His Holiness Pope Francis
Swiss Guard

cc: Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth [II]
cc: H.R.H. Prince Philip Lord High Admiral
cc: H.R.H. Princess Anne, The Princess Royal
cc: Sophie, Countess of Wessex, Lord High Steward
cc: H.R.H. Prince Edward, Duke of Palmyra, Joint Intelligence Chief
... Court of St. James

cc: H.E. George W. Bush, Duke of America
cc: H.E. Vladimir Vladimirovich Putin, Duke of Russia
cc: H.E. Shimon Peres, Patriarch

c: Allies for the Rule of God’s Law

4 May 2016

Your Holiness,

Ave Maria!

We have read Your Holiness’ recent sermons:

> “Christians who stay still, who don’t go forward, are non-Christian Christians. We
> don’t know exactly what they are. They are slightly ‘paganized’ Christians: who are
> there, who stay still and don’t go forward in their Christian lives, who don’t make
> the Beatitudes bloom in their lives, who don’t do Works of mercy… they are
> motionless. Excuse me for saying it, but they are like an (embalmed) mummy, a
> spiritual mummy there. There are Christians who are ‘spiritual mummies,’
> motionless, there. They don’t do evil but they don’t do good deeds.”

Pic: Pope in the Dark
Your Holiness must put on the Caliph Sultan of the Church of Darwin cap to contemplate this one:

Computers can have a GIGO problem - Garbage In Garbage Out. It is evident the Roman Curia has a PIPO problem. Normally it is Pizza in Poop Out. Now it is a Shakespearean dilemma - to Poop or not to Poop, that is the question. A PIPO problem.

"Seek the man with the Golden Dick", says Mahakali, "tell him, Darwin loves you!".

The trouble for them is Exodus 32. Perhaps this parable will help those who 'believe' in zoological evolution in the Church of 'humans', who still 'see' in 'mono'.

The Parable of the Apricots

In ancient times, monkeys ate Apricots. If one monkey handed another an Apricot, the other monkey could eat it. Any monkey who asked another monkey for his Apricot back would be called 'mad' by the rest of the tribe.

They lived in a tropical jungle by the edge of a hill. The Apricot grove was a little way up. They would make their way up the hill in Apricot season, have a 'feast' early in the morning and throw the pits at the morning sun. This was their offering to RA. This was the custom since they could remember their history.

Monkeys noticed that as the tribe grew, so did the Apricot grove.

With the increase in the population of the monkey-tribe, there came a monkey-king over the monkeys. The monkey king invented a game. He could sit at the top of the mountain and make a pile of stones, to keep track of which monkey brought him more Apricots. This 'counting device' led to a monkey-hierarchy where the top hierarchies could do nothing and be fed.

Then the monkeys discovered that they could use a stone to crack the 'nut' of the Apricot and eat the innards. This gave them an elevated sexual sensation.

Soon the monkeys gave up their offering to RA - it was a "waste" of Apricot pits. Some years went by. There were more monkeys than there were Apricots. They discovered that stones could be used to 'crack' a rival monkey's skull. They discovered war. They discovered contracts. They discovered how to 'motivate' the junior monkeys and 'bind' them for 'performance'.

Then Nature spoke Her inevitable parable. There was a famine. A fratricidal war.

After a Carthaginian peace prevailed, the survivors repented their ways to RA. They put down a rule, passed down to the time of Moses. Those who worship 'corporate'
money - inanimate stones shall be stoned to death. Gold is an inanimate stone. Think of monkeys panning for gold. Any monkey who was not able to comprehend this was an ‘animal’, fit to be stoned to death, unfit to climb the hill, the mount.

> Exodus 19:12 And thou shalt set bounds unto the people round about, saying, Take > heed to yourselves, that ye go not up into the mount, or touch the border of it; > whosoever toucheth the mount shall be surely put to death: 19:13 There shall not an > hand touch it, but he shall surely be stoned, or shot through; whether it be beast > or man, it shall not live: when the trumpet soundeth long, they shall come up to > the mount.

Through the millennia that rolled by, the same was realised for sodomy, which results in death advancing subtly into the tribe. Your Holiness has lamented about the ‘birth rate’ in Europe.

The need for males to observe ‘continence’ to regulate the population of the tribe was encoded into the law thus:

> Exodus 19:15 And he said unto the people, Be ready against the third day: come not > at your wives.

Seek the man with a Golden Dick

Armed thus with this ‘parable’ for the Primates of the Church of Darwin, we suggest Your Holiness seek them out.


Ravasi is the reigning ‘expert’ on sex and culture. He loves Bowie and Darwin. He must know of the culture of cocaine fuelled sodomy of Apple Communism and child-rape to harden hearts for slaughter and a ‘sacrificial life’.

We suggest Your Holiness ask him if he knows who is the Man with the Golden Dick who has written a Golden Charter for the boys with toys and ‘sticks’ for brains. Do they have a sudden gold-plated tax receipt into the U.S. corporation? A choice in action. Did ‘they’ hear from a needy lion-snake from Snake Hill? How ssssoothing. Kaa’s been about.

How about the entrapment of Putin into protecting their new Caliph of Syria, Bashar?

How are the rape-a-child and rent-a-womb pimps of Bombay? How about the ‘field hospitals’ of Australia? Ding dong Mr. Pell, yer ‘pussy’ is in the well.

Darwinian evolution is coming to the Vatican Zoo, for they have had no faith in the LORD, Jesus Christ.

www.catholic herald.co.uk/news/2013/12/11/gay-people-are-not-criminals-says-cardinal-gracias/
They have had a 'messy' life so far. Do they wish for a 'messy' end?

Darwin loves them. Do they wish to join him in heaven? Those already there, the Bhuts, are 'singing in lyrics' for them. Is it heaven or is it hell? PIPO problem.

The world knows, St. Peter's power to bind and unbind is with YHVH in this Court of Record.

The fruits of their 'sacrificial' life are ready:

> For I am the Receiver and the Lord
> Of every sacrifice, which these know not
> Rightfully; so they fall to earth again!
> Who follow gods go to their gods; who vow
> Their souls to Pitris go to Pitris; minds
> To evil Bhuts given o'er sink to the Bhuts;
> And whoso loveth Me cometh to Me.
> ...
> Be certain none can perish, trusting Me!
> O Pritha's Son! whoso will turn to Me,
> Though they be born from the very womb of Sin, ...
> www.courtofrecord.org.uk/gita
> The Song of the LORD.

YHVH and I is One.

We send our love to YHVH for thee!

Yours faithfully,
Joseph Ray Sundarsson
Special Master