

Facsimile Transmission

From: Court of Record
From Fax Number: 01234480111
To: 441234480111
Subject: Fwd: Fwd: Not granted
Date: 2018/03/19 01:10:11
Pages: 1

cc: Her Majesty The Queen

Mon Mar 19 00:51:51 GMT 2018

Resend Attn: House of Lords fax desk:

Kindly ensure that a printed copy of the failed fax below is delivered to:

- 1) The Most Rev. The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury
- 2) Baron David Lord James of Blackheath & Wildbrooks, CBE

and announce that The Most Rev. The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury visit Her Majesty without delay.

The question that Her Majesty would wish an answer to, is, can The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury "read" the image referenced below and has he "read" a similar message in his recent duties as The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Kindly print a copy of this image to deliver with both copies:

http://www.ansa.it/webimages/ch_620x438/2018/3/17/1bebd8fd3320b50c2894a7c40ff3bc78.jpg

Additionally, Her Majesty would wish to know who is it who has ordered 0207 4019 886 switched off? This fax shall be turned on without delay, anything or anyone to the contrary *notwithstanding*.

----- Forwarded Message -----

Subject: Fwd: Not granted
To: Archbishop of Canterbury <442074019886@fax.aql.com>

Mon Mar 19 00:33:53 GMT 2018

cc: Archbishop of Canterbury

----- Forwarded Message -----

Subject: Not granted
Date: Sun, 18 Mar 2018 01:43:54 +0000

Mr. Parolin, Vatican Secretariat

cc: His Holiness Pope Benedict XVI
... via Mr. Parolin

cc: Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth
... Defender of our Faith
... Court of St. James

cc: Her Majesty Queen Margrethe II

cc: His Excellency George W. Bush

cc: His Excellency Vladimir Vladimirovich Putin

Sat Mar 17 23:36:26 GMT 2018

Dear Mr. Parolin,

We have during the new moon conjunct Chiron, opposite Alkaid, contemplated YHVH as Rudra, destroyer of worlds. Rudra has shown us a sequence of images, the summary of which is that Pope Francis' prayer cannot be granted.

As we sat down to write this missive, we came upon this news:

> Quaranta anni fa la fine dei manicomi ma restano criticitÃ
> Svolta con la legge Basaglia. Psichiatra, oggi pochi fondi e
> personale

http://www.ansa.it/canale_saluteebenessere/notizie/sanita/2018/03/17/ansa-quaranta-anni-fa-fine-dei-manicomi-ma-restano-criticita_15dd30b0-ed6a-478c-9854-6402c41b6c8d.html

Pic:

http://www.ansa.it/webimages/ch_620x438/2018/3/17/1bebd8fd3320b50c2894a7c40ff3bc78.jpg

The picture shows a Dr. No Medici-Baal "zapping station". We are sure you can "read" the image.

All those who have joined themselves to Medici-Baal shall be slain.

Having chosen the path of ancient Egypt they shall receive the fruits thereof.

> KARNAK NIGHTS

> MOST fascinating were my midnight visits and especially the one
> which happened under a full moon. The nights of Egypt placed her
> ancient temples under a mysterious light that fittingly revealed
> what should be revealed and hid the rest in a gloom that suited
> those temples well.

> I had taken various methods of approaching Karnak by night, all
> equally charming. I had floated swiftly in a boat with a huge
> sail, under a strong breeze, down the Nile; I had ridden slowly
> in the saddle, on a plodding beast; and I had driven up the
> old highway, in a more or less comfortable horse-trap. But on
> this night of the full moon I could find no better method of
> approach than to walk the few miles as the old priests walked,

> even in the days of the pomp and pageantry of old Egypt. The
> silver sheen glittered over the white dust that lay so thick
> upon the road on whose edge I walked. Now and then bats dipped
> down through the air and darted off again shrieking. But
> otherwise a great stillness had fallen upon the land, not to be
> broken until I reached the village of Karuak itself, where
> shadowy robed figures passed me in the night sometimes with
> dancing lanterns in their hands and where the yellow gleams of
> lamp-light shone through unglazed windows. My feet silently
> trod the soft, sandy dust which covered the route; yet those
> keen-eared peasants seemed to know, as by a sixth sense, that a
> stranger was moving at night through their village, for they
> came in ones and twos to their doors to look at me, or peered
> quizzically out of their windows. The thing was inexplicable
> and, in the unreal world created by a full moon, weird in the
> extreme. Their movements set a dog or two barking
> half-heartedly, but I put both them and myself at ease with a
> muttered greeting though I never stopped. I understood them
> well, these simple, pleasant folk, who took the minor

> troubles of life with an airy philosophy of "Maleesh!" (Never
> mind!) which was really captivating.

> And presently the huge silvery pylon of Ptolemy stood at the
> end of my path, like a spectral sentinel of the great temple;
> its square top towered up into the indigo sky.

> It was not ready to receive me, however, for a barred grille
> had been placed across it. I woke the sleeping watchman who
> jumped, startled, out of his narrow cot; then stood rubbing his
> sleepy eyes in the bright glare of my electric torch. After he
> had unlocked the small modern gate, I paid him well for thus
> disturbing his rest, and he let me pass in to wander alone. I
> crossed the Forecourt and sat down for a few minutes among the
> mass of tumbled sandstone blocks which once formed the lofty
> pylon dividing the Forecourt from the Great Hypostyle Hall, and
> meditated on the fallen grandeur of this monument to Amen-Ra.
> Soon I was moving amid the stately columns and majestic ruins
> of the Great Hall itself. The moonlight dappled the shafts that
> rose up by my side and flung their deep black shadows on the
> ground, so that carven hieroglyphs appeared at one moment in
> gleaming relief, and the next as suddenly disappeared into the
> night. I switched off the light of my own torch, save where I
> was uncertain of my path, that it might not play the rival to
> the mellower illumination of the moon, which turned the entire
> temple into a place met with in dreams alone. The Obelisk of
> Queen Hatshepsu suddenly confronted me: it looked like a
> splendid silver needle.

> And as I went slowly onwards through the faintly relieved
> darkness into the covered sanctuaries that lay beyond the
> impressive colonnades of the Hypostyle Hall, there came a dim
> sense that my solitude was no longer solitude. Yet these
> stupendous halls and smaller shrines had not been crowded with
> worshippers for fifteen hundred years at least; the mutilated
> stone gods had silently suffered their long desertion for no

> less a time; and I knew of no one in modern Egypt who could be
> accused of having reverted to the ancient faith. Why, then, did
> I feel the companionship of living people all around me in this
> time-worn place, which was as silent as the grave itself? I let
> my torch play its beam around me; it merely rested in turn on
> stone ruins and broken floors, or flashed chiselled pictures
> and inscribed hieroglyphs into fleeting life, but revealed never
> a sign of human forms.

> I could not rid myself of this oppressive feeling as I walked

> farther on, a lonely visitor at the dead of night. The night
> always brings its own terrors with it, and always accentuates
> one's slightest dread, yet I had learned to love and accept
> these soft Egyptian nights which haunted me with their supernal
> loveliness. But here these mouldering temples of Karnak took on
> a half-sinister outline in the queer wan light, and I was
> conscious of an uneasy reaction to both the hour and the
> environment. Why was I thus affected?

> I followed the ancient paved road which led to the northern
> ruins and straight to the exquisite little Temple of Ptah. I
> crossed the small pillared court and, having passed through
> another gateway, I penetrated the threshold of the sanctuary
> itself. A vivid shaft of moonlight lit up one of the strangest
> statues in this place, that of the goddess Sekhmet. She dwelt
> alone in this gloomy room, a forlorn figure of a woman with the
> head of a lioness. Her fierce, sullen face fitted well the role
> assigned to her in Egyptian mythology, that of a punitive
> destroyer of mankind. With what terror she must have inspired
> her victims, who could look for no mercy from her I

> I sat down upon a granite plinth and watched the silvery rays
> dance upon the dilapidated walls. Somewhere, far off, there
> rose the faint howl of a prowling jackal As I sat, still and
> passive, the eerie sense of invisible company crept anew over
> my heart, chilling it with the fear which uncertainty always
> brings.

> Did the ghosts of those proud-faced priests and their throngs
> of devout worshippers still haunt this ancient place and murmur
> their prayers to Ptah, he who held a symbolled sceptre of power
> and stability? Did the spirits of vanished priests and departed
> kings flit to and fro across their ancient haunts, like living
> shadows without substance?

> I remembered involuntarily the curious story told me by a
> friend in Cairo, an English official in the service of the
> Egyptian Government, He had met a young man who was connected
> with the aristocracy, and had come out from England to Egypt for
> a few weeks as an ordinary tourist. He was a happy-go-lucky
> fellow with no interest beyond material things- When he got to
> Luxor, he went out one afternoon to Karnak, where he took a
> camera snap of the Great Hall in the Temple of Amen-Ra. After
> the negative was developed and printed, he was astonished to
> discover on it the figure of a tall Egyptian priest standing

- > with his back against one of the pillars, his arms folded on his
> breast.

- > This incident made so powerful an impression on the young man's
> mind that his whole character was changed and he became a
> devoted student of things psychic and spiritual.

- > I could not tear myself away from the stone seat, but sat in
> wondering reflection and uneasy speculation in the silent
> society of these stone divinities.

- > A half-hour passed in this way, and then I must have fallen
> into some kind of reverie.

- > A shroud seemed to fall from before my eyes, my attention
> concentrated itself on a point midway between my eyebrows;
> after which an unearthly light enveloped me.

- > Within that light I saw a brown-skinned masculine figure with
> raised shoulders, standing sideways near me. And as I gazed
> upon him, he turned and confronted me.

- > I trembled with the shock of recognition.

- > For that figure was myself.

- > He bore precisely the same face that I bear to-day, but the
> dress was that of ancient Egypt. He was neither prince nor
> commoner, but a priest of a certain rank. I knew that at once
> by his head-dress and robe.

- > The light spread out rapidly around him, and far beyond spread
> until it took in a vivid scene about an altar. Then the figure
> of my vision bestirred himself and strode slowly towards that
> altar, and when he reached it, prayed . . . and prayed . . .
> and prayed. . . .

- > And whilst he walked, I went with him; and when he prayed, I
> prayed with him, too not as a companion but as himself. I was
> both spectator and actor in this paradoxical vision. I found
> that he was grieved at heart, sorrowful over the condition of
> his country, sad at the decadence which had descended upon his
> ancient land. Most of all, he was unhappy about the evil hands
> into which the leadership of his religion had fallen. Again and
> again, in his prayers, he Begged the old gods to save the truth
> for his people. But at the end of his petitions his heart was
> as heavy as lead. For no response came and he knew that Egypt's
> doom was irrevocable. He turned away with downcast face; sad,
> sad, sad.

The LORD grants joy and sadness; those are "human" emotions.

With regards to *your* "Nuncios" and "Cardinals" and "Jesuits" and
princes, priests, presidents and prime ministers ... we have written
to Her Majesty thus:

> There are two kinds of fools bugging about. Those who hear
> from YHVH, learn the unchanging Law, cease bugging about and
> slay those of the other kind, who upon learning the Law carry
> on or increase such foolishness.

The various "secret" services, whose services are not so secret to YHVH shall have a copy of this message. Thou are not "helpless".

A wise Roman once wrote an essay, where this "helpless" word is well defined:

<http://www.courtofrecord.uk/stupidity#3>

Foolish Roman Contract Law

The Romans think they are "experts" in "contract law". They reason that "private contracts" have "more force" than "public contracts".

For example, when some fool makes a "Constitutional" argument in a Nisi Prius U.S. Court, the judge makes inquiry and obtains his 'private' bank details, which shows the judge that the fool "maintains a contract with the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury".

The judge then ignores the "public" contract and roasts the fool for the lengthy terms and conditions of the private contract.

When YHVH becomes involved, no thing is "private". All "things" are made of BEING; BEING is such "substance" that YHVH *is*.

Substance - *that* which *is* below appearance.

Pope Francis preaching to the Roman "blood lines", "Jesuits" and "Nuncios" cannot make "one hair black or white" ... "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

'They' have put words of Machiavellian mischief in Pope Francis' mouth who has pronounced them. Is there any wonder there is the building tragedy in the the land known as Italy and Europe?

For example, "Put people before profits", is not in the Gospel, it is *not* a summary of it; it is pure evil. Is there any wonder that every other Italian fool is unemployed?

Adjacent to the mysteries of God are the mysteries of money.

"Maya is woman and gold" said a certain man. He was not being sexist.

Maya - "Mother Thine". /Salus Romani Populi/.

Yama - "Your Mother" ... a Roman insult. YHVH as death.

Thy predecessor in the Intellectual Realm, who gave thee thy body by which "things" are sensed is thy mother.

We recall our first letter for Pope Francis:

> May it please Almighty God that by these present we knock a
> *second* time on the door of St. Peterâ s with greeting!

> Your Holiness, we have also prayed, â Mother Mary, full of
> Grace, we give thanks for it is thou, who as the mother of Pope
> Francis, has brought Our Holy Father Francis to birth and
> guided his destiny to the Apostolic See of Saint Peterâ .
>
> We have spent the last decade in contemplation of the problems
> that Our Father Francis now confronts. By contemplation, we
> also knew on the weekend prior to the resignation, of the Dark
> Night of the Soul of Father Benedict and the Catholic Church,
> â it seemed as if the Lord was asleepâ .

The LORD is not asleep, he took three steps, "Trivikrama" like in the ancient fable, which you can read here:

> According to another but similar version, Prahlada's grandson
> Mahabali came to power by defeating the gods (Devas), and
> taking over the three worlds. According to Vaishnavism
> mythology, the defeated Devas approached Vishnu for help in
> their battle with Mahabali.[10] Vishnu refused to join the gods
> in violence against Mahabali, because Mahabali was a good ruler
> and his own devotee. He, instead, decided to test Mahabali's
> devotion at an opportune moment. Mahabali, after his victory
> over the gods, declared that he will perform Yajna (homa
> sacrifices) and grant anyone any request during the Yajna.
> Vishnu took the avatar of a dwarf boy called Vamana and
> approached Mahabali. The king offered anything to the boy â
> gold, cows, elephants, villages, food, whatever he wished. The
> boy said that one must not seek more than one needs, and all he
> needs is the property right over a piece of land that measures
> "three paces". Mahabali agreed.[11][12] The Vamana grew and
> covered everything Mahabali ruled over in just two paces. For
> the third pace, Mahabali offered himself to the Vamana
<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Vamana>

Our first 'Act of Faith' for then Pope Benedict XVI was the Open Letter to Professor Dawkins, written for the debate at the Cambridge Union Society. The first two steps are implicit in that letter. With the "second knock" it was made explicit to Pope Francis.

- From what we now know, it is almost certain that this letter was forwarded to Pope Benedict XVI. Was it?

> Pope Benedict resigned 'because God told me to do it'

> A "mystical experience" during a dialogue with God convinced
> Pope Emeritus Benedict to resign as head of the Roman Catholic
> Church earlier this year, he has said.
<https://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/worldnews/europe/vaticancityandholyseel/10256890/Pope-Benedict-resigned-because-God-told-me-to-do-it.html>

On the weekend before His Holiness resigned, we had seen a sequence

of images. Pope Benedict XVI was in a hospital bed. Next to him was his brother. We were in the corridor out of sight.

/Now/ we know that the "hospital bed" represents Medici-Baal.

'We' were then unknown.

We had, if we recall the time line correctly, before that Christmas of His Holiness' letter in the Financial Times, in 2012, said to ourselves, "we shall never enter Rome". Then came that letter ...

A plea from a Pope! ... "a brief and dense theological page".

This was no "theoretical" essay. The problem was outlined and the theological result 'seen'. Its conclusions are final. We can only soften the blow.

The "warning" to anyone who interferes was made public two millennia ago in the symbolic language of the Crucifixion of Christ.

Have 'we' been crucified? Yes, this is certain. To what? To the 'Tree' of 'Mankind' ... 'Purusha' in Sanskrit. Is it pleasant? No.

"First find out if you have a body" said Sri Ramana Maharishi.

To all those looking for 'Siddhis', Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa said, "first smear yourself with it" and then see if you like it.

"Who is it who bears the burden of the universe?", was once revealed to us, at which we had then gone limp but did not faint, saying to the man whose arm we had squeezed knowing this was about to happen, "don't worry, I'll be back".

The cause of the fainting was a talk, given by a man, subject to a cruel medical procedure, which nearly destroyed him.

There won't be any more Medici-Doctors and Medici-Doctor-Psychiatrists. Not a single one. It does not mean that there won't be those souls who are "physicians" in the old sense of that word, who take the Hippocratic Oath with the seriousness that it deserves.

> Now if I carry out this oath, and break it not, may I gain for
> ever reputation among all men for my life and for my art; but
> if I break it and forswear myself, may the opposite befall me.
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hippocratic_Oath

Have today's "Medici-doctors" violated the Hippocratic Oath? Have they taken it? Or is it deemed "irrelevant"?

YHVH 'enforces' implicit oaths.

Is their yes, yes and no, no?

You can let the Vatican Director of Communications, Mr. Greg Clark, know that he is "fired". Is his communication yes, yes and no, no?

The scripture of the hour and minute in context:

> 23:36 Verily I say unto you, All these things shall come upon
> this generation.

>

> 23:37 O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets,
> and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I
> have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth
> her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! 23:38 Behold,
> your house is left unto you desolate.

and minute and second:

> 36:26 Behold, God is great, and we know him not, neither can
> the number of his years be searched out.

> 36:26 A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I
> put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of
> your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh.

We send our love to YHVH as Rudra Lakshmi Narasimha for thee!

Yours faithfully,
Joseph Ray Sundarsson
Special Master