

**INFORMATION REGARDING CALLS PRESENTED AND/OR SUPPORTED BY
2013 RAINBOW ROUND TABLE**

I TO ACCESS THE THREE WEEKLY CALLS via the Internet

A BBS RADIO Go To www.bbsradio.com ; click on Talk Radio Station #2; click on "64K Listen"

Thursday: 9 pm – 12:00 pm EST *Stargate Round Table* **Host: Marietta Robert**

Friday: 9 pm – 2 am EST *Friday Night Hard News* **Hosts: T & R**

Saturday: 4:30 pm – 2 am EST *History of our Galactic World & NESARA* **Hosts: T & R**

Friday, Saturday: From **10 – 11 pm EST**, for one hour, the call moves to the Conference Call Line [PIN below] and then returns to BBS Radio.

- Use the following phone numbers to ask questions or make comments during the radio show.

530 – 413 – 9537 [line 1]

530 – 763 – 1594 [line 2 & 3]

530 – 746 – 0341 [line 4]

- **BBS Toll Free # in Canada, US** 1 – 888-429-5471 This number picks up whichever line is available.

B Conference Call: 1-213 -342-3000

Thursday PIN #	87 87 87#
Friday PIN #	23 23 23#
Saturday PIN #	13 72 9#

C Skype: **BBSradio2**

D Archives for the 3 Programs listed above:

- To access the **FREE BBS archives** for any of these programs:
 - Go to *BBSRadio.com/ Station 2*; scroll down; click on **Current Program Archives**
 - Scroll down to **Hard News on Friday with Tara and Rama**, and click on **"More Archives"**
 - Click on those words and you will be taken to the listing of all program archives, the latest one being at the top.
 - You can download the program to your own computer or listen directly.

- The **2013 website also has an archive section:**

<http://2013rainbowroundtable.ning.com/> look under the "Archives" tab for written notes.

II TO ACCESS OTHER CALLS SUPPORTED BY 2013 Rainbow Roundtable

A Sunday, Mondays: 9 – 10:30 EST *Cheryl Croci's Activation Calls*
By telephone only: 1 – 213 - 342- 3000; PIN 9467441#

B Tuesdays, 2nd & 4th of each month: *Ashtar on the Road*
9:30 – 11:00 pm EST Host is Fran; Susan Leland channels Ashtar & Mother Sekhmet
www.Ashtarontheroad.com

- Phone Number: 1 – 559 – 726 – 1300; PIN 163731#
- Call is free [except for long distance charges]
- Can also listen to the call via Skype

C Wednesdays: 7:00 – 9:00 EST *The Friends of The Aboriginal Moabite Nation Call*
By telephone only: 1– 712-432-0900 PIN 666238#
Replay # [good for 1 week] 1-712- 432-0990 PIN 666238#

Opening Meditation: D'Yanna

Housekeeping: Rainbird Thank you!

- BBS:**
- A listener-supported radio program; we can access program archives on BBS
 - We need **\$ 290** for this week. **Many thanks** for the contributions for last week.
 - Needs everyone of us to donate something, would like to hear from all on the call.
 - What we hear and learn feeds our minds and our souls!
 - Go to BBS.com/Radio 2; find the listing for Friday Night Hard News; find the **Paypal** button
 - BBS appreciates getting checks through the mail – no fees taken off by Paypal
 - **NO COST TO ACCESS THE ARCHIVES** for any of the T & R PROGRAMS, or the one for Thursday night: Stargate Round Table, hosted by MariettaRobert
 - Re: archives of the other programs on BBS: the money we pay to listen to someone else's archives is put towards our BBS bill!
 - The mailing address for those who do not like paying electronically:
BBS Network, Inc.
5167 Toyon Lane
Paradise, CA 95969
 - Sending a check to BBS means all of your check is received; using Paypal incurs a fee.
- T & R:**
- They also need food & gas money this week
 - Can donate via the Paypal button on the website: www.2013RainbowRoundTable.ning.com
 - **Please notify them if you're sending something:** koran999@comcast.net
 - Rama's mailing address for cheques, Money orders: Ram D Berkowitz
1704 B Llano St, # 249
Santa Fe, NM 87505
 - **phone contact** is via MariettaRobert: 317-773-0061
or by e-mail: stargatemarietta@gmail.com
 - **Remember you can book a session with Mother, as well!**
- MR:**
- Please remember to support MariettaRobert's show, too

Hard News:

T: things are moving very fast!

R: about the plane - it is not here; it is over there! Some jokes about it getting sucked into a black hole – crew, passengers getting a lesson in galactic life and Star Fleet Academy – all safe; will be back

Randi Rhodes: talking to **Glen Greenwald** today about those involved in 9/11 who are still on the streets.

- GG spoke of Chelsea Manning, Cindy Shehan, Webster Tarpley, Dr Steven Jones, Snowden
 - These ones were present at a meeting in March 24, 25, 2005
- RR & GG discussing the issues that have gotten us to this place where Putin & Obama are playing heavy duty chess – it is about the criminality going on with the finances
- GG talked of the markets: Russia's economy is going to hit the toilet – will falter: has to do with how everything is not exactly on the right page;
- has to do with the Reformation Act and, after the fact that then, and only then, will there be changes: it will be a basket of currencies, and also global resets –
- nothing can happen while Bush, Cheney and Scooter Libby are still on the street.
- We [the people] have to do this and the proper authorities are in place

Ed Schultz: had on John Lewis; his birthday today.

R: A magical time to be alive as we can see the magic in our own lives: nature and nature's technologies are making it happen; we all come from the centre of Mother's creation point, & this is where we are returning to.

On **Sci Fi channel:** National Geographic: an updated version of Cosmos from Carl Sagan, presented by an African American astronomer: a lot of spiritual overtones to the discussion which has to do with the grand cycle of Mother returning with the Nibiiru to collect her wayward children;

- we all volunteered to play in this cosmic play when Mother's children said let's create life.
- The real story about Sumer and other places get straightened out.

Audio: George Galloway before Congress in 2007 [replay from Thom Hartmann's show of March 20]

- GG tears Congress a bunch of new ones!!!
- March 19, 20 is anniversary of illegal invasion of Iraq
- Thom asks: How should we react to the 11th anniversary of 2 illegal wars?

T: the numbers GG gives are skewed: over 2 M US soldiers dead; over 5M Iraqis dead; the number of Afghanis dead – unknown

- Thom mentioned that Obama is not leading US into excursions into Ukraine and Crimea
- Reads Rachel's comments from March 19th & 20th

T: reads her notes from the programs on Mar 19 and 20

[The Rachel Maddow Show / The MaddowBlog](#)

[Thursday's Mini-Report](#)

03/20/14 05:30 PM

By [Steve Benen](#) Today's edition of quick hits:

* [Crimea](#): "Russian forces and their Crimean militia allies were reported on Thursday to have released the commander of the Ukrainian Navy, seized in his own headquarters here as Moscow's annexation of the strategic Black Sea peninsula forced the authorities in Kiev to begin planning for the evacuation of their forces to mainland Ukraine."

* What mattered most today in Russian politics? [This](#): "Russia's most powerful businessmen waited for over an hour Thursday to hear from President Vladimir Putin, whose decision to annex the Crimean Peninsula has cost their companies hundreds of millions of dollars in market value. When Putin finally showed up, he spoke to them for five minutes – and gave them no reassurances that they or their companies will get any respite from the uncertainty created by the takeover of a piece of land of little value to them beyond national pride."

* In [related news](#): "Standard & Poor's took a step toward downgrading Russia's credit standing, saying that the standoff over Russia's actions in Crimea were already harming the nation's economy. The agency assigned a negative outlook to Russia's rating, scrapping the stable outlook it previously assigned. It cited U.S. sanctions and 'heightened geopolitical risk.'"

T: Not only is the Russian economy in the tank, so is that of the EU – added more Russian oligarchs to the sanctions list – yet the whole EU depends on Russian gas and oil

- This is not going to last: has no idea what losing \$10B of quantitative easing is going to look like – they are so faking it, and it is falling apart at the seams!

R: talks of those in Congress being law-breakers, not law-makers

T: Obama travelling next week: Netherlands, Belgium, Italy to meet Pope and new PM of Italy; then Saudi Arabia – they are outraged that BO is negotiating with Iran [which is working & they are pissed off!]

- Not to worry – he has lots up his sleeve!

- Leaders of Japan and Korea to be at international meeting in the Netherlands with BO present – SK pres Sak and Japan's Shinzo Abe – to be held on the sidelines of the G7 meeting in The Hague

- Abe makes clear he has no intention of revising the 1990 statement about “comfort women” . Says that North Korea’s nuclear aspirations will be on the agenda
- Over 100 tons of radioactive water poured into the ocean, over and above the 1000 daily tons: this from TEPCO

Conference Call

T: what we are seeing actually happening is the entire world – it was six weeks this coming Monday since the global economy actually crashed: last 6 weeks they have been actually faking it

Reading: Solara’s Surf update - the spiritual aspect of what is going on **[SEE BELOW]**

Caller: Looking for “**Blogs**” - under **MEDIA** heading
Tells the story of living in an Indian Village

Callers: mounds in Indiana; Egyptian names, artifacts etc etc; finding graves of large bodies;

Mr McGoo from LA: have had recent dealings with AA Michael

- friend has gone through UCC process – has gone from public side to private side, and he has found out how those on private side create their own “paid” certificates as to taxes pages.
- that the house of cards will be coming down soon

T: this will be soon, but the house of cards has to be down and the arrests made before the ones from the plane return

Mr McGoo: there will be press releases about passengers being safe and sound, and willing to testify about NESARA and all other kinds of things

T: this plane “accident” was an attempt to get rid of 4 out of 5 patent holders, and the 5th one Jacob Rothschild was not on the plane – the plan was for the 4 patent holders to go from Beijing to Germany and announce the technology; the galactics intervened – they are safe and sound, and got an ET 101 lesson – this is a very amazing story which is coming to the end very fast

Mr McGoo: friend is a millionaire and trying to buy a property in AZ; he is an inventor – has a Nicholas Tesla free energy gadget to transform what is in the air into electricity; he is doing things behind the scenes and doing diligent work

- Friend is a Lone Ranger; has lots of angels around him – Mr McGoo has accessed all kinds of \$ for him, but he takes only what he chooses.

David: the serpent mounds Mr McGoo spoke of -

- Book read by David and the basis of his questions to T & R

The Suppressed History of America: The Murder of Meriwether Lewis and the Mysterious Discoveries of the Lewis and Clark Expedition Paperback

by [Paul Schrag](#) (Author), [Xaviant Haze](#) (Author), [Michael Tsarion](#) (Foreword)

An investigation into the discoveries of Lewis and Clark and other early explorers of America and the terrible acts committed to suppress them

- Provides archaeological proof of giants, the fountain of youth, and descriptions from Lewis’s journals of a tribe of “nearly white, blue-eyed” Indians
- Uncovers evidence of explorers from Europe and Asia prior to Columbus and of ancient civilizations in North America and the Caribbean
- Investigates the Smithsonian conspiracy to cover up Lewis and Clark’s discoveries and what led to Lewis’s murder

Meriwether Lewis discovered far more than the history books tell--ancient civilizations, strange

monuments, “nearly white, blue-eyed” Indians, and evidence that the American continent was visited long before the first European settlers arrived. And he was murdered to keep it all secret. Examining the shadows and cracks between America’s official version of history, Xaviant Haze and Paul Schrag propose that the America of old taught in schools is not the America that was discovered by Lewis and Clark and other early explorers. Investigating the discoveries of Spanish conquistadors and Olmec stories of contact with European-like natives, the authors uncover evidence of explorers from Europe and Asia prior to Columbus, sophisticated ancient civilizations in North America and the Caribbean, the fountain of youth, and a long-extinct race of giants. Verifying stories from Lewis’s journals with modern archaeological finds, geological studies, 18th- and 19th-century newspapers, and accounts of the world in the days of Columbus, the authors reveal how Lewis and Clark’s finds infuriated powerful interests in Washington—including the Smithsonian Institution—culminating in the murder of Meriwether Lewis. [info from Amazon.com]

Music: Stand by Me

Mother Sekhmet

Greetings, Children of RA!

In the Office of the Christ and only in the Office of the Christ – that is the energy of the moment!

- As we stand by you, you stand by what you agreed to do eons ago – so long ago: give an arbitrary figure of 450 billion years ago – wrap your head around that one! That is how long we have been on the good red road doing this – here we are full circle – stand by me!
 - It is about that one story – through art, music, song, dance, culture, the wisdom of the ages is shared in color, sound, light, vibration
 - As we speak to you through this temple of the living god with sound frequencies – what is coming to pass as each one of our cells has woken up and merged with the consciousness of All That Is each fractal is a reflection of itself and goes on ad infinitum – this is what is happening in the moment: all our particles and cells are a reflection of what is happening in the local sector of the MWG and beyond.
 - We are ascending and descending into this temple of the living god which is why we are way over the edge with ascension symptoms and we feel like we are on fire at times: this is the white fire core of being which is blazing through our cells at the moment which cleans, cancels and consumes all that is not of the Office of the Christ
 - What has happened in the fraction of a micro, nano second if we can comprehend this – we are all on the same page: imagine all the people – in spite of all our wayward children who have said they – would like to keep the white light on and they do not know how to do it; want to keep the black light on – it is about the story about so much love being poured into all the realms which have not seen so much love for eons and eons. It is waking up things & life forms & energies that have not seen the light of day for 4 billion years and longer – things are rapidly moving into place for all that we have asked for and then some.
 - Today they began a discussion about 9/11 on Randi Rhode, Glenn Greenwald: it is the issue at hand – and 75 people died in downtown Baghdad due to 2 car bombs – every day, 65 – 75 people die in Baghdad - the same ones doing it: the Shrub and Rocky feller show
- T:** pretty strong for Thom Hartmann on the anniversary of the invasion of Iraq to put George Galloway on the radio
- Mo:** one of the brave whistleblowers who will not let the Khazars ruin Palestine – it always has been and always shall be Palestine.
- It is about the story of a bunch of displaced folks: We are all one: the 13 tribes of Ariadne – that is where it goes. Why is it that 13 is such an uncomfortable energy when it is brought into the mix? it is about the next evolutionary leap, when she comes in and brings in the naqual to

move the tonal, for us to get it in our gut, where the energies more the hara:

- It is the place where stand by me – this is where we all are in this moment, this frequency which continues to get only stronger; it has created an apparant polarziation – we are in a polar uniferse and the sides have been set. She takes no sides; she comes as an arbitrator and it is about the arbitration of the fact that the civiliation shall not be destroyed – there will be no extinction level events.

- It is about transfiguration of us, the land, the animals, all that is since we asked to ascend with these bodies; the re-calibrations of what is happening in our cells is happening at such a magnificent level – it is not without intensity, and things are moving so fast and then some.

BREATHE and go with the flow of it – as the Hopi say: do not hold on to the bank; go into the middle with the rest of the people and you will be fine. Peace and love is the story here

- Yet , the cotton on the end of the cat's tongue – it is about the hair ball that needs to be coughed up – and it is a mother of a hair ball because it is the collective energies that have been congealed into one ball of frequency that seems to be in the place where if you are Homer Simpson or Joe the Plumber you get stuck when you hear about anomolies or the paranormal, and this is the realm we are at – take it or leavt it, the time is now, it will not go away.

- We have some folks who are part of this culture & destiny of this planet, as we are all of the same story here. Nibiru is here and in orbit around the sun – on the far side at the moment; not an invasion fleet, but about the love and joy and the life forms from myriads of worlds who have ask ed to be here in unision of Cosmic Conciounsess of the 6 pillars: until I reach enlgjhtenment, I am on the path to do the dharma: Lord make me an instrument of thy peace; stand by me.

- There is is much love – with her eyes, it is a rosy pink with a magenta tinge: it is about LM Nada and the roses and the ruby ray Masters; her wayward children would turn it to blood red.with their funny story about love of conquest and the love of power. Let us love them more in their insanity: they are genius in what they have done on the path of the black hat.

T: this is a calling to us not to be spectators

Mo: Tag! We are it! We are the ground crew – and we have silent partners backing us up. That is how we meet each other in the middle. And Mr 19.5* has one heaven of a plan: it is about love, first and foremost.

- when we are part of a family, with the right nutrients and love, and the right understanding, over standing, all the time, love etc –
- in spite of the rough start here, things are moving right along – for all intents and purposes, this is a story of immigration and reform: we are your neighbours who have been asked by all the kingdoms to come and help this planet – how about we get together and make a cake or a pie and sit around the roundtable and talk about standing by each other;'

T: we are meeting more and more of each other; things moving at lightening speed

Mo: things are moving at magnetic light speed; wherever you are, there you are; We are All One; I AM THAT I AM, and we are standing by each other, as that is the case, let's get to know each other a little better. We only come in peace and love, no war.

T: Mr McGoo's comments were quite a shot in the arm! He confirmed what T & R have been sharing – it is a sign!

Mo: It is about the wisdom; LA has been turned into a unique place: there is a lot of light there

T: people on the street playing music, vendors; a big challenge to live there when you are disadvantaged

Mo: when you are in a place of disadvantage, and a target for the pigs, in old terms -

T: LAPD are the royalty of that description

Mo: No offence to the folks out there, but they wish to create the Iron Man suits about 2014 – Iron Man consciousness is really about truth, love, light not about kicking in iraqi and Afghani doors and killing people indiscriminately based on lies called 9/11

- The Jinn have come back to love; many of the Jinn still hold sacred place in the sacred spaces - the US military did not enter through the Gates of Ishtar, which is a sin – it is a big deal

- when you enter by the Gates, you are blessed by the wisdom of the royal Hanging Gardens of Babylon, one of the 7 cities of magic and wonder on this planet, based in love, truth, peace, freedom, justice and mercy –
- all that is happening is a re-integration of what has not been here on earth for a very long time because you forgot about it or you haven't discovered it yet, but has always been here for all that we understand as time-space, space-time

T: the engagement going on at the moment means we are learning more about Russia, about some of the things that NESARA will help, time to drop borders

Mo: this is how she and others get introduced to the table: will get to break bread and drink wine which is the elixir of All That Is – gold dust!

- There is a lot to be cheery about

T: a boost to hear that we will be getting it now

Mo: the financiers of the last 100 years or more, hold nothing but sand in their hands;

- they cannot get over the extreme fear that if they dropped the shields and said I'm sorry, please forgive me, thank you, I love you; they are afraid that we would do to them what they have done to us
- this is the place of being neutral in the realm of Divine Justice - energy has a way of taking care of itself so if you took a life, the fates have a funny way of showing up & showing what is right and what is not right – that is the serendipity of the universe

T: brings up the 3 Tatars in Crimea; 2 of them were completely disappeared; there were 3 men who disappeared the 2 of them and came back and killed the 3rd one and buried him in a shallow grave;

- the 3rd Tatar was a young father with 3 girls and a gorgeous wife: Tatars are muslims in Crimea
- not saying it was Russians, just that it was hatred against the Muslims

Mo: • about those with the money and what they have done, and they know people will be angry – all she says is take my paw and come with me to the Dark Rift – it is the only path you have!

T: repeats the entire prayer of Francis of Assisi

Mo leaves

T: Mother is indeed the great equalizer, and she is always among us now.

Rama: has been to Hesperus, capital city of Venus; some kind of conclave going on-

- all kinds of beings he has not seen before; they saw him and welcomed him:
- discussing the next evolutionary leap of humanity as Earth becomes the next 33rd member of the Confederation of Worlds – we are on the money, folks!
- The plane is the beginning of the story!

Audio: Bill Maher March 21, 2014 Episode 311

TOP-OF-SHOW

Errol Morris – Oscar®-winning Documentary Filmmaker, whose latest film **The Unknown Known** profiles Donald Rumsfeld

MID-SHOW

Shane Smith – Co-founder and CEO of the media company VICE

PANEL

Sheila Bair – Former Chair of the FDIC and Senior Advisor to The Pew Charitable Trusts

Rep. Keith Ellison – (D-MN) and Author of My Country, 'Tis of Thee: My Faith, My Family, Our Future

Simon Schama – Author of **The Story of the Jews** and host of the companion TV mini-series on PBS

Audio: Abraham Bolden – going back to the time of JFK

[from Thom Hartmann]

- Appointed a secret service agent under Eisenhower
- Transferred to Chicago after being on a city police force in Illinois
- When Pres Kennedy came to Chicago, was assigned to guard the washroom the Pres might use
 - He was disappointed because he wanted to see the Pres
 - Pres arrived on Ap 21, 1961 – motorcade was late; he was straining his neck trying to look up the 2 sets of stairs: ended up he got to see the Pres who wanted to use the BR!!!
 - Pres asked him if he was a Secret Service agent or one of Mayor Daly's men?
 - Then Pres asked him if a negro had ever been a secret service agent for the Pres?
 - Bolden said no; JFK said how would you like to be one? And he became the first African American assigned to the White House detail!!!
- Bolden arrived in DC and observed that discipline was lax: SS men would go to lunch and have too many drinks, in no condition to guard the Pres; he spoke to the supervisor: this got him into trouble with the others
- Found out that they were dead set against JFK and his policies, and let that get in the way of their responsibilities; also found there was a lot of racism in the Secret Service

Lamar Walden: knows mr Bolden and confirms that there was going to be an assassination attempt in Chicago 3 weeks before the Dallas event – it almost happened in Tampa FL too –

- Lamar and Thom found much information about what happened in the newspaper, and the Warren Commission never got this information about the 2 other attempts.

Mr Bolden: he tried to contact the Warren Commission

Lamar: talks about the conduct of agents in Fort Worth – drinking until 2 in the morning, and having to report for duty at 8 am

www.thehiddenhistoryofthejfkassassination.com

There is a petition there, and other links

www.Echofromdealeyplaza.net



The Echo from Dealey Plaza: the True Story of the First African American on the White House Secret Service Detail and His Quest for Justice After the Assassination of JFK by [Abraham Bolden](#)

3.93 of 5 stars 3.93 · [rating details](#) · [71 ratings](#) · [18 reviews](#)

From the first African American assigned to the presidential Secret Service detail comes a gripping and unforgettable true story of bravery and patriotism in the face of bitter hatred and unthinkable corruption.

Abraham Bolden was a young African American Secret Service agent in Chicago when he was asked by John F. Kennedy himself to join the White House Secret Service detail. For Bolden, it was a dream come true—and an encouraging sign of the charismatic president’s vision for a new America.

But the dream quickly turned sour when Bolden found himself regularly subjected to open hostility and blatant racism. He was taunted, mocked, and disparaged but remained strong, and he did not allow himself to become discouraged.

More of a concern was the White House team’s irresponsible approach to security. While on his tour of presidential duty, Bolden witnessed firsthand the White House agents’ long-rumored lax approach to their job. Drinking on duty, abandoning key posts—this was not a team that appeared to take their responsibility to protect the life of the president particularly seriously. Both prior to and following JFK’s assassination, Bolden sought to expose and address the inappropriate behavior and negligence of these agents, only to find himself the victim of a sinister conspiracy that resulted in his conviction and imprisonment on a trumped-up bribery charge.

A gripping memoir substantiated by recently declassified government documents, *The Echo from Dealey Plaza* is the story of the terrible price paid by one man for his commitment to truth and justice, as well as a shocking new perspective on the circumstances surrounding the death of a beloved president.

Audio: Max Keiser [KR577] Keiser Report: People Power Age

Posted on [March 20, 2014](#) by [Stacy Herbert](#)

We discuss the Potemkin factories that may create a manufacturing renaissance in America, or at least the perception of one. They also discuss a version of the future where elite-guided drones end the Age of the Gun and the Age of People Power and return us to another dark Age of the Elite. In the second half, Max interviews [Elizabeth Rossiello](#) of [Bitpesa.co](#) about the Silicon Savannah in East Africa where mobile currencies and now digital ones bring in greater remittances and new spending power

http://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=LAOVpd2rzR0

Reading: When Rocks Cry Out

Begins with The footnote about the name of Jerusalem: - that simple footnote saying that the 2 places were the same helped to unlock the location of Jerusalem in the Americas.

Reminds us that we learned tonight that America was the new Atlantis.

Closing: Rainbird

Final Music: Canadian Tenors in Las Vegas – new album: From the Heart

INFORMATION RELATED TO THE NOTES

A SMALL FRAGMENT OF SOLARA'S MARCH 2014 SURF REPORT

~ CHANGE IN MOTION ~

March begins with a tsunami of intensity. The new energy that is now coming in is so strong that it's almost flattening. We can feel the deep undercurrents of something so wondrous, so vast, so very "Off the Map" which is being born and this fills us with a mixture of awe, profound gratitude and excitement. Everything is pulsating with change. We are continually being bombarded by Hurricanes of Change, not merely Winds of Change. This is why it's so important to stand in our Trueness at all times; it's the place of the eye of the storm.

March feels incredibly fast; it's dramatic and rough. Everything is moving forward at light speed. It's exciting that we have reentered Zoom Mode, but it's also too much to handle at times. This is when we most need silence and stillness. This month is a mixture of overwhelming energies, (which are continually growing stronger), and fresh inspiration brought in by a massive creative surge. It's like racing on a tightrope over a deep abyss -- we're going extremely fast, but have to be fully aware of every step because any unconscious action could cause us to drown in all the intensity.

As we enter March, some of us are profoundly weary. We feel like punch drunk boxers who have been pummeled in too many rounds; absolutely tired to the bone. For many months, we've been dealing with a staggering amount of minute details, juggling them all in our overloaded minds. We already have a multitude of things to do, but even more urgent tasks constantly keep appearing -- an endless procession of things to do that never seem to reach their end.

As much as we'd love to completely let everything go, we cannot. We are in the midst of a massive, rather messy birth, and cannot stop now. We gulp at the old air with its pockets of life-giving new freshness, but it's not enough of the new to fully energize us. This is when we start getting strange physical symptoms that tell us to hurry up and get fully into the New Landscape as soon as we can. There's a heightened sense of urgency because we feel that we can't breathe the old air for much longer, that it won't be able to sustain us.

One of the reasons why we feel so overwhelmed is because we're living in a huge range or vast scale of energies. Stretching out to the deep vastness of the New Landscape and bringing it back into the action-filled HERE and NOW, weaving them all together into a New Paradigm. This is how the New World gets born right in the midst of the old world.

There's a deepened seriousness that permeates everything, heightened by geopolitical uprisings, natural disasters and the unexpected illnesses and deaths of those we know. This is especially shocking when bright, young Second Waves leave the planet. All of this demonstrates the fragility of life right now; we never know what will happen next. This fragility causes our existing relationships to deepen. The stakes are really high and getting even higher. But the levels of Trueness being revealed are amazing and totally worth it.

Change in Motion has begun.... We have leapt upon our magic Green Horses and are beginning the ride of a lifetime. The remaining bonds to our old lives, old selves and old stories are snapping off, one after the other, in the hurricane force winds. As we break free of the past and emerge as authentic beings, we are seeing everything with new eyes. This enables us to align with our True Direction and True Purpose. And the Change in Motion will only continue to get stronger....

During this time, many people are experiencing a profound awakening, a total transformation, a complete 360' shift. The veils of illusion suddenly dissolve and their True Self emerges. At the same time, their True Direction becomes crystal clear. This is happening because the energies are super supportive right now for us to become true, authentic beings living True Lives.

This month will truly be a new beginning. March is the first month in which we will feel the powerful effects of the entrance of this new wave of people who just broke free and are now putting their 100% commitment into going into their True Directions with everything they've got. This is going to make a huge difference and will help clear the path for all of us into the New Landscape.

It's now time to choose LIFE. Real, authentic, heart-filled TRUE LIFE. It's time to simply leap in and do it. To walk our talk by investing our time, energy, money and full being into what we most want to manifest. To live our authenticity, integrity and TRUE HEART LOVE in everything we do. This dance into a new True Life has started and it cannot be stopped.

*This is a small fragment of Solara's complete MARCH 2014 Surf Report. The full Surf Report and Weekly Updates are available by subscription in English, German, Portuguese, Russian and Spanish at the **NVISIBLE MERCADO**.*

2013, Nov 22

era

Ex-Secret Service agent Abraham Bolden claims misconduct in JFK



November 22, 2013 (CHICAGO) (WLS) -- The I-Team reports that John F. Kennedy was the first U.S. President to have an African-American on his personal Secret Service detail. That Secret Service agent is a Chicagoan.

Being the first black Secret Service agent on a U.S. President detail would seem enough to lock Abraham Bolden's place in history. But what sets him apart is the conspiracy of silence he says took place within the Secret Service-- a conspiracy he claims contributed to President Kennedy's vulnerability on that day in Dallas, 50 years ago. Bolden believes the Secret Service was in no shape to stop an assassination.

"Now, for 50 years, Chuck, for 50 years, the United States Secret Service called me a liar," said Bolden.

It wasn't that way in 1963 when President Kennedy brought Bolden from Chicago to the White House. Promoting agent Bolden to an all-white arm of the Secret Service was a bold move by the President in those heated civil rights days. But it ended on November 22, 1963.

"It was as if I had been assassinated just like John F. Kennedy. The clean Abe was dead, now you've got another Abe to deal with," said Bolden.

Bolden had complained to his superiors about earlier plots against the President--including several in Chicago--that were mishandled by the Secret Service and the dereliction of agents assigned to protect Kennedy.

"They stayed out all night on Rush Street drinking and celebrating, one agent got so drunk they had to take him back to the hotel," said Bolden.

In 1964, as Bolden was on his way to testify before the Warren Commission, he himself was arrested on federal charges that he had solicited a bribe from counterfeiters he had helped bust. It took two trials to convict him in a reportedly weak case and he did six years in prison that Bolden has long held was a set-up and payback for his allegations against the secret service.

"I don't think any citizen of the United States of America should have to endure what I had to endure simply

because I wanted to tell the truth about what was going on surrounding the protection of a president of the United States. I'm not gonna stop until I take my last breath because I swore to uphold the Constitution. I went to prison-but that was my oath and that oath binds me for the rest of my life," said Bolden.

The 78-year-old Bolden says he has been vindicated recently by well-publicized misconduct of Service Service agents and officials surrounding presidential trips to South America-- the same kinds of misconduct that he complained about 50 years ago. It is a culture of carousing and covering up that Bolden says continues to this day. Not all, or even the majority, but enough, he says, to be a danger to those they protect.

The U.S. Secret Service has never directly replied to any of Bolden's accusations.

<http://abclocal.go.com/wls/story?id=9336799>

Secret Service Agent Andrew Bolden on the Kennedy Assassination

2010, Jan 28 **[“The Echo From Dealey Plaza” — an interview with Abraham Bolden](http://jamesfetzer.blogspot.com/2010/01/echo-from-dealey-plaza-interview-with.html)**

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After an outstanding career in law enforcement, [Abraham Bolden](#) was appointed by JFK to be the first African American presidential Secret Service agent, where he served with distinction. They met by chance when JFK used the men’s room to which he had been assigned as security. Bolden was a crucial part of a the Secret Service effort that prevented an attempt to assassinate JFK in Chicago, three weeks before Dallas.

But the dream quickly turned sour when Bolden found himself regularly subjected to open hostility and blatant racism. More of a concern was the White House team’s irresponsible approach to security. While on his tour of presidential duty, Bolden witnessed firsthand the White House agents’ long-rumored lax approach to their job. Drinking on duty, abandoning key posts—this was not a team that appeared to take their responsibility to protect the life of the president particularly seriously.

Soon after the assassination, he received orders that hint at “an effort to withhold, or at least to the color, the truth.” He discovered that evidence was being kept from the Warren Commission and when he took action, found himself charged with “conspiracy to sell a secret government file” and imprisoned for more than five years, mostly in the psychiatric ward of the Springfield Medical Center for Federal Prisoners. In September 1969, after a short stint at a prisoncamp in Alabama, Bolden was finally granted parole.

Nearly 45 years later, Abraham Bolden has come forward to tell his story. A gripping memoir substantiated by recently declassified government documents, [The Echo from Dealey Plaza](#) is the story of the terrible price paid by one man for his commitment to truth and justice, as well as a shocking new perspective on the circumstances surrounding the death of JFK. It was an honor for me to feature him as a guest on “The Real Deal” and to have this opportunity to present aspects of his personal experiences to the public.

Abraham Bolden has received The 2008 Baker Street Tankard Award for “Pursuance of Truth and Justice”, The 2008 Black Excellence Award for “Outstanding achievement in non fiction literature”, The 2009 Alpha Phi Alpha Presidential Inaugural Award for “Exemplary leadership, service, and commitment and courage”, The 2009 Carter G. Woodson “Living Black History Award”, The 2009 St. Louis Gateway Classics “Walk of Fame” inductee, The Sodexo Lifetime Achievement Award for “ Excellence and outstanding service”, and the 2009 Citation from The Honorable United States Senator Roland W. Burris for courage in challenging injustice.

JFK & the Secret Service – Abraham Bolden interviewed on “The Real Deal” with Jim Fetzer (28 December 2009) [Go to original page for audiofile]

The Echo From Dealey Plaza – Abraham Bolden interviewed on “The Night Fright Show” (25 November 2009) [Go to original page for audiofile]



Mr. Bolden has provided extracts from his book for publication here.

Introduction, page 1

I knew John Kennedy. I shook his hand and looked into his eyes, and served, for a brief but critical time, at his side. I sensed in my heart, as many people did, that he understood the troubles of the common man, and shared the pain of all downtrodden and oppressed people. He labored to make the promises of a better country a reality for all Americans. Born into great wealth and privilege, he did this not for any personal gain, but simply because he knew it was the right thing to do. He wanted to do his best to foster equality of opportunity for all the citizens under his charge, and even those beyond our borders. John F. Kennedy entrusted me with his life, making me the first African-American to serve on the Secret Service White House Detail. No one can ever take that honor away from me.

Chapter 1, page 3

I came into the Secret Service in 1960, after a number of years in law enforcement, first for the Pinkerton Detective Agency, and then as an officer in the Illinois State Police. It was in that capacity that I first encountered Special Agent in Charge (of the Springfield, IL, office) Fred Backstrom of the United States Secret Service. John Kennedy was on his way to Peoria for a campaign stop, and I had been assigned to escort SAIC Backstrom around Peoria, to help make security preparations.

As we rode along one of the intended motorcade routes, I turned to Agent Backstrom. “Are there any Negroes in the Secret Service now?” I asked.

Backstrom and I had worked together before, and were on friendly terms. “I don’t think so, Abraham, but I’m not sure. I heard that there may be one in New York or New Jersey, but I’ve never met him,” he replied. “I can tell you this: We are looking for new agents and if you’re interested, I don’t see any reason why you shouldn’t apply. I can send you an application in the mail, and the civil service administration will guide you along the way.” He volunteered to send me an application.

We went back to our duties, but a few weeks later, I received the application in the mail, just as Agent Backstrom had promised. In the early fall of 1960, I drove down to Springfield, where I was escorted from the Secret Service headquarters to take the civil service test. I learned several weeks later that I had just missed passing the test, but the next time SAIC Backstrom came through Peoria, in early September 1960, about a month before

Kennedy was to visit, he stopped by my house. Backstrom suggested that I could enter the Secret Service under a Schedule A appointment, meaning that my previous experience would qualify me to become a probationary agent.

Chapter 1, pages 4, 5

I first saw John Kennedy when he came through Peoria on a campaign swing in October, 1960. I was assigned to traffic control, and caught a glimpse of the young Senator sitting perched atop the back seat of a big white Lincoln convertible as his motorcade came in from the airport. I watched Kennedy hop down from the car about fifty feet away from me to shake hands with locals crowded along the side of the road. As his car stopped, agents from the convertible directly behind and fanned out to protect him as he waded into the excited crowd.

The following spring, John Kennedy was now President, and I myself had been through training at the Department of the Treasury, under which the Secret Service resides. The President was scheduled to visit Chicago on April 28th, for a thank-you dinner with Mayor Daley at McCormick Place. Daley's political machine had helped deliver a victory to Kennedy, through means not everyone considered legitimate. An advance detail of Secret Service agents worked with the local office to plan security, and assigned the Chicago field agents to protective various duties and protective positions. While some agents got the coveted spots inside the McCormick Place banquet room near the President, my assignment was to guard a basement restroom that had been set aside for Kennedy's exclusive use while he was there. I searched the bathroom and the surrounding area, and when I was satisfied that it secure, I quietly took up my post.

At about 8:30, a half-hour after the event was scheduled to begin, I heard a sudden commotion at the top of the stairs near the restroom.

Before I knew it, John F. Kennedy was striding toward the restroom, surrounded by an impressive entourage, including Mayor Daley, Governor Otto Kerner, Senator Paul Douglas, Congressman William Dawson, and a handful of prominent local politicians. As he got to the door, the President surprised me by stopping directly in front of me and looking me in the eye with a slight smile creasing his lips.

"Are you a Secret Service agent or one of Mayor Daley's finest?" he asked, causing the Mayor to chuckle lightly.

Collecting myself, I replied, "I'm a Secret Service Agent, Mr. President."

"He's assigned to the Chicago office," a more senior agent offered. "His name is Abraham Bolden."

Kennedy nodded slightly in acknowledgment and continued on in his crisp Boston accent. "Has there ever been a Negro agent on the Secret Service White House Detail, Mr. Bolden?"

"Not to my knowledge, Mr. President."

"Would you like to be the first?" Kennedy asked, his lights twinkling under the bright hotel lights.

I didn't try to hide my enthusiasm. Smiling broadly and nodding my head, I answered, "Yes, sir, Mr. President." Moments later, the band struck up "Hail to the Chief." The air in McCormick place was charged with flashing cameras and the halls echoed with thunderous applause as the proud young President entered the hall.

Chapter 5, pages 37, 38

Agents were breaking out the drinks. Henderson sat on the living-room couch, opened a beer and leveled a cold, hard stare at me, which I did my best to ignore. He kept it up through two or three quick beers, until he suddenly spoke.

"Bolden."

“Yeah, Harvey?”

“I’m going to tell you something, and I don’t want you ever to forget it.” The sound of the South was heavy in his voice.

“You’re a nigger. You were born a nigger, and when you die, you’ll still be a nigger. You will always be nothing but a nigger. So act like one!” Henderson spaced the words out slowly for emphasis, but his voice was rising.

The words hung in the room, as every agent stared silently at Harvey Henderson. He had moved his body to the edge of couch. His feet were flat on the floor and he was clutching his beer bottle. You could hear him breathing hard through his nostrils. He was like an animal, poised to spring forward if I made any move toward him.

If I had ever doubted that Henderson had planted that memo and cartoon back in the White House, I knew it for certain now, as surely as I knew that he was baiting me, trying to lure me into a fight. Thoughts of Jackie Robinson raced through my mind. I do not mean to equate myself with a hero of Robinson’s stature, but in that moment, I thought about the years of locker-room taunts that he had endured, and the many times his white teammates had tried to pick fights with him, just so that they could humiliate him. I’d dealt with racism my entire professional life, once even having to pull my gun on a motorist who refused to be ticketed by a “nigger.” But here I was faced with a representative of my own nation’s government, the acting head of our President’s personal guard.. my supervisor. And I’m sure he wanted nothing more than to beat me bloody, but he also wanted me to disgrace myself by losing control. I eyed Harvey Henderson—a big, powerful man, drunk and full of hatred—and knew that if we were to go at it, there could be no mercy. I would have to send him to his God before he sent me to mine.

I looked him squarely in the eyes. “I love you, too, Harvey,” I said, and walked out to the porch.

“You shouldn’t have said that, Harvey,” said agent Tucker,, who then followed me outside.

“Don’t pay any attention to him, Abe,” Tucker told me. “He gets like that when he’s drinking.” Tucker went back into the cottage. I kept on walking for a long while. When I got back to the cottage, I sat a while longer on the porch steps, weary in body and soul, and realized that I was ready to go back to Chicago. My mother had taught me not to remain where I was clearly not wanted.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=NBKcJAwwKrQ

11/22/2007 ABC I-Team: Kennedy Assassination Thwarted
Weeks Before His Death – interview by Chuck Goudie

Chapter 12, page 161

Now, suddenly, Judge Perry rose from his seat. He stood behind his bench and raised his arms as if to make some kind of benediction.

“Ladies and gentlemen of the jury,” he said, scowling. “I will now exercise a prerogative that I have as a Judge that I seldom exercise. I will express to you and comment upon the evidence. In my opinion, the evidence sustains a verdict of Guilty on counts one, two and three of the indictment.”[i] His face grew red, and his breath came hard and fast, as if he were exerting himself.

The Judge told the jury that they could disagree with him if they chose to do so.

“Now, with that in mind, ladies and gentlemen, you may now retire and reconsider the evidence in light of this Court’s instructions,” the Judge ended.[ii]

I turned quickly to George Howard to ask what was going on, but Judge Perry glowered at us, his face contorted with rage. It was clear to every soul in that courtroom that this Federal District Judge wanted me convicted. He

sent the jury back into their room, from which we could hear shouting, and even some crying, for the next hour, until they returned and the foreman once again announced that they were still deadlocked, eleven-to-one for conviction. The lone juror, Mrs. Anna B. Hightower, sat still and quiet, her jaw clenched and her arms folded across her chest.

[i] U.S. v Bolden, 1st trial, *Jury Deliberation*, (Tr page 6) July 11, 1964,

[ii] U.S. v Bolden, 1st trial, *Jury Deliberation*, (Tr page 6) July 11, 1964,

Chapter 14, pages 198, 199

On re-direct, Oliver asked Spagnoli if had ever committed perjury in a Federal Criminal trial in the past and Spagnoli acknowledged that he had. They then produced a piece of paper that had been torn out of a legal pad and had it marked as an exhibit. Spagnoli testified that he had been in Sikes' office when Sikes drew up the document.

"What was the purpose that he gave you for writing up such a document?" Oliver asked.

"So I would remember what to say in the Bolden trial," Spagnoli answered.[iii]

The record showed that Sikes leaped to his feet and objected, but got nowhere. Judge Perry allowed Oliver to rebut the accusations about Spagnoli's credibility.

Oliver continued, "After he wrote it up, did he give it to you?"

"No."[iv]

At this point, Judge Perry interrupted and asked Spagnoli directly, "How did you come into possession of it, if he did not give it to you?"

"I took it."[v]

"What was the purpose of your studying the document?" Oliver now asked.

"To remember the lies in there,"[vi] Spagnoli answered bluntly.

Standing in front of the stunned onlookers in the courtroom, Oliver pointed at the document in his hand and kept probing. "Mr. Spagnoli, I call your attention to certain dates enumerated on this exhibit. I call your particular attention to the fourth line down, a date, Wednesday, 5/13. Do you see the notation that follows that Wednesday, 5.13, 'Call from Martineau?'" Did that call occur on that day?"

"No." [vii]

Just reading it made me shout out loud, "Dammit!" Finally, the facts that I knew to be true were coming to the surface.

When Oliver moved on, and began asking if Spagnoli had ever given testimony contrary to testimony he gave in this case that he gambled for a living, Richard Sikes strenuously objected, on the grounds that Oliver was "impeaching his own witness."

[iii] U.S. v D'Antonio, 64 CR 300, (Tr page 6269), dated January 20, 1965

[iv] Ibid, page 6272

[v] Ibid, page 6272

[vi] Ibid, page 6272

[vii] Ibid, page 6274

Chapter 15, page 215

“Well, it has been brought to this court’s attention, during the oral arguments of the case, that one of the witnesses against the defendant has accused you of soliciting perjured testimony that was given in the trial. I called you here so that you may personally answer the accusation. The counsel for this defendant has stated in his brief, and during oral argument, that you have failed to answer this serious question that reflects negatively on the United States Government.” Hastings dramatically emphasized this last piece. “Now I ask you, did you solicit perjured testimony by one witness, Joseph Spagnoli, in any of the Bolden trials in the court below?”

Sikes shifted his weight from one foot to another nervously. “Your Honor, I want to say—“

“That question can be answered yes or no,” Hastings interrupted. “Either you did or you did not. This question needs to be answered now so that this court can make a fair ruling concerning this issue on appeal. I ask the question again: Did you solicit perjured testimony by Joseph Spagnoli in any of the Bolden trials before the court of District Judge J. Sam Judge Perry?”^[viii] Sikes swallowed hard. He glanced over his shoulder at his colleagues Crowley and Hanrahan.

“Your Honor,” he finally answered, “I refuse to answer that question on the grounds that my answer might tend to incriminate me.”^[ix]

“You are refusing to answer on the grounds of self-incrimination?” the Chief Judge asked in a loud voice.

“Yes, sir, Your Honor,” said Sikes, lowering his eyes.

“Very well, then. We will look into this matter and depending on what this court finds, someone might go to prison. We are going to get to the bottom of this,” Hastings declared to the shocked spectators in the courtroom. He turned to Attorney Smith and asked, “Based upon the allegations of Joseph Spagnoli, do you think that the assistant government attorney should be prosecuted and incarcerated?”

[ix] No Transcript of the proceedings before the U.S. Court of Appeals (14907) could be located; However on June 29, 1966, U. S. v Bolden, 64 CR 324, Motion to Reconsider the Sentence under Rule 35 page 8, Attorney Smith told the Court, “ We also have in this case, Your Honor, the fact. And I point out once again that it is Spagnoli that made this statement..that he accused the Government of subornation in this case, and the fact remains that to this day, two appeals to the Supreme Court, there is a question by the Chief Judge of the United States Court of Appeals that..that charge by Spagnoli has never been denied, and we have this as another cloud over the case.”

Chapter 15, pages 227, 228

Judge Perry was done, and brought the hearing to a close. I saw Barbara quietly confer with Ray Smith, who then turned to talk to one of the Deputy Marshals. The Deputy led me down the corridor to the elevator, which we took to a small, clean holding cell, oddly situated behind a row of offices on one of the upper floors. The cell stood in a larger holding area, into which the guard brought Barbara. He left the two of us alone, separated only by the cold steel bars.

I reached through the bars to take her hand, in that instant felt finally overwhelmed by the terrible sadness of my fate. My whole body shook with rage and tears.

Barbara looked me in the eye. “If we’re going to make it through this, you’re going to have to be strong. You don’t have to worry about me and the children. I’m not going to let this break up our family. I saw what happened in court and how they treated you. I’ll be here when you come home. You don’t have to worry about that.” Barbara’s words were both consoling and reassuring. “You have to be strong because we are all counting on you to come back home to us. Nothing is going to happen out here, and I’m going to work and keep things together.”

Barbara came close and we kissed through the bars. “No matter what happens, be strong,” she said again. “I

love you and the children love you. We will be waiting for you to return home to us. Be strong.”

When the guard finally led Barbara away, I washed my face and resolved to do exactly as Barbara said. From earliest childhood I had been told that grown men don't cry, and I decided then that I was finished with crying, and that I would in fact be as strong as any man could be.

When they brought me back to the county jail, one of guards took me down to a basement cellblock. Four cells sat separated and secluded from the rest.

“This is what they call ‘Death Row,’” the guard told me. “Someone decided to keep you down here until you're shipped out to a penitentiary.” He handed me over to the kindly looking black guard who stood watch there, saying, “This is Abraham Bolden. He used to be a government FBI man.”

http://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=txWrym0WAT4

An excerpt from “Conspiracy Files: The JFK Assassination”,
Discovery Channel, 5/11/06

Excerpt Chapter 17, pages 257, 258, 259

One day, I had just finished washing dishes and pots and was preparing to clean up the floor in my area, by filling a mop bucket with hot water, when I heard a voice behind me.

“What the fuck are you doing with my bucket?”

I turned around to see Kenny glaring at me. There were two mop buckets in our area of the prison that were plainly different from each other, and I was using Kenny's regular bucket.

“Oh, is this the bucket you use?” I asked, knowing it wasn't but trying to placate him.

“You know that that's my goddamned bucket!” Kenny shouted. “Why you keep fucking with me?”

I could see that Kenny was either delusional or trying to start a fight with me, so I kept trying to make peace.

“I'm not fucking with you,” I said. “This is the bucket I've been using, but if you want it, I'll go get the other one—”

“Why you keep fucking with me?”

Kenny stood blocking the door. As he took a step toward me, I saw that he was holding a long knife against his leg. Instantly, I lifted the bucket of hot water and drew it back, as if to throw it.

“What the hell is the matter with you, man?” I shouted back at him. “If you take another step toward me, I'm going to throw this fucking hot water in your face and burn all of the skin off your body.” He stopped, but the commotion had attracted several other inmates, and Mr. Angland, who ran the kitchen.

“What the hell is going on here?” Angland demanded. He looked first at me, saying, “Put that bucket down!”

“Kenny's got a knife,” I protested. “He came at me with a knife. I'm not going to put this bucket down until you take that knife from Kenny.”

Angland reached his hand out, and said, “Kenny, give me that knife.” Kenny did as he was told. He also obeyed Angland's order to return to his ward, but not without first shooting me a menacing look.

Angland turned back to me. “I want to see you in my office, Bolden.”

When we sat down in his office, Angland started in on me. “Bolden, you know that you can't threaten the patients around here. You know better.”

"He came at with me with a knife. What am I supposed to do? Just stand there and not defend myself because he's a patient?"

"The way I saw it, the two of you were threatening each other," Angland said. "You had the bucket of water and he had the knife. The two of you threatened each other and that's what I saw."

"But you didn't see the whole thing," I insisted. "I was in the back room doing my work and suddenly this guy is standing in the doorway talking about a mop bucket. I know that he's a patient, but I'm going to protect myself. He first came at me with the knife and that's when I picked up the bucket of hot water to throw on him."

"Well, you can't discipline these patients. You should have come to me. You can't threaten these patients. I'm going to have to write you up for it," He stated angrily.

"You can write me up all you want to, but I'm not going to stand there and let any of these patients stab or butcher me with a knife. If I could have gotten out of the room, I would have come to you, but Kenny had the door blocked, and he was talking out of his mind about a mop bucket."

"You go back to the dormitory now. You'll be off tomorrow. When you come in Wednesday, you, me, and Kenny will get together and straighten out this problem," Angland concluded.

Chapter 17, pages 265, 266

A guard poked me awake with his flashlight in the early morning, told me to get dressed, and marched me deep into what seemed like the bowels of the prison. We ended up in a corridor lined on both sides with heavy steel doors. The only windows visible were the tiny viewing windows above the tray slots in each of the doors. An awful stench, and the sounds of muffled screams and sobbing, filled the corridor. I knew where I was without anyone ever telling me: the dreaded 2-1 East, the psychiatric ward.

I shot questions at the guards-Why was I there? Had I been re-classified? Did anybody seriously think there was something wrong with me? But nobody would answer my questions, telling me to talk to the doctor when he came by. The guards took my belt and my shoelaces, and put me in a small, dark cell. Amazingly, this cell was actually a physical improvement over the isolation cell; it had a window that I could open to let in fresh air and its own washroom facilities.

The door to my cell slammed shut, leaving me alone with my thoughts. The only thing I knew for certain was that I had to let Barbara and my attorney, John Hosmer, know what had happened to me. There was no way I could sit quietly while the government locked me away interminably in some kind of asylum. The situation seemed ominous.

Before long, the prison added something new to my routine. Four uniformed officers entered my cell. One of them, a particularly burly guard, carried a tray filled with tiny white paper cups.

"Medication time," he said, holding out a little cup in his big, meaty hand.

I felt suddenly weak and dizzy, as if I were caught in some terrible dream. I couldn't move or speak.

"Come on, boy. We ain't got all day," he drawled.

"There's got to be some mistake," I said. "I'm not a patient. There's got to be a mistake."

"We ain't makin' no mistake, boy. The doctor ordered this to calm you down, I guess."

Chapter 17, page 270

In the morning, as I was washing up, I smelled a faint odor of smoke. I could see no sign of fire outside my window, but through the small viewing window in the door, I thought I detected a slight haze in the air of the

corridor. Suddenly, a guard rushed down the corridor, shouting “Fire! Fire in the cell block!” I heard another officer shout that one of the rooms at the end of the block was on fire, and then heard another answer that those rooms were unoccupied. Another odd and inexplicable circumstance.

The guards opened our cell doors and evacuated all of us to the dayroom. I felt so happy to be out of my little room—free, if you want to call it that, for the first time in over a week—that I didn’t react to the grotesque sight of so many drugged and possibly deranged men, dragged from their beds in various states of undress, draped over the tables and chairs. The fire was extinguished quickly, but I was allowed to linger in the dayroom for a while. As I looked around the room, I suddenly found myself staring into a familiar face. A man was gazing back at me intently, and purposefully. He didn’t seem to be over-medicated or crazy; he seemed to recognize me. It was the man who had stabbed the other inmate to death in the elevator in the basement by the officers’ kitchen.

He rose and walked to my table. I could see that he had gained some weight, and wore his hair cut much closer to his head, but it was definitely the same man.

“Haven’t I seen you somewhere before?” he asked as he sat down across from me.

“I don’t think so.”

“My name is James. What’s yours?”

Chapter 17, pages 277, 278

On September 25, 1969, with just four months to go before I would have completed my entire sentence and been freed from any further obligation to the government, I was granted parole. Of course, by paroling me, the government could keep me under their jurisdiction for another two years.

It was 3:30 in the morning when my Greyhound bus pulled into the station near Clark and Randolph Streets in Chicago. I could see the figure of a beautiful young woman, her form illuminated by the headlights of the bus, almost glowing in the fresh night air. I climbed down the steps of the bus and fell into Barbara’s arms. That embrace told me, finally, that my ordeal had come to an end.

My wife drove us south on Clark Street, crossing over to Michigan, steering us home. I remember opening the back door of my house, my own house, and being met by the happy squeals of my children, already awake and expecting me, bouncing all over the house, giggling with joy and shouting, “Daddy’s home! Daddy’s home!”

Daddy was home.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=BwHKpj23bfU

Thom Hartmann talks to Abraham Bolden, the first African American presidential Secret Service agent.

([Part 2](#), [Part 3](#))