

nine the day I left the hospital with Brooks, then a gypsy man knowingly secured my own son and returned him to me, and the ones guilty of the switch never learned what happened... so now there is a little boy born Feb. 5, 1962 somewhere in Egypt... and this little boy is supposed to enter ruling power in 1981... and all the world is to ruled from Rome... and this is a far-fetched plan; and it is very possible that, not discovering the re-substitution, the substituted son was taken to Egypt as being the one I gave birth to... he had children, then grandchildren... and the first boy that appeared... that is the one supposed to have been born Feb. 5, 1962... and if you want further information, then read more thoroughly Joan Dixon's life in the book entitled "A Gift of Prophecy" by Ruth Montgomery... and I think this may be connected up with the plan not to let a son of yours survive that could fulfill what they believe is prophesied... and which they... whoever they be... are staking their lives on and the future of their world-wide organization... and there are two main groups, one the unruly one of the Roman Catholic Church, and the others are members of the World Zionist-Jewish Organization. So this matter would put your own youngest son in the limelight; as well as any children my two sons would produce... and you may be certain someone is going to be fooled, and it is not me! and no man can wreck successfully the plan of God!

Therefore, in studying this thing very carefully, and wondering why lately the LORD has said certain things to me concerning you... as well as concerning my own mother... I have come to the understanding and belief that it just may be possible that you are a descendant of Phinehas, with whom God made an everlasting covenant... that to fulfill this covenant, even as now this thing has come to a climax, you were chosen to father my sons... and what mattered was that you fathered them, and no one else... after that your life was your own... but the plan of God now rests with me and with my sons and their offspring... and among each of these there is one certain seed... among the grandchildren there is one certain seed... and while the others shall be greatly blessed... yet it is from the mouth of my seed, and from the mouth of my seed's seed that I shall bear the words of the LORD nourish forth... and this is promised to me in Isa. 59:21... and if this does not happen by those two sons are concerned, being Herschel A and John Brooks Watson, then it is possible that somewhere in the world there may be the child I did bring to birth, which child was stolen and another substituted... and in some manner a man who has since passed away, named Barner Messess Baruch had some connection with the older son and something pertaining to him that I have not yet solved. Therefore it is of great interest to me even now, remembering his telling you that he weighed 13 pounds at birth (as if you and I would not know what he did weigh), and wondering if he will turn out to be as big a liar as you often have seemed... it being that you both have a vast imagination that does not always bother on truth!

And so I wonder how much of a lie it was when you went to Fitzman Bros. early that Monday morning, March 30, 1926, promising me you would be right back in time to take me to my mother's and keep that early morning date... and you were so late... and you said you returned to your car and found all four tires flat, etc. And this delayed you. And you used to tell me some real whoopers! So why were you late? Were those tires really flat? If all four of them were flat as you told me when you returned... and I had been walking the floor like a caged tigeress... then someone is bound to have let the tires out, the reason to prevent your coming after me... that even a man like Booth was watching you park, knowing you were to take me to my mother's... he let the air out, then raced to my mother's apartment... there he waited until he saw my two sisters leave, and after the last one left, slipped in the door he had a key for, bolted it, believing mother was alone and that Anderson had gone to the Post Office... found him asleep... and my mother was back in the bathroom... he shot Anderson, knowing enough (having been on the Dallas Police force) to fold the gun in the wood blanket to blanket the noise... mother heard the shots... grabbed a gun in some manner... and she and Booth battled... and the gun she fired at him was the one he laid at her hand, after he had frightened me out by the sound of a pistol being cocked. And in 1937 in your office in Dallas you held a pistol on me for over an hour while you ranted, talking as you often do, outlining something... then having reached a conclusion, you began to give the opposite view just as affectively... and the brilliant display of your mind and reasoning power showed that you could not satisfy yourself with a conclusion... you could as well take both sides... and you stand at an apex... just even now as you stand at an apex, not wishing to be either friend or enemy... and it matters not much which you are... it is only truth that is required... you know certain things that need to be examined... and if these things are never revealed... it will be because God does not need your help... but you can never say you did not have a chance to cover your bloody sins with the precious blood of Jesus Christ, the Lamb slain! And you will never see your young son in heaven if you do not do that which is right here on earth. The only time in my life I can recall not being able to account for myself is when I finally decided to get up and walk out of your office, knowing you could shoot me in the back... but knowing if you did it would be a sign you shot me.