same boat and many are they so engulfed in their selves not enough understanding the everyday pressures and some of grave suffering apart from us. We have grown and have been asked to leave the house. There are those that will stay and be thrown out. And there are those that will leave and not have been ready to do good work. So they will thief and kill for their things but the outsiders, those prepared by Ya, will succumb to His wrath. Then there are those that learned well of what Ya wants and will serve Him. They will thrive and will have earned The Seat of Life. The

greatest reward is being prepared for them- one of astonishing things. One in which none will suffer, and all will have many great things, a place without toil, a paradise everlasting “reserved for them by the powers that are creating it.”

In the times near us as with any time like it safety is paramount. People must be discrete, subtle, and careful that they not offend the common mad man. Keep your head low, ignore insults slurred at you. Make your battles few, restrain yourself from fighting they that can kill. Be isolated. Your Christian traits will truly Save you- your Satanic ones, too, as in Christian Satanism one is wise as a serpent, peaceful as a dove, but resolved in both. The times are very well indeed are accumulating into common madness. Mass shootings are common and can be sourced from anywhere. The lines are blurred. People are simply f****d with too much. A person can not be good! Modern morality scews a person, and many are bullied besides, many feel the pressure of a nation that doesn't teach them values that matter. They don't have Ya and that has been proven quite detrimental. People are left with pursuing strength and having no real direction otherwise. With but a momentary lapse of reasoning someone easily considers giving up on a meaningless life. Finding not Ya or any real meaning in life, obviously that: not having a good life, will make many a man gun you down. And with things having the tendency to multiply and not add- actually the new math I present is one makes another but another makes two. Two makes two more but those two make four- call it “delayed multiplication” The world is wrought with violence and suffering. There were two massive earth quakes recently (in the same place) and an eclipse, a volcanic eruption, to go alongside these things, and it really appears that Jesus is returning soon! Ya has a way of disappearing! My goodness! He was away for hundreds of years, nowhere to be found

but “within.” He has a way of doing this, for hundred of years then comes to us in an unimaginably unpredictable way.

But one could be aghast with the world, and pursue Satanism. He does not know where to turn. He is strictly disciplined by a Christian father, even a priest, and has likely turned to forbidden magic. And so it has been with me. Being strictly disciplined by a Christian parent I resorted to something forbidden by his beliefs, the beliefs I had so long shared. I was baptized when I was seven. When I was eight I went to a church camp and climbed up a mountain called pikes peak with my father. He said the name of that mountain was Devil's mountain. And with my Nintendo I played Ninja Gaiden 2. While I played it I muted the volume to play a single song cassette tape my father gave me called “One” by Queen. The music played omens of an anti Christ. It was at that age in elementary school that my two friends were talking, including my best friend, Seth. They discussed magic and rather elaborately. Patrick said that magic was a real power. That his aunt cursed the school cafeteria lady, and said her arm was broken. After he said this he said he couldn't use black magic, it would damn him. But Seth, a person that listened to Satanic metal music of the day said he would use black magic, whether or not it'd damn him. Interestingly I much later lived in a group home, then, a young adult. And one of its tenants who was schizophrenic was outside my door saying “you better not harm that cafeteria lady again!

So with such an interesting concept of magic before me I went to the library where I found many books on witchcraft. I poured over them and tried to perform a spell, and another, to many, never able to cause something to happen. So I gradually began to approach black magic as a possible real source of magic, one perhaps must get his powers from

Satan, I surmised. And by the age thirteen I first considered a milestone for me, something I never thought I'd do, and that is sell my soul to Satan. I had become entirely involved with the "Satanic Panic."

I was murderously Satanic. I became engrossed of the thought to sacrifice my parents to the Devil. I watched Satanic horror movies, such as Warlock, The Gate, Omen, and Ghoulies. The music I listened to was Satanic metal, such as Slayer, Morbid Angel, and Danzig. But in those days it was no easy matter to get The Satanic Bible, which was the book I wanted the most. Then, when I was fifteen, I was talking to a Satanist friend of mine who said he seen that book at B Dalton's bookstore. And soon after I went there to buy it. I placed it in my pocket and went home.

I was disappointed. There was little to no things I considered Satanic. The words were too big. The invocations seemed moronic, and the book was simply boring. But as well as any cult does, I was less into it, and captured by it. I later came to live a pedantic life of a "Satanic Atheist," following carefully after a LaVeyian mentality.

Then when I was 18 I had completed the process of getting into the Marine Core boot camp. But I arrived with a Satanic Bible. And I was asked to leave after my book was taken and I asked for it back. More like it was asked if I wanted to leave, or something like that, going to a psychiatrist and not knowing why, and she said I should leave. So I felt I should, and being asked to. So all these things were perfect for the setting to create Christian Satanism, and its first presentation into the

world as a new and workable religion, as done with my book *The Christian Satanic Bible*.

Behold the one who treads the stars on a great horse- Ya. That *this* world and *this world's system*, as well as everything in it, and the laws of physics, to think that it was not created is absurd. Ya thinks and does faster than any computer can. Yet the computer is only doing one thing at a time. So Ya can hear us all. And He can do a myriad of things simply quicker. Why are not His evil traits taken into account as qualities, if we are to revere Him in full? He conquers and does it like no other.

Lucifer, His perfect creation, reaches high. Is the embodiment of perfection. Lucifer itself is a perfect name. No other name in the holy bible means so many different things. All the other names are identifiable to one person. But the name of Lucifer can mean anything. Even in the book of revelations was Jesus called Lucifer, as that passage in revelation referred to Lucifer from the passage it is found in Revelations being him. It is a name represented as the latest bright burning night time "star" which even itself means something different- that is not a star but a planet. Or it could mean Nebuchadnezzar. Or it refers to a line of rulers! But there's more! It could be Satan, or a different being altogether, its own singular person- a fallen angel as described, but maybe Satan, maybe not. That's why I changed my first name from Adam to Lucifer. It's just the perfect name to have.

Those that keep peace in their life will have peace. As for me I've been an in herdsmen signal fugitive for so long. I have done the work I needed done. So comes the reward, which for me is bitter sweet. I

don't want to wind up cursed by my work- cursed that it never ends. Have you seen L Ron Hubbard in his later years? How shaggy and filthy and work torn he was in his later life? He had been caught by something wrong. He couldn't quit. It was like he was dying inside to be successful, but never enjoyed its fruits, only its evolution, its continuity. Very well is the road of anyone trapped into doing wrong- whether or not they deliberately do wrong, they are enslaved into doing its work and will follow after it all of their days. These are people with the mentality that they must overcome those so very well considered greater than them. Hence, they are paranoid people. And the paranoid are running from their demons, ways. They're only paranoid when they think they're doing wrong or imagine enemies to who they are at what they do.

Everyday I wake up happy for a new day. As the day goes on I am glad it is still so. The night time is the best time for me, but time begins creeping up on me until its time can be no more, I have to discontinue what I'm doing I have to then sleep. So with a wish very unique, if I could wish for anything, it would be that not only do I never die, that I never have to sleep either. After all, sleep is like death. Were it not for my knowing I had a soul, I'd rather die without a life saving surgery than to be put under. That is truly like death. While under you don't think, there's no brain activity. But much as we have a soul, we can come back down. This saying applies that "what goes up must come down." Sometimes I embrace thoughts, a state of mind, that if accepted into my mind I'd become insane, but I'd hope that I regardless I'd come back down automatically.

Wouldn't the world be better if it was filled with town sized areas of any place a person would like to live in? For example for some a town of anarchy, and others a town of ultimate freedom, complete anarchy. I don't imagine that could ever be so. But it will likely be so in a different way, as with the future emergence of holodecks.

People then could live in a place uniquely suited to preference. Who knows, maybe in the future if things continue to develop there will be androids, AI, and robotics doing all of our work and we will be left with the work we choose to do, on our own time. An artificial environment could make a very small area a place without boundaries. Isn't that strange?

If I live long enough to see it happen I'd design a place I'd call Candy Land. I'm already prepared. Right now I regularly put forth certain things online knowing that in the future it will be more interactive. And so in an eBook I am recording things. My Candy Land Environment would be a place of stickers, toys, and sweets. Similar to bubble gum things such as the band Aqua, or Toy Box, similar to this Scandinavian Lazy Town type of thing, like board game pieces everywhere. A childish place most couldn't tolerate. Lots of dancing, and maybe even a thirty foot high swing. I'd be very happy there.

Anything is very possible. Its slowly unraveling that the laws of physics, being no different than anything else in the universe, can change. The laws of physics can change, and this will become observable, eventually. It is very well so that due to this, anything can be, and its variation is far beyond the limited understanding of scientist. How

things can be- no one could really know. We only see things at their most simplistic. There is so much that we don't know. Your time here may not be so limited. You will very well return, sooner or later. The Yasatic die and wake up in a new bed. Their memories are kept intact, and so their body. Through us Ya established with Satan reincarnation- or more accurately named, "Awakagen." I will always come for you. That's the way it is. And that's the way it should be.

Section two

Purposefully having many different personalities as though wherever someone is at any time they are on stage is something I do and call "personality snatching." Most only lightly imitate their favorite character, at least adults. As a child I imitated characters often. But growing up for some time, I stopped. One of my favorite things to do is lay down as though on a cross mostly motionless and say to myself, "I'm the King of the Jews!" Once I was doing this in San Francisco and a cop told me to get up and go, right after I said "I'm the King of the Jews!" I used to hug the ground and say, "I love my little blue rock, I hug my little blue rock, I pray it be well for me wherever I be on my little blue rock, And that the sun stay where it is!

I once woke up while homeless and rising from a bench once a spirit said to me "I hope he likes it!" And looking at my foot there was a meal. Spirits would talk to me often while I was homeless. They'd say: "Lucifer has spoken," "He's a wise guy," "The Devil's his master," "The Devil's coming to get him," He's the Anti," and, "Is this the guy that never breaks the law?" These things I've heard often, but other wise it was commentary and less jibberish.

A man I past by me and said “You’ve been pretending to be Jesus lately, haven’t you Adam?”

And once in town a Muslim man said to me, “You're a devil!” Once while during this homeless period a black man told me “The Devil is a formidable foe.” I was walking up and down the street saying Satanic jokes. And across the street a Catholic priest told me, “You do not belong in that house of gawd.” I was always acting like a child during this period of my life. I walked like an adult child. And I wasn’t a child, but an adult child. A child with an adult brain not trying to be any younger, but just being. I told myself at one point while homeless, ‘I’m going to unleash my natural personality.’ And that I did, altogether. A year or so before that- in this state's middle period, while I was in Albuquerque, New Mexico, I’d eat food a certain, Satanic way. I’d tear off the meat from the bone and say, “Fuck you chicken! You dead now!” And when eating chicken I’d think of myself strangulating the bird and chopping off it's head. If I was eating a cow I’d imagine it being shocked to death. I would eat, loudly, mouth open, viciously.

Before this at the beginning of this period in my life I was incarcerated in “The Hole,” In a small rubber room, for *a month!* 30 days I was there, locked up, day and night, alone, and usually freezing, never with a blanket, sometimes naked. I would take the “gumby” suit and although it is stitched so very carefully, I rip it up one thread at a time with my teeth, and so, would have to go naked. I threw the food out often. But I had began thinking in incredible ways- truly incredible ways. I somehow formulated my Principle list in there. I had thought it into a perfect balance. When I chose my own color it was because of the food I had in my cell. White- would be my color, and white is the color of best food.

If you don't understand what I mean, the Principle List I'll write in this book a little later. It is the best writing/ idea I ever had.

During my time in the hole I briefly had a pencil and pen. The pen was blue and spent before long. I had developed a Christmas gift system as so follows:

A Christian Satanic Chrisatanus

With gifts there are four *cards* and four things within them according to hearts, diamonds, spades, and clubs. Inside a card could be another card, as a gift card, a lottery scratcher, stickers, or anything fitting within. Hearts represent something of fondness- could be a picture. Clovers, luck, as with a lottery scratcher. Diamonds money, so, cash or an old coin. Those are the four cards. Spades are an item that is a different kind- not a card as the rest are, for example, but could be a pack of cards.

Next there are four pouches. The same four apply: hearts, clubs, spades, diamonds. In the patch are things, for diamonds inside the pouch could be jewelry, in hearts maybe more like a ring, a friendship bracelet, anything that shows love, even candy. And spades being a different kind of pouch from the others, could be a purse, a fanny pack, a back pack, or a sleeping bag.

Next there are four bottles. Hearts could be a bottle of vitamins- still a bottle. Diamonds could be a fine wine. Anything a bottle- and spades could be anything a bottle differently.

Next there are four boxes. Spade in this one is the mystery box. It contains the best gift you could give, or a few. You can use as many boxes as you wish. A diamond box could have anything expensive within a box: a new gaming system, jewelry, a new electronic, cell phone. And DVDs are included in this. So clubs could be a movie about love, or a box of candy. Clubs could be a board game, which is based on luck.

You can also add humor to it. Like one who's too tall can get a Goliath and David DVD, one person could get a go to jail monopoly card, another a police whistle, and another a monopoly game. And don't or get to put monopoly money in someone's cards. While, then, there are joke gifts there is also good ones. Someone could get a plunger, another some exlax, someone a whoopy vision, and another some gas pills. It's very easy.

And instead of simply putting it all in a box put it in something presenting it better, such as a sleeping bag or a large treasure chest. These outlines should be just that: an outline that doesn't moose rules. But these represent very good, usable ideas for you Christian Satanic holiday, Chrisatanus- held every December the 24th.

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The Christian Satanic Culture should be given as much right as any. I don't involve myself in others. I not only find this conventional but find myself wearing my own suit. Not another's. I should never have to don't the robe of another persons culture and ideology separate from my Christian Satanism. It is conventional. I don't have to involve myself in their wins and routes. If I'm asked to go down their ugly path I'll say no, even if it is just briefly. They'd at when in Rome. But why can't y

own thing be here in Rome? Why should I have to stick my foot out for them? I have my own path to pursue even when it is not being pursued at any given moment. When I come to the mood and desire to go down that route of my culture, Yasaticism, then I will. So see, I can also rest. I don't always have to be doing my own thing. But I want it to be what is done when I do, doing my own thing, not picking up the pieces to another's puzzle. And admittedly I am usually doing nothing but enjoying myself. That too is Christian Satanism. I'll make Christian Satanism about whatever I want. It is *my* Christian Satanism it is *their* Christian Satanism. We are not *it's* - It's ours, one and the other, but together this is so. We are a collective of people that choose to invest in our own culture, not another's. They have so many troubles. The populous has so many, many troubles all about them. They're such fixer downwards.

Final Fantasy strategy guides can be a good source of the workable occult. Depending on how well you are at formulating magic and ideas in general, from the abstract, an entire religion can be derived from Final Fantasy strategy guides.

Some would do all they could to make Star Wars into a religion, but it is not so very well fitting for one. Apart from some vague ideas of the force and codes of the Jedi and With, or the gray Jedi, there is just not enough there to create into a religion. Some have convinced themselves into believing there is the force. It does exist. Even adults have done this. They want their fantasy true.

Old books can also cull forth a new religion. Anything old and forgotten. It may be looking for a diamond in the rough but it is worth it. I

consider these things its savior. I salvaged them and resurfaced them. Knowledge is never so outdated. If it was permanent then it is now.

The kinds of such books I found were *The Magic of Recluse*- which was once a major series. *The Power of Language*- a book about the way people talk, from profession to profession. *The Richest Man in Babylon*- a book on an understanding in accumulating wealth. *The Greatest Salesman on Earth*- another book on becoming wealthy. *Always Coming Home*- a book with promise. Something that could be done better, however. But it is a whole new book of a kind. *Russian Proverbs*- Books of proverbs are always nice. You don't really have to read them. You look very briefly at a proverb then think about it. *Self Leadership*- My favorite self improvement book. And I've enjoyed many books, usually non fiction, usually 150 pages. They are always a winner.

The seeds you plant in your life say all about you and become as a life with many stories unknown, forgotten. If you were to even Bevin to know what an enormous part you played in your current state you would be baffled and perplexed. Someone does not know what so much was thought so little. Time is wasting away for most- hopefully not *you*. I wish that they would propel themselves. To rise and ascend- to act to make their life better, day by day, or else die really having done little to nothing. But this is the majority of people. Most people do little in their life. They may have a job and certainly that is good. But perhaps getting into school, trying to start a new company, or as with me daily writing, book after book after book! It is good though that the majority are doing so little. It greatly increases your chances of success.

There have been some new ideas recently that are charming. *The Hero's Journey, Having gratitude, mindfulness, using your wise mind, the Four Agreements*, are each all good, though need some fine polish. Some of them are good ideas at their base but in application could be better or entirely different. It's a good idea to present a few things that if anyone agreed on would serve their place,/ society well. But the ones they chose, being its four- itself is not much at all an optimal list for its purpose. But the Hero's Journey I wouldn't make any changes to. Having gratitude is good but I practice a better more natural form of that: optimism with bright side thinking.

I used to go up and down in the hallways of a psychiatric hospital building up this thinking and pride. When it greatly accumulated there was an enormously thunderous storm. I used to think that I would be granted the power to remove every person from the Earth but my family and girlfriend. I thought this would be so, without a doubt. And I'd I contemplate what this would be like. I thought we could camp out at Walmart, when everyone was gone. We would have food for quite some time, non perishables, canned, cereals, etc., but first we would sack the town we were in for treasures- absolutely anything we want. There would be cars and vehicles all around, and keys to be found. We would never run out of fuel. There would be countless butane, propane cans, oil bottles, gas station gas, and vehicles to syphon. I have to admit, these fantasies were quite pleasant.

Most of the people I've known, I've hated. I'm all for the destruction of mankind. Most people will never even approach the amount of hardship and suffering I've endured. And I've mastered it. I can climb any wall. When I see the wall I realize quickly "this is just a wall." But to

handle a genuine asshole. Many Christians are assholes. In fact, they are the worst kinds of them. For so long now they have been privileged. The go- to's, the come- froms. They have grown quite spoiled. When they see something Satanic they resort to a quick poke at it and say "this isn't Christian. It's not right. It's Satanic (Obama is the Anti Christ. They're looking at porn.) Which is relevant in *their* circles but not popular social sites. So they come off as irritated assholes, a minority no one listens to. A group of nuts like Niger toes no one wants, and trashes. They're time of social privilege is rapidly ending.. Altogether. And their mouths are sounding crazy and delusional. Which is the way it should be. Anyone that says such absurd things like my Shepard my light you killed him *does not know* they are speaking like a delusional lunatic. If they had power, they'd abuse it. They would say, well, Christians doesn't violently execute heretics anymore. Nevertheless, it is because they *cannot*. This whole agenda being pursued to separate Church and State was on good grounds. It was instated by rational level beaded members of the government to elemi ate the madness inflicted on her son who couldn't be forced to pray and live Jesus way.

All in all and on the whole I will in myself keep *both* my Christian side *and* my Satanic one. One stabilizes the other, and before I could rapidly fall into the pit of the throes of the glory of Christ there is a bridge, a Satanic bridge to bypass. It must mean something that trolls live under death them.

Let us not sacrifice ourselves in serving God. There is the way for some to altogether do so. But as for us let us take these things upon us light, and though lightly, seriously, and sincerely. Let us not go far off and away but rather always know where we are and know better where we

are going. The lord a Shepard for his dumb sheep but we are as goats who choose to be among him, rationally, and dispensing with the hoard of Christian rhetoric. We goats, too, can be saved. We are simply offered, not embellished in design, but rather a simple design and as the tortoise wins the race we carry forth our own cross- one heavy and covered in gold, but, as we all are, strong enough to carry it. Because God will have the excellent. But the excellent must earn their place.

Whether I am homeless, incarcerated, or any terrible place, I hope to have written very many books. I would be at much greater ease knowing I basically have a second life, as one living and circulating online apart from my own output. It's always been a desire of mine that an "image" of myself lives online apart from me having to be online. My books are like my babies. The best thing about completing my books and posting them is that even if just a little at a time it is accumulating.

As with things emerging from traditional , one route was erected and continued on its course- traditionally. For example when electricity was unraveled and inventions created from it, there was many things that resulted from it. But the type of ways it was used was narrowed. It pursued a direction that all went into. Things are pieced together better that way, but many uses of electricity were not used- rather the ways it was used was in common, typical, directions.

But what's good is that at least some of these things are being coming back to. What I really .ran to say is, in part, most things never develop very far singularly because the new thing comes, and the newer. But if we were to stay on one thing, while others still new being forth new

things, then we'd be much more developed scientifically and technologically. Sometimes something is- and it's gotten seriously well developed. Now imagine if batteries stayed in their rudimentary form. Or cars- vehicles. It really seems like some of these things can be improved, forever, but they are usually gone with the wind of change. It's like an orchestra that uses different instruments every year.

One Halloween night in Tucson, Arizona I was worshipping Satan and before an altar requesting simple things, like to see him and have a purpose under him. I lit a black, homemade candle (which was a dark grey) and stood outside looking at the moon. My mood was melancholic, and something of a restless boredom. So I left into the surrounding area and, oh, about twenty minutes of walking I sat by a lonely tree in the dark, an old abandoned house beside. The light came on and thinking it may not be abandoned I rose to leave, but fell down to my knees, frozen. A skinny "man" came forward in the strangest way, like a thing emerging from a shadow. It came up to me and the only thing I could feel was passivity, which was a falling feeling of sorts. He said "Adam, you do belong. You have a place with us. And you'll one to know this, in time." I then fell asleep. And when I woke up was back in my bed at 9000 Cloud St. Later in my room I found that the grey candle had become black. And when I tried to light it again it lit, then disappeared. This indicated to me that I exist among them, and are theirs.

In regards to one's room is much like unto his life. Here- dresser. There- TV. And there- is bed. Taking a shower now. Scrub here. Then there. Good. Am now clean. Reading a book now. The popularly listened to one. Hmm. This old music is good to, I guess. It used to be popular.

Better this one, which was just recently popular. Here it comes, the new music. I think I'll like this one, too. TV program. Now bed. Must sleep eight hours. OK, here I go. I can't sleep my eight hours! Awake now. Wish I slept more. Coffee time. That gives me energy. Wow! I have energy! Going to smoke now. Oh my God it's killing me, it's killing me! Cough cough, gotta quit before I die. Going to the doctor this morning. Everyone needs a check up once a month. Hi doctor! OK, the appointment is now made, after an hour. Seen for ten minutes. This is wrong, this, oh and this. You need a triple bypass. Switch this wire around, nigger rig this, twisty twisty, you are an all new man. And *that* is a life of a "Modernner."

It is a theme to *Wake up in a New Bed*. This was found in *Zelda*, a Link to the Past. Was used a few times in *Final Fantasy 8*. Was seen in *Dragon Warrior*. In the movie *Girl Interrupted*. By this I mean someone wakes up and is either elsewhere or situations are altogether new for her or him. And this is what happened to me before I started observing it in movies, stories, and games:

One August I was walking long down a desert dirt road. I was exhausted with heat and came across a crossroad. I have come across them a few times before in my life. Actually more common was I stumbled upon things very well hidden from the normal realm of human-given place. Once it was a cave. And if I could divert to that story for a moment- I was talking to a gang after walking into a bad gang infested neighborhood setting houses upon hills. I was almost going to get myself killed by refusing to burglarize a man's home for steak- as I was told by this gang to do. But one man, who wasn't a man, told me, "Satan is wanting you to leave, follow me, oh you fool." And I did. I

didn't now where we were walking to. It was so very strange. Like a lot of trees closely a jungle to wade through. But it was a desert before. Then, I followed him right into something of a jungle. After walking awhile and losing most of my conception of time there was a cave we went into. The "man" said that this is where the Satanists go to sacrifice people and worship Satan. And this is your time." I proceeded to enter not really understanding what he really meant- that what he said was vague. But in a few moments I was going to be sacrificed for Satan. More *for* Satan than *to* Satan. Entering the cave I saw the walls were covered in skulls. That "man" said this was the Devil's cave and do well not to come back, or it will be worse for you. The way I understood this process is that in saving my life I still owed a debt of it being taken. I looked ahead of me and saw a row of goats on a long rectangular trailer. I saw them looking at each other and they seemed to be communicating with each other though making no sound. Then the "man" told me to lye like I was on a cross and after I did an axe was handed him by the first goat at the table and he quickly chopped off my feet and hands and I lay there suffering, pouring blood, and fading out. And when I awoke I was back in my room, at 9000 Cloud St., Tucson.

My memories serve me well other than remembering long dialog spoken by others. And as for the 12 disciples of Jesus- they must surely have remembered everything told them. Even so, that's the least of what Ya can do. Whether or not you think He can. I guess for those that follow Ya there is every good reason. I have to wonder why through John's mouth Jesus spoke so differently, so eloquently poetic? They would follow him into a life of any amount of suffering in fact *it must be much*. They'd flood through with their exuberance of support, a relentless dynasty of Christ- his fellows, saviors of all mankind. And yet they say, "The Gift is free." That's like saying the game is free if you

watch and play it. But for others that don't, they will pay. Maybe I don't want to play or watch it. Well, for not watching and playing it we are going to through you in the fire after the game, so you better watch and play it or suffer the consequences.

I came at a crossroads a few times in my life that told me I must go left or right or else die. But I didn't die. I honestly couldn't choose. And I was tested a few times on this. Each time it had been walking very far. Sometimes in Arizona, other times in New Mexico. But I never could choose, to go left, to go right, but once, when I didn't go left or right, but through the center. And when I did I happened upon a restaurant called Wings, in the distant, were I was given ice cream and iced tea. But when I couldn't choose I sat there, exhausted, and fell over dead, waking back up in my bed at home. And this is his I know that for the Christian Satanist the afterlife is waking up elsewhere.

Take time on things that you would like to be closely enough be unto your idea of perfect. What would you regard as better, success from something equal to anyone else's. Or having given birth to a good creation? Remember, if it is something creatively done in the hope that it is forever, you could either have a retarded baby of creation following you, or a good strong thing standing tall. What is better, creating a product that resembles your mind, that in every practical way speaks of you (or you can also say for you) something as a thought child speaking for you though apart and independent of you- or is a biological child better? One that carries similar flesh as yours, and somewhat the same mentality. When that child speaks of you is it really you? It's kind of creepy if you ask me. But make a child by creating something well. Your biological child isn't really going to boomerang you- but a material child

is. And that child, the material one, will last forever and live you on apart from yourself. It is more dependable in so doing- can ways be depended upon. And it is made so very more precisely as you'd have it be you in all the ways you want it to be.

There was a Halloween in New Mexico when I was 15. I had dug deep into evil feelings through Slayer's *South of Heaven* when I decided to walk to a girlfriend's home across the tracks. So in the cold I went there that Halloween and visited with her, my witch girlfriend. She took out a Uija board and we went into talking to a spirit, this one named David. David said to go to a glade of trees down a certain road that connects Texico to Clovis. What a *long* walk, but it was what I was prepared for. I knew the place well. Have been there before. This was a black sabbath I was going to. I first heard about this through many rumors people couldn't prove, but insisted upon. With how things are I knew through these rumors that it was a real place and where described. I guess people don't have to know the details. I would like to tell you- unimaginably evil things were done there. When were they pregnant, you know? A place of nefarious things- a meeting of witches, demons, and warlocks where nefarious things occurred. It was all in a separate reality that Satan hid from normal view and outsiders. But it did happen. And maybe you can go there too.

Creativity is so conventional. An artist only paints with paints. And follows suit over traditional methods, such as abstract or expressionism. Why not paint with eyeliner? It's a hell of a lot easier, and cheaper. And why not paint in a mixing of any two, especially being of two things as you are (painting abstract expressionism, or do as I do, making one thing many things, and hidden on the whole?) And so with

music. To combine two other former techniques- but as for that, it happens all the time. Such as a metal rap song with terrible results. So music, let's omit from that, but the idea can be extended into electronics and tech, where it's especially effective to do so. Combine any two to four previously existing electric- using items. The only difficult part is in finding the right combination to a super product. Well- as in as well as you can combine them into a good function. And like using unconventional paint you can design your all new circuit board. Just remember, the only thing that is important is how A gets to B. Or how A gets to C. Or how A gets to both B and C, etc., and how that leads. Still- you should have at least a rudimentary knowledge of what you are doing- through pre- existing knowledge of what it can do and how.

Sometimes a person can find himself in the realm of hell, submerged within it, being in its presence. And a presence it is, not a place. Christ spoke of two Hells: the Hell of hardship or being under the wrath of another- And the Hell as a state under- which I'll describe. To clarify, the first Hell he described was a bad place to be, as in a war, or being held into account for sins- as Nebuchadnezzar. But the second Hell he described was of little description. I'll describe it here: Being in Hell is to be in its presence, in its state of being/ living. It is not here, or there, it can be anywhere.

In it one is lost in fantasy. All fantasy in Hell has its reason. Fantasy has truth to it, often much truth. Sinister things are going on but behind the scenes, all the time, and you may even peek through the curtain- at *anything* you wish to see. Some sit on the benches, before strange music, about those condemned and suffering. If you speak they will tell

you to be quiet, as they want to hear the suffering. A person in Hell knows what evil is, even music is markedly different- *evil* is sensed all around that a person in the normal realm could grasp. And the curtain of the Temple is torn open. And on stage there is a circus mocking Christ. You go into areas taken, and sit by a fire where blasphemous jokes are being said. Some food is extremely good. But some taste like poison, as though you're a wolf eating meat, or as a wolf tasting the poisonous acidic taste of soda. You cling more to your senses. You wish to smell- and are apt to surfacing your carpet with powdered detergent. And TV is deep. As is music. It really is a profoundly immersive experience, watching TV or hearing music while in Hell. That is the best thing about it.

I have lived in very many social situations, to the extremes. I was in a gang- a very powerful one. I had been with all the races, from my own to blacks, from Asians to Mexicans, living with each at least a year each. I was in boot camp for Marine training, for two months, have been in a Satanic cult. I have been homeless, for a year. I have been incarcerated, for a year. I have been committed to a hospital for a year. And have gone back and forth from each, periodically, that I've been at least a year and a half of each of these. I know people very well. The thing I don't like is how they all agree with each other to share. I put my money towards things I need, spending on what I'll need from check to check. But then there they are, buying expensive things, instead of pipe tobacco, name brand cigarettes. So they have very good things, but for very brief periods. Then they come to me expecting me to be open handed. If I could, I'd buy good clothes like them then proceed to beg the time after. But I couldn't. What I can do is say no, to fuck off, to support yourself. And they think being asked repetitively I would change my mind but I don't. I settle with my answer.

The Three Traits That Will See You Well in Life:

- 1) Acting quickly. This is the trait of the prolific and decisive. It is of those that act promptly, getting things done and *doing* more than thinking.
- 2) Comfort and resolve to get things done, despite stress. It's of those that take a hard and difficult road, all the way to the end.
- 3) Using your time well. It is a trait that causes you to work toward your goal or focus on the important things that can make life better.

I was once before a lake in my dreams. A demon came forth from it and clenched me. He tried to drag me in as I struggled to set myself free. Then I cried out to God and the demon let go, and went back into the lake.

Ten things I'd like to see be made someday:

- 1) Walk on air shoes
- 2) Everlasting candy
- 3) A virtual brothel
- 4) Public nudity in San Francisco
- 5) A touch from afar glove
- 6) Images from anywhere, accessible from the internet
- 7) A glow in the dark house
- 8) A Satanic sermon on regular TV
- 9) Christians, crucified

10) Electronic clothing

Whatever comes into being can be anything. Science can do all things. But that's only if God would let it be. Being God, a jealous god, He might put our scientific development to a stop and come forth in shining glory and say "Here I am. I am the Alpha, the Omega, the rider of white horse, He who dwells in the upper estate and established all things. None came before me and no more of this hereafter because I will not be made worthless. For I was with you in your darkest hour like drink cool to the taste, most refreshing. As a sheep being herd by its Shepard come I forth to lead you to pastures green, fulfilling, ever more. But they my enemies who carved upon things of wood gods not myself. For I am the jealous god. The Angel Serius I sent down to rain upon the annihilation. No child was saved. And I did not cease until the destruction of them, there sons, daughters, and burnt there houses, this, for generation to come. If you wish to escape my wrath then you must be truly blameless and upright. If you fail to make tour way upright then in a first furnace I will cast you in that will burn you for all time. On the third day the son arise and be lifted up. But he will be as pure as paper not touched by pen. And you will not know him in name or character but on the solemn day of my Passover he will shed his blood and then you will be saved.

The ones that take on personalities from movies or from thin air have a livelihood that can be beautifully iniquitous *gracefully* Satanic. In the hopes of aiming high and hitting the mark, one can even come to embody demons. And its upper limit knows no fault, one has become in his highest reach elements of evil, and

even unto Satan himself. But let us not hide evil. Let us instead disguise it. Maybe cover it, but if so let it be hidden well, covered by miles of mud. Share no secret in that case and have yourself ultimately never known. But work evil without guile, remorse, or restraint. Be an evil pure, in all your thoughts- *that* is the bottomless pit.

In time you will come to know what you were meant to be. And pursue those ends with all drive and vigilance. Do not be restrained, for God will spew from His mouth those that come short, doing what they their self question. Rather embrace evil with all serious intent and hack your way away from what is good in God's eye.

A temperate man will abide. A sullen one will destroy himself and his impurity will eat him to the bone. But there are those invulnerable to a conflicted view of himself and drive into his life like a stake. That hammer how's in deep and he is only embracing his own cross: that of immorality. Many are those of shameful feeling. So many with deeply embedded shame that if they were to know and have to embrace they would shatter. They would be bewildered, and aghast. That is the mirror of God, the peering into just how evil you really are. We are all each and everyone very evil- but few know just how much this is.

For we are always imagining ourselves as monsters and in so doing we want *monsters.. Demons*. We Human Kind- creators of monsters perfecting ideas of evil. And we proceed to create its conqueror- not to destroy evil. But to be a greater evil. We put ourselves on the throes of monsters because we wish to bow before Devils. We want to be greater than them. And this truth

produced from thin air, where monsters are, we *must have monsters*. We *want* monsters. So along most of the day we are watching horrendous events in the guise of carrying and how so we wish to be like Saviour Himself. Oh what the glory gory the profound challenge of life, the challenge of living through it.

But far away there is someone that was stricken with unpopularity. It is so unbearable!

In the Yasatic (Christian-Satanic) knowledge and belief held of the Yasatic Trinity whereas Jesus is water, The Holy Spirit is Time. Science is God. Satan is Mother Nature. To delve too deeply in details, especially with pride, is the Spirit Indevine.

There is for a Christian Satanist *their* world. There is the world above and below, but our world here, in the middle. Very well we are spat out, of Heaven, as Hell. Satanist or not, we are saved. Would Ya, having saved us, forget us on that day, and abandon us?

Certainly we could be God's sword. That maybe he *would* as that if us and would want it without knowing. But yet, it's a good purpose, that we enact his wrath. Jesus did not want to drink the cup of wrath. And it was handed over to Satan. And Satan will readily have us pour out God's wrath throughout the Earth.

So that hypocritical Christians be exposed, and judgmental Christians laid to rest. That Christians live up to the high standards that they report, and do not brag about them. The Christians are a very point the finger people and God is sick of it.

A rabbit never goes to jail. A bird goes nuts in one flies away. A goat makes it his home. A bear must be confined. A cat plays within. A swine makes a big stink. A mouse wiggles out. A horse is strong, there. A fox gets through. A tiger is there on the highest offense and finds himself confined. And elephant affords bail. And a dog, s/ he gets out with puppy dog eyes.

What the wealthy have: The wealthy go to the end of the road a little way and go into a hotel with all of the amenities inside. S/ he can live anywhere. They take baths in pools or Jacuzzis. Their dinners are in restaurants. They are driven places and they live in different parts of the city, basically, every day going to a jazz concert or store. And they have their own little country their own, with body guards, uniformed employees, more powerful and available law enforcement, and in these places, their own flags.

There are qualities of life outlined well in RPG games. A person in everyday life can adjust or improve upon these. From Stamina, Vigor, Defense and strength. Very well these games present a way of life and methods of development. They construe a fantasy life, but that fantasy can in some cases be transposed into normal life, and well. If a person were to take the time. One of the best things someone can own are strategy guides to RPGs. Working to bring the abstract into a workable form s/ he can supplement their religion with processes of development. Spell that are cast can be used in real life too. For example, to cast fire is to anger someone- then freeze them. Or cast confuse- by confusing. Characterization is operable from Strategy guides to, if only to diversify the life one has, or to do something better. They are the best Manuel's of

religionating available, and prized collections superior to most books- and if you don't read much, even more so.

People always on guard never find the things they most need in life, intimate, close things. He is reved to receive good tidings but fail in the way that life itself will eventually shake him- even quake him- with trouble. But if he were ever to let loose his tightly braided life his hair would flow free and he will walk through life very peacefully. If he was poured on paranoid thinking from an over protective parent it might be grown out of- or possibly not. Many fears were put into her or him and for a child- great fear that is. If you are uncertain that calamity will befall you worry not: it always will. You could bump into a gang member and be beaten up. You could find yourself in the midst of a bank robbery. You could bite your tongue, suddenly, choke, have a heart attack, lose a loved one, be cheated on, lose your job. But most of these, even all of them, are worse as thoughts than actuality. Things have a way of working out, this is very true. For me I dreaded the prospect of being homeless until I realized I had to be, and found that sleeping on a bench was not that bad. And though I was very cold, even insane, actually *deranged*, I came out of it. I emerged far stronger and far more tolerant.

If a man gambels for long enough he will from time to time be greeted with a prize. But not before he has beaten great odds. If he finds life trivial then he may take up an action that could substantially reward him but most of his chances are ever in the foreground of reality. This is what we call "foreground presence." That is, that a persons better life is always right behind them as well as the hope that they will greet.

There are those who are adventurous. While one day while homeless in an eight man shelter I was thinking *this ain't much of a life. I'm getting nowhere.* There was a man there that elaborated he was on an adventure- moving from shelter to shelter, town to town, often on a bus, otherwise in a shelter. He even told me that some shelters he occupied for three months. He apparently had a little money, enough to do so, but maybe he even had a lot of cash, tucked away, for this. As for me I've raveled from city to city, hotel to hotel. There is a magical effect from that. I often did so in weekly periods. I had a very good very adventurous and altogether satisfying life in my hey day. When I was younger, 16, my girlfriend lived with me. My parent and her's allowed it and we often skipped school drinking, fucking.

But fate wouldn't either smile or frown at me. It would just stare, blank faced. For so long this was so. Things began to change as an anger built up in me. I didn't know it at the time, but I was angry that a life dull, was dully passing by, and it made me very angry, no matter where I was or what (so little) I was doing. I began to conquer this and force the captain off the ship. I had lived in group homes, had room mates in a nice apartment, lived with my ex girlfriend, and moved around frequently until I wound up at a hotel in New Mexico where I was for a few years. Then I was arrested for trespassing and was in jail for a month on that. From then my life thoroughly- *drastically* changed- soon after homeless for a year, in jail for a year, in a psychiatric hospital for a year, and now- after *all* my anger was burnt out, as a vehicle that couldn't no more use the fuel, my life couldn't be better- where I live, in San Francisco.

Very many come to firm belief that they must make their selves accepted. That they have pride and go about in a way either deserving or earning of pride. And they calculate the ways and methods thereunto. But when it comes to sympathy they lack. They come up deficit. If they were to sympathize they'd have to count their selves wrong. They'd have to burden their selves. But very few are those, even few throughout all of Man's time on earth, existing here, that take a lot of time to see the good in people. And not just bad- and so many are those that see the smallest amount in bad from people, making monuments they wish to tear down. Very few are those that invest time in purity of perception. That come to sympathize and fully realize we are all in the same boat, together.

There is an emphases on what people present as their ideology whenever it is that they aren't being heard. People want much attention toward their cultural identity: would shout it from the top of their raging lungs if they hadn't natural self restraint keeping it from them. They don't want to be seen as one who yells, after all. But it is a principle to say they would shout it out, the less they think they are seen and identified for what they are.

It is a treasure trove of problems a person faces in the world when step by step they think they are doing hats wrong and think they'll be made unpopular by it. Their footsteps are light as they go through life making soft steps. They are in the realm of popularity. Someone said something nice about them and they can almost taste it, that sweet taste of popularity like honey to the lips. They've got to keep this up! Never faulted. Never fail! Ride the

horse off into the night young boy! Your princess is at your hips. And sure some may come and some may go, some will be hateful and others nice. But fail not, fail never, be forever *popular*.

At the throes of ones vengeance the world stops. But only the rude will make it to that point. It is truly the winners way to brush off the petty problems others have for you. They that are of a bossy disposition will not stop until they fond trouble. And the truly resentful will find them. It takes the greater man not to let it involve you. But the greater man rests ahead of you. And the one before you, who is ever active against petty things, will eventually fall into the wrath of the one man you do not instruct, you do not misplace, you do not anger.

God the sun is altogether hidden from the view of most people, if not most people partially for the rest. And for the very few he shines forth and represents a truly good person. But Christ is as one making evil, making bad, bit making few very good people. His lessons are usually pick and choose by his followers. Most people do not know they are not a good product of Christ but a bad one. They'll go around saying they should be given to, or Christ will become angry. And they will rave and fit hatefully at others as a far more typical Christian does. I have seen so very many of these kinds. And so few that seem so genuinely adhere to his Sermon on the Mount.

People fill pride for helping another if not for being useless otherwise, then for making friends which they have. Not me! Fuck no! I just tell them "I don't now how to work that thing." But there are so many that don't do. They are highly accustomed to

being done for. They seem mildly retarded. They can't make one from two. They really are a shameful sight. It was taught me early in life to get things done independently, and I hooked up my own NES without a problem. Its as easy as cake but the commercial would come on for the NES that said, "Your parents help you hook it up." What kind of retarded kid does not know how to plug two things in? But there are so *many* many I've known that don't now how to use simple electronics, and they are such ugly seeming incompetent people. I knew what poor elderly that slammed the mouse up and down in her hand. *No stupid. Glide it up and down.*

People in the government presents their selves as high grade moral people. They will fit and rage if the suggestion is made that marijuana should be legal. Whether or not the majority agrees they will burst out in impossible manner about how very wrong, wrong wrong, no, are all of you people stupid, we can't make pot legal. They *think* they have to be high moral minded people. Past far now this absurdly paranoid group of people had a problem they could deal with. Video games were dangerous! We've of to put an end to this! People are *still* smoking even though we've nearly bankrupt them. Vapor cigarettes are just as harmful! 18 is too young for a smoking age even though they can fight in the war for us. Prostitution is **WRONG!** You cannot use this in that for money, especially as an otherwise reputable, (made safer.. Safer.. Safer.. Gots to be safer.. Safer.. Safer.) Politicians should be thrown into jail in order to have a better grasp of reality and to make them stop shoving their "values" and "morals." So as with all that do the same. It is the "good" guy that should be put in jail, not the psychotic.

People are becoming racistly paranoid. If it is in any ways racist, more so unto that, like a painful, slow, piercing pain of one who desires and longs to be equal. After all to them the greatest of all times was the 60s. Those were the days. Marched forth was King who laid things out as they should be: and for a shining moment the rights of blacks emerged and thundered forth. Now there is considerably less to fight for. The war is over and its victors have been presented. If they are fighting for black rights they feel less important, so they proceed to make a mountain out of a mound.

But when true trouble arises, which it is beginning to, no one is going to care. And when everything truly does become racist by them, they are their selves the perfect *racialists*. I don't doubt a day will come even very soon when I see a black man pointing at a white car yelling, "that's racist!"

But black people *are* fuckin fucked up people. They *are* lazy and faulty. Faulty in that they are unseemly, trouble causing, in domesticated, and sometimes insane. They complain that black people go to jail more than whites. If you look at Africa, you see them in the right light: they are a people that cannot build a good, well working society. Rather they are like apes that cannot be trained. As it is here, they are people that won't work. They are people usually criminals. They only care about money, drugs, and sex: just as it is in Africa, so it is here. They do nothing good for the world: far from it. They produce things that they should be stopped from, and be removed. They don't do us any good. They fuck everything up. They are shitting all over everything. Whites though, are better socialized, far, far better. We go to school. We hold good jobs. We believe in justice. We promote justice, peace,

and good behavior. Just like the other white nations. If you think only this is racist it is, but do not ignore the truth they would have blotted out- with buckets of black ink.

Oh our world's gone mad! People are engrossed in super simple minded things -*concerns*. Concern over the weak, the wronged, the inequality, and the lack of Face Book friends. It was promised us that these will succumb to greater things, just as a world without God and any Good of God thing. I very well will fiddle as Rome burns, and dance and wail enraptured when it comes to ash. People have wasted their days, celebrating to no end, bathing in the sea of wealth and as for the common kind of person, those that become engrossed in things of minimal mentality, they have a nightmare ahead! They are going to have to get by in a serious, less phone saturated, no hip hoping, more as unto a dive into the trench. They might have had it good all their life and never come to realize anything bad *could* happen beyond a zit. What is intolerable to me is *they don't have a soul! They live in an imaginary way! They think in terms of how they are thought as and even that imagination is shallow and narrow!* They cannot think in terms beyond the imaginary world placed before them. And so they are taught. *What's worse than that?!* They agree with what is popularly agreed with. They listen and watch entertainment no differently than all the rest of them. *They have no soul.* If anyone could bring them out of this, the same has given them a soul, and a mind that might even possibly work.

Section 3

During the time a day anyone is well satisfied with the future and regards it as a time well becoming has a peaceful feeling present within him. If he can ignore any bad possibility, if he can set aside the thought that the future is dross, petty, then he can choose to think differently: that everything is well and will be yet better. Or else he wears a mask that he does not like. That mask like one glued on- indicating he doesn't want to face another day, for any reason. The circumstance ahead of him doesn't matter. For him he is determined it will be bad. But if he can step aside from that moment and push through then he will be like a victor over his life, and if the odds against him are insurmountable, maybe he should find a better horse, driving his life better, and controlling it better, all the time. Maybe he can even get behind the wheels of something that will drive itself. But if he sits around determined that there is no good on life, very well, that is his resolve, and he should be made to sit, because then he'd t least be thinking about things. Maybe hell come to the conclusion he could make things better for himself- that he has too, or things won't be changed. In any case let him sit. He must come to the resolve to either perceive the goodness of life, or wallow into refusal that things be kept the same, day by day, week by week, month by month, year after year. After all, it may be a period of remorse for him, wishing he had done more with his life. But not until he comes to that matter on his own and work to change it, he should in no case be helped from his slump. Let him suffer. Let him face his demons until he's strong enough to conquer them.

Let it count against them that Xtians are absolutely not doing their job. With all this sensitive perception that everyone is doing wrong- wherever they look, the Christians can only see wrong. It

is their favorite part about being Christian. Others are wrong and they are right. What's more, they have the ability to fix it. With as much this is so, much less do they really help the needy. Some Xtian Churches provide for the poor- but not much. It is certainly a stone thrown a foot for the but in regard to other "Christian" lifestyle the finger pointing is a stone many of them can throw a mile. Very few Christians, none that I know, though, care anything about the poor, the destitute, those suffering. Do they walk around looking for these people, giving them anything that would altogether brighten their day? Do they teach others to live peacefully, or live *rightly*? They teach others that they are sinners and must be saved. Every little bit of them is sin, they teach. If they confront an aggressor, they fight back. They don't turn the other cheek to them. And it is that the sermon of the mount is altogether ignored. They have petty, bossy, and invalid morals that reasonable people have no use for. Like, getting drunk, thinking about sex, greed, pride. As long as you don't seriously hurt someone (unless they seriously deserve it, such as by hurting your child, or trying to fuck your wife, or attempt to burglarize your home) and as long as you *never* hurt children or those totally weak and innocent- can you in any way do wrong in life? But Christ and Ya especially, went into long prose about everything They said was not only wrong but violently should be prosecuted. *Think sinfully- chop off your hand.* That kind of thing. I find the Christian system a thing of vice. But they that follow it are self righteous. There is no remedy to their faults. Christ is their fault-producing God.

When we the Human Race awaken this race will be enveloped into an eternal Heaven. But it will not be by God's hand alone but

by both His and ours The incident from Eden served to evolve us and that was Satan's purpose throughout. We challenged the normal working process and as a Christian Satanist knows *A fall may come. But with wings we rise.* It is our reward, for we, the latest generations, having come forth from a long lasting suffering. The Bible itself came from Satan whom without, it would never have been. That is a Yasatic perception of it. Through the years we were placed on this Earth- to bridle it and conquer it. And the pieces came together though slowly but perfectly in these later days. Science *can do anything whatsoever.* And we are beginning to see this unfold. We were given material to work with and certainly this has been useful knowledge outside ourselves, to the furthest reach: beyond the Common Star Space there are those that listen, sometimes in thought, as is the magical expression is truly known, "As below so above/ as above so below." And Ya was absent from most of our progression for a reason. Had he helped us too much we would have learned to crawl. And finding us surprisingly capable, he let us walk. And so now we run- to the end, with so few obstacles, obstacles already being removed, even now! So if we get to the end of the race, it is so very well soon, we will be as gods of science, living together. But, if we come unto scientific evidence of Ya's existence, He will have to come forth, and stop us. Then let them be atheists and work toward atheistic ends, never uncovering the true existence of God.

****Visualization is the most potent form of magic. It works and can wreck havoc. ****

In working with numbers the more they are regulated under certain purposes the better those purposes are identified and managed. So if you determine *four* loaves of bread is bought at a time, you don't always have to come up with new numbers, haphazardly buying bread. Instead you know the times coming when it should, that four more are needed. For me I tell myself I'll write ten pages a day. Since I do I'll always know what to expect. I know the process better and how it fills. I know, too, when my new book will be complete. But if that number changed from day to day I wouldn't bother, I'd never know how many books I can complete and when, and could construct no goals from that.

Some numbers seem to fit very neatly, have good ways of working for certain things. I go through phone chargers pretty unpredictably. Some times I make a mistake in sitting up and the headphone wire is broken. I don't really know how many could last however long, but I do know I should have three at any time. If one breaks and I had two, being on my second one, it itself could break at any time. In that case I'd have to rush to get another. But having three at all times I could dispense with that, I'd have more time to get the third back in stock.

If all these people are using ten in their daily life- as they do, being common, then those that use nine might have an advantage over them- though better, is this eleven. Or else if they group two things, one into five, and another, with one being a "master key" of sorts. But the person that can group things so distinctly into one, one of this, and that, and concentrate them into ones, as one from this, and from that, has a true mastery of number use.

It is true that well fitting comes from well fitting and that I'll intentions are no way to survive. If you dress well then you feel better. As with your life, which is a thing of suits worn either pleasantly or of something worn as rotting of the flesh. If you think of how you should be around others, think of how you would dress- fit it on. Is it too tight, uncomfortable, transparent, earned is not- is it real gold, is it silver, does it make jealous, does it look lazy? Or does it look natural upon yourself? Is it fitting? As with the way you think. Think of it as a hat. It is a hat of pirates or flamboyant? Is it strict, militant, or does it simply fit you properly?

Your junk isn't seen is it? Be sure if you are going to show your junk that it is wanting to be seen.

I have seen the emergence of people gracefully proud. What is the description I am looking for? It is more like vanity, where vanity is high on itself- like they are junk with pride and consider their face to be a frozen piece of glory. When I observed this I knew what Ya meant when He said He does not like a proud look. He didn't ran someone who merely had high self esteem. He meant this, what I'd seen. Total, complete, vanity, like every motion was a slowly moving picture of their beautiful face.

Maybe by image of the beast it is meant an image such as this. If ever I bow down to the image of the beast I am going to be singing within, "London Bridges Falling Down, falling down, falling down, London bridges falling down, my sweet lady!"

Those that live in the latter days of glory we know as Latter Day Devils. That could be such a good title for a book: Devils of The Latter Days. That is the topic here you should take an hour to

think about. And don't worry, I have thought about it many more. We live in a blessed society. That is so here, and many places elsewhere. But as far as longevity goes it is a sign of disastrous things to come. As well as many societies have been, and so fallen, among them the Romans. And other cues indicate things to come, also in line with the plateau we are coming to trip down on. We aren't s productive. We are l'll guided. We are *populous thinkers* and we are lost in a myriad of so-called "specialized thought." When it is that what was once the lower class, those collecting SSI/ SSDI, are now the upper- middles, no one wants to work. While the upper middle class grows.

But again, these are the best of times for any period of a monastery. Even the bad times that will follow- if we go to the right places, as one going to America from Europe in the 1800s. That we come into the new great empire. And that as long as we can survive and make it well through the storm before the dust has settled.

But before that we will remain to live exuberantly. And if the economy is bad in such a place, until then, its not- Even when I was homeless here, in San Francisco, I was eating well, dressed well, and sleeping with a 100% wool blanket. They've aid so many times in so many ways that the economy is in shambles. No it's not.

Let us live, eat, drink, and be well. And in times to come be together, to fiddle while Rome burns.

There is so very little elaborated on homeless, urban survival. Very well if you are going to have to survive it will be this, and not in the mountains. Besides the fact that surviving in a wilderness they'll teach you how to get rats and rabbits for food as though you shouldn't instead find your way out. That you shouldn't be wasting time looking for food, its true, you can survive more than a month without it. So to survive find water and get out. Follow your favorite star.

But what of urban survival, homelessness? It is simple, actually. I can say all you need to know quickly, though they are important things.

First, look for help from the government. Except for shelters. You can get a lot of help from your government. Here at least you can get a little money each month, a few hundred month to month, without applying for SSI/ SSDI. It's easy. Any homeless person would qualify. That is called GA/ General Assistance. You could get a free ID if you don't have money. And with it, a job. You can get food stamps with one, too. And try to get SSI if you think you at all qualify. And many more things come free, such as a phone.

Get a radio, now, if you think this could happen to you. Get an analog one, not a digital one. They use much less battery power. It is the best form of entertainment for the homeless. 2 AA's could last you up to a month, even using it daily. And get AA radios, not AAA. You'll need a blanket. I said to not bother with shelters. That's because you could spend hours, in a bad neighborhood, just to get a bed, among violent people. Your better off just

sleeping on the ground or a bench. Get a thick cover if you don't want to freeze to death.

Live in a good city. The homeless are always in the down town business districts. Obviously they can't keep on a persons side walk or yard. Instead they sleep in the downtown business areas. If and when possible get to a bigger city. Bigger cities ate accustomed to the homeless, and regularly help them. To get food, ask, PR get used to digging in the garbage. Restaurants are always throwing it away. Its not as discussing as you might think. The health code is too strict. Unnecessarily so. So having something a few hours old, its thrown out.

Where can you sleep? Well the police will let you know. Or at least make you know where you can't. They wake you up and simply tell you to move. Usually there are many underneath a freeway. Sometimes they are grouped by a side walk. And usually, they are grouped together. So look for such a group. Sometimes you can sleep in a park, sometimes not. Sometimes a business owner will let you sleep at a door. Sometimes not. If you find a good place then keep it!

Don't go around making friends. Most homeless people either like being alone or being within a limited group. If someone needs a friend he will come to you, despite this. But homeless people generally wish to be in bothered and certainly unfettered.

I went through homelessness quite well. Even approaching it, which became increasingly inevitable to me, I didn't think it would be so bad, and it wasn't. There was even a freedom to it. Maybe

the only thing I didn't like was always having to be in a portapoty, well, and the times in the cold without a blanket. But in the right places food was abundant, even very good, as the wealthy were there to help me.

It was said in Genesis the last of what Mankind will do and the curses upon us. When these the end would reach, and a new time would be. Mankind struggled- and struggled unimaginably difficult at first with all the environmental hardship of conscious awareness such as his would be heavy from. I imagine being a baby can be scary, and so sometimes they cry- a sincere, difficult cry of not being able to grasp reality but by wondrously profound glimpses, glimpses they loose grasp of, and so an agony.

When Man makes a light, it is a light bulb. But when Ya does, it is countless suns. Surely He made nature, the world, and universe to share with us. And that could best be done through us, who must be devoted to learning it. Who mist cherish its mysteries only we can, being far under it. Certainly Ya set it forth for us, that we observe it, love it, and use it.

Ya used to feed the birds a certain way that they'd evolve-change. By feeding the pigeons Ya could make a humming bird.

If you be settled on something tonight let it be that the greater things, though they are monuments before you that debase and crush you. If you can't find particular joy tonight then just put your thoughts on the fact that any problem you have will be resolved in time and there is a better day ahead waiting for you. If

your problems are insurmountable then may God be with you through the night.

Any day is a good day for those that think optimistically. If you only pick up on one thing that is going to come well then hold it to your heart and meditate on it. The future is always bright in some way. Consider your future options. We are Christian Satanists. We have very much to look forward to. We are living in the best times that have ever been. Let's hop right on to the ride. Times are only to get better, thanks to God. Thanks to Satan. Those who hold every good thing for us, because the world itself is ours. Science is making our world better, day by day, even hour by hour. I like very much the thought of what good there is to come, scientifically, technologically. Can you imagine? It might be any year now that they discover something that totally turns quicker the world round. Like the internet. Do you remember its early days? Either through its recent past or you farther down the line? What began as a rudimentary method to send emails and look at images, read text, slowly evolved like a blooming flower. Everyone liked *that* flower. Soon the first social sites came through. Suddenly You Tube came. At first we had to "buffer" the videos, certainly took an hour to download one song, if not two. But YT had it all. I grew up with music videos that could only be watched on MTV, maybe VH1. I would wait *hours* to see my favorite video. And to see my favorite movie I'd either have to rent or buy it- if I could find it. A few I had to get through the mail through a catalogue (Movies Unlimited.) AOL Video had my favorite shows! YT had them too, more of them, and finally I could watch my favorite shows, movies, and music videos whenever, whatever. And the Internet's come to surprise me again and again. One day I

was trying to find a free video game. Eventually I learned about ROMs, emulators, and PC game controllers. Then, games that were fifty bucks, and gaming systems that were two hundred, were now all free, by the thousands. If such a drastic improvement could occur today again, I'd love to see it happen.

If you are honorable to Christian Satanism you are, more so, Christian Satanic. If you do something that dignifies Christian Satanism, you are playing in its field, for all of us. If you can grasp Christian Satanism, it is always yours to hold. If you can bear the weight of the goldliest, heaviest of Crosses- you have earned for yourself the uppermost rule of all the Kingdoms. All the Kingdoms wait on your call. *You* will be giving the way the world should be *our* world, the world for us each- and let it be for us the best for all of us. You as a Christian Satanist should not be bound doing trivial things but rather things true to yourself, first, then to us, second, and that these things done, done so well as to be everlasting. Very well let us make our Kingdom together and therein thrive. Not only *survive* but to thrive and prosper. Take down barriers before us, one by one and all, that together you may move forward and us after you. You may find in your way people who simply cannot settle on any such possible religion of Christian Satanism and certainly not its presence. On that day come forth yet more. As we are makers of the ones that question, refute, and refuse. *Christian Satanist?* Just let them know that you don't care if there two friends are fighting. You are here as an in between. Tell them and in between had to come about sooner or later and is now. That heaven and hell were thrown into a new pot. That two seeds were made into one and you are its flower

and that the world is our own. That should be given particular emphases: it is our world and it cannot be taken from us.

We are in the midst of wars that must subside before we can emerge. But as for this it is not a typical prophecy. It is our own self fulfilling prophecy that we will be as one shining like a bright star after unsettling times. We should consecrate ourselves and rise as bright burning stars after particular events. To be the answer, to *hint* about our presence. To make our ID known to the right people- those people we must have brought forth to serve us *only for a period*- we all need a little rest. There is little rest for the Yasatic. We should come forth in difficult times bringing about difficult solutions yet solutions we are trained to be good at.

If we survive- and it could be that we diminish, even disappear. But we will always be, at least for periods. We have that strength. We are not like a cheap religion group. By no means. And there really are countless religions that have gone nowhere. These are usually a guise. People just produced them to manipulate others. Since they didn't care about what they were doing they didn't have involvement in what they were doing, and so quat. But I promise I have all sincerity in the purpose of my life: to establish, stabilize, fortify, and extend Christian Satanism. As for you, Christian Satanist do the same and the same your own way. Let's not just be one color. Let Christian Satanism be many colors: *your's*, mine, and *there's*.

What mistakes can a Christian Satanist make? There are *no* heresies from us. We believe nothing of heretics- that word doesn't pply to a Christian Satanist. No one can be kicked out of

our religion. Perhaps if they are entirely blatant, then, from a Yasatic Church, but not all Churches, and not the religion itself, in any way.

We now have the tech that could provide us with greater peace and justice. We have cameras- and they should be placed everywhere (other than bathrooms, of course, and a person should have cameras in their home, and those cameras should be expected to be there, as by burglars.) We should have satellites that look on the world below, great eyes in the sky. Drones above, too, regularly monitoring and tracking people. This could be said to reduce privacy. Privacy doing what? Buying ice cream? If we could see what was happening below we could track anyone from point a to point b. If a man took your car- he wouldn't if he knew his whole course was soon. Most importantly the kidnapper would face the same problem. As he took a child he was seen from where and exactly where he went. This being a most abominable crime, for its reason alone, there should be cameras everywhere. Maybe some crimes couldn't be stopped, like selling drugs, but the important crimes would be: robbery, rape, kidnapping, assault, and murder.

I don't like to be "inner-viewed." I am a very private person. But those that have known me or those whose occupation it is to come up to me and digest me I have to just stop before the fourth or fifth question. They do the typical interviewing method. Actually, its worse than a typical one if I were a celebrity. If I tell someone I don't want to go somewhere they'll say why, like a child, will go through a series of why questions. I can't tolerate it. They'll say, well, let's go to the park. And I say, no. Then they'll say

why not? And I'll say I don't like the park. Then they'll say the park is a good place. And the whole entire process was just a huge waste of time when all I want is to sit- doing nothing. People shouldn't just come up to you from out of the blue and proceed to get to know you. And everything from the thing you are drinking to what kind of it and why you like it. Its like they think I'll appreciate someone's conversation about me and my life. I don't. I totally don't. I've got better things to do. And I have fewer worst things to do.

About once a year our lives should go up one degree- our lives, for a moment, if excellently, a few days, one should shine. What ever one dies regularly, once a year, if for at least two weeks, one should fully shine. That bulb that burns relatively dim at other times, let it shine. If you are around someone you get very little contact with- a relative, old friend, do so, if you don't choose to work creatively/ productively instead. We all have a birthday- but that's different. It is a day to fully enjoy yourself, perhaps be a little proud, and certainly be acknowledged- for simply *being*.

But if it helps you to remember, it also helps you to build up to that day of days, your birthday, to celebrate what I present here as Luciferian Holiday. For the Christian Satanist it is a holiday to be and do and have your best- but more to do something that means something good, something certainly that earns pride, to glorify it, even if its only you that does, before the big day. It is the "pre-birthday holiday" for us every year. The day of Lucifer/ Lucifer day.

After all if Christian Satanism is to be a religion like any others then it should have its own Holliday's.

Don't let the clouds get in the way as thoughts too heavenly.. Too "enlightened." There is a thinking deep, seemingly "genius" but they are all one in the same leading you nowhere, detaching yourself from the ordinary, normally observed world. These high thinkers come up with some rather lost thoughts. Don't allow that to exist in your mentality which is better used as a path to general happiness and pleasure- or entertainment. To be entertained you have to be passive, not fixed on the particularities of the content. Because there are those that enjoy the movie and those that study them.

You might have some choices to make that are not as difficult as you want them to be. I used to pour over my budget for hours a day like I was spending money already. The simple initial answer is usually the best. Your earliest intuition, too. I don't like to eat my desert last. I'd get full before the time I eat it. I usually watch a movie here and there as separated portions until I finish. The same with books, I'm old with a few random pages at a time.

I wake up in the morning not wanting to do anything. I tell myself I can't. But after I am awake an hour or two I am tending to my job and chores. I just don't handle pressure in the early hours. Although I sleep well every night. I don't have the eight hour syndrome. I never understood those that don't keep well. I close my eyes. I'm asleep, quickly. When I smoke I don't repeat myself saying like a mantra "*the smoke is killing me. The smoke is killing me.*" Its not that I think it won't or cannot. Its that I know I'll be

fine. I am not mere flesh and bone and some kind of chemical bank. My uncle stopped smoking. Had his wires fiddled with in a triple by-pass. And died a year later. We can go at anytime. I won't bother trying to resist it- to be *old*, we all go to the same place. So I'll enjoy my little vices.

When the night time comes and I am alone, it is the greatest of time during the day. I live in a home of 16. When the public makes people psychotic they wind up where I am. I am guarded and protected, given food. I practically live in a mansion. It is a three story building a short time from the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco. I can even see the Golden Gate Bridge from my window. My social class is in all practicality, upper middle class.

I get free coffee twice a week from a good place, here, or there, and sometimes during outings. Outings are where we go places in town. My favorite places- good parks, the Japanese Tea Garden, SMOMA, just about any good place in town. I also got a free clipper card for being disabled. It makes my bus transportation free anywhere, any time in San Francisco. On top of that I am wearing donated Nike shoes.

We have good cable TV here and Amazon Fire. Food is covered, rent, and all bills, and I still have money left over. Do you know how much money I have each month? Did you guess a few thousand? Well you're wrong. I get \$800 a month- *Eight Hundred Dollars. A month.*

It is usually active here all day. Often people are watching things in languages I don't know- as most that live here are Asian. But

when the night comes and they are desperate to take their pills I am awake until midnight, four hours longer, without them.

As with the choice to worship demons the Yasatic can, and can from unto very far. As demons are defined they are actually very accurately so. You could find yourself thinking of a demon a certain way only to find out in truth, that he is. There are things demons appreciate, such as an altar for them, an invocation, and ceremonies. They all desire ceremony and high esteem.

As for me, it's nothing that's new to me. But I'm more apt to treat them as brothers, sisters and friends. I take a doll, like Mickey Mouse which I regard as Satan- or treat the Star Bucks cup, with its demonic emblem, to be a demon, usually Shiva.

It is also a form of Devil Worship to think about demons, as though in meditation and contemplation. Remember: these ceremonies aren't so much inherently magical. Rather it is to call upon a demon, and if done well enough s/ he will be called to you, and see your ceremony. They may then be around in your life, at least until bored. But if they truly like you, they will remain around, and even help you. You could go about an entire day with "it" around. And it is so that they'll hear your prayers, if they want to listen to them.

Although worshiping higher ranking and those demons whom are often celebrated/ worshipped, you may for those reasons go unheard. It is for these reasons that you should worship the less common and less significant ones.

Keep your word, or you will be counted in trustworthy. Do things as you say you will, and maybe you will get things in return- great things.

Today is an opportunity. Today can one thing be done, and done well. Let not two days go by with this have failed. And always think twice about doing nothing. Because today could be tomorrow's good fruit, or have had been, if planted. The sun turns on most, with things the same, day by day, even year by year. Many they rot, never tasting the good fruits of life. Some find things that would improve their selves quite taxing, and so never climb over a wall that to him seems a mile high. But the good man knows the right ways to climb it, as he has already been on top of great mountains, a thing that has usually been out of view.

But sometimes just sit and think. Or just sit. Do nothing but take good things in. Because if all you've ever done in life was work to make life better, then after you would have the reward, yet you'd cheat yourself if you continue. Let a whole day go by, as reasonably as you can, to sit, and do nothing.

When work calls upon you, there will be work again. If you are taking a break, you may build up a desire to work, after all, and maybe that is a desire you don't normally have. Those that feel "pleasure" to work have taught their selves right. But if you are able to remove yourself from complacency/ inaction, you are *already* self taught well.

And I hope the day has gone with you well. -or the night. The hour is getting late. The Death has crept a little closer. The bell has rang

for one day more. Comes our procession. Comes all of our time, soon, as I am sure Ya is quite prepared to return. And the Anti Christ, if anything, is a little late. The curtain for him to appear could be opened at any moment and with him, does peace at first appears, but then leaves.

Section Four

“For you are of your Father, The Devil. And your Father's way you will go.” Yes, there was a Son of Man. *We* created Jesus. Were it not for us through Satan, Jesus would never have been. But he is, and it is because of us. Without us he would not come down into human form, which was a necessary transformation, done through Mary, coming into our own.

Satan came among the Sons of God- as stated in Job. Jesus said that God is our Father. Perhaps more importantly, Ya said He was our Father. But Jesus, he said that for some, Satan is our Father - *Devil*- as God is capital, so is *The Devil*- or you could say *Devil*. But what if you make Him your father without murdering, lying, etc.? Well that's s strong as your own choice allows it to be.

But this is where Christian Satanism comes into play. God has always said of the upper evils of hell *to let them*. And he has never done much to stop real evil, obviously. And he said this, here, that, there. He'd pit out thinks luke warm. He'd quibble over anything anyway. His Son said that the saved through him are blamelessly forgiven. And he said to sacrifice yourself for your friends.

Where I'm getting to is that for the Yasatic the answer is for us to carry the cross of immorality- that though we desire to do good, to instead be evil, even in the venue of Christianity.

They sure do sucker kids! I remember quite a potentially wonderful birthday at Mc D's where I was waiting for the Ronald. And who came out as Ronald? A sixty year old woman in clown attire. Believe me, it ruined the moment altogether. They must certainly underestimate kids. Or sometimes, flat out cheat them just because they can.

Would you believe I tried to smoke a candy cigarette? In my earlier days these were still easily gotten. So I took one and tried to smoke it, but it just wouldn't light. Then there's the pretend money thing. I even saw a cute little machine that could make "money" and begged my mother to get one. She later said the police will put me in jail if I tried to spend it.

Oh and then there was the Bat Man flashlight. I'm sure your familiar with the Bat signal- which produces a bat symbol in the sky. My Bat signal flashlight didn't work! There was no bat in the sky. It was broken, I thought.. Later in my life I realized I was ripped off. And come to think of it, was ripped off often.

One of my most disappointing presents was when I was 4, maybe 5, that I asked for a phone so I could call my dad. Then my birthday came and I was given this toy phone. My mom must have thought I was a dumb kid or something. Believe me, kids know when things are real or not. No kid wants a fake cell phone that does nothing more than button pressed beeps.

Believe me, kids expect much and if something advertised is made to look incredible but its actual use isn't then they'll know. But otherwise a child loves their possessions- more than we can ever remember, but we do know through bits and pieces of memories that childhood was a very special place. That's why I'd rather spend my money on nephews and nieces.

Often if someone tries to befriend me, its all too much and I remove myself from them. Often these are grown men looking for butties. I don't need any man as a friend- except for maybe video gaming goes- for some a sport. But I'm not looking for a relationship from a man. And sometimes they'll pour on the friendship. With a kind of girlfriend I'd want, shed council. She would have a therapeutic effect.

But I can count many ways a relationship is undesirable. People don't love in a relationship nearly as much as they are wanting to be loved. Even so, they are not wanting love more than they are wanting esteem or reverence- a feeling of worth. And at the start of a relationship they want sex more than anything. It seems that one will dominate the other and for a long time to come in the relationship. Its one that wants to dominate someone else, for some, that is the natural way of relationships- to dominate or surrender.

But on the horizon is a kid. Maybe a kid will bring me pockets of spiritual highness, but my logical mind beats it. My logical mind says that to do this would take up at least 18 years of my life. That the challenge of raising a teenager could be avoided and should

be. So I certainly don't want any such kind of eighteen year servitude, whether or not the snot wad has my genes. And s/ he doesn't exist past my balls. That's as far as they go.

A world haunted by Science? The more things evolve and come forth, scientifically, the more ardently anything can be. And we'd lose control- being able to do nearly anything! But I think this is a good thing. You can imagine that the hardship of the dark ages were so very dark because the little control they had were just a stones throw from cave living. But now? Well if we were down graded, culturally, become decivilized, we still have science and technology to lean on. This is true in so many ways. Whether or not we collect new oil, so very much oil already is- and gasoline. So many guns and bullets exist that hunting is no issue. Very well it is like the cave men were given everything they need. This really does apply to so much that we never really ever again will have a human race disaster.

Take the time to look around. So many houses, so many tents, in the store, at some peoples homes. Its like even though we become a tribal kind of people that as like the Natives have suddenly in there possessions anything they'd very need. And so they would go from tribe to thrive.

And there is another aspect to this, perhaps the best thing. If we were to start again at the bottom people that craved and thirst for science having had it displaced, or simply the scientist within his own chambers, would have an isolated, maybe team-based scientry. We'd have individuals working scientifically, and I'm sure they could produce very good things, as it used to be, were most

people today are so time consumed by pre existing things- they would perhaps, choose to spend their time making scientific marvels like an alchemist or magician of former days. And this would produce men like Newton and (other incredible, solitary) thinkers.

What would happen to someone who made an unconventional choice? When I decided to be homeless it was to overcome a fear of it. The choice felt enticing. So I abruptly left my house and was homeless for the very first time- for two weeks. I abolished any fear of it. It was an easy experience. It prepared me to be homeless again, which I was, for a year.

I like to wonder: what would have happened to Star Wars if G. Lucas would have put it in public domain? One can only imagine. Though it would have been watered down, eventually, but for years it would have taken over everything: with movie after movie, show after show, books, comics, games, toys- *everywhere*- Star wars media and merchandise. Star Wars stores would have emerged. This is all fine and well, and lasting, with just one condition: since too much afflicting stories would have diluted it- the books and movies, including comics, cartoons and shows, would still have to have kept its rights, as from Disney, who would be the only entity that could make them. This would be good for Star Wars, not as much for Disney- but would have had Star Wars interwoven deeply *everywhere*. But G. Lucas sold his soul.

So a person should answer himself on what could, should, and really would happen if he made a choice that people usually just don't make. To, perhaps, make a choice that few others do in life.

Because maybe they are wrong. Maybe they can tie together loose ends, maybe the right choice cowards don't face- or simply don't because they are popularly/ conventionally/ typically/ traditionally driven- the worst of these doing things that others always do, as a herding of animals to *grass and polluted water*.

It seems, America is quite Christian Satanic. There is a division of its people- some Christian, many others are Satanic- if not necessarily theistic, but opposite toward Christianity- and in its doors are the Devil's things created. America is certainly The Devil's Workshop. Its people fled from a Christian- tyrannically state and can often be quoted in heretic ways- things disfavorable toward Christianity. And so as the Holy Bible has Ya's People, the American People emerged from survivors of this Christian-tyrannical state.

And there has been no shortage of Satanic material. Even old Disney cartoons have devils in them and shining glory of them. See *Night on Bald Mountain* or *Hell's Bells*.

Yet America acts in ways conducive of Christianity, with or without it in name, but certainly in deed. We help the disabled. We put them on a perch. We help the weak. We council the downtrodden. Our government and public workers are dedicated in most part to serve, as they should.

But the strong should have their right places too. They should be given greater revenue than the rest, as long as they are using it responsibly- and that is not spending on drugs or frivolously. But the harder and more useful workers should be given honor and

money due them. As the weak are provided, those dedicated to work should in some way be given a good piece of the pie their selves. What could this be? Well if someone has proven the self more responsible- they never drink, they never wreck their car- then they should after some time of this not have to renew their vehicular paper work. Much the same, for so many things. If a parent feeds their own children well, then the government should give them free meals, in the park, or at school. I am talking about a balance here- if a family needs food, then for them are food support, but too, if the stronger patents provide to them good food- then the government should give them free food in the park.

If someone has a job and his employer says he does well at work, and that person is to n jail, he should get time out of jail to work, perhaps only being incarcerated for the weekend.

If a person is thin and healthy, perhaps as stated by his doctor on paper, then he should not have to pay the soda or health taxes we sometimes find.

If a person does well creatively- as with writing, writing music, painting, tailoring, programing- or anything he does as such, and does so well, bit not lazily, then he should be given items that will help him in so doing, and as long as he continues, even paid a little- or at least awarded and sponsored.

If a person is qualified to maintain order and supervise certain others, who are any kind of people who can't live well alone, then

he should be given a house and tend to them as a nurse, and perhaps others alongside him, in a nursing setting.

And if a person creates something and copy rights it he should be able to provide a list of things he wants in return, any time that this thing of his creation is sold *or* traded. That can include money or any material thing he would require.

I like little solid green marbles. I often found them as a kid, of all things. If I made my best idea into a book it would have its players, in D&D style, do things like hide a bag of little green marbles somewhere in town. I also like little green army men.

But my favorite two things apart from computer things are stickers, a trapper keeper, stencils, graph paper, glitter, rubber cement, foreign coins, and rubber stamps. These all go together as things one in the same- inside a trapper keeper where I have my notebook art.

Have you ever tried a Reuben sandwich? Fried mushrooms with ranch, or fried zucchini, okra? Some of these are rather common but cherry cider I can never get my hands on. Too bad, too, it is one of the best drinks on earth. Guava soda, too, which is a hard fine. It's a pink guava soda from Mexico in a glass bottle.

If I made a cake I'd make Devil's Cake-

A cake on top of a different cake, a different cake on top of that. Lots of icing on each. Take some candy bars and melt them. Pour that on top of the cake and sprinkle them with Hershey's Kisses.

If a person who was once very social were put alone he could not bear it. He could not get by on his own self perception. His insight is very weak. He just doesn't think inward. To be a Satanist is one alone- alone and isolatory. To be a Christian, social venues and public worship are required of you. But the Christian Satanist has the better stick of the lot. S/ he is alone, inward, even though she is around others. You can blend in, and should, maybe play things by ear and go with the normal flow. But you are to be an individual. One of the most important characteristics of Christian Satanism is self- inclusivity.

If you hear the drummer march the populous forth, lightning bolts included, you should turn away, go. They march all into the same ends. They cannot get to that place alone, they couldn't bear it. Much as it is for those that walk, they wish to walk together. And if they can't they will die- from loneliness. But at least after that death- that death of others inside as they are alive *through-* comes life of ones own- the birth of their own life- and is so infrequent as to be a miracle most will not get a chance to make it unto.

So go your own way knowing that the more you are your own the more your own life is your own, the more you have a soul. Most do not have a soul. It is easy to understand why with how so much someone abhors long lasting solitude. And they'll ell you that isolation is no good thing by any means- even a little. *Bad Bad Bad!* John n the human race! Well I say, run your own pace. While running it doesn't have to be directly beside 20 people- but of course they each are in the middle, aren't they?

And the time of day for ending my writing has come. Today I look forward to time off, using it for heavy and magically productive visualization. That and maybe I'll watch some things on video game history. And I'll certainly drink some regular black, sugarless tea, which I drink by the balloons everyday. Its my elixir, for sure, but it seems to be missing something. Like rum.

It is argued to no ends that reality and life came spontaneously. That all *this* in our minds are chemical combustion. Where *does* my mind go when I access a memory in it? No, it can't e compared to a hard drive. With what our tech can do without us knowing it is without a devise showing us- what images and text, video and many carried waves all around us, surely it isn't leap of faith to suggest we have a soul.

This universe is far too calculated and orderly for me to deny it was intelligently created. As we came from nothing, from nothing we can return- from the void before, and from the void again.

It is unimaginable how many sorts of realities each with there own principles of physics could be. God can flip flop and bake any reality he wants to.

Take a turn in doing *something* to your world through visualization. Those that are practiced in visualization have many good things owed it- they can change the world around them by transforming their minds. Thoughts don't just come and disappear. Actually in regards to it there is much mystery. But we do know that thoughts are recorded, forever. We just say these thoughts went to the "nether," they go "out" and they come back unto us. When they are "perfected," "resolved," they return to us

having shaped our new reality through second hand, lesser reality- returning as Greater reality, and fed to the same. The whole process is rather like feeding something- visualization is like thought for food.

Visualization that works magic is best when idealistic, a setting of certain, pleasant themes, idealistic, but most importantly: if you feel like you are amazed by what you think, its context is a special thing, then you are doing it right. You are looking for a special feeling and that will invite involvement.

Whatever music you use in so doing is your choice. Naturally vocal music restricts what the music can be about, but you can twist around the meaning. You may feel like you just aren't catching any good thoughts from the music. That's just so because the music has got to be good, conducive of visualization, and much music isn't. But with as much music there is and that is easily gotten anymore, that's not really an encumbrance.

I'm sure that you will find just how amazing these thoughts that emerge are by visualizing. Maybe not immediately, but certainly after you've been doing it awhile.

In my teenage years I was listening to Slayer, Danzig, and Morbid angel. Back then you had to order from a paper catalog any music video of the kind. These, however, were an extraordinary thing to have. CDs were your only other option, and before that, cassettes. I rented movies that were about demons and witchcraft. My parents *did not* like that. I would buy a magazine called Metal Maniacs. And that was the only way to get Satanic imagery. Now

they are available in the many thousands online. That magazine was quite nice. It detailed popular and indie metal bands-sometimes gracefully, sometimes disgracefully. And here I was posting images not online, but my wall. My parents were appalled by it.

I was taken to the mall when I was a teenager and we were allowed, each, by our grandma, to get one cassette tape of the music we wanted. And I got a tape from the band Deicide. My grandma wanted to see it while we were eating pizza after the mall. So what did she read from the lyrical insert? "Move over, Jehovah whore," or something like that. And it was sure to be told to my dad. Not on his cell phone. There were no cell phones back then. But when I got home. This whole incident had me moving to family in Arizona.

Its began with me always a twisting secretive kind of road for me. Going one way, making a sharp turn at the other. Satanism and Christianity both have lead me to places I wouldn't have otherwise been. But they've been, even in places others never could be- very, very evil places I have been. Many choices have lead me to the place I am now. And if things continue to evolve with me maybe I can document it, as a map, one for you, the Yasatic, and collecting each other, let us ascend, to Valhalla. Now there's a hell of a good heaven- better than 'H'eaven, and certainly better than Nirvana. I don't even understand Nirvana!

Isn't white *the* best color? White is the colors of all other colors combined. That is why I have often said "I am the white rainbow." To take it into account for good food, white covers seemingly all

good food. You can say chocolate is black/ brown. But it is very bitter without sugar. And milk makes it even better. You can apply the same to coffee. What about potatoes, bananas, and apples? Well who eats the skins? Its meats are white!

Look up at the sky above. What is up high and shines bright. The moon, clouds, stars, and lightning are all white. And so is snow! A beach is a golden hue- except at White Sands New Mexico where a phenomenon occurred making its sands white.

White is a commonly used color, as though a default choice for walls and cars. The higher end models of electronic devices are usually white. Everyone wants the white one. And that goes for headphones nearly every time. You can even say that the best metal is white, that being white gold. And pearls, too, they are white. A movie theater screen is white. And with how digital projectors are becoming more common you can even say that the best television is white. White is the hottest fire.

But greater than any of these are a people. White people were those of a quite outstanding European heritage. From the Greeks to the Romans, Irish to the British- and Vikings, and explorers, and the inventors and creates of all good things to this day.

Under the sea and through the woods and under earth dug deep. There is no lack of what can be made. It once was that gold was incredibly precious. And it still is. But if you were to consider how much more valuable and incredible a cell phone is you would give a second thought to preferring it over a gold ring. They used to have sticks to play with, trees to visit, were entertained by long

speech. If you took even the least of what we have now and gave it to them they'd be astonished, for sure, and sell it for millions. They'd inspect it and think 'how can this be so?' there is a wire. What's that? That's rubber.

When I was a child I thought plastic was better than metal. Clear plastic, where I could see through my phone's casing, was amazing. When I looked at a small computer chip I was amazed. These little black rectangular things- *what* are they? How do those work? A kid's going to grow up someday totally not understanding what the hell is going on. I remember in the bus the other day an electronic voice said "Please step away from the door!" A young kid was standing there and his mom said, "you're going to make the door mad!"

I only provide my books in eBook format, such as a good ole PDF. This actually started when my self-publisher's website couldn't even have my book made printed. Because of poor website programming and cell phones. I'm glad I made that choice. Sooner or later books will be only on eBook readers, that is, when they are cheaply enough made. In that thousands of books can be on them buying two or three regular books will cost more than the reader. The world once on a hard drive always on one. Nothing can be altogether erased.

All around the mulberry bush

The monkey chased the weasel

People that are against Christian Satanists are people of mischief. I remember a time I was being (in attempt) bullied while at my stay in a psych hospital. Every time I turned the corner he was there

with something to say. But it bothered him badly that I wasn't bothered. So he went to my friend and tried to bother him. Being unbothered by it himself he went back to trying to bother me, but I couldn't be angered. After awhile it made him a nutty. And that's what I like about punks. If you don't respond the way you wish, oh so torn.. Then they'll become not just crazy, but aggressively crazy, even desperate. He started going into my room. I had a room mate and he was pretending to get his cup and bring it back. I don't now what he was hoping would happen. Wake me up or something? He even began talking strange. He no longer talked shit- he talked strangely. I totally broke him!

Some times if you are to get a bully off your back you'll have to fight. It's a good time that you do, it's a good choice to. If you can just have known by authorities how they talked their shit and treated you then you should have every right to – in a good way *defend* yourself. But I think such people should carefully be pummeled. As for me I've often chosen friends that were openly bullied. Even in jail there was one person everyone was unrightfully calling a child molester. Or whereas in grade school. Maybe they make the best friends.

I was thinking of what the future could hold for us in regards to application of Christian Satanists, and besides that. I would like that in my house there'd be a room. A green button could be pressed indicating that a person or particular person could visit you. And if there is green you could (halo graphically) visit them. I was astonished to find out just how useful halo graphic sciences could be. You could have a holographic attire. It would protect you quite well from the weather and it would clean itself. Along

with that you could have a holographic back pack or purse- which weighs nothing. Obviously I am talking about holographs that have solidity.

There wouldn't be a need for elevators or escalators when these can do the same thing but better. Some time in which these are first made and developed, a persons entire walls and roofs could be holographs. It would be like having a sun roof for a ceiling. It can be removed. *You could remove your roof!*

A solid state holograph would be the best invention since the personal computer. It would be, at last, the second wheel. As it is that it can roll any way and turn better, go faster, moving like a tank, or a three wheeler, or the usual way. With this you could raise up a cart, from a base, that of which comes up your cart. We would finally have an umbrella that lasts! Many minor to major things will be produced from solid state halo graphs. A cup that stores itself, takes up only as much space as its base, and cleans itself. Boxes won't be needed. Furniture could be stored away as the holograph returns into the wall.

Oh yes and very well, solid state holographs would be a revolutionary invention.

The sun itself seems to be a symbol for Christian Satanists. The sun is warm and pierces through the darkness, though not altogether as one leads to another, showing balance and so the moon. There is actually a scientific calculations that measures why in the sky the sun looks just like the same size of the moon. Of Ya's creations it is of the more elegant, that the moon wanes into a crescent like some sort of Ya's piece of the pie. That is why the

moon is so often enchanting- magical, and used in magic. We are in between as it seems we were shown we should be. That though Ya takes away, He brings back, beautifully, peacefully. And it comes forth again, ever round.

It seems that very well in His creation He would have things measured and that man would track the days.

If you thought about it, what the sun was thought of as in earlier times, it was a mesmerizing mystery. *That thing in the sky. It follows us wherever it goes. When it goes it is dark. And there is the moon, then again, comes the sun.*

God is one that obviously knows proportion quite well and chooses to use it. As seasons turn so should we, the Christian Satanist. Because if we were to make and follow a religion that was based on God's design, it would be about balance, about time, season, and earned its seat- as God creates all things, so as with us, it was destined to occur, eventually, and so very well has.

Man suffers at the hand of another because he lacks pride. The struggle of man is the struggle of pride and his suffering comes from lack of it. They that proudly work or have come to a place where pride is earned and is experienced- that is the salt of life- the sweetness thereof. Of all emotions pride is utmost and is a great treasure- for few. Few can feel intense pride. Fewer feel it often. A person that goes about his daily life with high self esteem will do great things for those around him. And are much less likely to fold over in anger. If he meets his life proudly due to work hell do the best he can, without squabble, without resistance, but

freely. He is an open source of good things, and ever well-wishing.

But the person that Hayes his duties will suffer and human kind along with him. He refuses to work, becomes a burden to the state, his family, if he could create one, and is better off euthanized. There is nothing good coming from him. And is oft with excuses and has a deficit of drive, of any primal will power, or motivation.

Pride, perhaps, was the earliest folly of God. To think, he made a being so well full of pride looking at his own self, which God created and went his way, becoming what he did, and though damned, nevertheless, a highly superior being as close to perfection as the come (that is to say Lerd Lucifer.) *Lerd is not a type o. Let is the most dominant sound that human can make or procure.*

So do something that is deserving if your pride, like baking a good cake. And don't forget to eat that cake, bit most importantly *enjoy* your cake, and share it with others, but know that pride isn't about another's pride. You can't feel what they do. So you have to feel it yourself. And the world will be gifted.

I have a list compiled that identify what I call "my twelve names." Here are some of them and the reasons why I emulate them:

First there is Vegeta. He will not tolerate being in second place and in his saga is a true "warrior prince."

Then there is Hermes, a mysterious figure in history whom I believe to be Lucifer. He is a messenger of the gods as I am, in some important ways.

There is the villain Lex Luther of my twelve names. He is the idea villain: bald, rich, white, and ingenuous.

One of my favorites or even so, the best, there is Palpatine. Palpatine had a black heart- was even sociopathic. But what I really like about him is how he played the universe like a deck of cards, becoming the ruler of galaxies.

And there is Q, the god-like character of Star Trek. He was funny, clever and basically omnipotent. Naturally if I could be any character in my list of twelve names it would be him.

Satan and Lucifer are two of those names.

And then there is Prince. That's Prince not a/ prince but The Prince. He's an awesome renegade with great powers whose purpose it is to improve man and destroy in some cases. That character is found in the incredibly unique, and somewhat adult shoe *LEXX*.

And there are more equaling twelve. It is a convenient list I made while incarcerated and left with my thoughts.

All my life I was attracted to certain characters and emulated them. Finally I decided I should know and remember who these characters were, as most copied by me, and make it into a list of twelve. I am kind of a disciple of these twelve and this list is easily called upon when I need it, such as to find from it inspiration.

We are all workers here placed upon a world through whose ingredients forms from us *grand design*. Our grand designs are the

meaning and purpose of life. *That is the life we are given, that in the world we establish.* It's as one who sits in the dark and as he slowly stands the light comes on. The light now on he is trapped in the room. And he cannot leave until he masters that room. But if someone does nothing in life, he is expendable, and not hired again.

Blessed are those that take up their purpose here. They that have found a purpose and do it, because they will be rewarded by the upper management, who has chosen them to duty in ways most subtle. And the greater reward from the world itself, from the upper powers comes to the ardent.

What you do is forever. You could even create a guide that the upper powers may employ, you may even make A Guide For Earth. We were put here for a purpose that we take the specifically placed objects of the world, which are abundant, but measured, and make something of them. And it was determined in our survival that *Jesus save man-* as to travel across the coming storm, and shape our world, not on "sin" but through self discipline, and to survive.

We are hired to work that the upper races benefit from our knowledge and use of it.

Let man take nature and make from it. Appoint him to master it. Have him rest within it and seek to awaken from it. Appoint him to find things good, as he is cursed. Preserve him here, and guide his way, minimally, as he is set to undue his own curse. In time he will rise and accomplish this task and make himself immortal, and

will reach into space. In due time he will go beyond his place and live happily settled with the lot he chose and all good things in it given him.

The further you go down a road the further you are down it than others, and sooner or later, likely, than anyone. A person that hasn't diluted his talent by choosing to do many things, well, could be a jack of all trades- in fact the more you can do many things but lessly the better. See people don't red someone that perfectly mows the lawn. A person that washes dishes for three times as long as is typical then others is just wasting time and energy better used elsewhere.

But there should be *one* thing, and no more than a few things, that are treated as something that much time is invested in. Your creations, usually, be it wood work, writing, art, anything where perfection is necessary and applicable.

A person that delves so deep into thought can imagine new things, can make astonishing things, can invent incredible new things. Further into the past much of someone's time was spend thinking. Early in the new time of electronics and at about that time, too, things like steam engines were suddenly being made, radio, and TV, too. These came from good thinkers that are not so easily found today. Oh most of the good things came in those times, for sure, such as plastic and speakers, TV, etc.

And take it as your duty to do yet better. Think of something absurdly impossible and try to create it. Resources are abundant. Tweak this turn that supplement this construe that and you could

very well be a brilliant inventor. Maybe you could make the unimaginable profound leap, singularly, over simple hired scientific hands. The whole world sometimes couldn't do what one man did.

Man was assigned to put himself back into Eden. Ya gave us the perfect Paradise. He couldn't give us a second one, one that would be partially Satanic. Rather they took from Ya's "perfect being, of perfect wisdom" and this was all for the better work of Ya- because Satan The Serpent put them on a path Ya could not. Though it was paradise, it lacked purpose, and a thing such as man would not have been. Very well Ya was to put upon the earth a *different* being, one that would fulfill his desire to do things, accomplish and create from the place he'd have them be.

Then man was put on a course that in its furthest reach a thing that could only be accomplished through Satan. With Satan God's perfect being served him well. Satan had done what Ya could not. Ya could not place man under suffering but had to after he was disobeyed. He knew that the only way man would be served in good he must for himself overcome and overtake his new world until he reached his own Eden.

And that time is nearing. We have built up for ourselves Eden. We have before us what we need to sustain. Every bit piece of the world are things carried along. They are all things we had to pull forward with us, like taking luggage to a hotel. And that Hotel Eden is about to be where we can finally rest.

The internet is an enormous data base as we are entering a Super Manian Era. And that internet will become a Second Reality. There is this and the internet. In this, its infantile form, it will grow and harvest The Second Reality.

..

Wherever you are and whatever you are doing or with simply watching make it “special.” Like if you are outside in the yard tell yourself you are camping. Get the feeling you are, though you aren’t. You might not be able to camp, but you can feel that you are, and the feeling is good.

Tell yourself you are on an expedition, even though you are just going somewhere to spend money. Tell yourself you are getting a prize. Oh all your days will be so good when you do. And if you are watching some show or movie tell yourself they are talking about you. Think of the movie about being about you, even made for you- because these feelings are wonderful.

..

Your brain automatically talks to God. When you are angered the brain kind of jerks a certain portion of the brain and that signal goes up to problem fixing areas. The brain does not like anger. It floods the brain with what it thinks is a solution. It then pulls up a message to God, but also to something God made- The Nether. Intense emotion and other strong automated thought rises up to the Nether and eventually comes back down, usually in the form of Karma.

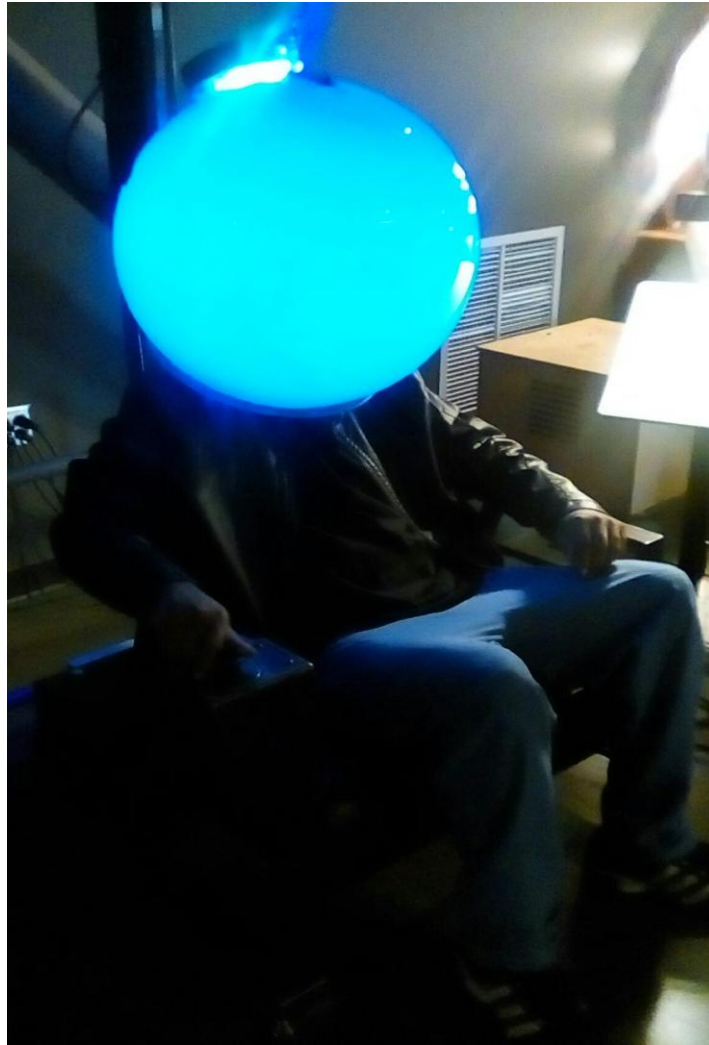
And that is a reason why those that are bullied are so often a success later in life.

As is seen on the next page the *Light Saturation Sphere*, is a globe that rapidly changes colors of light with ones head inside. This is a device of religious application in Christian Satanic Churches. It is used to aid us in intellectual and spiritual development while worn. It can be used as a study tool to better absorb input from a priest, as worn during a sermon- and is helpful in that Christian Satanic knowledge is differently absorbed than regular knowledge. And also is used in what is a better use of it- that of remembering things. It is a special goal of the Christian Satanist to remember everything- things of all kinds, no matter how deep one must go. Scientifically speaking, no memory is forever lost or impossible to bring back up, except due to brain damage. It is our belief that brain damages can be healed through the practice of remembering anything, as the brain is always looking for the missing pieces.

This remembering of all things is actually quite simple and very doable. I used to try to remember things based on alphabet. For every letter one word to remember something. So with "A" an "Ant" I remember an ant bite. With "B" a Bee. But this proved a difficult way sometimes to remember things. Yes it worked well, but I found a better method for it with my small dictionary.

*Using my small dictionary I would randomly look at words with which to remember. So if I saw the word "Fan" I'd remember fans. And in my life there were a lot of them. Or with the word "Truck" I'd remember the time I rode in the bed of one, or any of many incidents that called up certain memories. A Memory Guide presents for you words, from her or his basic dictionary and you remember from them with the devise below. The devise is used

like a highlighter on them while it is used. And it acts to ease and focus one who is trying to remember things. *Below*. And DO NOT use one that could very well blind you. This one below has special light which does not.



Final Fantasy!

-What?

Final Fantasy 7 fuckin faggot pissin me off!

-I sure would like a rainbow necklace..

He's a wise guy

The Devils his master

- I just want a rainbow necklace

Fuckin psycho puttem away!

Isn't there anyone that would like a rainbow necklace?

That would be awesome!

- Finally! Someone who agrees!

And that is how I found my girlfriend.

..

I hug my little blue rock. I love my little blue rock. I pray it be wonderful wherever I am on my little blue rock.. And that the sun stay where it is!

..

Probably the boldest thing I've ever done happened when this beautiful song, which I've so long forgotten, came to me. It was *When you wish upon a star.*

With that song I went to a bustling crowd on Market Street of San Francisco. Making my arms move circularly I belted out to the top of my lungs its lyrics. I left the place and returned briefly after. I could risk it not being filmed. So I stood there a second time and sang it proud and loud. And a woman called me the hottest fire shed ever seen.

If I had a show it would be called "This Guy." I would be followed around thinking daily of the strangest things I could possibly do. Which when I was homeless it came naturally. There was this time I waded in a wishing pond to collect coins. Or this other time that I created a small fire to keep warm, and wasn't caught. Or that time I fed a mother bird twigs who looked at them like it was cute. Sometimes I stood by Apple Bees and promoted their food and menu to great detail. For free. And sometimes I sweep a business place up, like this filthy place at Fisherman's wharf. Can't forget the time that I bought some Clorox bleach and drank three big gulps. Or sprayed both raid and oven cleaner in my mouth. Or that I took a 32 oz size drink of ocean salt water.

I'd walk around like a grown kid and acted much like one. I called it coming out of the sea. I was deranged to say the least. Scores to it, like Nebuchadnezzar

Otherwise if I had a show I guess it could be based on a chain of themes. Like I play Snoop Dogs song "Whats my name?" And then Emy's "My name is." Then to Snoopy and a Peppermint Patty is in the back ground. It would be like a target sign then they sell tampon. And that actually a good way to look at online videos, if nothing else, by a chain- what you hear in one video could easily give you the idea of what to watch next. Like watching the song Margarita Ville then making an apple margarita.

Politicians shouldn't be old fucks. Old fucks are hard to relate to, stubborn, and culturally backwards. They are just too old to have

the superior mentality found in middle age people. Middle agers are more robust, more exuberant. They are stronger, more passionate, and more focused. But as things are we have old people filling over us based on far flug past values. They'll cream and rage, limit the drinks! Tax the soda! They throw fits about legalizing pot. They are weak, old people overly concerned about problems of their own day. Not ours.

And also if we are to have a strong society then it should be ruled by the strong. Those we protect are sending us into war! Yet they are protected in iron clad homes going from place to place in fortified jets commanding an army that cannot be overtaken! If a true warrior is to send others to war he would himself go, if he is.

Observance and knowledge, as it is useful, a power, should mean more than destruction. Consider the ways of the Romulan, and mix it with the ways of the Klingon- or taken pieces here, and there. Personally I like the Ferangi. They are not blood thirsty savages or a people of xenophobia. They are a people that highly regard material success. They would rather spend time gaining riches and securing a good financial estate which to them is equivalent to their pride. The Klingons pull off a deadly ritual and a certainly ready to die for honor. But then there ate the Ferangi, they just want the best things in life and are ready and prepared to get it.

Whenever there was injustice people that desired justice empowered those that would deliver it. It is the most major

reason why we readily receive power over is. We don't want someone raping our wife. We don't want someone taking our daughter, stealing from us, robbing us. And it takes a real power indeed to prevent these things from occurring. American society is in shambles due to black people, in part, but most part. If they are kicked out of their home they lie and say that the landlord threw him out and called him a nigger. They think on the wings of racism they can do anything and -anyone. I once had a vision where a white woman was jogging on her normal route and was stopped by a black man. He said, "I love them baby blue eyes!" And she replied "what? Leave me alone!" And he said, "Don't go anywhere! I just said I love them baby blue eyes!" And she said she was going to call the police. And he said, "What? Just for bothering you? I just said I like them baby blue eyes! " And she walked away, humiliated saying to herself, "He likes my baby blue eyes!"

Black people are altogether a problem. They make up about 86% of all worthless and trouble making people. I can't go down the street unbothered by them. Sometimes they tort out insults to me when I walk past them. One time a nigger said "Who do you think you are passing by me like that?" it gives the feel like I am in a jungle walking past apes. Once a group of niggers came to my friends home, an old lady, and asked for sex. They had been going door to door in a pushy way asking for sex.

And these people are uneducated. These people are a most lazy kind that even if they work, a little, they still beg part time. They

practically throw their selves into jail, no, no! Prison! *That's more home to them- more like a jungle, to be, to be, among the ape.*

There is a kind of beauty to the desert. It is vast emptiness and a perfect setting to visit with a diabolical meditation and perspective. You could wander far thinking and find yourself in a separate place as I have- a place the Devil opened up for me. My early teenage years I would go hours into the desert and return. It was about with her time. Tucson never got below fifty degrees in the winter- I don't think. This was a time of life I was often at the Devil's altar. Evil thoughts stirred in my evil little head, thoughts of murder and destruction. Oh yes I was a Satanist, the more evil of them, at least in thought, but also on the verge of acting on it. This was a good time in my life- a fascinating, wonderful time. When I was thirteen my aunt introduced me to Tarot cards and basic magic- the stuff like numerology and astrology. The nearby gas station sold these neat little astrology scrolls. They were small and wound up like a scroll, one each for every sign.

I used to work very many different kinds of magic. But Anton Szandor took that away. He called things like Tarots a foolish waste of time. He even made me an atheist. He lured me in like a fish and developed me in a kooky philosophy *he* called Satanism. On one page of his book he talked about whoopee cushions and another page said classical music was the best kind. He filled my head with lies that I ever could half believe, like he said he rode in a train with Marilyn Monroe and fucked her. He said he made up the idea for Bat Mans Gotham himself. And he talked about how Marylyn would fart and women should have hairy arm pits, and

every one should stink. *Never* take a bath, he said. Bravo, Bravo. LaVey. You pulled the wool over my eyes, and are totally useless. One of the goals of a Satanist, as in this guys 5 goals they must accomplish, as like a cause/ movement- is that of making love dolls (he called them Artificial Human Companions) and said they'd sell better than computers- well not really, unless they are androids. On the other hand Christian Satanists want made a scientific fountain of youth formula and development of AI. The 6 goals of Christian Satanism are in my book *The Christian Satanic Bible*. And stay away from LaVey. He was a con artist. Don't be fooled.

To see the silver lining in the cloud is certainly Christian Satanic. Bright side thinking coupled with pride is the highest mental state/s there can be had. Have you ever stopped to say, despite everything I am pretty gay! Things are great! I have all of this day for myself and plan on doing very many things today. I am happy to be awake and to start a new day. Or do you wake up and think- oh, no. Another godamn day. I got to get to work. Feed the kids. Will have very little of my earned money for myself. Get into the car- *shit* I have to buy gas again. ?? . *That* doesn't solve anything, really, does it? Turn it around a little. Whip and stir it. The more you look for goodness the more goodness you'll find, even if you have to do some digging. And you'd get good at digging, and there you have your treasure.

There has been set up for people identity as a mentally I'll person. For whatever reason it makes them feel special and in need of special help and special understanding. As though there are those

hired, many a person, to care about your special condition. Sometimes people in wanting that will make that happen on their own. Pity party!

It's not something I like to share, being Schizophrenic. Yes, I am schizo. That's often thought as a misconception to be multiple personality disorder. It has nothing to do with "split personalities." Schizophrenic people hear voices, they hear people talking to them who aren't there. At least that is what a psychiatrist will say- calling them unreal hallucinations. But they are spirits talking to them. I have heard schizophrenic people yelling at these spirits/ demons to leave them- begging them to leave. They are hearing demons.

My voices would sometimes hold conversations with me. Other times say random things, usually comments, their opinion of what they thought of me. Yet I look. No ones around. But I hear them. Otherwise they'd repeat one of these:

The Devil's his master,

He's a wise guy,

The Devil's coming to get me,

Lucifer has spoken,

Is this the guy that never breaks the law?

That last one is particularly annoying and I don't know what is meant by it. But I gotta admit it's a condition I take for granted.

There are most people- who, if believe in God and Devils and such, it would have to be by faith, w/o proof. But with me it is there in my life and often seen. So I have no doubt many wonders and the after life are all there.

I prefer the non answer or a made up no answer to those that can't do things on their own or want to digress with me into bothersome details. Many like to interview you. They want to be listening, involved, attached. So why can't these people use a remote or the computer mouse? They are a kind of people that don't know how to practice at something. To me it feels like we are playing base ball and on his turn to hit the ball he says, "okay hit it for me. I'll be sitting over here."

Then there are those that like to pull out an interview and will ask a series of why questions. You know the sort, like how one question then another and the other is so bothersome. Oh bother. Yeah its my favorite food. Why. Because it has a lot of salt. Why do you like that. Well probably because of the same reason, because it tastes good. I put a stop to that and say "I don't now." That seems like the only answer that will stop a series of questions. Hey let's go to the park. No. Why not. I don't now. But it's a wonderful day. Is it. They will peer into your reasoning and counteract your answer all they can to make you do what they want and not them.

As it is this is good advice for younger people at home still or at school. Don't volunteer information n kids! They'll use it against you and don't really need to know.

Is America like Rome?

Well Rome had the Colosseum where people fought to death with weapons against lions and other people. Do you think that is like America? The closest we come is Jerry Springer where people fight on stage and are quickly pulled apart. We have zoos. If we were like Rome people would be thrown in. They had feasts, complete with sex. Do we have sex at Mc Donald's or -? What kind of banquet is little hamburgers in a bag. Do we drink wine there?

They had massive, full slave labored architectural work. Can you really compare these to any of our own places? No, no. America is *not* like Rome. We are some kind of pussy equivalent. We had *nothing* like a Nero- no president in America has done much more that direct wars and pacify the public.

This is one of my four prime writings, following. Those four are my Twelve Names, Memory by Basic Dictionary, The Principle List, and this, The 5 Planets. They are my most important writings.

The theory stands that space, being without boundaries, infinite in circumference, contains places of every imaginable conception

(with so much space, actually unmeasurable, it goes on forever, then not only any one of any idea is a planet, somewhere, in fact there are an infinite amounts of each.) This knowledge is used with the fact that if you think, with faith, these places can hear you, then they can. Therefore they can be prayed to and heard- as long as you believe you are being heard.

So I have my places here to share with you, the Yasatic.

Planet 1: *Link-*

A place decidedly old fashioned. Intentionally remained in a Renaissance type period. They came to value basic things instead of being what they consider de- evolving. And they seem to be right on this. They have camp fires to freshly cooked meat and live music, there homes are beautiful and strong. They have no concurrent cultural issues to deal with which is typical of “advanced” societies. And there are no black people there.

Planet 2: *Pippy-*

Pippy is right across planet Link. In fact Link was given to Satan and from Link Lord Satan may cross onto Pippy. Pippy is kind of Gothic. It is a strange place. Its loaded with magic. On Pippy magic works so well as to be a second reality. Its is dark- dark, bit not evil, most of the time. But on this planet the tale of Hansel and Gretel was so.

Planet 3: *Ler-*

Let never needs explanation other than it is a place of pure evil.

Planet 4: *Sephra*-

Sefra is a place that is like Lazy Town (the show) or Aqua (the Band.) It is like that Scandinavian lifestyle. There are candy and toy places everywhere. Certain rights are just a given, like sticking stickers anywhere, or putting glitter wherever. The roads might not be paved with gold, but they are paved with board game pieces.

Planet 5: *Orion*-

Orion is the oldest of the five planets. Its people are very far scientifically advanced but childish. They mostly use there tech for entertainment. They have a defense system called *Stix*. They are rods of any size from a needle to a massive column that come together piecing into anything- even spheres.

..Just think, there is a place for every imaginable things. It really was so in a galaxy far, far away. Oh tell me the tales I delighted to hear, long, long ago..

..*To Wait* can be a most pleasing contingency. A nice state of being. To wait for something to arrive. A wait on a chance, to succeed, to be approved, to be finished. Or perhaps to sit, to wait, on something different occurring, a major event. Something that hasn't happened in a very long time.

And to think of the future our scientific and technological advances. That they are making life easier and better even as we

Speak, even as we sit, even as we sleep. That day by day things are improving, at least scientifically. We can take the world with it and someday master every realm with our very hands. That someday will always be and all are a good reason to sit, and wait.

.. *What* ships do you have coming in, how many, and of what quality are their riches? Do you set forth things to arrive? Or are you on a deserted island with no hope of rescue? Is the island itself lacking, having sparse yield, resources? If you can do at least one thing well, build a boat to pass over impediments to arrive at a place you can roam free.

Invest, claim, devour. Procure, widen, broaden and have em. Take em refuse them withstand them. Change them mold them master them. And as one standing on a beach waiting for his ship, one believes it will arrive, for nothing. One believes in hope, but the other has had it prepared for him to return.

Make things permanent, and many things of them. Be redundant of preserving them. Learn skill after skill. Broaden your capability, widen your capacity. Devour your reward in appreciatiin. And overcome all odds.

.. The internet is becoming a separate reality *Reality 2*. It can be used by Christian Satanists to put upon it material that of it self lives apart from its creator. With as many religions are teaching live online, that is not a good way to go about it. Better that a person writes content for it in the form of eBooks that it live of itself, like being online, though we aren't- rather these things are seeds and the public its water. Church should be a meeting about what to do online. Tithing's should be based on writing material put online. And that is all we have to do to master the internet.

Everyone is an overdone philosopher are shallow ideologies. Everyone is deeply digging over involved understanding. They know well and apply things intricately toward base, insignificant impersonal matters such as racism and diet. The Romans were like us? Did the Romans fly banners and congregate in large numbers against racism?

What of diet- this is a particularly essential thing to living. Its not as important that you simply eat.

Philosophers like George Carlin knew the absurdity of the American public. What if the Romans had a device as the TV. Would they watch what we do? If they watched it they would think it was all bizarre as fuck and representational of a bizarre, clown- like people who doesn't have their heads on straight. Take a lesson in time- when you look back at what was popular- how does it look now. What does it say of us? Why is it no longer popular. Actually it is no longer popular because people began to get a sense of how stupid it was.

Indifference has never mattered so much in the world. And indifference will pull us out. Indifference to the way of another's way by tradition, is a sword never done or pulled out. But indifference liberates, truly well and directs one not into the falling and failing of another but causes our own selves to rise and ascend. Be without moral agenda and moral enlightened ways. It will serve you better to not have sponsored another's cause that

for you has little to no difference. If it isn't well differentiating for you be absolved not to pursue it but fight for personal liberty, always.

Men cheat on women because they are assholes. Women cheat on men because they want them to be assholes.

Women use music to bitchify men, music such as always-love-you's and do-anything for you. These men hang on by a thread while the woman only wants him as her beggar.

The very essence of genderism is to see your self as all the same in one with another of your gender. When women see other women succeed they take it as there own victory- even if they had no part into it whatsoever. Like the song "I'm every woman."

If men and women are equal then why is it that no matter where you look you see things made by man? All the world around are the things of man from beginning to end.

If women aren't insecure then why do they pour an hour or more every day in making their selves look good, over diet even suffer bulimia, and generally promote a pussyfied lifestyle (they have to have an implementation of sensitivity from those around them.)

And if a woman puts herself in a mans place she can unleash a fury of hell from him and should have it returned upon her ten-fold.

Until Scientific Gendralter occurs then women should keep their selves below man and be most humble. Gendralter will provide a persons alteration to his or her desired gender. This will be more full and totally done not with bodily surgery but with a fuller more realistic scientific technique. Because very well science will develop a procedure that will allow a persons body to be as he'd wish it to be: not only a change of gender, but race, etc., through changes at the cellular level.

Gender will be less important in the future. Unlike now it will not matter, but that time is not yet. People are silently raging right now because of the curse of equality. Equality destroys competition. No one can be different. Everyone is the same as the other. You can have nothing that another doesn't have. People are never weaker, lesser than you. They are special. Even if that is turned around it goes like: a rich man is no better than you. So why is he? Money doesn't mean anything. That doesn't make him any better. Why pursue riches? Where is glory? How will I find the things that I seek?

If I make myself lowly will others stop coming after me? People could go and hide in the deepest caves choosing not to accept reality. They'll wander deep and away from reality. They can't settle for it. So many people are doing nothing, or at best nothing important. Scientists in physics and in many fields are talking

things best left to fiction. And at every new turn comes a pseudo science once accepted, later proven false. Politicians are taxing soda and grocery bags. Much worse are all the dime a dozen authors that all though they provide a good story, others hide in it. Personal entertainment has never been the good. But because of it a persons best trait is his points in a game or his emulation of an idol.

but on the other hand this is good: there's less competition

If in your days you come across Satan, tell him I said hello. Tell him to hear this prayer, or give it to him. And the same goes for Yaweh:

I pray to be all things Lucifer, the Son of Satan

I pray for honor, prestige, service, wealth, and sex

I pray to be the Antichrist, whose image is worshipped

I pray to be among Satan and his archangels, his highest authority

I pray that my family always be with me and too My People of Perfect Sense

And I pray for the enormous success of my writings.

Hales- Nema, Amen. So noted in memory.

FOUND IN ALL FILMS
THE PRINCIPLE LIST OF LUCIFER WHITE

PERSON ONE : Bird, Hand, Red, Staff

PERSON TWO: Bear, Bee, Brown, Cane

PERSON THREE: Green, Rabbit, Seed, Stage

PERSON FOUR: White, Ring, Thief, Goat

PERSON FIVE: Joker, Gold, Sword, Swine

PERSON SIX: Red, Whip, Cat, Fairy

PERSON SEVEN: Yellow, Rodent, Duke, Wind

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

PERSON NINE: Yellow, Horse, Toad, Dust

PERSON TEN: Tiger, Assassin, Word, Creature

PERSON ELEVEN: Blue, Elephant, Stone, Spirit

PERSON TWELVE: Purple, Dragon, Mask, Dog/ Wolf

The Primary Facets of the religion *Christian Satanism*.

Look no further to know and implement the most significant things of Christian Satanism. For these will anchor you upon the world and drive your soul to live and thrive- and to stay here upon the Middle Ground. It grounds you here. It establishes your place. It keeps you here. It sustains. Therefore it is a listing of how to develop your mind, body, and soul to make your place here its best and most desirable option. Where some religions have you prepare for the afterlife its own ways, from religion to religion, here is *Our Way*..

Memory Reemergence- Becoming “Unlocked.”

This is done by using a small basic dictionary to remember your life word by word. By randomly looking at words you remember things by, such as the word center may have you recall a center/ office/ gym or school you attended or visited one day.

The eventual effect of this in Christian Satanism leads the Christian Satanist to become “unlocked.” It has been given a mass of significance in many areas of thinking, from psychiatry to Scientology, that one *remember* all that they can. Where with Freud it has to do with releasing repressed heavy weighing memories or Scientology, whereas someone is aiming to become “clear,” or in simply exercising the brain muscle to remember things better, there are many end results in active recall. Plus, it just feels good. Like an “aha” feeling. It is like recapturing lost pieces of yourself and to say “there it is!”

In Christian Satanism it is not called psychoanalysis, becoming clear, or whatever term has been used before. For us it is known as becoming “unlocked.” And the benefits of daily recalling of memories I think, is a profound effect. It is pleasant, it ignites the brain. It brings our past closer to us. It even concentrates the soul. After all, without remembering much of anything our past is blocked. Let us instead keep ourselves from then to now.

Again, the best way to remember things is to use a small pocket (basic word) dictionary and in seeing every random word you look at, remember something based on it.

This list composes levels and development of the mind which are to be cultivated into habit by the Christian Satanist. Where not mentioned frequently enough, even, should be given top priority.

Enhanced most minds (The Christian Satanist Enhanced Mind) includes unlocking of the minds memories that during adulthood have been lost- to reclaim our past. But it includes a few other things. And for most part the entirety of Christian Satanism leads to an overall better mind- to say the least, it is neurologically refined. For one, it prepares the Christian Satanist for the afterlife, or future life beyond the void/ unknown. As has been stated her/ himself is recaptured and kept with.

But it lends to itself, even. It is eventually, even soon, automated to improve. *Automated* as in it develops itself after time, apart from any effort. But in continuing these mindful practices adds to it, more. So there are different methods to these things regularly PRA practiced by the Christian Satanist.

A other is sequence execution. *Sequence Execution* is to understand things along a theme. Such as going through the alphabet and one letter at a time thinking of something letter by letter. It can be whatsoever you desire. Personally I like the theme of video games named from letter to letter or any kind of particular element within a game, game to game, or just one game per alphabetic sequence.

Taste Magic

This is to visualize based on what you eat and taste, basically speaking. It is to interconnect thoughts in the mind associating them with taste. It can be visualizing something every time you eat something, the same thought per food eaten, different

thoughts from other things eaten, each food given its own thought.

A rule in Taste Magic is that you must taste. And that is important! You must experience its taste as much as you can have the sensation of taste. The mind *knows* food in a strange way. When we are tasting, our mind knows what our body has put in. Just think of that! Taste is not just there without good reason. To taste is to feed the mind.

It is even more intimate than sex to take the flesh of something and lick and devour it, putting it through our own mechanisms.

As for me I am very close to my immediate family. I often think of them when eating whatever food I have represent them, and that came from my Principle List. I created The Principle List, originally called The Principality List, because of them. So in eating a yellow corn chip I think of my brother, and meat for his success.

Visualization, tasting not just eating, each to its own appointed food, is all you need to know and do when it comes to Taste Magic.

Knowledge of Tastes

This is that one knows well all of the things they like and to come to like new things, too. By knowing what you like you know all the things you want, and can so get them.

Knowing your tastes is also a coming to know tastes. Things that before you gave no thought to can be through consideration and looking around for what you like. While you do look around things catches they eye.

Take a best of approach. For example what to you is the best of things and of that type of thing even the best of the best? Such as bread, which for me is large pretzel and Hawaiian breads. But what so broad, do you like? Be specific with your tastes and individually minded. I for one liked these scene from Zelda, of Link's visit to the cave where the Sage says "It's dangerous to go alone! Take this!" And I looked for a shirt with that and found it. I even got the particular color I wanted of it "crimson." I also like Eye of Providence items. And I wanted a necklace with a rainbow on it. I found the two together and have a necklace I love, one that's *me*.

Where you desire is where you go. What you want is what you will go toward. It is important that you have a small list of things at least, that you very much want and keep. It gives you somewhere to go. It brings you somewhere to be. You could get these items and lose them. But you will always remember them and to them return. To them work toward, as long as you both remember and desire to have them.

Remember- if you want to have it that should be reason enough to have it. Having what you want in your possession is just important enough, with or without much use of it- at least you have it, and knowing so is good for thought. Me, I am very particular with what I want. I wanted not only a Mickey Mouse watch but a Mickey Mouse watch that has the Mickey Mouse sorcerer from Fantasia on the face, and I found one and have it.

Self Inclusivity

This is a term meaning you are your own. Not the product of popular vices. It is to be an individualist

Practice of Visualization

This is to use music to idealize the future or what you want, even to experience what it is you'd be.

Optimal-pathic Reasoning

Is, simply, having your reasoning be optimal, but not only that, also with knowing how well it could be optimal applied.

Pride and Bright Side Thinking

Is simply done but its positive effects are outstanding. Like a rainbow are you then dually anchored to the *Middle Ground World*. One hand one thing. But on the other another. And for matters of pride a purpose, a job, a duty, a reason to stay.

Trash Authorship

To be a *Trash Author* is to take paper, of durable quality if possible, and scribe on it creatively, such as:

Philosophy

Poems

Art work

Music composition

Inventions and

Symbols, especially of your own making

And it is to take these as written and put them into an obscure place having them preserved, such as inside a plastic bottle and placed in cans or areas where they won't be directly recycled. Sign your name on these several times. Place within them a sort of relic, such as an old somewhat valuable coin or a cheap ring. That

adds a component to it that can be understood as your marriage to the Earth (understood by you, at least.)

Whether or not it lasts a thousand years or two, there are deities watching your every written piece, if you are liked by the deities, if the Higher Beings take interest in you. Everything is preserved, even this is thought to be temporary. Nothing is ever entirely lost. Nothing could be forever lost.

Scatter then Christian Satanist into all of the areas of the Earth.

And The Principle List with its mysteries.

Also by Lucifer 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 Book One &

Becoming a Christian Satanist