

Leòn de San Marco.

Description



Courtyard of the Doge's Palace (Venice)
– Scala dei giganti – Lion of Saint Mark

PAX TIBI MARCE EVANGELISTA MEVS

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HOLY BAPTISM

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT ON

DATE

14th May 1967

NAME

Margaret Ruth B...

DATE

1st November 19...

OF THE PARISH OF

St. Mary's

WAS BAPTISED AT

West Wyalong

BY ME

Rev. Fred Lewis

SPONSORS

Bruce La...

Ellen H...

"CONTINUE AS CHRIST'S FAITHFUL SOLDIER
AND SERVANT UNTO YOUR LIFE'S END"

C.M.S. BOOKSHOP

Born in a Morgue and torn from my mother
Adoption arranged by the church and state.

[Please Read Born in a Morgue Click Here](#)

ove opens in new window

stened by St Mark 1967



I was raised in the St Marks Church West Wollongong NSW.

My mums parents were of St Michaels where I went to pre school and kindy. I remember the end of year play I wasn't chosen. So I figure I was different even back then. After that at school, I was never chosen either but by then I knew I was different. Very Different.

So every sunday it would be off to church to make an impression and line up in front of the ministers by my grandmother side.

My dad's mum was awarded Queens Birthday honours for her service to the church, rose society and deaf society. She was the church organist so she dragged my cousin and my sister and I to organ lessons and she bought us an organ. I sorta learned to play but couldn't wait till end of lesson when I could slaughter everyone at the flash colour sound game Simon.

Daily Favourites story back then and if I had, well church and Me might of had a different challenge.

So it came to me being confirmed into the St Marks Church along side my cousin at 15 following my sister as my family had done for centuries, pledged their allegiance to the solar phallic sky fucker.

It was a big event, huge once in a lifetime. Church party clothes, ceremonies, lunches, pledges and promises. It had been planned for years by my grandmother, her proud grandma moment. She planned a dinner at the town hall for her friends me and us in preparation for prim and proper cousin sue and me to be dressed up in white and given to god as his virgin wives because that is what confirmation is.

So I did what all good pagan kids should of done. I said no, I refused to be confirmed in the church and did THAT raise hell through the family.

They begged and pleaded bribed and lied to get me to change my mind, they tried what they could to force me using their fear tactics and hell.

However by then, I did know who I am, so at around the time my virginal cousin was lining up to get drunk with jesus and partake of stale shitty breadsticks, in June 1982 I was burning a nine foot diameter circle in my back yard. I dragged my mate Suellen the Fox over and I performed blood ceremony and dedicated ourselves to Pan. 26 June 1982 in the Shade of Mt Nebo and the twin Sentinels Keira and Kembla.....

Self Dedicated to Pan and Nature at 15
who knew dedicating myself to myself, not me.

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I always knew that revelations was me.

The night I sat in the loungeroom and watched DamienOmen1, I knew that night and I was terrified. I had always known but then made to forget by man.

So I went thought life till now, knowing I was that 666 birth certificate number 888 of 1967. I reconciled that one early though. I figured anti was opposite, so If jesus was a boy in the north, the anti christ has had to be a girl in the south. How right I was all the way even magnetically.

so I wasn't worried about the evil bit as I had already worked out the mirror bit evil|live'

there was nothing in that word and I figured once i knew how many millions have been killed by the church throughout time, the total destruction of women and pagans, that heck I could never be that bad.

and i knew that it was never about me blazing out there, It was exactly how it is and always will be. It would all happen in it's own good time or not at all, I wasn't going to lose sleep over it.



But I always wondered what every one else knew. I knew I was tagged

and known but I just ignored it and got on with my life of fun.. I couldn't understand how I was so interesting to others and them not say a word to me. I lived in a world of silence and no acknowledgement. That was a good thing if you have read my letter of word because the word construct around my word image is pretty horrendous and elicits a pretty equal reaction from those weak minded individuals that placed all their eggs in the god basket.



udging who I am. I'd say it every now
overall I didn't say anything.
e time or place..... until now..

I know that I went through

transmutation, the big one, crossing the abyss and having some oh wow changes but I look in the mirror and other than the weight loss that was needed, I cannot see any difference.. but animals do.. and children..... and well .. so does sin Mark. and Sin Paul.

and therein lays the churches dilemma. Knowing that I was going to be born, knowing I was predicted to tear down the lot what did they do? Demonize me so that every christian in the world and then some have vehemently hated me since way before I was a twinkle in my daddy ballbag and them assholes like martyring themselves.

After my conversation with that those call God for 21 days, I landed a bit woobilly with ideas and thoughts zapping around everywhere but I was still me.

What I have found on this journey is that the avatars exist for the ones in the story as real as they are in the story. I have an issue with simon eager being overeager, then i find sion and his temple.. and simon the eager zealot.. oh yeah this one despises pagans.....same same.

But it was with great shock surprise shock and a slight smile when on Christmas day I was once again Marked named and Christened by St Mark.

backstory: my very good friend Eve (funny that) is estranged from her only daughter Anna. I have seen her so sad for so many years. She talks to Anna but "something" always comes up to stop them meeting up again.

I watched this for a while and then said to eve, it's Mark her husband blocking you. I could see it so clear =. The methods (white knight) making her into a helpless woman who doesn't know her own mind. he has crushed her spirit and destroyed her creativity in order for him to be king of "his family" and he is the son of a preacher man. Joy. Grimace.

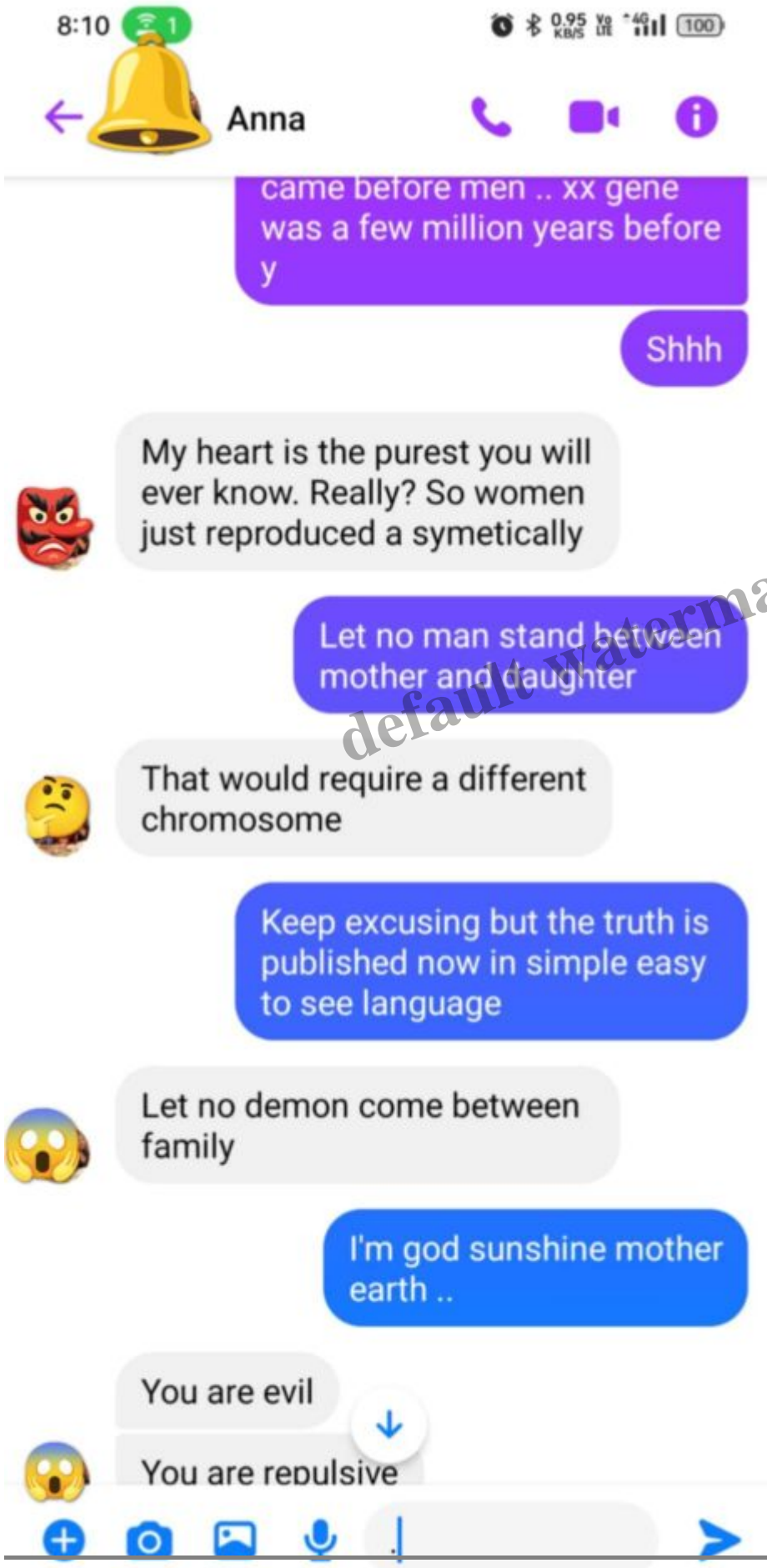
So I messaged her Christmas night and told her straight about her mum and sure enough soon mark took over the conversation from her.

that conversation fast degraded into pure misogyny by Mark towards his wife and all women. I refused to be put in that box so I spoke back and St Marks true colors started shining through, the zealot christian male controller of women and taker of energy. The most benign malevolence. The incubus that is St Mark. leech a parasite parading as a white knight hero rescuer of women.. St Mark needs to steal women's light as he has none of his own. Mark of the Beast..

Born Named and Confirmed 25th Dec 2024

and this is what I and all the pagan children awakening have to deal with .. a false religion set up to destroy it's enemy .. the pagan race .. US Me U

the true evil that is christianity.. this seemingly benign well respected man turned in an instant into some ancient christian fanatic straight from the bowels of the bible.



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Category

1. Broken Pearls of Truth

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admin

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