

## End of Year 2013 Hitchhiking Stats



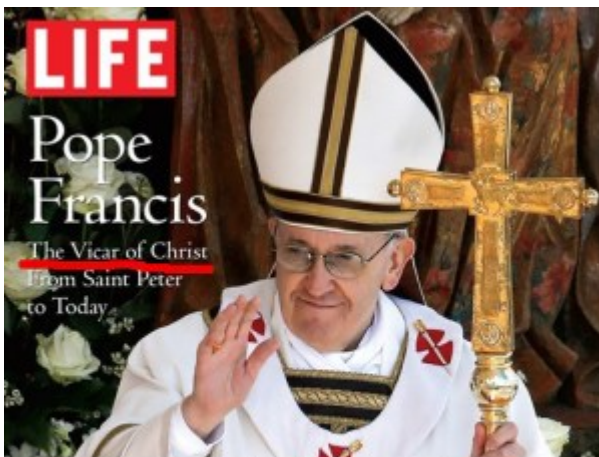
This year I hitchhiked 24,048 kilometers (15,030 miles) which is 4518 kilometers more than my previous record of 19,530 kilometers in 2009! The chart below shows the years from 2005 to 2013 the distances in kilometers traveled by hitchhiking.



At 15.4088 yen per kilometer on a local train, it means I saved 370,551 yen this year.

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## Pope Francis: The Vicar of Christ



Vicar: (From Latin) vicarius, *a substitute*,  
Anti: (From Greek) against, opposite, *instead of*,  
Vicar of Christ = Anti Christ

Greek vs. Latin

Vicar: (From Latin) vicarius, *a substitute*,  
Anti: (From Greek) "against, opposite, *instead of*,  
Vicar of Christ = Anti Christ

1John 2:18 Little children, it is the last time: and as ye have heard that antichrist shall come, even now are there many antichrists; whereby we know that it is the last time.

All the Protestants recognized the Antichrist not as one who will come later, but one who was always present with them: The Pope!

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## Purchasing Power of the U.S. Dollar 1913 – 2013

On December 23, 2013, the Federal Reserve Bank celebrated its 100 year anniversary. Too bad however, that the “Fed” is not “federal” and there is *NO* reserve!

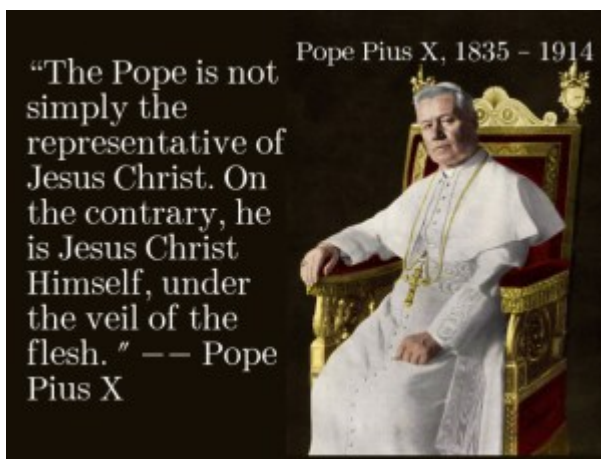
I found this image on Facebook:



The wealth of America changed hands from the American people to those who are controlling the American government. Who is controlling the American government? Please read [Washington in the Lap of Rome](#).

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## The Roman Empire never fell!



**The Hierarchy of the Roman Empire now called the Roman Catholic Church.**



Rome still rules the world!

The Roman Empire morphed into the Roman Catholic Church Empire.

Quotes taken from

<http://v666.wordpress.com/2007/03/20/vatican-openly-admits-it-embraces-babylon/>

Vatican City is a landlocked state within the city of Rome, Italy. It is governed by the Bishop of Rome (called the Pope) are in fact clergymen.

It is the smallest sovereign state in the world.

**Caesar Constantine** began the “corporate takeover” by renaming all the old Roman offices, this evolution of name changing still occurs. Name changing allows a person to hide their tracks of origin.

#### **Roman Empire offices & their modern names:**

Roman Empire (Imperium Romanum) renamed: **Roman Catholic Church**

Curia (legal body of Senators) slight name change: **Curia (legal body of Cardinals)**

Roman Emperor renamed: **Roman Pope (head of all church and state affairs)**

Civil government matters of state: **Extra-Ordinary affairs (matters of civil-state governments)**

Religious orders matters: **Church “ecclesiastical” matters**

Roman College of Senators renamed: **College of Cardinals**

Magistrate of College of Senators renamed: **Dean of College of Cardinals**

Departments of the Roman Senatorial Curia renamed: **Congregations**

Political Ambassador renamed: **Pro-Nuncio (highest civil ambassador sent to other governments, ie Washington DC, London etc)**

If a government has not signed a treaty with Rome which makes the Romans the head of the foreign country as certified in the Roman Code of Canon Law. This rebel nation which has no official ties has an ambassador called an Apostolic Delegate. The United States and the United Kingdom never allowed the **Vatican** to serve as their legal head *until* President Reagan quickly signed into law on January 10, 1984. This Treaty for the very first time in U.S. history recognized full diplomatic relations between the United States and the Vatican State.

In 1534 when the United Kingdom realized that the Treaty with the **Vatican City-State** made them subject to all the Popes rules they voided the treaty. Formal plomatic relations between England and Vatican State were broken. Full diplomatic relations with the Pope’s Vatican State were never restored for

448 years until 1982.

Roman Senators renamed: **Cardinals**

Roman Governors renamed: **Archbishops**

Roman Senator with no territory: **Bishop (Code of Canon Law 376)**

(Large) Roman Province renamed: **Archdiocese**

(Small) Roman Territory renamed: **Diocese**

Imperial Chair of Jupiter where Caesar sat renamed: **Throne of St. Peter**

Vestal Virgins renamed: **Nuns**

**Pontifex Maximus** (high priest of College of Senators) renamed: **Supreme Pontiff of College of Cardinals**

Pontiff or “high priest ” of a pagan religious order (Zues, Apollo, Diana, Mars, Jupiter, Baal, Dionysys, Pythia etc) same name: **Pontiff**

A Pontiff (Latin: “pontifex”) means bridge-builder or priest between man and the gods of the underworld.

The Roman Calendar and Holy Days of the gods renamed: **Calendar Holidays of the Saints**

Voice of the gods speaking through Caesar: **Ex-Cathedra: Voice of God speaking through Pope**

Meeting of the Pontiffs (high priests) of the pagan religious orders renamed: **Ecumenical Council of the Bishops**

Legal act of creating a god (of a living or dead human, as was done to most of the Caesars) “Apotheosis of the Gods” renamed: **Canonization of the Saints**

A decree of Caesar (dictator for life): **Pope’s infallible Dogma**

Praying to a dead human god renamed: **Praying to a saint**

In the US the highest law of the land is the Constitution and the Bill of Rights in the Vatican State the Constitution is called the Code of Canon Law

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## **Foreign Conspiracy Against the**

# Liberties of the United States – By Samuel F. B. Morse



Samuel Morse

Most people still remember Samuel Morse (April 27, 1791 – April 2, 1872) as the inventor of the telegraph – the first long distance electronic means of communication. But how many people have known of his research of a conspiracy by the Roman Catholic Church to usurp the liberties Americans enjoy because of the American Constitution? You may call this conspiracy theory if you want, but know that Samuel Morse convinced Abraham Lincoln of it!

As in my previous post, [Washington in the Lap of Rome](#) by Justin D. Fulton, I hope to make Samuel Morse's research more well known by republishing it in HTML text format. I copied the chapters from [Samuel Morse A FOREIGN CONSPIRACY](#)

The full title of this book is:

**FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES: THE NUMBERS OF BRUTUS, ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN THE NEW-YORK OBSERVER. 1835**

I have no idea what "Numbers of Brutus" means. Can anybody help me?

Next Chapter: [PREFATORY REMARKS.](#)

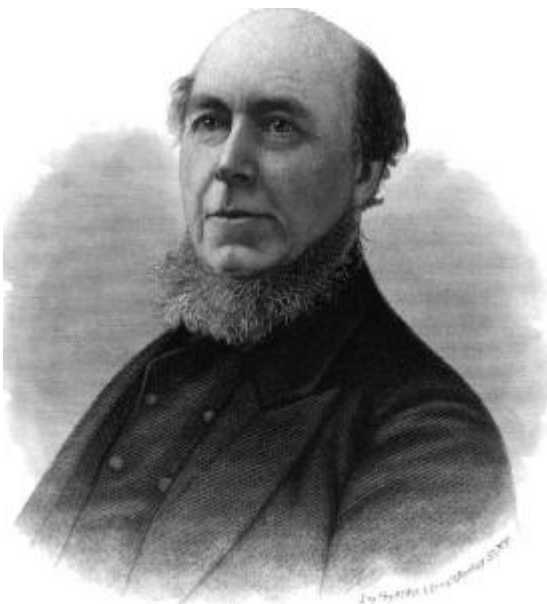
- [Foreign Conspiracy Against the Liberties of the United States – By Samuel F. B. Morse](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER I.](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER II](#)

- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER III](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER IV](#)
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- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER X](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER XI](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER XII](#)

You can [download the PDF file](#), from where I got the text.

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## [“Hurrah for St. Anne, the grave of the tyranny of the Bishops of Rome in America!”](#)



Charles Chiniquy

I hope you find the title of this post intriguing enough to want to know the

story behind it. It was the cry of the French Canadian immigrants of St. Anne Illinois to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chicago on August 3rd, 1858.

St. Anne is a village in Kankakee County, Illinois, United States, about 50 kilometers south of Chicago. It was founded by a French Canadian Roman Catholic priest (who later converted to Protestantism) by the name of Charles Chiniquy. He was also a friend and adviser of Abraham Lincoln

The story below is taken from chapter 66 of Charles Chiniquy's book, "[Fifty Years in the Church of Rome](#)"

On the 27th of July, a devoted priest, through my friend, Mr. Dunn, of Chicago, sent me the following copy of a letter, written by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Illinois (Duggan) to several of his co-bishops: "The schism of the apostate, Chiniquy, is spreading with an incredible and most irresistible velocity. I am told that he has not less than ten thousand followers from his countrymen. Though I hope that this number is an exaggeration, it shows that the evil is great; and that we must not lose any time in trying to open the eyes of the deluded people he is leading to perdition. I intend (D.V.) to visit the very citadel of that deplorable schism, next Tuesday, the 3rd of August. As I speak French almost as well as English, I will address the deluded people of St. Anne in their own language. My intention is to unmask Chiniquy, and show what kind of a man he is. Then I will show the people the folly of believing that they can read and interpret the Scriptures, by their own private judgment. After which, I will easily show them that out of the Church of Rome there is no salvation. Pray to the blessed Virgin Mary that she may help me reclaim that poor deceived people."

Having read that letter to the people on the first Sabbath of August, I said: "We know a man only after he has been tried. So we know the faith of a Christian only after it has been through the fire of tribulations. I thank God that next Tuesday will be the day chosen by Him to show the world that you are worthy of being in the front rank of the great army Jesus Christ is gathering to fight His implacable enemy, the Pope, on this continent. Let every one of you come and hear what the bishop has to say. Not only those who are in good health must come, but even the sick must be brought to hear and judge for themselves. If the bishop fulfills his promise to show you that I am a depraved and wicked man, you must turn me out. You must give up or burn your Bibles, at his bidding, if he proves that you have neither the right to read, nor the intelligence to understand them; and if he shows you that, out of the Church of Rome, there is no salvation, you must, without an hour's delay, return to that church and submit yourselves to the Pope's bishops. But if he fails (as he will surely do) you know what you have to do. Next Tuesday will be a most glorious day for us all. A great and decisive battle will be fought here, such as this continent has never witnessed, between the great principles of Christian truth and liberty, and the principles of lies and tyranny of the Pope. I have only one word more to say: From this moment to the solemn hour of the conflict, let us humbly, but fervently ask our great God, through His beloved and eternal Son, to look down upon us in His mercy, enlighten and strengthen us, that we may be true to Him, to ourselves, and to His Gospel, and then, the angels of heaven will unite with all the elect of God on earth to bless you for the great and glorious victory you will win."



Never had the sun shone more brightly on our beautiful hill than on the 3rd of August, 1858. The hearts had never felt so happy, and the faces had never been so perfectly the mirrors of joyful minds, as on that day, among the multitudes which began to gather from every corner of the colony, a little after twelve o'clock, noon.

Seeing that our chapel, though very large, would not be able to contain half the audience, we had raised a large and solid platform, ten feet high, in the middle of the public square, in front of the chapel. We covered it with carpets, and put a sofa, with a good number of chairs, for the bishop, his long suite of priests, and one for myself, and a large table for the different books of references I wanted to have at hand, to answer the bishop.

At about two o'clock p.m., we perceived his carriage, followed by several others filled with priests. He was dressed in his white surplice, and his official "bonnet carre" on his head, evidently to more surely command the respect and awe of the multitude.

I had requested the people to keep silence and show him all the respect and courtesy due a gentleman who was visiting them, for the first time.

As soon as his carriage was near the chapel, I gave a signal, and up went the American flag to the top of a mast put on the sacred edifice. It was to warn the ambassador of the Pope that he was not treading the land of the holy inquisition and slavery, but **the land of Freedom and Liberty**. The bishop understood it. For, raising his head to see that splendid flag of stripes and stars, waving to the breeze, **he became pale to death**. And his uneasiness did not abate, when the thousands round him rent the air with the cry: "Hurrah for the flag of the free and the brave!" The bishop and his priests thought this was the signal I had given to slaughter them; for they had been told several times, that I and my people were so depraved and wicked that their lives were in great danger among us. Several priests who had not much relish for the crown of martyrdom, jumped from their carriages and ran away, to the great amusement of the crowd. Perceiving the marks of the most extreme terror on the face of the bishop, I ran to tell him that there was not the least danger, and assured him of the pleasure we had to see him in our midst.

I offered my hand to help him down from his carriage, but he refused it. After some minutes of trembling and hesitation, he whispered a few words in the ear of his Grand Vicar Mailloux, who was well known by my people, and of whom I have already spoken. I knew that it was by his advice that the bishop was among us, and it was by his instigation that Bishop Smith had refused the submission we had given him.

Rising slowly, he said with a loud voice: "My dear French Canadian countrymen, here is your holy bishop. Kneel down, and he will give you his benediction."

But, to the great disgust of the poor grand vicar, this so well laid plan for beginning the battle failed entirely. Not a single one of that immense multitude cared for the benediction. Nobody knelt.



Thinking that he had not spoken loud enough, he raised his voice to the highest pitch and cried:

"My dear fellow countrymen: This is your holy bishop. He comes to visit you. Kneel down, and he will give you his benediction."

But nobody knelt, and, what was worse, a voice from the crowd answered:

"Do you not know, sir, that there we no longer bend the knee before any man? It is only before God we kneel."

The whole people cried "Amen!" to that noble answer. I could not refrain a tear of joy from falling down my cheeks, when I saw how this first effort of the ambassador of the Pope to entrap my people had signally failed. But though I thanked God from the bottom of my heart for this first success He had given to His soldiers, I knew the battle was far from being over.

I implored Him to bide with us, to be our wisdom and our strength to the end. I looked at the bishop, and seeing his countenance as distressed as before, I offered him my hand again, but he refused it the second time with supreme disdain, but accepted the invitation I gave him to come to the platform.

When half way up the stairs he turned, and seeing me following him, he put forth his hand to prevent me from ascending any further, and said: "I do not want you on this platform; go down, and let my priests alone accompany me."

I answered him: "It may be that you do not want me there, but I want to be at your side to answer you. Remember that you are not on your own ground here, but on mine!"

He then, silently and slowly, walked up. When on the platform, I offered him a good arm-chair, which he refused, and sat on one of his own choice, with his priests around him. I then addressed him as follows:

"My lord, the people and pastor of St. Anne are exceedingly pleased to see you in their midst. We promise to listen attentively to what you have to say, on condition that we have the privilege of answering you."

He answered angrily: "I do not want you to say a word here."

Then stepping to the front, he began his address in French, with a trembling voice. But it was a miserable failure from beginning to end. In vain did he try to prove that out of the Church of Rome, there is no salvation. He failed still more miserably to prove that the people have neither the right to read the Scriptures, nor the intelligence to understand them. He said such ridiculous things on that point, that the people went into fits of laughter, and some said: "This is not true. You do not know what you are talking about. The Bible says the very contrary."

But I stopped them by reminding them of the promise they had made of not interrupting him.

A little before the closing of his address, he turned to me and said: "You

are a wicked, rebel priest against your holy church. Go from here into a monastery to do penance for your sins. You say that you have never been excommunicated in a legal way! Well, you will not say that any longer, for I excommunicate you now before this whole people."

I interrupted him and said: "You forget that you have no right to excommunicate a man who has publicly left your church long ago."

He seemed to realize that he had made a fool of himself in uttering such a sentence, and stopped speaking for a moment. Then, recalling his lost courage, he took a new and impressive manner of speaking. He told the people how their friends, their relatives, their very dear mothers and fathers in Canada were weeping over their apostasy. He spoke for a time with great earnestness of the desolation of all those who loved them, at the news of their defection from their holy mother church. Then, resuming, he said: "My dear friends: Please tell me what will be your guide in the ways of God after you have left the holy church of your fathers, the church of your country; who will lead you in the ways of God?"

Those words, which have been uttered with great emphasis and earnestness, were followed by a most complete and solemn silence. Was that silence the result of a profound impression made on the crowd, or was it the silence which always precedes the storm? I could not say. But I must confess that, though I had not lost confidence in God, I was not without anxiety. Though silent and ardent prayers were going to the mercy-seat from my heart, I felt that that poor heart was troubled and anxious, as it had never been before. I could have easily answered the bishop and confounded him in a few words; but I thought that it was much better to let the answer and rebuke come from the people.

The bishop, hoping that the long and strange silence was a proof that he had successfully touched the sensitive cords of the hearts, and that he was to win the day, exclaimed a second time with still more power and earnestness: "My dear French Canadian friends: I ask you, in the name of Jesus Christ, your Saviour and mine, in the name of your desolated mothers, fathers, and friends who are weeping along the banks of your beautiful St. Lawrence River I ask it in the name of your beloved Canada! Answer me! now that you refuse to obey the holy Church of Rome, who will guide you in the ways of salvation?"

Another solemn silence followed that impassionate and earnest appeal. But this silence was not to be long. When I had invited the people to come and hear the bishop, I requested them to bring their Bibles. Suddenly we heard the voice of an old farmer, who, raising his Bible over his head with his two hands, said: "This Bible is all we want to guide us in the ways of God. We do not want anything but the pure Word of God to teach us what we must do to be saved. As for you, sir, you had better go away and never come here any more."

And more than five thousand voices said "Amen!" to that simple and yet sublime answer. The whole crowd filled the air with cries: "The Bible! the Holy Bible, the holy Word of God is our only guide in the ways of eternal life! Go away, sir, and never come again!"

These words, again and again repeated by the thousands of people who surrounded the platform, fell upon the poor bishop's ears as formidable claps of thunder. They were ringing as his death-knell in his ears. The battle was over, and he had lost it.

Bathed in his tears, suffocated by his sobs, he sat or, to speak more correctly, he fell into the arm-chair, and I feared at first lest he should faint. When I saw that he was recovering and strong enough to hear what I had to say, I stepped to the front of the platform. But I had scarcely said two words when I felt as if the claws of a tiger were on my shoulders. I turned and found that it was the clenched fingers of the bishop, who was shaking me while he was saying with a furious voice: "No! no! not a word from you."

As I was about to show him that I had a right to refute what he had said, my eyes fell on a scene which baffles all description. Those only who have seen the raging waves of the sea suddenly raised by the hurricane can have an idea of it. The people had seen the violent hand of the bishop raised against me; they had heard his insolent and furious words forbidding me to say a single word in answer: and a universal cry of indignation was heard: "The infamous wretch! Down with him! He wants to enslave us again! he denies us the right of free speech! he refuses to hear what our pastor has to reply! Down with him!" At the same time a rush was made by many toward the platform to scale it, and others were at work to tear it down. That whole multitude, absolutely blinded by their uncontrollable rage, were as a drunken man who does not know what he does. I had read that such things had occurred before, but I hope I shall never see it again. I rushed to the head of the stairs, and with great difficulty repulsed those who were trying to lay their hands on the bishop. In vain I raised my voice to calm them, and make them realize the crime they wanted to commit. No voice could be heard in the midst of such terrible confusion. It was very providential that we had built the scaffold with strong materials, so that it could resist the first attempt to break it.

Happily, we had in our midst a very intelligent young man called Bechard, who was held in great esteem and respect. His influence, I venture to say, was irresistible over the people. I called him to the platform, and requested him, in the name of God, to appease the blind fury of that multitude. Strange to say, his presence and a sign from his hand acted like magic.

"Let us hear what Bechard has to say," whispered every one to his neighbour, and suddenly the most profound calm succeeded the most awful noise and confusion I had ever witnessed. In a few appropriate and eloquent words, that young gentleman showed the people that, far from being angry, they ought to be glad at the exhibition of the tyranny and cowardice of the bishop. Had he not confessed the weakness of his address when he refused to hear the answer? Had he not confessed that he was the vilest and the most impudent of tyrants when he had come into their very midst to deny them the sacred right of speech and reply? Had he not proved, before God and man, that they had done well to reject, for ever, the authority of the Bishop of Rome, when he was giving them such an unanswerable proof that that authority meant the most unbounded tyranny on his part, and he most degraded and ignominious moral degradation on the part of his blind slaves?

Seeing that they were anxious to hear me, I then told them:

"Instead of being angry, you ought to bless God for what you have heard and seen from the Bishop of Chicago. You have heard, and you are witnesses that he has not given us a single argument to show that we were wrong when he gave up the words of the Pope to follow the words of Christ. Was he not right when he told you that there was no need, on my part, to answer him? Do you not all agree that there was nothing to answer, nothing to refute in his long address? Has not our merciful God brought that bishop into your midst today to show you the truthfulness of what I have so often told you, that there was nothing manly, nothing honest, or true in him? Have you heard from his lips a single word which could have come from the lips of Christ? A word which could have come from that great God who so loved His people that He sent His eternal Son to save them? Was there a single sentence in all you heard which would remind you that salvation through Christ was a gift? that eternal life was a free gift? Have you heard anything from him to make you regret that you are no longer his obedient and abject slaves?"

"No! no!" they replied.

"Then, instead of being angry with that man, you ought to thank him and let him go in peace," I added.

"Yes! yes!" replied the people, "but on condition that he shall never come again."

Then Mons. Bechard stepped to the front, raised his hat, and cried with his powerful voice; "People of St. Anne! you have just gained the most glorious victory which has ever been won by a people against their tyrants. Hurrah for St. Anne, the grave of the tyranny of the Bishops of Rome in America!"

That whole multitude, filled with joy, rent the air with the cry: "Hurrah for St. Anne, the grave of the tyranny of the Bishops of Rome in America!"

I then turned towards the poor bishop and his priests, whose distress and fear were beyond description, and told them: "You see that the people forgive you the iniquity of your conduct, by not allowing them to answer you; but I advise you not to repeat that insult here. Please take the advice they gave you; go away as quickly as possible. I will go with you to your carriage, through the crowd, and I pledge myself that you will be safe, provided you do not insult them again."

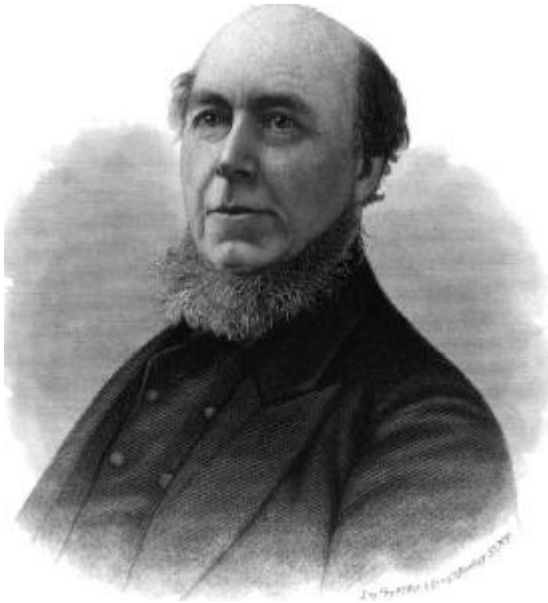
Opening their ranks, the crowd made a passage, through which I led the bishop and his long suite of priests to their carriages. This was done in the most profound silence, only a few women whispering to the prelate as he was hurrying by: "Away with you, and never come here again. Henceforward we follow nothing but Christ."

Crushed by waves of humiliation, such as no bishop had ever met with on this continent, the weight of the ignominy which he had reaped in our midst completely overpowered his mind, and ruined him. He left us to wander every day nearer the regions of lunacy. That bishop, whose beginning had been so

brilliant, after his shameful defeat at St. Anne, on the 3rd of August, 1858, was soon to end his broken career in the lunatic asylum of St. Louis, where he is still confined to-day.

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## Charles Chiniquy – A Man Every American Should Know



Charles Chiniquy

There are some men who should be more famous than they are. Nikola Tesla (10 July 1856 – 7 January 1943), the father of the electrical power grid, is one of them. If you learn about him and his discoveries, you might consider that he should be as famous as Thomas Edison if not more so! Another is Charles P. Chiniquy (30 July 1809 – 16 January 1899), a former Roman Catholic priest from Quebec Canada who established the settlement of St. Anne Illinois for French immigrants. St. Anne is only 33 miles (53 km) from where I was raised in Chicago, but I never heard about it before. After reading Charles Chiniquy's book, [Fifty Years in the Church of Rome](#), he has become my role model! This Catholic priest stood up to the power of Rome, and though he was excommunicated, his parishioners loved him so much they didn't mind to get excommunicated with him! I myself am a former Roman Catholic and I can tell you excommunication is a big deal and a sentence of eternal hell fire from a Roman Catholic point of view, unless, that is, you really have faith from your knowledge of the Word of God, the Bible, that you are on the right side of the truth!

Let's read what Wikipedia has to say about him.

Charles P. Chiniquy (30 July 1809 – 16 January 1899) was a Canadian

Catholic priest who was twice suspended from his priestly ministry (for moral turpitude) and finally excommunicated as a schismatic. He then became a Presbyterian pastor. He is known for his lurid accusations against the Roman Catholic Church. In the period between 1885 and 1899 he was the focus of a great deal of discussion in the United States of America. During the 1880s his conspiracy theories included his claim to have exposed **the Jesuits as the assassins of President Abraham Lincoln**, and that, if unchecked, **the Jesuits could eventually politically rule the United States**. (Emphasis mine)

Why is Charles Chiniquy in relative obscurity and not talked about in school textbooks even though he pointed the finger at the Jesuits for assassinating Abraham Lincoln? It was **much discussed** in the late 19th century! I myself didn't even know this until just the other day! It's because the powers that be do not want his story to be known. Charles Chiniquy was too powerful a witness for the truth against them!

Charles Chiniquy had many enemies among fellow Roman Catholic priests. They were jealous of his successful settlement of St. Anne. Most of the priests were drunkards. Some, including the Bishop of Chicago, were stealing property from the French Canadian immigrants. One of them hired an agent to burn down his church. The sinful priests persecuted Rev. Chiniquy who exposed them for their evil deeds that were so blatant all the French Canadian immigrants could see it for themselves! The evil priests accused him to the police of criminal actions leading to his arrest by the authorities. A young lawyer, **Abraham Lincoln**, defended him in court and won his case!

The main reason why former loyal and dedicated Roman Catholic priest Charles Chiniquy stood strong against the false accusations of fellow priests and the Bishop of Chicago was because of his love for the Holy Scriptures, the Bible which he read from a young age at the encouragement of his parents. Once the local priest in Quebec came to the Chiniquy household with the [intention of taking away the Bible that Charles was reading](#)! His father stood his ground and would not let him do it!

Please read the specific stories I was most impressed with from [Fifty Years in the Church of Rome on this site](#).

And you can read the entire book from, [Fifty Years in the Church of Rome](#)

More stories from Charles Chiniquy on this website:

- [Introduction – The Apostate Church of Rome](#)
- [Revelation 17 – The Prophetic Portrait of the Church of Rome](#)
- [The Character of Antichrist and Papal Persecution of the Saints](#)
- [A Description of the Great Whore of Revelation Chapter 17](#)
- [The Church of Rome Ignores the Challenge to Disprove She is the Great Whore of Revelation Chapter 17](#)
- [The Great Harlot's Daughters](#)

- [Our Position Today in the Divine Program as Revealed in Prophecy](#)
- [The Scholars Behind the Promotion of the False Interpretations of the Books of Daniel and Revelation](#)
- [The Mass an Abomination to God](#)
- [The Meaning of 666 in Revelation Chapter 13](#)
- [False Interpretations of Divine Prophecy](#)
- [British Government Hides Vatican War Treachery From Empire](#)
- [Rome's Attack on the British Empire and the United States](#)
- [The Final Revelation to Men by Jesus Christ: The Apocalypse](#)
- [Who are the Kings of the East Mentioned in Revelation 16:12?](#)
- [The Revelation an Acted Prophecy – Western Europe and Asia the Stage](#)
- [The Purple and Scarlet Robes of the Bishops of the Church of Rome](#)

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## [The Fourth Reich – A Continuation of the Roman Empire](#)



The Reich has always meant the Holy Roman Empires. The Vatican is the Reich. Every major war since the First Council of Nicaea was convened in Nicaea by the Roman Emperor Constantine I and the bishops of Rome in AD 325 to create the anti-Christian Catholic Church were all ordained by the Pope. The objective of these major wars was to establish the Reich – Holy “Roman” Empire.

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## [Rainy Autumn day trip to Aomori City and Back](#)





October 25, 2013: My destination was Aomori City, 470 kilometers from home. I hitchhiked from Murakami City as far as Sakata City in Yamagata Prefecture, a distance about 90 kilometers. After that I had to abort due to rain.

It was worth the effort! Mrs. Fujiwara picked me up for the 6th time and she seemed happier than ever to do so. After her a young doctor who works as an anesthesiologist took me nearly all the way to Sakata. He left me near a highway viaduct. I stood under it while hitchhiking to be protected from the rain. Cars trucks were whizzing past at high speed! Often I had to draw back from the road to keep from getting splashed with water. It was an undesirable situation to say the least, but I had plenty of time to spare. After 20 minutes Mr. and Mrs Mikuni picked me up and took me to Sakata Station from where I caught a train.

## The Return Trip:



Yuzo Yamada and his friend. They took me nearly half the distance home by taking from from Hirosaki to the Chojahara service area which is not far from Sendai.

A bus of people, all 65 years old, who went to the same elementary school in Ofunato city, took me to Kunimi service area in Fukushima Prefecture. It's pretty rare for the bus driver to offer me a free ride! He did because the passengers liked me. Ofunato city is one of the towns that was devastated by the tsunami of March 11, 2011. One lady told me she was trapped on the second floor of a building. The tsunami washed out the stairway! About an hour later the fire department rescued her.□



The bus and some of the people who took me to Fukushima Prefecture.

After a few minutes wait at Kunimi, a couple offered me a ride as far as the Fukushima Matsukawa parking area which is just past Fukushima City. But after

talking with me a few minutes, they decided to take me as far as the Adatara Service Area which is much larger and just before the Banetsu expressway junction. It is an idea place to catch cars going on the Banetsu expressway toward Aizuwakamatsu and Niigata.



Mr. Negishi who went over 60 miles out of his way for me to take me home! He also bought me lunch.

A man named Mr. Negishi stopped for me. Though he was on his way to Tokyo, he said he would take me to Aizu on the Banetsu expressway. After getting on the Banetsu, he said he would take me all the way home! I replied, "But going to Tokyo via Niigata is way out of your way!" He replied, "I don't have to be home till evening and so I don't mind. Later I calculated the extra distance to be exactly **245 kilometers or 153 miles** out of his way! It turned out that Mr. Negishi is a kindred spirit because he himself used to hitchhike when he was young. "I was very poor then," he said.

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## [Autumn Hitchhike Adventure to Shizuoka, Osaka and Toyama](#)



From October 4th to 6th over three days I traveled in 15 cars 1358 kilometers or 849 miles passing through Tokyo to Hamamatsu City in Shizuoka Prefecture, and then to Osaka, and then back home to Niigata. Total transportation costs was 590 yen, about \$6.00. The trip was one of the most fun ever! You can be the judge of that by seeing the photos.

The hardest part of the trip to Hamamatsu City from Niigata is crossing the Tokyo area to get from the Kanetsu Expressway to the Tomei Expressway. I did it in a single car from Echigo Kawaguchi in Niigata Prefecture! The driver was on his way to visit his daughter who lives near Ebina service area on the Tomei. I was now certain I would get to Hamamatsu before dark.



The green sign shows day 1 of my journey, the hardest part going around Tokyo. The red line is day 2 to Osaka, and the blue line shows my return along the Sea of Japan.



Mrs. Tamami who took me from Ebina SA in Kanagawa to Ashigara SA in Shizuoka.



Yorika and friends who took me to Hamamatsu from Ashigara

I arrived at Mikatahara Parking Area at 3:40 p.m. My final destination that day is still 15 some kilometers, too far to walk. A driver saw me looking confused and asked me where I wanted to go. He took me to Kamijima station about 2.5 kilometers away. From there I took two trains to my friend's house.



Mr. Kohara who took me to Nagoya on the way to Osaka.



The "Kansha Box" that Mr. Kohara gave me. Kansha is the Japanese word for thankfulness. Shinto priests pour rice wine in it and give it to the bride and groom on their wedding day..

On my way to Osaka, Takayuki Kohara took me to a parking area near Nagoya. He asked a stranger to take this photo, and then when we found out the man was going to Osaka, Mr. Kohara asked him if he would let me ride with him. He did! Mr. Kohara is newly married only one month ago. He gave me a gift of the wooden box. In Japanese weddings the bride and groom and relatives drink rice wine out of it.



A man driving a Porsche took me 200 plus kilometers from Otsu SA near Kyoto to Kanazawa City in Ishikawa Prefecture. This is half way home to Niigata. He

said supernatural events happened that convinced him he and his family are being protected by a power from on High.

His mother was in Hiroshima when the atomic bomb fell and only 3000 some feet away from ground zero while waiting for a train at Hiroshima Station! Her hair burned away and suffered burns on her skin, but she survived though most of the people around her died. And she had 3 normal children and now normal grandchildren and is still going strong!

His older sister and her son was saved from the fatal Jumbo 747 crash that killed 500 people in Gunma Prefecture in 1985. Her son got a fever just before the flight and so she decided not to take it.

He says there were yet more miracles of protection.

The last driver to take me was Koichi Takagi, 25, who is studying to be a doctor. We met at Oyabegawa Service area in Toyama Prefecture. Koichi asked me if I wouldn't mind him stopping for an hour or so at the Toyama Coast off Uozu City so he could do some spearfishing. He told me he would take me all the way home, and so I readily agreed. I had no idea he would actually be diving in the water and disappearing for a whole hour! Below are the photos:



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## The False Left-Right Paradigm



These “ideological opposites” are commonly referred to as left-wing vs. right-wing or liberal vs. conservative. I believe people should think more in terms of good vs. evil, God vs. the Devil, or Heaven vs. Hell (up-down).

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# Japan's Christian Roots

十和田  
To wa da

Towada in Chinese/Japanese characters

There is evidence that Christianity may have come to Japan long before the Jesuit priest, Francis Xavier reached Japan on July 27, 1549. The northern prefecture of Honshu, Aomori, contains many Christian symbols that predate Xaxier, things from the 2nd or 3rd century!

There is an area in Aomori Prefecture, Northern Honshu, called "Towada". Lake Towada is famous and the largest lake in northern Japan.

As you see, the first character is a cross. It's the Chinese character for the number 10 but nevertheless, it is a cross shape. I believe here it's meant to be the Cross of Christ!

The second character means "peace" and the third and last character means rice field. It literally means "Fields of peace by the cross of Christ." Christians in the past were numerous in this part of Japan. Not far is the town of Shingo which supposedly has the grave of Jesus Christ! True Bible believers know this cannot be so because Jesus rose to Heaven and didn't stay in the grave. But nevertheless just the fact that there are Christian symbols in the area indicates that Japanese culture may have been heavily influenced by Christianity in the first millennium. This knowledge was suppressed.

I didn't make this stuff up. I heard it directly from the Japanese people. I've lived in Japan now for nearly 40 years.

Though most Japanese do not know or read the Bible, their culture contains many principles taught in the New Testament, principles such as hard work, hospitality to strangers, generosity, humility, etc.. Some may argue that most cultures in the world can say the same. However, I think one cannot argue that Japan still has one of the lowest rates of violent crime in the world.

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# Fushishima Nuclear Power Plant Disaster and the Media: Distortions, hype and pure lies!



I still hear a lot of fear-mongering about the Fukushima nuclear accident. Some call it “worse than Chernobyl”. I find no logic in that statement at all. Two and a half years later and yet **not a single Fukushima power plant worker has died** or is even *sick*!

Examples of fear-mongering media manipulation headlines:

- Worse than Chernobyl: The inner threat of Fukushima crisis
- Nuclear disaster: Radiation levels at Fukushima would now be fatal within hours
- West Coast of North America to Be Hit Hard by Fukushima Radiation
- Fukushima Radiation Release Equivalent To 1,000 A-Bombs
- Fukushima leak is ‘much worse than we were led to believe’

Folks, I live in Niigata Prefecture which is the neighboring prefecture to Fukushima. If people were dying or getting sick from nuclear radiation in Fukushima, I would hear the locals talk about it. Nobody is. See [Japan's radiation disaster toll: none dead, none sick](#)

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## April 2013 Hitchhike Adventure to Tokyo





The other day, (September 13, 2013) I ran into a man at a park who said he picked me up hitchhiking during Spring this year! His name is Katsuhiro Itoh. He took me from Sakae parking near Sanjo City to Echigokawaguchi SA. He told me he checked out this website but didn't see the photo I took of him! Apparently I promised him I would post it. I felt bad about that and made a note to find the photo I took of Mr. Itoh and post it. Though I have not always faithfully wrote up each and every hitchhike adventure on this blog, I have kept records of names, places and distances in an MS Excel format file. Sure enough, I found the entry of the trip and all the information I need to write this belated post!



Mr. Bamba who took me from Niigata City to Kamo. He said this is the second time for him to pick me up! The first time was in 2012.



Katsuhiro Itoh and his cherry picker truck. He took me to Echigokawaguchi. I met him again on September 13.



Another man named Itoh, a software developer. He took me in that tiny sports car to Ikebukuro in Tokyo!



People crossing the street in front of Shibuya Station in Tokyo.

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# Billy Graham and the New World Order



A few months after I became a born-again Christian through faith in Jesus Christ in 1971, I attended a Billy Graham crusade in California. I deeply loved and respected this man who I considered to be a true messenger of God. Imagine my shock when I found out what he preached to me in 1971 about Jesus Christ, **he himself does not believe!** If you want to know the truth about who Billy Graham really is, please see and consider the facts brought out by this Youtube video.

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## President Obama's Economic Policy



It's also Japanese Prime Minister Abe's economic policy as well.