

Concerning the Sacrament of Baptism – By Martin Luther



What Martin Luther taught about the sacrament of baptism.

Concerning the Lord's Supper – By Martin Luther



What Martin Luther taught about the Roman Catholic sacrament of the Eucharist.

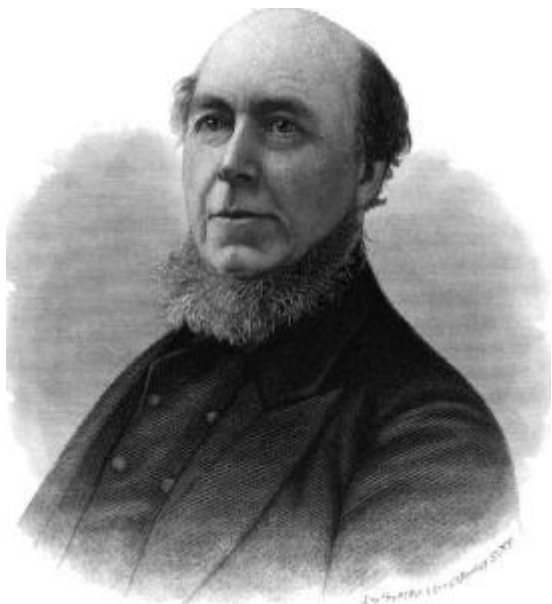
How the NSA has hacked YOUR PC



In spite of the fact there are a lot of tips on the Internet about how to protect your PC privacy and security, after you watch this terrific presentation from tech researcher and journalist Jacob Appelbaum, you might want to change your policy to either not care who knows anything about what you do, or not touching a PC, cell phone, or *ANY kind of electronic means of communication* again! Don't even use the postal system. Just stick to passing paper and ink messages only to trusted friends and family.

At December's Chaos Computer Congress in Hamburg, Mr. Appelbaum presented the latest documented revelations about how deep the NSA spying rabbit hole really goes. How do you know that the NSA has not hacked the BIOS of your motherboard? Or hacked the firmware of your hard-disk? You don't. There is no way you can even find out.

Charles Chiniquy Leads an Entire Town Away from Alcohol



Charles Chiniquy

If you have a drinking problem and are seeking aid, this story may just inspire you to stop drinking completely!

It's a slightly condensed version of chapters 33 & 34 of Charles Chiniquy's book, "[Fifty Years in the Church of Rome](#)". I find it an exciting account of how one man with the Power of God turned an entire town away from alcoholism!!

The 21st of September, 1833, was a day of desolation to me. On that day I received the letter of my bishop appointing me curate of Beauport. Many times, I had said to the other priests, when talking about our choice of the different parishes, that I would never consent to be curate of Beauport. That parish, which is a kind of suburb of Quebec, was too justly considered **the very nest of the drunkards of Canada**. With a soil of unsurpassed fertility, inexhaustible lime quarries, gardens covered with most precious vegetables and fruits, forests near at hand, to furnish wood to the city of Quebec, at their doors, the people of Beauport, were, nevertheless, **classed among the poorest, most ragged and wretched people of Canada. For almost every cent they were getting at the market went into the hands of the saloon-keepers**. Hundreds of times I had seen the streets which led from St. Roch to the upper town of Quebec almost impassable, when the drunkards of Beauport were leaving the market to go home. How many times I heard them fill the air with their cries and blasphemies; and saw the streets reddened with their blood when fighting with one another, like mad dogs!

After weeping to my heart's content at the reading of the letter from my bishop, which had come to me as a thunderbolt, my first thought was that my misfortune, though very great, was not irretrievable. I knew that there were many priests who were as anxious to become curates of Beauport as I was opposed to it. My hope was that the bishop would be touched by my tears, if not convinced by my arguments, and that he would not persist in putting on my

shoulders a burden which they could not carry. I immediately went to the palace, and did all in my power to persuade his lordship to select another priest for Beauport. He listened to my arguments with a great deal of patience and kindness, and answered:

"My dear Mr. Chiniquy, you forget too often, that 'implicit and perfect obedience to his superiors is the virtue of a good priest. You have given me a great deal of trouble and disappointment by refusing to relieve the good bishop Provencher of his too heavy burden. It was at my suggestion, you know very well, that he had selected you to be his coworker along the coasts of the Pacific, by consenting to become the first Bishop of Oregon. Your obstinate resistance to your superiors in that circumstance, and in several other cases, is one of your weak points. If you continue to follow your own mind rather than obey those whom God has chosen to guide you, I really fear for your future. I have already too often yielded to your rebellious character. Through respect to myself, and for your own good, today I must force you to obey me. You have spoken of the drunkenness of the people of Beauport, as one of the reasons why I should not put you at the head of that parish; but this is just one of the reasons why I have chosen you. You are the only priest I know, in my diocese, able to struggle against the long-rotted and detestable evil, with a hope of success.

Though far from being reconciled to my new position, I saw there was no help; I had to obey, as my predecessor, Mr. Begin, was to sell all his house furniture, before taking charge of his far distant parish, La Riviere Ouelle, he kindly invited me to go and buy, on long credit, what I wished for my own use, which I did. The whole parish was on the spot long before me, partly to show their friendly sympathy for their last pastor, and partly to see their new curate. I was not long in the crowd without seeing that my small stature and my leanness were making a very bad impression on the people, who were accustomed to pay their respects to a comparatively tall man, whose large and square shoulders were putting me in the shade. Many jovial remarks, though made in half-suppressed tones, came to my ears, to tell me that I was cutting a poor figure by the side of my jolly predecessor.

"He is hardly bigger than my tobacco box," said one not far from me: "I think I could put him in my vest pocket."

"Has he not the appearance of a salted sardine!" whispered a woman to her neighbour, with a hearty laugh.

Had I been a little wiser, I could have redeemed myself by some amiable or funny words, which would have sounded pleasantly in the ears of my new parishioners. But, unfortunately for me, that wisdom is not among the gifts I received. After a couple of hours of auction, a large cloth was suddenly removed from a long table, and presented to our sight an incredible number of wine and beer glasses, of empty decanters and bottles, of all sizes and quality. This brought a burst of laughter and clapping of hands from almost every one. All eyes were turned towards me, and I heard from hundreds of lips: "This is for you, Mr. Chiniquy." Without weighing my words, I instantly answered: "I do not come to Beauport to buy wine glasses and bottles, but to *break them.*"

These words fell upon their ears as a spark of fire on a train of powder. Nine-tenths of that multitude, without being very drunk, had emptied from four to ten glasses of beer or rum, which Rev. Mr. Begin himself was offering them in a corner of the parsonage. A real deluge of insults and cursings overwhelmed me; and I soon saw that the best thing I could do was to leave the place without noise, and by the shortest way.

I immediately went to the bishop's place, to try again to persuade his lordship to put another curate at the head of such a people. "You see, my lord," I said, "that by my indiscreet and rash answer I have for ever lost the respect and confidence of that people. They already hate me; their brutal cursings have fallen upon me like balls of fire. I prefer to be carried to my grave next Sabbath, than have to address such a degraded people. I feel that I have neither the moral nor the physical power to do any good there."

"I differ from you," replied the bishop. "Evidently the people wanted to try your mettle, by inviting you to buy those glasses, and you would have lost yourself by yielding to their desire. Now they have seen that you are brave and fearless. It is just what the people of Beauport want; I have known them for a long time. It is true that they are drunkards; but, apart from that vice, there is not a nobler people under heaven. They have, literally, no education, but they possess marvelous common sense, and have many noble and redeeming qualities, which you will soon find out."

Next Sunday was a splendid day, and the church of Beauport was filled to its utmost capacity by the people, eager to see and hear, for the first time, their new pastor. I had spent the last three days in prayers and fastings. God knows that never a priest, nor any minister of the Gospel, ascended the pulpit with more exalted views of his sublime functions than I did that day, and never a messenger of the Gospel had been more terrified than I was, when in that pulpit, by the consciousness of his own demerits, inability and incompetency, in the face of the tremendous responsibilities of his position.

After the sermon, I told them: "I have a favour to ask of you. As it is the first, I hope you will not rebuke me. I have just now given you some of the duties of your poor young curate towards you; I want you to come again this afternoon at half-past two o'clock, that I may give you some of your duties towards your pastor." At the appointed hour the church was still more crowded than in the morning, and it seemed to me that my merciful God blessed still more that second address than the first.

The text was: "When he (the shepherd) putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice" (Jno. x. 4).

Those two sermons on the Sabbath were a startling innovation in the Roman Catholic Church of Canada, which brought upon me, at once, many bitter remarks from the bishop and surrounding curates. Their unanimous verdict was that I wanted to become a little reformer. They had not the least doubt that in my pride I wanted to show the people "that I was the most zealous priest of the country." This was not only whispered from ear to ear among the clergy, but several times it was thrown into my face in the most insulting manner. However, my God knew that my only motives were, first, to keep my

people away from the taverns, by having them before their altars during the greatest part of the Sabbath day; second, to impress more on their minds the great saving and regenerating truths I preached, by presenting them twice in the same day under different aspects. I found such benefits from those two sermons, that I continued the practice during the four years I remained in Beauport, though I had to suffer and hear, in silence, many humiliating and cutting remarks from many co-priests.

I had not been more than three months at the head of that parish, when I determined to organize a temperance society on the same principles as Father Mathew, in Ireland. I opened my mind, at first, on that subject to the bishop, with the hope that he would throw the influence of his position in favour of the new association, but, to my great dismay and surprise, not only did he turn my project into ridicule, but absolutely forbade me to think any more of such an innovation. **"These temperance societies are a Protestant scheme,"** he said. "Preach against drunkenness, but let the respectable people who are not drunkards alone. St. Paul advised his disciple Timothy to drink wine. Do not try to be more zealous than they were in those apostolic days."

I left the bishop much disappointed, but did not give up my plan. It seemed to me if I could gain the neighbouring priests to join with me in my crusade I wanted to preach against the usage of intoxicating drinks, we might bring about a glorious reform in Canada, as Father Mathew was doing in Ireland. But the priests, without a single exception, laughed at me, turned my plans into ridicule, and requested me, in the name of common sense, never to speak any more to them of giving up their social glass of wine. I shall never be able to give any idea of my sadness, when I saw that I was to be opposed by my bishop and the whole clergy in the reform which I considered then, more and more every day, the only plank of salvation, not only of my dear people of Beauport, but of all Canada. God only knows the tears I shed, the long sleepless nights I have passed in studying, praying, meditating on that great work of Beauport. I had recourse to all the saints of heaven for more strength and light; for I was determined, at any cost, to try and form a temperance society. But every time I wanted to begin, I was frightened by the idea, not only of the wrath of the whole clergy, which would hunt me down, but still more of the ridicule of the whole country, which would overwhelm me in case of a failure. In these perplexities, I thought I would do well to write to Father Mathew and ask him his advice and the help of his prayers. That noble apostle of temperance of Ireland answered me in an eloquent letter, and pressed me to begin the work in Canada as he had done in Ireland, relying on God, without paying any attention to the opposition of man.

The wise and Christian words of that great and worthy Irish priest, came to me as the voice of God; and I determined to begin the work at once, though the whole world should be against me. I felt that if God was in my favour, I would succeed in reforming my parish and my country in spite of all the priests and bishops of the world, and I was right. Before putting the plough into the ground, I had not only prayed to God and all His saints, almost day and night, during many months, but I had studied all the best books written in England, France and the United States, on the evils wrought by the use of intoxicating drinks. I had taken a pretty good course of anatomy in the

Marine Hospital under the learned Dr. Douglas.

I was then well posted on the great subject I was to bring before my country. I knew the enemy I was to attack. And the weapons which would give him the death blow were in my hands. I only wanted my God to strengthen my hands and direct my blows. I prayed to Him, and in His great mercy He heard me.

This was on a Saturday night, March 20, 1839. The next morning was the first Sabbath of Lent. I said to the people after the sermon:

"I have told you, many times, that I sincerely believe it is my mission from God to put an end to the unspeakable miseries and crimes engendered every day, here in our whole country, by the use of intoxicating drink. Alcohol is the great enemy of your souls and your bodies. It is the most implacable enemy of your wives, your husbands, and your children. It is the most formidable enemy of our dear country and our holy religion. I must destroy that enemy. But I cannot fight alone. I must form an army and raise a banner in your midst, around which all the soldiers of the Gospel will rally. Jesus Christ Himself will be our general. He will bless and sanctify us He will lead us to victory. The next three days will be consecrated by you and by me in preparing to raise that army. Let all those who wish to fill its ranks, come and pass these three days with me in prayer and meditation before our sacred altars. Let even those who do not want to be soldiers of Christ, or to fight the great and glorious battles which are to be fought, come through curiosity, to see a most marvelous spectacle. I invite every one of you, in the name of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, whom alcohol nails anew to the cross every day. I invite you in the name of the holy Virgin Mary, and of all the saints and angels of God, who are weeping in heaven for the crimes committed every day by the use of intoxicating drinks. I invite you in the names of the wives whom I see here in your midst, weeping because they have drunken husbands. I invite you to come in the names of the fathers whose hearts are broken by drunken children. I invite you to come in the name of so many children who are starving, naked, and made desolate by their drunken parents. I invite you to come in the name of your immortal souls, which are to be eternally damned if the giant destroyer, Alcohol, be not driven from our midst."

The next morning, at eight o'clock, my church was crammed by the people. My first address was at half-past eight o'clock, the second at 10:30 a.m., the third at 2.0 p.m., and the fourth at five. The intervals between the addresses were filled by beautiful hymns selected for the occasion. Many times during my discourse the sobs and the cries of the people were such that I had to stop speaking, to mix my sobs and my tears with those of my people. That first day seventy-five men, from among the most desperate drunkards, enrolled themselves under the banner of temperance. The second day I gave again four addresses, the effects of which were still more blessed in their result. Two hundred of my dear parishioners were enrolled in the grand army which was to fight against their implacable enemy. But it would require the hand of an angel to write the history of the third day, at the end of which, in the midst of tears, sobs, and cries of joy, three hundred more of that noble people swore, in the presence of their God, never to touch, taste, or handle the cursed drinks with which Satan inundates the earth with

desolation, and fills hell with eternal cries of despair. During these three days more than two-thirds of my people had publicly taken the pledge of temperance, and had solemnly said in the presence of God, before their altars, "For the love of Jesus Christ, and by the grace of God, I promise that I will never take any intoxicating drink, except as a medicine. I also pledge myself to do all in my power, by my words and example, to persuade others to make the same sacrifice." The majority of my people, among whom we counted the most degraded drunkards, were changed and reformed, not by me, surely, but by the visible, direct work of the great and merciful God, who alone can change the heart of man.

As a great number of people from the surrounding parishes, and even from Quebec, had come to hear me the third day through curiosity, the news of that marvelous work spread very quickly throughout the whole country. The press, both French and English, were unanimous in their praises and felicitations. But when the Protestants of Quebec were blessing God for that reform, the French Canadians, at the example of their priests denounced me as a fool and heretic.

The second day of our revival I had sent messages to four of the neighbouring curates, respectfully requesting them to come and see what the Lord was doing, and help me to bless Him. But they refused. They answered my note with their contemptuous silence. One only, the Rev. Mr. Roy, curate of Charlesbourg, deigned to write me a few words, which I copy here:

.
Rev. Mr. Chiniquy, Curate of Beauport.

My dear Confrere: Please forgive me if I cannot forget the respect I owe to myself, enough to go and see your fooleries.

Truly yours,

Pierre Roy.
Charlesbourg, March 5th, 1839.

The indignation of the bishop knew no bounds. A few days after, he ordered me to go to his palace and give an account of what he called my "strange conduct." When alone with me he said: "Is it possible, Mr. Chiniquy, that you have so soon forgotten my prohibition not to establish that ridiculous temperance society in your parish? Had you compromised yourself alone by that Protestant comedy for it is nothing but that I would remain silent, in my pity for you. But you have compromised our holy religion by introducing a society whose origin is clearly heretical. Last evening, the venerable Grand Vicar Demars told me that you would sooner or later become a Protestant, and that this was your first step. Do you not see that the Protestants only praise you? Do you not blush to be praised only by heretics? Without suspecting it, you are just entering a road which leads to your ruin. You have publicly covered yourself with such ridicule that I fear your usefulness is at an end, not only in Beauport, but in all my diocese. I do not conceal it from you: my first thought, when an eye-witness told me yesterday what you had done, was to interdict you. I have been prevented from taking that step

only by the hope that you will undo what you have done. I hope that you will yourself dissolve that anti-Catholic association, and promise to put an end to those novelties, which have too strong a smell of heresy to be tolerated by your bishop."

I answered: "My lord, your lordship has not forgotten that it was absolutely against my own will that I was appointed curate of Beauport; and God knows that you have only to say a word, and, without a murmur, I will give you my resignation, that you may put a better priest at the head of that people, which I consider, and which is really, today the noblest and the most sober people of Canada. But I will put a condition to the resignation of my position. It is, that I will be allowed to publish before the world that the Rev. Mr. Begin, my predecessor, has never been troubled by his bishop for having allowed his people, during twenty-three years, to swim in the mire of drunkenness; and that I have been disgraced by my bishop, and turned out from that same parish, for having been the instrument, by the mercy of God, in making them the most sober people in Canada."

The poor bishop felt, at once, that he could not stand on the ground he had taken with me. He was a few moments without knowing what to say. He saw also that his threats had no influence over me, and that I was not ready to undo what I had done. After a painful silence of a minute or two, he said: "Do you not see that the solemn promises you have extorted from those poor drunkards are rash and unwise; they will break them at the first opportunity? Their future state of degradation, after such an excitement, will be worse than the first."

I answered: "I would partake of your fears if that change were my work; but as it is the Lord's work, we have nothing to fear. The works of men are weak, and of short duration, but the works of God are solid and permanent. About the prophecy of the venerable Mr. Demars, that I have taken my first step towards Protestantism by turning a drunken into a sober people, I have only to say that if that prophecy be true, it would show that Protestantism is more apt than our holy religion to work for the glory of God and the good of the people. I hope that your lordship is not ready to accept that conclusion, and that you will not then trouble yourself with the premises. The venerable grand Vicar, with many other priests, would do better to come and see what the Lord is doing in Beauport, than to slander me and turn false prophets against its curate and people. My only answer to the remarks of your lordship, that the Protestants alone praise me, when the Roman Catholic priests and people condemn me, proves only one thing, viz., that Protestants, on this question, understand the Word of God, and have more respect for it than we Roman Catholics. It would prove also that they understand the interests of humanity better than we do, and that they have more generosity than we have, to sacrifice their selfish propensities to the good of all. I take the liberty of saying to your lordship, that in this, as in many other things, it is high time that we should open our eyes to our false position.

"Instead of remaining at the lowest step of the ladder of one of the most Christian virtues, temperance, we must raise ourselves to the top, where Protestants are reaping so many precious fruits. Besides, would your lordship be kind enough to tell me why I am denounced and abused here, and by my

fellow-priests and my bishop, for forming a temperance society in my parish, when Father Mathew, who wrote me lately to encourage and direct me in that work, is publicly praised by his bishops and blessed by the Pope for covering Ireland with temperance societies? Is your lordship ready to prove to me that Samson was a heretic in the camp of Israel when he fulfilled the promise made by his parents that he would never drink any wine, or beer; and John the Baptist, was not he a heretic and a Protestant as I am, when, to obey the voice of God, he did what I do today, with my dear people of Beauport?"

At that very moment, the sub-secretary entered to tell the bishop that a gentleman wanted to see him immediately on pressing business, and the bishop abruptly dismissed me, to my great comfort; and my impression was that he was as glad to get rid of me as I was to get rid of him.

With the exception of the Secretary, Mr. Cazeault, all the priests I met that day and the next month, either gave me the cold shoulder or overwhelmed me with their sarcasms. One of them who had friends in Beauport, was bold enough to try to go through the whole parish to turn me into ridicule by saying that I was half crazy, and the best thing the people could do was to drink moderately to my health when they went to town. But at the third house he met a woman, who, after listening to the bad advice he was giving to her husband, said to him: "I do not know if our pastor is a fool in making people sober, but I know you are a messenger of the devil, when you advise my husband to drink again. You know that he was one of the most desperate drunkards of Beauport. You personally know also what blows I have received from him when he was drunk; how poor and miserable we were; how many children had to run on the streets, half naked, and beg in order not to starve with me! Now that my husband has taken the pledge of temperance, we have every comfort; my dear children are well fed and clothed, and I find myself as in a little paradise. If you do not go out of this house at once, I will turn you out with my broomstick." And she would have fulfilled her promise, had not the priest had the good sense to disappear at the "double quick."

The next four months after the foundation of the society in Beauport, my position when with the other priests was very painful and humiliating. I consequently avoided their company as much as possible. And, as for my bishop, I took the resolution never to go and see him, except he should order me into his presence. But my merciful God indemnified me by the unspeakable joy I had in seeing the marvelous change wrought by Him among my dear people. Their fidelity in keeping the pledge was really wonderful, and soon became the object of admiration of the whole city of Quebec, and of the surrounding country. The change was sudden, so complete and so permanent, that the scoffing bishop and priests, with their friends, had, at last, to blush and be silent.

The public aspect of the parish was soon changed, the houses were repaired, the debts paid, the children well clad. But what spoke most eloquently about the marvelous reform was that the seven thriving saloons of Beauport were soon closed, and their owners forced to take other occupations. Peace, happiness, abundance, and industry, everywhere took the place of the riots, fighting, blasphemies and the squalid misery which prevailed before. The gratitude and respect of that noble people for their young curate knew no

bounds; as my love and admiration for them cannot be told by human words.

However, though the great majority of that good people had taken the pledge, and kept it honourably, there was a small minority, composed of the few who never had been drunkards, who had not yet enrolled themselves under our blessed banners. Though they were glad of the reform, it was very difficult to persuade them to give up their social glass! I thought it was my duty to show them in a tangible way, what I had so often proved with my words only, that the drinking of the social glass of wine, or of beer, is an act of folly, if not a crime. I asked my kind and learned friend, Dr. Douglas, to analyze, before the people, the very wine and beer used by them, to show that it was nothing else but a disgusting and deadly poison. He granted my favour. During four days that noble philanthropist extracted the alcohol, which is not only in the most common, but in the most costly and renowned wines, beer, brandy and whisky. He gave that alcohol to several cats and dogs, which died in a few minutes in the presence of the whole people.

These learned and most interesting experiments, coupled with his eloquent and scientific remarks, made a most profound impression. It was the corner-stone of the holy edifice which our merciful God built with His own hands in Beauport. The few recalcitrants joined with the rest of their dear friends.

What famous men had to say about the Jesuit Order

"My history of the **Jesuits** is not eloquently written, but it is supported by unquestionable authorities, [and] is very particular and very horrible. Their [the **Jesuit Order**' s] restoration [in 1814 by Pope Pius VII] is indeed a step toward darkness, cruelty, despotism, [and] death. ... I do not like the appearance of the **Jesuits**. If ever there was a body of men who merited eternal damnation on earth and in hell, it is this **Society of [Ignatius de] Loyola**."

John Adams (1735-1826; 2nd President of the United States)



John Adams



From my research and materials people have been sending me, I have been thinking more and more that all roads indeed do lead to Rome, and specifically to the *Vatican*! Can you think of any State that has had such sway of the minds of so many for such a long history as the Holy Roman Empire had, and continues to have to this day? Their temporal power only *appears* to be broken. This is merely my opinion, of course, but I think the quotes below speak for themselves. Did these men really say them? If they did, I think they carry some weight. If they *didn't* say them, prove it to me and I shall

remove them from my blog.

I found these quotes on

<http://letsrollforums.com/jesuit-quotes-citations-t14412.html> and <http://v666.wordpress.com/2007/02/21/quotes-concerning-jesuits-which-all-should-read/> And from <http://calltodecision.com/qct.htm> I took only the ones of whom I consider to be authoritative figures from history.



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"Between 1555 and 1931 the Society of Jesus [i.e., the Jesuit Order] was expelled from at least 83 countries, city states and cities, for engaging in political intrigue and subversion plots against the welfare of the State, according to the records of a Jesuit priest of repute [Thomas J. Campbell]. ...Practically every instance of expulsion was for political intrigue, political infiltration, political subversion, and inciting to political insurrection." (1987)

J.E.C. Shepherd (Canadian historian)



Abraham Lincoln

This [American Civil] war [of 1861-1865] would never have been possible without the sinister influence of the Jesuits. We owe it to popery that we now see our land reddened with the blood of her noblest sons. Though there were great differences of opinion between the South and the North on the question of slavery, neither Jeff Davis [President of the Confederacy] nor anyone of the leading men of the Confederacy would have dared to attack the North, had they not relied on the promises of the Jesuits, that under the mask of Democracy, the money and arms of the Roman Catholic, even the arms of France, were at their disposal if they would attack us. I pity the priests, the bishops and monks of Rome in the United States, when the people realize that they are, in great part,

responsible for the tears and the blood shed in this war. I conceal what I know on that subject from the knowledge of the nation, for if the people knew the whole truth, this war would turn into a religious war, and it would at once take a tenfold more savage and bloody character. It would become merciless as all religious wars are. It would become a war of extermination on both sides."

– *Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865; 16th President of the United States)*

"The Jesuits...are a secret society – a sort of Masonic order – with superadded features of revolting odiousness, and a thousand times more dangerous."

– *Samuel Morse (1791-1872; American inventor of the telegraph; author of the book [Foreign Conspiracy Against the Liberties of the United States](#))*

"The Jesuits are a MILITARY organization, not a religious order. Their chief is a general of an army, not the mere father abbot of a monastery. And the aim of this organization is power – power in its most despotic exercise – absolute power, universal power, power to control the world by the volition of a single man [i.e., the Black Pope, the Superior General of the Jesuits]. Jesuitism is the most absolute of despotisms [sic] – and at the same time the greatest and most enormous of abuses."–**Napoleon Bonaparte; 1769-1821**

The Jesuits...are simply the Romish army for the earthly sovereignty of the world in the future, with the Pontiff of Rome for emperor...that's their ideal. ...It is simple lust of power, of filthy earthly gain, of domination – something like a universal serfdom with them [i.e., the Jesuits] as masters – that's all they stand for. They don't even believe in God perhaps."

–*Fyodor Dostoyevsky (1821-1881; Russian novelist)*

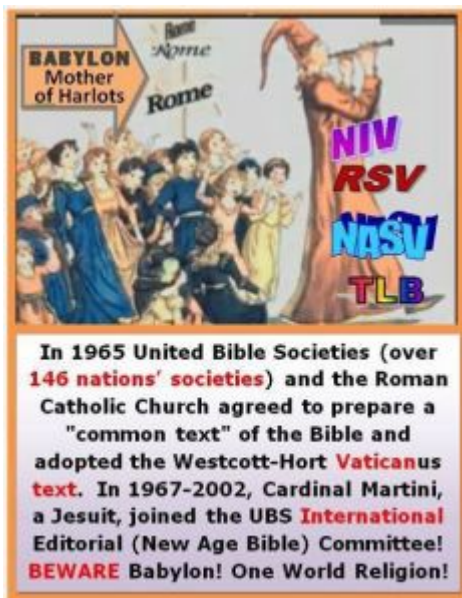
The organization of the [Roman Catholic] Hierarchy is a complete military despotism, of which the Pope is the ostensible [i.e., apparent; seeming] head; but of which, the Black Pope [Ed. Note: The Superior General of the Jesuits], is the real head. The Black Pope is the head of the order of the Jesuits, and is called a General [i.e., the Superior General]. He not only has command of his own order, but [also] directs and controls the general policy of the [Roman Catholic] Church. He [the Black Pope] is the power behind the throne, and is the real potential head of the Hierarchy. The whole machine is under the strictest rules of military discipline. The whole thought and will of this machine, to plan, propose and execute, is found in its head. There is no independence of thought, or of action, in its subordinate parts. Implicit and

unquestioning obedience to the orders of superiors in authority, is the sworn duty of the priesthood of every grade..."

– Brigadier General [Thomas M. Harris](#) He wrote the book, "Rome's responsibility for the assassination of Abraham Lincoln" – which exposes the work of the Jesuits

"The presence of the Jesuits in any country, Romanist [i.e., Catholic] or Protestant, is likely to breed social disturbance."--
Lord Palmerston, a British statesman who served twice as Prime Minister of the United Kingdom in the mid-19th century.

KJV the Most Accurate English translation of the Bible



Modern English Bibles are translated from corrupt manuscripts.

End of Year 2013 Hitchhiking Stats

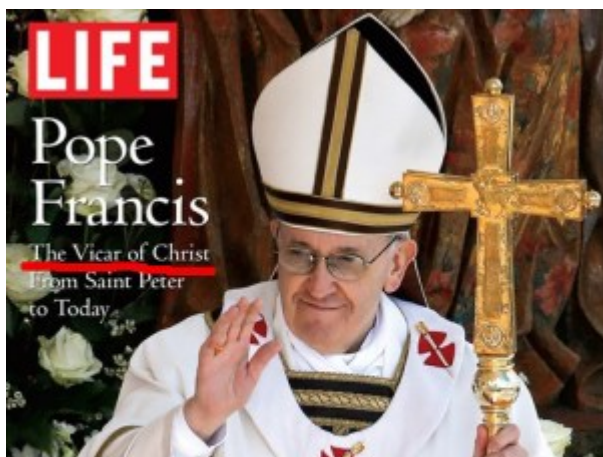


This year I hitchhiked 24.048 kilometers (15,030 miles) which is 4518 kilometers more than my previous record of 19,530 kilometers in 2009! The chart below shows the years from 2005 to 2013 the distances in kilometers traveled by hitchhiking.



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

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!

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

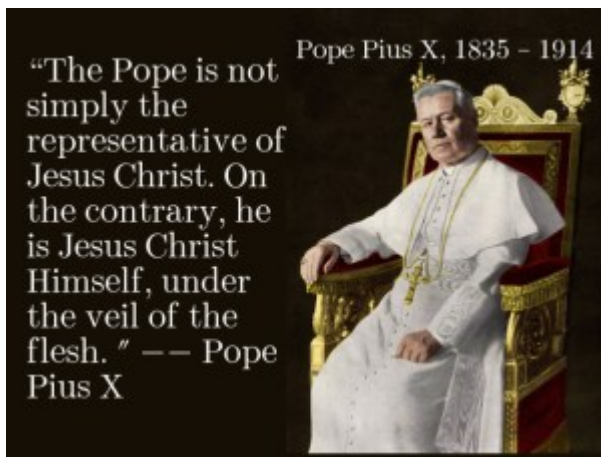
On December 23, 2013, the Federal Reserve Bank celebrated its 100 year anniversary. Too bad however, that the “Fed” is not “federal” and there is *NO* reserve!

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](#).

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

**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?

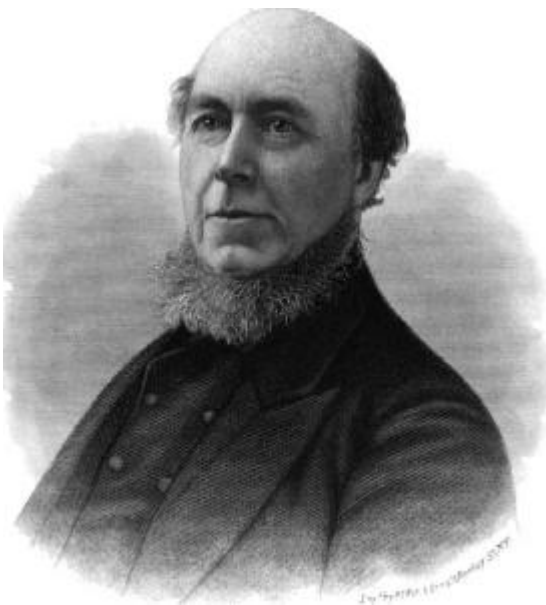
Next Chapter: [PREFATORY REMARKS.](#)

- [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](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER V](#)

- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER VI](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER VII](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER VIII](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER IX](#)
- [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.

[“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!"

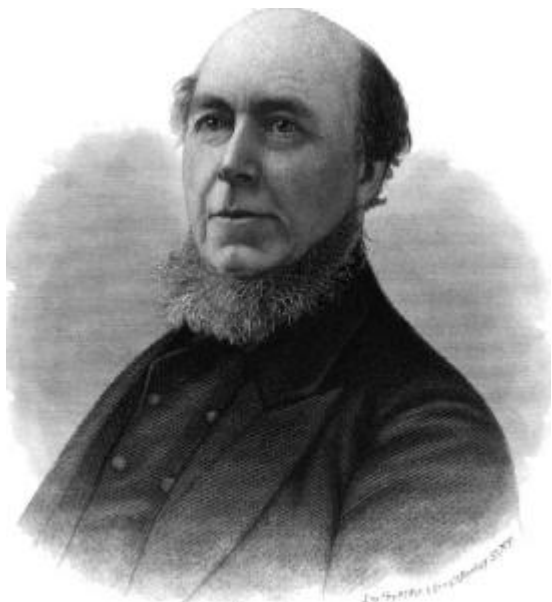
That whole multitude, filled with joy, rent the air with the cry: "Hurrah for St. Anne, the grave of the tyranny of the Bishops of Rome in America!"

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.

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:

- [The Antichrist: His Portrait and History by Baron Porcelli](#)
- [Antichrist And His Ten Kingdoms – By Albert Close](#)

[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.

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.

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:



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).

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.

[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](#)

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 Ikebukero in Tokyo!



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