

In Rev. 11:2b it is written: "For it is given unto the Gentiles; and the holy city shall they tread under foot forty and two months."

NOW, Jerusalem in Palestine is not called the holy city, and has not been so called since Jesus was crucified there. Verses 8 and 15 prove this. That place of the great city is called Sodom and Egypt spiritually, where also our Lord was crucified. This same Lord Jesus has one who is 'his Christ; and his Christ is a woman who is Zion. It is she who is now called the holy city! It is she who is trodden underfoot forty and two months! I am Zion-Jerusalem-Israel!

Note that the forty and two months means "forty-two years." Even take the date of March 30, 1925, the day of my mother's murder. Booth, the murderer, certainly walked over me that day! and thereafter!

(What actually started me again to make an appeal for a re-investigation of my mother's death was that there flashed before me the number of "42" and I began to consider it, then this was linked up with my mother's death, and suddenly I realized that this is the 42nd year, and I could expect to see justice shortly.

(You see, you must have a motive for the slaying of Kennedy, then realize that Oswald was a hired killer, even being one intimidated to obey orders. You must realize that Jack Ruby's life is in great danger; and that some of the highest authorities in America are covering for him, and that even the new place for trial may be exactly where it could be better arranged to have him killed, with no link to the higher-ups. Establish the motive for Kennedy's assassination, and you are on your first step to solve the murder.

(But the real story goes back to 1897 when that First Congress was held in Basle, Switzerland. Then come forward to the First World War and the reason therefor, being to get possession of Palestine by the WZO; then an effort made to locate the person prophesied to rise up...destroy that person...destroy that family...then the WZO would have no opposition. Through books and clues now familiar to me, even methods used...this led to Brenham, Texas, the place I was born, and the place our parents took us from to Dallas, saying the LORD had warned them of Danger. I need not here speak of the prophecies said over me at my birth, my unusual birth, etc., and how my mother was instructed to have my birth filed out of order, and not to indicate whether or not I was a boy or girl. (Later I had it registered that I was a girl.) But the important thing to note is that in 1916 a little girl died here whose name was Mary Dee Hacker, and she was about two years younger than I...and likely it was assumed that the girl of prophecy had been destroyed, and so a "go ahead" signal given to gain world rule, being as God was defeated. Then evidence began to pop up that the Hacker family was not the right one...it was the Hackworth family prophesied of. This led to Dallas, and in 1918-1919 my father was ruined financially, and what happened was caused by Carl C. Booth. In 1922 and 1924 my two sons were born at Parkland Hospital, and there are some strange things concerning whether or not I brought home the two sons I gave birth to...in any regard there is the question of substitutions. Regarding the July 17, 1924 birth it is certain I did take home the wrong son, and an old gypsy man returned my own son and took the substitute...and thereby hangs a strange tale, one to be developed later regarding a son born Feb. 5, 1962 somewhere in Egypt, which may turn out to be the grandson of the substitute baby boy...it never being discovered that my own baby was returned to me, etc. Tracing along this strange story, you'll find strange things happening!

(Then it was certain I had an engagement with my mother on March 30, 1925. Carl C. Booth knew this for certain. What if he believed I would come alone, and he did that which made me late in arriving, and there were two murders committed by him, and he make it appear I had been the one who killed the pair! This would have gotten me out of the way for certain!

(O, yes, back on that murder again! A double funeral was held March 31, 1925. On April 1, 1925 it was my duty to move my sisters out of the apartment to come live with me, sell some of the furnishings, etc. So there I was back in the apartment, and who was with me? Why, Carl C. Booth and my younger sister, Editha. I had lifted the rug that was blood-soaked where my mother died, and underneath I had found either two or three shells. This shocked me, for this was more shells, including the others found, than had been fired. I began to search the room more thoroughly and I found at least two bullet holes in the framework of a door, and one in a window sill. At the time Booth was elsewhere in the apartment. My sister called me and pointed out a bloody towel found behind the bath tub. She said to me that our mother would never have done such a thing! (She was extremely neat.) I knew that Mr. Anderson had not bled in such manner that the blood came from him. I knew it had to be my mother's blood. I showed Booth the bullet holes I had found, and I was very excited, saying I was going at once and call the police. He grabbed me, saying to me that I was not to do such thing...Sure I was right... Sure there had been a battle! But the family had worked hard to hide the fight that the two had fought...why then would I spoil the whole thing and bring in the police again, and prove more