

CHAPTER 1

I AM SHOT

I am shot. The bullet speeds through my brain as I am leaning forward trying to shield myself from the bullets entering my body. I know I am dying. I enter the tunnel of unconsciousness. I am sitting at the foot of my mentor, God. He states: "I am present to share with you the power of knowledge in recognizing the forces that have brought you to your death and I will empower you to help the world by sharing the series of unfolding situations that led you to your assassination."

It is the year 1957. I am sitting quietly at a meeting with my father. I begin to shout. I tell him, "I cannot control our assets by supporting and enacting legislation to create more greed." Goldwater is campaigning, submitting and creating legislation determined to bypass constructed laws with loopholes in newly formed law that would alienate and disenfranchise minority people to vote. This legislation is geared to forging relationships between wealthy power brokers that are currently controlling world power. These people are significant liars and they act within the scope of injustice and corruption. I am their public enemy number one.

I have opened my views to criticism as I shout my words to my father, who ardently disagrees with my dogmatic attempts at persuading him to see and understand that his clumsy attempts at foreign policy have stopped him from reaping the larger scope of

financial strength and prosperity. He is bumbling in his views. I am already operating in a dangerous zone.

My father unwittingly begins to plot my demise as he sits drinking with his cronies. He shares their concerns about legislation and laws that railroad taxes into a stronger threshold and destroys bases for cuts to the impoverished public. Taxes for the rich are deemed as unjust and unfair. The bases for tax cuts must be based upon laws dictated by and for the rich. George H.W. Bush has influence over my father's views. Individuals who believe in their power to determine and create laws run the CIA and Hoover's FBI. They are angry at any attempts to dissuade public opinion from creating a system of authoritative knowledge that is critical or influential within the legislative branches of power. They are now becoming angry with me.

I am entering consciousness. I am clearly able to understand I have died. I have come to a place of gray. Gray surrounds me. I see nothing and hear nothing as I turn to look in all directions. I am suddenly aware I am not alone. I am with another presence.

I look upon my grandfather's face. He is concerned and beckons me to come towards him. I do. Together we stand and look out of a window within the walls of gray. There below, we see the smoke and hear the gunfire of war.

CHAPTER 2

WAR AS PROFIT

The Bush administration has fostered plans to continue warfare. Warfare is tied in with oil production and operates within the confines of the business perspective of world powers that control financial greed. They mismanage funds for the benefit of a multibillionaire conglomerate that oversees the distribution of laws and regulations that govern finances. The Bush administration is savagely waging war as a puppet of this conglomerate and wants to continue waging war to create pockets of individual dictators who feed the fires of terrorist activity and who bear the brunt and seeming responsibility of engaging the United States in war. The world is enmeshed within a propaganda effort to blame terrorists for the activities and actions on the behalf of the United States government.

The United States government plans covert action to dismantle and destabilize countries. This would force countries into impoverishment and create embezzlement opportunities for those greedy individuals who want bribery, embezzlement, oppression and fear to continue as the backbone of existence for developing nations.

In order for these nations to exist, they must create relationships with the United States government that are friendly in nature. These coerced relationships pretend assistance and help, however, the nature of these relationships are designed for manipulation and failure of

the nation's financial stability. The coalitions developed between the United States government and the developing nations as in Iraq are designed to and calculated to destroy the country's economic and cultural stability. As the nation succeeds in developing forces that are terrorist in nature, our country, the United States, seeks war as the ultimate solution towards terrorist action.

In the creation of terrorist activity, George H.W. Bush develops his plan for CIA infiltration. He develops alliances to gain control over wealthy companies, especially in the developing oil industry.

CHAPTER 3

PEAKING THROUGH THE VEIL

The plan is now in place. I am continually arguing with my father who believes my attitudes toward our family and its businesses has become skewed and corrupt. He believes I have become idle in my thoughts and I no longer understand the correct form of action to take. He believes my ideas and plans regarding the foreign sector are preposterous. He continues to addle me as the one son who doesn't serve allegiance with the family values. He wishes his eldest son were alive to continue the family business in the way he wants it run.

I am considering my past as I sit in death and watch the brutality being brought against my body. I see the autopsy personnel dissect my brain. Three men appear in black suits. They take a package carrying my organs with them as they leave the room. I follow them in my dream state of death. I watch them turn a corner and head down a hallway where security waits. They are given clearance to leave the basement of the hospital in Dallas. A secret agent arrives in an unmarked limousine. I watch him pick up two men. They sit in the back seat and are driven to the airport.

There are walls of gray all around me. I continue to peak through the veil with my mentor to see the ugly past that surrounds the aftermath of my death. I know that my past is continually being emptied of meaningful information. The shredding machine continues its effort

Rochelle Sparrow

to destroy the facts of my death. The physical evidence surrounding my body has been destroyed. Who has bothered to destroy the evidence, to dislodge the communion of people who have gathered in recognized unison that my death was not by one man alone but by many who deemed I was a threat?

CHAPTER 4

MY PLANS

My father now knows, as he ponders in this realm, that his foolish remarks marked and created my fate. He continues to disagree with me. He felt threatened that I wanted to unite and create a World Bank and unify funds controlled by officers from all countries united in economic unity and prosperity. The joint control of funding from all countries would create cooperation and ties difficult to forge in war. I wanted to take the greed away from war. I wanted to create prosperity for third world nations and tie them into the reception of profits garnered from universal funds guaranteed by the World Bank. I wanted to join with nations to deliver and create peaceful union throughout the world, to join with people in uniting with prosperity and delivering to the world peaceful relations built upon a world wide stable economy. I wanted prosperity for all, not just for a few, not just for our family, not just for the Bush family not just for the benefit of the minority created by the creed of greed.

I developed a plan when I was still a senator. I wanted to create wealth for a majority of people. I wanted to dispense with nuclear weapons. I wanted to dismantle weapons associated with the destruction of Cuba. I wanted to take the monies associated with government funds out of the hands of the wealthy individuals who purported interest in protection of the

borders of the United States. This purported protection feeds an industry of funds designed to feed the wealthy. I am part of the wealthy, my father's family, my family benefits.

I am conflicted. My father's approval means much to me, but I disagree with his ideas in regards to foreign policy. I believe he is unjust in his views on poverty. I am concerned about my family's prosperity and declining wealth with the development of my plans. I shield my concerns from myself and continue with my thoughts and my plans. I am unsure about my ideas and the outcome of my vision.

CHAPTER 5

I AM STILL ALIVE

I sit in my office. I am a senator. I am being pressured to marry by my uncle who believes my ability to become President rests upon my ability to be married. I hate the idea of marriage. I do not want strings attached to my life. I want freedom to roam amongst the women of my life without commitment and without care. I do not want to care about anyone but myself. With continuing concern, I witnessed the evacuation of support towards my foreign policy views from my family. My mother conceded with regrets that she could not see my vision regarding the World Bank succeed and felt I was innocent and naïve in regards to the financial power brokers of the Bush family and their republican supporters. Bush planned through the CIA that there would be a domino effect of makeshift takeovers by puppet leaders and governments that would support military takeovers. I was not privy to this particular information then, however, my mother who was clairvoyant, misunderstood the seeming terrorist activity in Guatemala as a threat against national security. What she "saw" in her visions was war fostered and begotten by the United States government.

I am sitting by my mentor, God. The veil lifts and I proceed to allow the essence of my physical body to descend upon Washington. I am standing at the capital. It is the year 1965. I overhear two representatives

speaking. They are discussing the history of our country. I listen engulfed and outraged at the lies I am hearing. They are blaming El Salvador for the civil war that has ensued. There is an honest man, righteous man, a man of leadership who speaks out against United States policies, who believes in justice and empowerment of the El Salvadorian nation, who believes in his right to free speech. He loses in the rigged elections. Chaos ensues. The man is smuggled away by CIA infiltrates and tortured to death. The democratic and just nation of El Salvador is lost to the Bush administration who believes in chaos and destruction of civil rights to feed profiteers who engage in war.

My family is now against me. They support my efforts to win the presidency by parading and parroting public speeches that they believe creates a fundamental platform for my success. However they now support Bush family policies that recommend and designate foreign policy towards the creation and dissemination of war efforts. My family does not believe in the vision of peace within the concepts of prosperity. They believe in fear and reside in hate for fear that their standing within the public institution of "society and money" will be lessened. My father has worked hard to gain a degree of respect. My mother continues to rally forth in stalwart fashion for the success and strength of her family in society and in wealth. I am at a loss to how I can conduct and state my views in regards to foreign policy in a way that can address their fear. I withhold my thoughts and begin to state my views to only a few friends. I pretend innocence when asked by my father if I have given thoughts to his million dollar investments in oil overseas. I tell him I am concerned only about the people and not his money. He becomes even more controlling and tells me I must marry, that the presidency requires me to be a married catholic. I tell him he is an ignorant fool and I leave the house.

Inside my house now, where I now reside, the gray walls are collapsing. I see the state of Iraq in shambles. I see the homes of children under fire. I see schools without teachers and without supplies. I see terrorism unfold in worldwide cooperation and planning. I see children being killed by bombing. I see the unison of outrage against Iraq and the Shiite sects located within Afghanistan disperse and spread throughout the world. I see three different terrorism groups form. I see millions join their leagues. I see world affairs crumbling into economic slavery bowing to the leaders of the United States government. I see the United States government becoming weaker and weaker in status. I see the United States reacting to its demise with more and more greed.

CHAPTER 6

WE CAN HEAR, WE CAN FEEL AND WE CAN SEE

It is the year 1961. I am married. The wedding ring I wear feels like a weight against my soul. I believe I am a free spirit and in war I go forth and battle against the beliefs that others have that hold them entrapped. I am married and do not believe in my marriage but I believe in my fate. I must move within my party and make strong alliances. I must build consensus and deliver policy after policy that enact unification of alliances of the coalitions that are forming within third world countries. I am developing allegiance with a few senators. Lyndon Johnson creates and forges strong allegiances with southern democrats and the southern vote. He has come to respect my ability to foster support and allegiance with foreign government. He has witnessed my speeches. He believes in my ability to win over doubt. Lyndon has determined that I must create strength with an allied front of the Democratic Party. My campaign trail is beginning to manifest.

It is dark. I sit with the entities that have partaken of the patronage of God. God himself is present. I feel his shifts of energy and light all around me as the darkness settles upon my gray world. There are others present, one in particular is Napoleon. Napoleon resides in the hellish furor of his mind. He sits within our council to learn, to understand his decisions and his choices to murder those who were innocent in order to gain power.

Russian children are present. They tell him of their experiences with visions of fire and murder. He recoils in his energy. I sense he has let out a scream of tormented anguish. He asks for space and healing of the visions within his mind and the ache in his heart.

We can hear, we can feel and we can see in our gray world. We can come to terms with our past through the artful presence of grace. We can sit and see ourselves with honesty and with love. We can know forgiveness.

CHAPTER 7

POWER OF LIFE AFTER DEATH

It is November 1963. I have stepped off the plane in Dallas. It is cold for Dallas. My wife is dressed in lavender pink. I recall her particular fondness for pink when I first met her. She looks tired and professes to be O.K. However, she states she feels a little out of place in a southern town. She wants New York to be her next stop. She pretends indifference to my comment that her attitude must be congenial at all times, not just in New York. I am now off the plane.

In retrospect I gained more power in knowing my state of affairs here on earth was at an end. I agreed that my death would be an asset to those who believed in channeling the dead could occur. It was not by accident that this book has begun to gain acceptance after the popularity of shows portraying medium ship as real. It was by no accident that this book has gained worldwide popularity. I am here to proclaim my life and not my death. I am here to portray the power inherit in spiritual communion with those by my side in our world. Napoleon has left. He leaves the gray walls of my chambers to talk and to be with God. The Russian children have gone too. They have gone to their mothers who care for them with love. The walls of the room seem lost for a moment. I look back upon my life and the effect of my life on earth as President.

CHAPTER 8

CONTROVERSY

It is the year 1965. I have been dead two years. The controversy rages over my assassination. People are gathering at my gravesite on the anniversary of my death. I am considered an idealist. I am considered a father. The marksman comes too. He stands in the back of the crowd. He motions to another man. He wants communion with this other man. His name is John. He is considered a friend, not foe. John looks at the time. He tells the other man to meet him at a bar down the street. John crosses the street and moves towards an ally. He takes out a gun. He shoots himself in the head. The gun jams. He opens the cartridge and checks the passageway. He removes the cartridges and replaces the bullets. He shoots again. It does not misfire.

The marksman walks into the bar. He sits down. A man comes to him and asks him for a light. He gives him his lighter. He states, John is not coming, as he shoots him into the heart through his coat. He leaves the bar as the marksman slumps over. He does not know whom he shot.

The CIA does not have leads or jurisdiction over the investigation of the assassination, yet they have organized and mismanaged "accidents" to those who knew of their direct dealings. All have died except one. George H.W. Bush.