

From: Gary S Gevisser
Sent: Thursday, March 06, 2008 10:34 AM
To: Close neighbor
Subject: Trust

Good morning.

Below is a hyperlink taking you to the email I sent President Bush yesterday. It contains a few edits, all in the color green. To fully track "my train of thought", no different to any of us who can logically thought process which of course means we have to make, not find the time to establish "priorities", which to me has always been about "preserving" my "mindfulness" by always telling the truth and never letting a single wrongful act pass me by without at least "storing it" in my mind that would always be "accommodating" all the while observing very carefully all those who "mocked" as well as supported that most evil South African Apartheid Regime since I knew how easy it was for those with the biggest guns to get rid of all their opponents just leaving alone those "mocking" and those less hypocritical "openly supportive", creating all this "feigned debate", let me tell first where I am going with all this.

<http://www.nextraterrestrial.com/pdf/Microsoft%20Word%20-%20president-nextofkin.pdf>

It all comes down to trust.

First you have to trust yourself.

To trust yourself you first have to be straight with yourself before you can even begin to be straight with anyone else.

My mother raised me not to trust anyone not even my father who I hero worshipped.

My mother didn't need to give me any explanation because I had no reason to question my mother's judgment that seemed totally flawless and therefore reasonable, even her explanation that the reason my father wasn't picked to join the other volunteer fighter-bomber-pilots from around the world including here in the United States as well as Canada, including non-Jewish and very seasoned fighter-bomber-pilots to fight in Israel's War of Independence was because my dad was still suffering from "depression" caused by the death of his beloved mother who passed away at age 50 on June 8th, 1945, a month after Nazi Germany surrendered and some 42 days after my father flew his last of 71 odd missions against the Nazis over the skies of northern Italy.

My mother also told me long before I began reading the daily newspaper to trust absolutely nothing that was written, even to question the date; and to most of all rely on my own common sense which she always attributed to a Higher Force; very slow was my mother to use the word "God", just like me who couldn't help but

notice how the most corrupt people found comfort in religious gatherings and the most fanatical of them all I found in our schools and universities crying out the most against the use of the word "God".

And the more you tell someone what and not what to do the more they do just the opposite, and something I soon figured out that if there was in fact a God, He, more likely She, would know "sumthing" [sic] about and inevitably take out His-Her vengeance in a myriad of ways beginning with playing havoc with the minds of the mindless, helping them in untold ways to make mistakes after mistakes when too busy keeping track of their lies from day one.

I mentioned the other day that I was moment's away from "knuckling down" and composing my long awaited and talked about book, The Diamond Invention, and of course you "chuckled" but what I failed to mention is that Marie has already begun to write it for me beginning just the other day with a few verses that may have been inspired by your rose garden that reminds you of your beloved husband.

Her "off the cuff" words when thinking about her two kids opting for the money reading as follows.

My life as a flower. Everyone loves you.

Here for a short time, why grow old and get to see the corruption of your children.

You are here for a short time, make this world prettier, enjoyable for people to look at you and say, I am happy to see you.

The prime of your life is so short. It is pretty from the beginning, from the ground up, so amazing to see something sprout out of this dirt, so beautiful something you plant. O my God something I planted coming out and it grows so beautiful even as its dying some parts of it are pretty but you know it is taking energy from the plant that is producing new buds and so therefore you don't want to linger; you cut it off; so it's given its full energy as its dying. So the lifespan should only be in their full glory so that when you are dying and no longer giving energy you should be cut off from the main plant because you are doing a disfavor, taking away energy to that entity and to the new growth.

I am the mother plant. I am that rose bush. You cut all the limbs off. I am the Ruth, roots, not Ruth. Yeah, I am more like a rose bush, that's the way you need to see children.

And only a few are grafted and transplanted to make new one, only if it is really a likable plant, likeable bush. [Then when looking at Sebastian Capella's Yellow Rose Bush painting] Could we go on about rose buses. Without knowing it, Sebastian has hit on. He paints roses better than anyone else. See how Sebastian picks the rose bush as the main flower to paint all

the time. What other plant? The orchids are as precious, nothing else as precious as orchids and roses in the garden world. I am on to something, Garden Club. We could build...

Yet I noticed that my father was not alone in religiously reading both the Durban, South African morning paper, The Natal Mercury and the evening newspaper, The Daily News.

As I grew up I also picked up this "poor habit" of my father's but I never did forget my mother's explanation either including why my father who was very possibly, next to Dr. Syd Cohen MD, the Commander of Israel's one and only Squadron 101, the most experienced and accomplished of all the fighter-bomber-pilots flying in this most brutal war of survival for all the Jewish people in the world, was so very conspicuously absent and when I asked my father, he would always shake his head not knowing why and never it seemed having the courage to ask why, perhaps knowing deep down that he would never be told the truth.

Moreover, my father flew alongside uncle Sid for many of his extraordinarily miraculous 71 missions during World War II beginning with his 4th mission where he flew as wingman to this most great fighter-bomber-pilot that David Ben Gurion had no difficulty whatsoever in choosing to command Israel's Air Force when the first Commander, an Israeli, Modi Alon was killed when coming in to land after a mission as uncle Sid who I first met in 1966, age 9, and others stood helplessly alongside the dirt runway looking on.

When I spoke with uncle Syd in Israel the other day his love; i.e. his trust and respect for my father never once waning over the years despite the great passage of time and many, many, many wars and extraordinary many battles that never made it to the front pages of even the local papers in Israel, he told me he was quite certain that my dad was alongside him in the boat he was traveling in following Nazi Germany having surrendered as they "floated down the Red Sea before turning left..." and just as they were approaching I think it was Singapore, I will need to check my notes, the United States dropped the two nuclear bombs on Japan's two civilian populations.

Again, my father was very "conspicuous" by his absence in Israel's War of Independence especially when one considers that "from the earliest days of 1949 she [my mother] visited Israel two and three times a year writing reports for different publications". See on just3ants.com my mother's very craftily written memoirs entitled, "Life Story of Zena" first broadcast on October 9th, 2001; bearing in mind the last time I saw my mother was in mid-December 2001 when I went over for a two week visit and we covered a lot of ground including her feeling the need to remind me of the extraordinarily close "kinship" between her paternal grandmother and David Ben Gurion, both coming from the very same tiny village of Plonsk, White Russia, Poland; not to mention that Ben Gurion would have known that my maternal great grandmother could be trusted to sell out her immediate family who had all got "wiped out" in pogrom.

In the early days of 1949 not only was mother still 19 years of age but she was married less than 3 months to my very good looking and most athletic war hero father who was clicking his heels in Durban, South Africa all the while my mother was "gallivanting" in to the most "watched" war zone in the world, "dressed to kill", looking like a "million dollars"; and the fact that her father was much more than a multi-millionaire, bringing with him from England in 1947 a cool one million English Pounds Sterling in his "back pocket" that he, an incredibly successful international trader would know exactly how best to leverage, to own everything and everyone his most precious only child's heart would desire including marrying the most eligible Jewish man perhaps in all of South Africa, certainly Durban, made very little sense.

When Marie's X husband introduced her very craftily written will into evidence in court back on October 24th, 2004, not only was that will totally irrelevant to the proceedings but in doing so he incriminated himself by having to admit he had illegally entered my proprietary database since I had never and nor had Marie made her will public.

Such an act by her X when knowing perfectly well the Judge in this most important criminal proceeding designed to murder my good name was going to rule against him for amongst a number of things, her X had so very obviously perjured himself when first filing a baseless criminal complaint against me suggesting I was a physical danger to his children when quite the opposite was true, was designed as the most visible as well as imaginable threat to Marie whose will which I had helped craft, was designed so extraordinarily carefully to protect her and her children first physically, as it "placed on notice" exactly what she thought about her X, this very poorly bred human being, without having to call him names.

I now come back to what I first told the President using words first shared with me by your second son.

When you cannot trust your father-mother you don't have a family.

When you cannot trust your President you don't have a country.

Each of us including President Nelson Mandela has a story to tell and the sooner we all begin telling it, exactly the way it is, the better the chances our grandchildren will live to see a peaceful world.

I could have many times "turned a blind eye to evil" but that would have interfered with the precise sequencing between my ears.

You had to be deaf, dumb and blind not to know that the US Government were being controlled by corrupt business people who were hell bent on stealing South Africa's precious mineral resources, no different to today; today though it is totally transparent and rather funny, in a very sick sense of course.

Back at the time the US and British Government placed an embargo on the fledgling State of Israel, all the while preparing to place in charge of South Africa the most vile, the most repressive Apartheid-Nazi-Regime, it was also no laughing matter for those very smart Jewish as well as non-Jewish people who had escaped the horrors of the Holocaust and they had to be extraordinarily careful not to "ruffle the feathers" of these very corrupt business people who had eyes and ears everywhere beginning in South Africa again, sitting atop the world's most precious mineral resources.

By keeping my very high profile father behind, it kept the "authorities" guessing as did the decision not to ship out of South Africa the 50 in perfect condition Spitfires that my mother's close friend Boris Senior had purchased when securing planes as well recruiting fighter-bomber-pilots for the upcoming very important "distracting" Israel War of Independence, for some incredible price of 6 English pounds apiece.

Not to mention that Boris had the exact same training in South Africa as my father including a non-Jewish Lieutenant Cohen who made all their lives a misery.

To mention little of Boris only completing some 45 odd missions against the Nazis in World War II before being shot down and saved from certain death in the freezing waters of Venice by very brave American service people versus my dad's 71 odd in the same Squadron II [Eleven] as Dr. Syd Cohen MD.

To mention in passing Boris who passed away in 2004 before his autobiography, *NEW HEAVENS*, subtitle, *My Life as Fighter Pilot*, before he later became Deputy Chief of the Israel Air Force, was a secret member of the more militant Irgun Jewish Underground movement fighting the British-Americans who of course knew people such as Boris Senior were ferreting assassins operating throughout Europe.

War is a very dirty business and when you realize the level of distrust out there plus those assassins trained by the CIA, British intelligence and the South African Apartheid Regime in biological warfare it is nothing short of a miracle any of us are still alive.

My stepfather, Alan Zulman would say, "Cant is not in my vocabulary, the impossible shall be done, miracles take a little longer".

I think it is fair to say we have all had our share of miracles given how "unfriendly" is this humankind species.

Nothing kind about a great many of us and yet quite obviously God hasn't given up on us.

Today we are blessed with the internet to flush out without having to fire a single bullet who is friend and who is foe beginning with those "closest to home", our next of kin.

Notice how long it took you to read this and then think about all that you read in today's San Diego Union-Tribune newspaper whose owners know pretty much everything there is to know about me given how much of an "open book" I am, let alone give thought to the time wasted thinking about the agenda of the journalist who when writing the article you find the most interesting is constantly thinking about what the editor will make of it and how the person buttering the bread of the editor impacts the journalist's ability to make a living which is dependent upon who has today, this very minute, the best military.

The Knowledge-Information-Light that I am sharing "free of charge" and with my "target audience" knowing perfectly well that I cannot be bought and nor do I have any "outside funding", relying mostly on my extraordinary Internet presence, the result of "tapping in" to how much the deprived human spirit just can't get enough on hearing about those they believe are worse than them, is not only uplifting for those who have so very little voice beginning with our very poorly compensated US service people but once such misinformed but heavily armed and increasingly "wired" are armed with the truth, that they are being counted to support mostly the lifestyles of the lazy, welfare dependant, not so much those depending on welfare checks but the spoiled rotten kids with their big government big Trust-Hush-Funds allowing them who are of the same age and perhaps a few years younger having so many "sports of choice", in the very next instant such "battle hardened" military personnel even if they are not the best trained, skilled and knowledgeable as say Israeli Special Forces commandos, will take the battle to those here at home laughing all the way to the bank without however, being so very foolish as to resort to violence and thus play right into the hands of these "elitists" who grow up in each of our "backyards" thinking that "money grows on trees" and when realizing it doesn't resort to stealing.

Don't forget that for 21 years, shy of one week, I grew up in South Africa never knowing for sure one day to the next who was "friend" or "foe" and therefore knowing it was safest to just be very quiet and leave my thoughts all to myself and when mostly listening to my mother who had me fly free and high from the youngest of age to watch out most for the "disconnects" given how my mother who was raised by her pogrom orphaned paternal grandmother understood how easy it was to corrupt people with untraceable currency.

Last night I became aware of a documentary on Edward Jay Epstein's epic non-fiction book, The Diamond Invention. I haven't been able to watch it myself by you can click on the hyperlink below taking you directly to it. Suffice to say, Mr. Epstein who is interviewed in what I believe to be a BBC production, has also chosen to go "deafeningly silent" with me given how the instant I sent him a communication back on January 13th, 2004 he realized that he had been duped by the De Beers Anglo American Cartel.

Not to mention that I understand starting at 53 minutes into it they briefly mention that the CIA was behind over throwing the first democratically elected leader http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Patrice_Lumumba as a means of helping De Beers Anglo-American

<http://quicksilverscreen.com/watch?video=37463>

All the best, and lets now enjoy another beautiful day in paradise.

Thanks for listening.

Gary