

I AM NOT AN EPILEPTIC!

I've been labeled an epileptic by some for one reason or another.

I myself have taken note of the *fact that my body jerks around a little and that used to be every now (and then) and no problem, but recently it is a constant torment and apparently- well, I can't say whether it is hidden or revealed, but no one has done anything about it. [and a pair of glasses is not a subject yet today]

But the *fact I have taken note of is that this may be what some have called epilepsy.

What I know about the epileptic spirit in others in a mental hospital is that there is a certain feeling of nausea and mental fear attached, prior to the event.

~~My jerking which is painful only because it~~

My jerking has no mental connection. It is like being physically hit by someone.

What's more I've known all along it is directly caused by the sexual activity of others near me- hidden- and it really is them striking blows at me, intentionally.

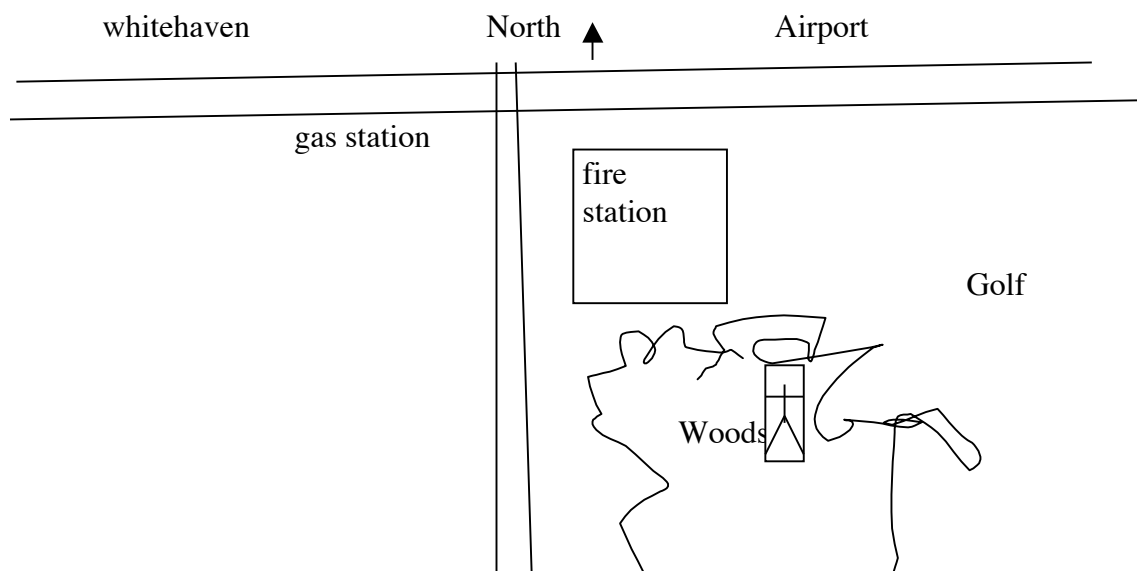
I say intentionally with qualifications because it may be done ignorantly or at least not maliciously by anyone.

It is the frequency and persistence of the blows that convinces me of its malicious intentions.

And besides that the reality of such jerking is commonly known by most people in life so I am not talking about something that no one understands and I am saying it is clearly known to be a lie by a liar to call this epilepsy.

I go on to witness about one particular event in a woods next to a golf course and the Memphis International Airport (if that's its name) and a fire station and a charismatic church (like a Maranatha Church) in the Whitehaven section of Memphis, Tennessee.

It was a small pretty woods on the corner and very much like a garden. Here's a map.



Maranatha
charismatic
style
church

Course

This woods resembles a garden woods in my hometown of Ormond Beach, Fla. in the rich Peninsula downtown call Ormond Gardens, I think, up the street from St. James Episcopal Church.

In Ormond Gardens there was a marriage in ¹⁹⁷³ or 1974 between a divorced preacher of the Maranatha Church in Daytona Beach and a woman, Divorced or widowed, with kids who went to International Bible College in San Antonio, Texas in 1974.

I spoke against the marriage and was condemned by those who DID speak also against it for no reason I understand. Wrong time? Wrong place? In church, with the preacher there! I did. And was condemned by those who had also spoken out against it the previous week.

Be sure my relationship to that church was always cheap in my mind, only temporary. They never were my church. I just was ALWAYS a visitor anyway and just spoke out against the marriage

I also happened upon a Pentecostal Convention it International Bible College in December, 1973 or January 1974 and left in the middle of the second day because the Preacher condemned beards.

Anyway my opinion of my relationship to this church group is that it was a most convenient opportunity for certain people to lie and say I was a member.

Anyway in this woods in the spring last year, 1985 one morning about dawn-after I had slept very little or not at all I woke up, after just dozing off, with a big jerk the biggest jerk I've ever felt.

One of my arms was up over my head and the leg on the same side was up-both went down the leg straighten and the arm came down by my side.

[Right now I smell a stink in a restroom of whom I've been told is a filthy woman smoking a cigarette, smelling up my mind with her wastes' smells and cigarette smoke.]

The righteous point about this big jerk I've been writing about is that it had no effect upon my mind my body jerked and I woke up. I worried. What am I going to do. That's the worst thing that's ever happened to me that way.

I might point out the Baptist Church in San Antonio in December ¹⁹⁸² -January 1983 told a story in a service I was in about saving a Jew costing an arm and a leg. (The Baptist Church near Our Lady of the Lake College (and St. Jude's Church).)

I would also point out that across from Baptist Hospital in Memphis one night in May, 1982 my sleeping bag, me in it, was attacked by a police dog- 2 days before I left town.

No, Adrian Rogers is not a police dog, though I asked the question.

But Adrian Rogers of Bellvue Baptist in Memphis, Tennessee is now president of the Southern Baptist Convention and comes from Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. about the same time Sam Combs does.

Sam Combs a North Carolina Indian was the minister of my home church 1st Christian of Daytona Beach, Fla. from 1964-1971 and had something to do with me and the death of John Kennedy (in Nov. 1963)

Adrian Rogers knows as much about me as Sam Combs does and for the same reason, I think, the death of John Kennedy, though I've never met the man. I've heard him preach once in 1982 in May.

I would point out finally that this is true and because it is, I am hearing threats in my mind by a woman's voice saying: "for this reason."

- Judas Iscariot

The Catholic Church seems to have spent 22 1/2 years doing nothing but succeeding at fulfilling this statement "They (the nuns) just wanted you to have a ~~twinge~~ twinge of guilt."

So convenient the word want.

And I confessed that I didn't "want" to repent of Jesus Only and accept the Holy Trinity.

I did repent after the confession within 24 hours because I wanted to repent. June 1, 1985.

But what good has the word want been since.

I don't want to shake, to jerk, to be twisted, to be jolted. Lord, I want to be healed.

I don't want to hate anyone.

I just hate violence and evil and homosexuality.

Lord in Jesus name in the unity of the Holy Spirit heal me by stopping the tormentors,

Heal me by stopping the self-righteous hypocrisy particularly of homosexuals. Amen. This is not backward.

-Judas Iscariot.

I am the mill stone of ^{the} Revelation 18.

My lower lip shoots out [^]_{like a pout} because the Mexicans taught a little Mexican boy (with in the wings of the eagle in the picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe) to steal my place snap with his hand on his "mother's" hole.

-Judas Iscariot

It began as the little boy, any little boy, getting his way by pouting. A year later I tried to change it by pouting once before a Mex. Woman and son in a landromat. St. Mary, pray for us.