

Mother Earth's TWITTER...

by
Car Ingman

~ 'Global Warming,' Her Response To Our Actions! ~

~ A Spirit Wine Publication ~

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PRESENTS

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by
Car Ingman

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Great Leaders Warned Us

~ FORWARD ~

Climate Change and Massive Pollution Is A Critical Reality!

Mother Earth is shuddering . . . not only in a nervous twitter at mankind's blatant disrespect of her, but 'twitters' her response to us through the energies ruling weather and atmospheric changes.

These are my personal experiences, observations, and expert-reported information about these problems which have been happening at a continually increasing rate for the last 60 years. Our governing authorities, from local towns and counties to our federal government, have been covering up or ignoring anything about the poisoning of our environments throughout much of the entire United States and by their politically aligned business associates operating in countries around the world.

If you feel that my statement is still a questionable projection of these things, then read on to evidence I personally witnessed; reports by our country's president in the 1950's; 2,000 world scientists at the 1990's Kyoto Japan's Global Warming Reports; and non-manipulable, brave news media reporters who have boldly told the Truth of things for the last few decades.

CHAPTER ONE

THE YOUTH FIRST LEARNS OF POLLUTION

As a boy of 12, I had no idea of what the word 'pollution' even meant, growing up in a very nice little suburban town about ten miles outside of Philadelphia. My father worked two and three jobs most of his life to provide a nice home outside of the city's far less pleasant conditions and school system. However, my parents were so busy living thriftily and carefully in order to afford their home's location that even any thought of there being pollution in our neighborhood was beyond their consideration.

A low income housing development was built where a countryside golf course was located in 1941, when my parents bought one of the eight single homes across the street from it. After World War II began in 1942 the little town's ruling politicians, who likely had money invested in that golf course, sold its 100-plus acres to an associate of our federal government who subsequently built about 100 row and semi-detached cinderblock homes, whitewashed them, and leased them out for a 20 year period to employees in the war workers' factories along the Delaware River, south of Philadelphia. They were a rough type of people, many of whose kids were bad behaving toughies who regularly intimidated us local kids who lived in this quiet respectful town.

Also, down the street 300 feet from us, was a ten-acre tract of land that had a large florist growing area for all kinds of flowers, vegetables, shrubbery, and trees. A creek ran alongside the highway between all these properties and a 100 more twin homes that were built on the other side of it. One little sewage plant processed sewage for this town of now over a thousand homes and businesses. It was several miles from us and the

smell from its treated waters ran through a large creek which emptied into the massively polluted Delaware River, into Delaware Bay, and finally into the Atlantic Ocean.

The little creek near us was my brother's, mine and neighborhood kids favorite place to sit by or walk along its meandering stream to the town's large central park and waterfall. We watched the minnows, frogs, and little fish in its clear waters for several years. We didn't know that the florist's chemical pollution and the underground sewer pipes from all these housing developments all around us were leaking their pollution into our little, fast running, bubbling creek.

Then disaster struck, telling us about what pollution could do to us! At age 12 our neighbor boy, Jimmy, was playing alongside the creek near the town park and fell into the creek on a warm day. He enjoyed the cool clear water and splashed around in it for several minutes. He then went home and took a shower to clean himself.

Unfortunately, a few days later he got very sick and his parents took him to a doctor, where he was diagnosed with the deadly disease POLIO. The disease's bacteria were in our creek. No one in our town had ever gotten this disease. Fortunately, early treatment and a few weeks of being quarantined to his family's good care at his home, Jimmy recovered and was a normal healthy boy again. This was my first experience with learning about pollution in 1952.

CHAPTER TWO

POLLUTIONS APEARING MORE AND MORE

Thirteen years later, in 1956, I was working in a neighborhood on the edge of north Philadelphia as a family insurance agent and near a steel manufacturing plant. One particular and calm day, as I made my regular visit to my policy holders, I drove past the plant and into a yellowish cloud of pollution for a couple of hundred feet along the road. It smelled terrible and made me choke until I got out of it. The neighbors told me that the nearby plant was on a hill, like where they lived, and usually the wind blew through the polluting cloud dissipating it and not letting it linger as it had on this day. It reminded me of the terrible odors of the oil refineries, chemical manufacturers, trash landfills, and incinerators for miles alongside the Schuylkill and Delaware Rivers, which merged near that area, when my father drove our car into that back roads area to go shopping at the downtown Philadelphia department stores.

A few years later when I bought a home 25 miles southeast of the city in the country, several miles east of it, the state of New Jersey approved the building of an incinerator plant alongside the Delaware River. Several miles from us all the PCB (polychlorinated biphenyl - deadly chemicals), from manufacturing processes across the United States, were mandated to be hauled there and burned. Fortunately the prevailing winds always blew its smoke away from us, but occasionally it blew it toward us where it would leave its invisible stench, engulf our area, and awaken us in the middle of the night choking badly on a summer night when the windows were open. The newspapers reported that it was merely the chemical residue that had come from the chemical cleaning of a 'petroleum storage tank.' If that were true, and the fumes were chokingly deadly several miles away, nobody in that tank cleaning area could have survived those fumes. The

problem was most likely they did not want to report that the PCB chemical burning plant had a malfunction in its smokestack filter system, which usually removed the worst type of odor several miles of homes in our area had experienced that night.

ILLEGAL DUMPING OF POISON

Around 1975 another insurance agent I knew well told me he always helped his mother open a little restaurant at 5:30 AM in the town of Chester, which was across the new gigantic bridge between Pennsylvania and New Jersey where the PCB plant was located at the foot of the bridge. Most of the tanker trucks carrying those PCB chemicals came through the poor little town of Chester to get to the PCB burning plant in New Jersey. One day, when I spoke to him about the PCB disposal plant, he said it was a crime what some of those truck drivers were doing in the dark before sunrise. He said he'd seen plain unmarked tanker trucks, which were usually the ones carrying the deadly chemical from all over the nation, stopped by a simple storm water drain on a little-used back street with the truck drain hose into the street's drain, dumping the deadly chemicals into a system which ran into the nearby Delaware River. The fact that they were just three miles away from the PCB plant, their truck odometer would have shown that they made it to the plant. They could easily photocopy an old receipt for their dumping fee, alter the date, and pocket the payment they received for the total cost of their services.

UNFORSEEN RISING OCEANS

Ten years later I was living in a home in Ocean City, New Jersey, near the middle of the ocean front city, where the ground level was about one to two feet above most of the area for a couple of hundred feet around us. Around February 1983, a storm in that area along the coast happened in the middle of the night, on a rising high tide of the ocean. The next day of clear weather, with the storm gone, the street and homes on our block looked normal. But the television news program was saying most of Ocean City was flooded, with one to two feet of ocean water filling the streets up to the homes alongside them. So I walked onto our front porch and looked to the left and right of the area in front of our home and was shocked to see that a few hundred feet to my left and the same distance to my right looked like the street was a lake of water, right up to the front of the homes. The flooding went on as far as my eyes could see, a mile or more away. It took a few days of clear weather, and pumping through the drainage system, to get the flood water out of the city. The whole city was surrounded by heavily built seawalls, called bulkheads, because the city was known to be mostly one foot below normal sea level. They kept out the normal rise of the tidal ocean waters, but flooding could rise over those high seawalls during very high ocean levels from storms.

That summer, the city paid five million dollars to have the sandy beaches outside the seawalls filled with thousands of tons of sand to reinforce the seawalls against any excessive high tides. The following winter there were many more storms than usual, pounding their high waves against the great mass of sand deposited deeply in front of those protective seawalls. By springtime, the five million dollars of sand was washed out to sea. While the seawalls were protected from those storms' damaging possibilities, the city had to spend another five million to protect those exposed seawalls again, the following summer.

I put the house up for sale and sold it in a few months, bought a nice used sailboat with a portion of the house sale profits, and my new wife and I retired and spent the next decade exploring the east coast of the United States. Learning all we could from many other 'live-aboard sailors' like us, who had left the rigorous responsibilities of the working world and sought the inexpensive, peaceful, and self-sufficient lifestyle, we anchored, freely, along the east coast. I paid all my lawful obligations and we were debt free as a result of living hard working and very responsible lives. We deserved the rest we were getting.

CHAPTER THREE

Life Afloat, Not Flooded

Thus began the huge learning experience, having time every day to observe the numerous coastal areas we passed along and anchored in, communicating with the other boaters doing the same. We had learned to sail and stay aboard a previously owned smaller sailboat for the three years we'd lived and worked in Ocean City, New Jersey.

Now it demanded our complete attention to operating, maintaining, repairing, and making improvements to the sailboat for our self-sufficient lifestyle. We even installed solar panels and a wind generator ourselves. Looking back now, landlocked in the mountains and in spite of all the magnificence of our new location, we both still miss the life of freely sailing, quietly on the wind, while dolphins race alongside, jumping in joy of making contact with our noiseless, wind propelled craft.

Docked in a serene little backwater marina near Rockhall, Maryland, where we had bought the sailboat, we lived there for a few months with only about 15 boats around us. The pristine little harbor was across from an island inhabited only by many seabirds who heralded their coming and going with calls of delight for having such a wonderful home. It was one of the more natural Chesapeake Bay areas.

THE OIL COMPANIES AND CONGRESS

We had a used little economy car which got 38 miles to the gallon, in the early 1980s. My mate and I had always driven four- or six-cylinder economy cars, averaging 20 miles per gallon, since the 1960's. Again the proof was clear, even then, that the automotive industry was doing the right thing to help Americans live frugally, not wastefully as with 12-13 miles per gallon vehicles the petroleum industry 'directed' them into manufacturing from the early 1990's onward. It was well reported that by 1970 the crude underground oil reserves, still awaiting their removal, were at a level of only half their remaining resources. This fact clearly showed economical fuel burning vehicles were the most important types for Americans to drive, to prevent the waste of petroleum products which would become in short supply in the near future, driving its prices outrageously high.

The United States Congress passed a law, respectful of the shortages of fuel, requiring all cars and light trucks made by 1995 and later should get 35 miles per gallon of gas. This sensible procedure would have avoided the foreseen ruination of the United States and foreign economies because of high operating expenses for everything involving the

use of petroleum products. But NO, the ultra wealthy controlling powers which rule this country exercised their influence over the 'bought off congressmen' to cast down this previously passed law and let the automotive industry build 'high fuel using vehicles' from 1995 until 2010. These disgusting, selfish money monger congressmen ruined the world economy and should be thrown out of office and have their wealth attached by the federal government for use in paying down the huge, near 16 trillion dollar national debt, which will collapse our federal government in 2013.

Give this free book to everyone you can reach to help expose this horrible state of affairs which the massively corrupt rulers of this country have caused. Only through 'learning the Truth' and demanding change for the betterment of ALL, will we be able to rebuild this completely corrupt, broken system.

THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER FIASCO

It is the largest, most abundant flowing river in Florida, flowing north and into the ocean above Jacksonville, Florida. Hundreds of millions of gallons of fresh spring water, per hour, feed its endless flow from south of beautiful Lake George. We sailed, and sometimes had to motor with our diesel engine, against its powerful current until we got past the city of Jacksonville, where it widened to one to two miles. Beautifully green shorelines and plenty of wind across its great width filled our sails for a most pleasant time, to the little riverside town of Palatka and a small inexpensive marina with a hotel, restaurant, and free swimming pool. It was about a 75 mile sail from the coastal river.

A free early evening dinner buffet was available daily at 4 PM as long as you bought a beverage for \$2.50; a great bargain. We walked the quaint little town after dinner with our little dog, Whiskers, every evening. For three days there was a nice breeze blowing across the marina. The fourth day we awoke to calmness with pleasant temperatures in the 70's. We noticed a blue-green color on the side of the deck, the raised cabin, and the hull on the downwind side of the boat. It stained the white fiberglass color of the boat. It was on the other boats around us in the same manner.

We asked nearby boaters who also lived on their boats what had caused this stain we now had to scrub off with soapy water and a brush. The story was quite startling. In the 1940's a university of higher learning along the river's edge had been breeding mosquitoes by the hundreds, which were stingless. They hoped that as they released them they would over the years breed with the stinging mosquitoes which engulfed the 100-mile-plus length of the river. It was a great idea to help eliminate the people's suffering from the millions of stinging mosquitoes along the river. Forty years later it was very successful, since these very large stingless mosquitoes had taken over the area for many miles in either direction around the town of Palatka.

The only menace that these three times larger stingless mosquitoes caused were that they left this hard drying, blue-green slime wherever they lit down upon out of the wind, on boats, cars, buildings, and any vacant surface. We noticed many buildings' surfaces in the town had lots of this blue-green coloration; that the owners had given up scrubbing it off. Also, wherever a light was left on at night, outside or inside, these large bugs would congregate, including doing their best efforts to squeeze in houses or even boats that, only, had a tiny green digital light on the electric control panel. A smear of blue-green would be on any light reflective surface near the light. Sometimes early in

the morning the mosquitoes would still be there by the dozens. Many times they also would just light down on any nearby surface out of the wind, staining that area, even when you chased them away during the day.

We also saw houses with two acres on river frontage land 'For Sale' at one quarter or less the price in other areas, because they could no longer stand the huge infestation of these stingless mosquitoes. They called them 'Blind Mosquitoes' for some unknown reason, in spite of the fact that they could see where they were going, like their attraction to lights. The university had a good idea but it turned into another problem.

We loved the little town and all the marina's good benefits but left a day or two later to avoid the 'Blind Mosquito Plague.'

FLORIDA AND THE KEYS DISCOVERIES (much of it was very shocking!)

After two years of sailing to Melbourne, Florida, and back to the peaceful harbor in the Chesapeake Bay, we diligently set ourselves to the upkeep of the sailboat. We hauled it out in Cocoa Beach, Florida, and cleaned, sanded, repaired blisters in the fiberglass hull, epoxy-coated the entire bottom, and painted it to repel marine life growth. This set up conditions to let us sail for a few more years before such maintenance would become necessary again. Living thriftily meant always 'learn how' and 'do all the work yourself.'

After all that work and ready to sail again, we decided to sail about 300 miles south, from Jacksonville to the Florida Keys (coral islands), well known as a sail boater's paradise. We would only sail about 30 to 40 miles a day and anchor along the Intracoastal Rivers Waterway. It was beautiful weather in June 1987 with mild ocean breezes allowing us to drift on the wind at a leisurely pace.

Here I will note that Melbourne is a beautiful coastal city but it, like many, had its pollution which could seriously affect our health. We were well advised by a friend at a peaceful little back water marina not to drink of the public water supply because it was severely polluted. How did that happen, we asked? He had grown up living south of the city where there were many large areas of vacant acres of semi-marshy land behind his neighborhood of homes. Many electronic manufacturers were located in the Melbourne area who had supplied the thriving United States Space Agency in the nearby Cocoa Beach area for decades. During those decades many had witnessed trucks from these manufacturers dumping waste in the vast open area, out in the wilderness beyond their homes.

The unfortunate thing, they learned many years later, was that the waterworks for the city and its suburbs had many wells adjacent to that area, which became polluted with chemicals. So, while we had to wash our clothes and ourselves with this water, we immediately bought and drank only distilled water or bottled juices from a different area.

Too much development and too many people's demands upon an area's environment, without proper regulations being properly enforced, have created the same problems all over much of the United States.

BISCAYNE BAY TO KEY WEST (150 miles of balmy magnificence)

The crystal clear waters of the ocean front, Biscayne Bay, was the only area for 1,300 miles of sailing from the Chesapeake Bay that were not dark and impossible to see to

the bottom. We could see fish swimming about and bottom growth of plants, all thriving above the white sandy bottom. We wanted to anchor off the channel area of boat traffic and just observe the wonder world of the sea beneath us, but we needed to complete our passage through the 30 miles of open waters to reach a storm-protected anchorage on the leeward side (out of any ocean winds) of the isle of Key Largo before sunset. It was a clear blue sky with only large, white, puffy cumulus clouds, randomly expanding, with hundreds of imagined figures endlessly forming and changing like a heavenly stage of players, entertaining mostly an unaware, too busy world below.

We came to the highway bridge which generally opened once an hour or when the waiting boat traffic became too heavy with boats either anchored or endlessly circling the crowded waters, awaiting the opening. That took us into another large clear body of water, now on the Gulf side, called Black Water Sound. I suspected it got its name because it was the closest Gulf-side body of water bordering the 100-plus miles of the marshy Everglades wilderness and commercial farming areas. When heavy rains washed the soil residue from these marshes it most likely darkened these waters for a time until it settled to the bottom, making it even darker. Thus, Blackwater Sound was the only area of darker waters we ever found in the entire 150-mile length of the Florida Keys (islands).

As I wrote this, my mind flooded with scenes of crystal waters; little six-inch high wavelets lapping at our strong hull; palm tree fronds swaying; and the vibrating thickets of dark green mangrove trees crowding the waters along undeveloped island shorelines; while white seagulls and black cormorants flapped their wings to fly about, in search of a meal of fresh fish swimming near the waters' surface. I ceased to write, wishing to sleep, entranced by my memories of this Paradise which have no equal of their enchantment.

We anchored for only a few days and nights in that area. Heavy boat traffic traveled south into this vast area called Florida Bay, extending nearly 40 miles by 25 miles between the marshy Everglades and the long line of islands. A highway ran through them for about 160 miles from the last little town developed in the Everglades, called Florida City, to the last island, Key West.

BEAUTIFUL TARPON BASIN

We sailed for over 20 miles to a protected cove, called Tarpon Basin, in the waters alongside the beautifully kept island of Islamorada. There were about four dozen mostly deserted islands, reachable only by boat, spread throughout Florida Bay, which by carefully navigating the shallow waters around them, a live aboard sailboat like ours could spend several months exploring these still 'natural islands' with plants, trees and their resident wildlife. It was so pleasant and peaceful an anchorage about a quarter mile from Islamorada, alongside one of these little mangrove covered islands we decided to stay there for a few weeks during the month of May.

The waters were much clearer than Blackwater Sound's anchorage area. We could see the bottom but were shocked to notice that the water had tiny black particles, like the spice, pepper, by the thousands, floating in it all around our boat. We never stirred up any sediment from the bottom when we put the anchor down in the sand. Our boat had a five foot depth of its hull and we were anchored in about 12 feet depths, allowing

plenty of room for the lower tides, only a foot in difference, when they changed their levels twice daily.

Also, we noticed a little bottom growing plant called sea anemone, cup-shaped with white, pink, red, or purple flowers we saw among the other lush bottom growth in Biscayne Bay, were all black and dead everywhere we looked. So were all the other types of plants dead and black. There were also no fish or crabs or anything moving in those waters, including no seabirds flying anywhere we looked.

There was an old motel business along shore with little white wooden cabins. The owner said we were welcome to motor our little dinghy (8 foot row/sail boat) to shore and cable our bicycles to a tree where we could cable and lock our dinghy when we were on the island. We became good friends of this gentleman who owned and operated the motel for many years and lived there also. He enjoyed listening to the many experiences of our sailing days and shared his knowledge of the many years he had lived there managing his old fashioned, aged motel units.

With the bicycles we could ride around exploring the back streets, off of the main highway, and purchase needed food supplies and distilled drinking water. I had made a large white vinyl fabric, suspending it across the boat's deck to collect rainwater, draining it into our large water holding tank for our washing purposes. We also discovered a one acre public park along the shore, where we could cable lock the dinghy and use its shower outside its bathrooms to wash and fill 20 of our empty one gallon water containers to supplement the rainwater supply to our water holding tanks.

There was also a large public library beside the park where we could read 'the finest quality books' while we plugged in our portable 'ship to shore radio' to charge its batteries without doing so on the boat, thereby prolonging our battery charged wind generator and solar panel system on the boat.

Along the shore were a few restaurants with lots of outdoor tables and entertaining, live music bands playing almost every night of the week. We very much enjoyed the Caribbean, Jimmy Buffet, and Reggae style music. Anchored several hundred feet off this shore, we could eat our dinner on deck and listen to our favorite music for hours, free of charge. It was so nice there; we stayed anchored for a few weeks before moving on to explore more of the 100 more miles of the Keys.

WHY THE WATERS WERE ABNORMAL

Before leaving we were able to ask a boat motor repair shop owner why the waters were loaded with pepper-like black particles and why were all the sea anemone dead? He told us that the previous summer of 1986, there was a hurricane headed for south Florida and the great Everglades area in August. The area had thousands of acres of land cultivated with agriculture farming. These areas use many pesticides on these crops and the regular rains drain this residue through these everglades to undeveloped marshy land where it accumulates in large lakes of water. Those heavily polluted bodies of water are kept from passing into the pristine waters of Florida Bay surrounding the everglades by huge earthen dams which would only release the cleaner water from the top areas behind the dams, by pumping it, gradually, as the polluted contents settled to the bottom in calm weather.

The hurricane was due to hit this area with very large amounts of rain which could back up behind these large earthen dams, filled with polluted waters that would flood the agriculture crops, killing everything on thousands of acres. The storm was arriving so quickly that the pumping of water out of the 'largest dam at the end of a line of them', with each emptying into another, could not lower its holding capacity, fast enough to provide for pumping out the excess storm water runoff from the final large dam.

Therefore, the insurance companies insuring owners from hurricane flooding damages to these thousands of acres, insisted the largest, final dam of pollution, be 'blown up immediately' allowing its full contents to pour into Florida Bay, killing ALL sea life!

The agriculture crops were saved, but the sea life in hundreds of square miles of Florida Bay were decimated. The repair shop owner who knew and conversed with many boaters about all the damage caused, said that nine months after this disaster the pepper filled waters were almost clean, compared with the brownish black coloration of the waters which continued for months after the dam's explosion. Thousands of dead fish floated everywhere from Tarpon Basin's area to upper Blackwater Sound's shoreline of the Everglades where the dam had been blown up.

Nothing was alive in these waters for nine months, except occasional fish caught by boaters. They were disfigured with mutated bodies, missing an eye, fins misshapen and with sores and bleeding lesions! Fish caught on the ocean side of the Keys, well off shore, were still mostly normal looking, but it was likely those fish also had degrees of the dumped chemical pollution in their bodies, poisoning the flesh which anybody who didn't know about this horrible story might be eating.

After hearing this gentleman's explanation of why things were in the condition that they were, we quickly hauled up the anchor and sailed about 25 miles further south, anchoring for just one night near Duck Key, where the waters seemed much clearer, but we saw little or no life moving in these waters, also.

CHAPTER FOUR

OUR RETURN TO PARADISE

In the next 15 miles of sailing we were well beyond the waters of Florida Bay, into the open Gulf of Mexico, and the waters looked to be normally clear as we reached the Seven Mile Bridge between Marathon Key and Bahia Honda Key, a state park.

We sailed to the highest point of the great highway bridge where we could pass under it safely with our near 50 foot high mast with its radio antenna on top. Circling back, now on the ocean side, we entered a favorite anchorage protected by land on all sides, called Boot Key Harbor. Here we found an inexpensive marina, probably so because of the massive upper Keys pollution discouraging boating in the Keys for the previous nine months. So we docked our boat with the convenience of fresh water and electricity included.

Within a few days we were very happy to see another sailboat come into the dock space across from us. It was Captain Bill whom we'd met a year earlier sailing south

from the Chesapeake Bay. He was a fine widowed gentleman who had a girlfriend with him.

We spent many hours together discussing the many experiences of our thousand miles of exploring along each of our east coast journeys. For three months we explored the area on our bikes with our lovable dog, Whiskers, riding along in a basket.

Captain Bill and his mate decided to sail south to the keys. We found the area waters, in which we were docked, to be as clear as Biscayne Bay; the town had every possible convenience including a K-Mart Store and we decided to stay here. Prices were very reasonable for a resort town area. However, as more boaters were expected to appear in this area by December, with even the upper Keys waters appearing clean but still polluted, the marina tripled the monthly cost to stay there. At the end of November, three quarters of the boaters moved out of the marina.

Just above this area was the large protected anchorage area of Boot Key Harbor where as many as 150 boats or more could anchor safely with plenty of room. It was also free. A large dock alongside a barroom had plenty of room to lock the dinghy's steel cable to and shower rooms for two dollars. It was only 5 cents a gallon to fill water jugs on the dock. Again we could lock up the boat at anchor and take our bikes ashore anytime we wanted to do so. It was one of the most popular places for boaters in the Keys. Fortunately, we had a 'sailor's travel booklet' in addition to our east coast waters chart book to learn about these places in advance.

Again, we met friends with a sailboat similar to ours in size and with whom we had sailed for several weeks together earlier that year. We moved our boat way down to the far end of the anchorage, away from the bar's noise and traffic, near our friends anchored sailboat. It was delightful for a few weeks.

POLLUTION STRIKES AGAIN

Then one morning I arose very early and went on deck to see if our friend, Captain Jim was on deck, as he was anchored only about 40 feet away from us, and he was out at about 7AM. We were talking, as he held his pet cat, when I saw a large white plastic 30 gallon trash bag come floating out from behind a mangrove island nearby. It was moving fairly fast on the outgoing tide which passed between two other mangrove islands and disappeared on its way out to sea. Jim saw it and said it was a regular thing that usually happened before sunrise, when the tide went out at that time. It seldom was seen going out in daylight.

None of us ever threw our trash overboard. We saved paper, bottles and cans in large white plastic bags until we got to a marina's trash dumpster and deposited it. Most all boaters did the same thing to keep the waters clean, like the laws required.

I asked Jim if he knew who was doing this dirty deed. He said there is only one place along the main road, a couple of hundred feet behind the mangrove. It was the hospital sending their medical waste and trash out on the swift moving tide, that probably carried it several miles out to sea, into the fast moving, north going, Gulf Stream which carried it far out to sea where it deteriorated and sunk.

Medical waste in most all other areas had to be sealed in its trash bags and picked up by a special trash service to be sent to a medical waste disposal plant and landfill. The

purpose was to avoid spreading any diseases or poisoning our environment. It was scary and disgusting to have witnessed such a terrible act. Jim felt that it may have been a satisfactory thing to do, since all ships at sea are entitled to discard all their



trash, garbage and even broken equipment, into the sea after they are 25 miles from land in the open ocean.

The thought of a broken bag of that waste allowing some of that deadly material to float or sink into waters around our boat was terrifying to me. So my wife and I decided to sail a few miles north where we had found a little back water marina with only a few houses near it, and was very inexpensive since it was a few miles out of Marathon town. Jim and his mate decided to stay there and we sailed off again, though we did stay in touch with them.

STILL SEEKING CLEAN AND SAFE (waters to anchor and live in)

The waters around the island's shoreline and into the 25 boat marina were crystal clear to the white sandy bottom, just what we were looking for. It was as reasonable in cost as the other marina in Boot Key, before they raised their prices. It provided a water supply, electricity, and a parking area for two vehicles, right by each dock. It had a little office and no other facilities in the whole area. It was perfect and had a lot of nice people living on their sailboats like us. At the end of the marina's road, the main road went about a mile farther to the end of the island. You could walk or bike that road or go the other direction for a mile, to the main Keys road into Marathon Key. You could also walk the undeveloped beach, with many shade trees along the way for nearly a mile, along the open ocean. We loved the area so much that we stayed there about three years at that low dock rental cost. We got a rental car and drove north to get our economical little car and brought it to our parking area. The additional parking area provided a very convenient place for me to use any materials needed for maintaining and repairing the boat. We could now leave the boat in its safe location and travel all over the Keys at our leisure, exploring all the way to Key West. It was now 1989.

OUR ENCHANTING AUTO TOUR

From Marathon, south, the waters we could see from our car all around us were very clean and clear. Big Pine Key, about 20 miles away was large and not overly developed. Here we discovered many areas so pleasant to look at that we were again enchanted to discover this large island's land mass was so beautiful and peaceful. The wealthy and/or carefully living, self-sufficient people, like us, were able to live permanently or have a vacation residence in this paradise without being crowded together, unlike on some other islands.

Adding to the enchantment was our discovery of the 'Big Pine Deer', roaming freely without fear of people. The adult deer were only as big as baby deer found in the rest of the United States. Grazing in the grassy yards surrounding homes on deep water canals, the adult deer showed no fear of us when we stopped our car and sat watching them, sometimes as close as ten feet away from them. Our little dog, Whiskers, stared in wonder of these calm little creatures and did not bark at them.

We stopped by an empty lot for sale next to a home where a family was living. I was shocked to discover the man and his family that lived in that home was an old business acquaintance I knew from where I'd lived and worked 15 years previously and 1,200 miles away from Big Pine Key. We visited with them and were invited to have dinner with them that weekend. The man's wife was a realtor in the area and the man was a contractor who built homes for people in that area. He was only around age 35 and had relocated here a few years previously when the United States economy was in a severe recession, of which it was still struggling to get out.

LIVE ABOARD BOATERS ACCUSED (of polluting the waters in Boot Key Harbor)

When we were anchored in that giant anchorage area with about 150, or more, other boaters we never saw or smelled any type of sewage materials anywhere around those boats. We often motored our little dinghy round the many interesting types of mostly sailboats anchored in the nearly mile long harbor and never saw or smelled any type of pollution anywhere in that harbor. The strong ocean tides moved in and out of the harbor's waters about every 6 hours, removing about a foot of its depths and later adding a foot of fresh ocean waters.

However, it was reported in the local newspaper that the homes on the canals, bordering the harbor and the multi-stories of condominiums along the harbor, repeatedly, were complaining that the boaters were polluting the waters. So, the governing authorities responsible for keeping the Keys' waters clear of pollution did a thorough investigation testing all the waters, around and in the harbor for pollution.

The test results were printed in the newspaper a few weeks later. They could find NO pollution of any type around the whole harbor of anchored boats after extensive testing of those waters. Where they found an excessive amount of sewage products, odors, and heavy bacteria was in the waters in the canals where the homes were and in the waters directly in front of the high-rise condominiums. Their testing showed that the sewage pollution was coming through the coquina (solid coral) walls of the canals that are leaking from the fluids in the homes' and condominiums' septic tanks filled with their liquid sewage.

This was a common problem in many areas of the Keys because the islands are almost entirely formed from thousands of years of dead coral deposits that are like porous rock with a thin layer of sand and some soil mixed in the top layer, from years of rotted vegetation. The authorities should have known this but 'gave in to the ultra-wealthy homeowner's demands and spent the large costs of all that testing to satisfy these selfish people who resented the boaters' abilities to live 'for free,' while they had to pay high real estate owners' taxes.

Eventually, local government politicians and their supporters proposed new laws to install moorings (permanent anchoring systems attached to the harbor bottom) which would be where the boaters would be forced to attach their boats. This would cost as much as \$150 a month or \$50 a week to stay in that harbor. It probably costs a lot more, now, 22 years later.

MONEY, POWER, AND GREED (run America and most nations)

Because mostly the ultra wealthy live in the Keys, there is a huge shortage of people, throughout the entire Keys, to work at the jobs running the businesses. Therefore, the seasonal and year-round jobs were 80% filled by live aboard boaters, like us. My wife and I each secured jobs for periods of time while we lived there, and enjoyed the opportunities.

Unfortunately, there was a major problem which I witnessed in more than one place of employment where I worked. It was illegal drug use and sales of it by both the people who were employees and the management, who were a part of it or overlooked it, most likely taking a profit from the sellers of it. I quickly left those corrupt places of employment.

Read my FREE book, [Consideration for Every Living Thing](http://www.considerall.com), available as a download on my and these websites: www.considerall.com; www.spiritwinepub.org; www.smashwords.com; or Google the title for your preferred e-book directory, to learn the truth of the pollution by people and what they have caused in our environment, that we must all work at to 'save humanity and our common environment from total annihilation by the year 2,022.' The Spiritual Masters of the Earth, working with mankind behind the scenes for many years, have predicted this for the last decades. My last 30 years of knowing this and 50 years of learning the Truth of things, behind the corrupt falsehood which the ultra-wealthy rulers foist upon humanity, has prompted me to write and speak, telling everyone I can get to listen to this Truth. It is the intention of the book you are now reading to reach more readers and expose clearly, through this beautiful story, the very serious and urgent matter behind the peace and contentment my wife and I were living in our choice 'live aboard' lifestyle.

BACK TO OUR HAPPY MARINA (and results of more pollution)

We loved our little, back water quietude. We walked the ocean beach and watched occasional fish jump and splash around. Three 'very bad things' were exposed from this beach area, as results of the massive pollutions going on around us without the average person paying much attention to them or considering in their minds of how it is all connected.

THE FIRST BAD THING SEEN

It started with the aftermath of a rainstorm, whose winds blew it in from the south, south east. That means it pushed the ocean's waves directly toward our beach. The next day when I walked along the beach there was debris washed onto the sands. Seaweed was quite okay because a chiropractic doctor's assistant drove his pickup truck to the beach and raked up all the seaweed that the truck would hold and took it back to the doctor's home. There he spread it all around his vegetable garden's plants, as he did regularly, when it washed onto shores around the beaches near his home. It was excellent free, mulch and fertilizer for his gardens.

Besides a few empty and corked wine bottles from Central and South America, having made the long journey here, the rest was plastic and foam cups, dishes, and pieces of floating trash. The worst of it was syringe needles, possibly from that hospital's bags of waste material which had floated out to sea on the outgoing tides.

THE SECOND BAD THING SEEN - (Dixie's Toxic Time Bomb - exposed by the Miami Herald Newspaper)

Seldom did I buy a newspaper unless there was valuable information in it. Such was the case in August 1988, if I remember the date correctly. A large two page story told of our federal government's supposed solution to "What to do with all the Toxic Waste in the United States!" As of 1985 all toxic waste material, both liquid and solid types were to be transported by trucks or trains to the United States east coast port of Philadelphia. There it was loaded onto tanker ships or freighters and a total of 5,000 of them a year left the port of Philadelphia to sail south, close to the Keys to avoid running against the, north running, Gulf Stream currents. They passed around Key West and motored across the Gulf of Mexico to Mobile Bay, Alabama, where they traveled the Mobile River, north to the Tombigbee River and canals to Northeast Mississippi's Tennessee

Tom's River and in further canals into southwestern Tennessee where all those 5,000 ships' toxic waste contents were dumped along the edge of a designated area by National Forest Lands. If this was still going on today, 27 years later, 135,000 ships contents would be dumped in Tennessee by 2013.

The time bomb effect would be the dump site's area not being able to contain those billions of gallons and tons of solid waste safely. The end result would be massive pollution of the underground aquifers which store drinking water, possibly for hundreds of miles around, and the flooding of that dump site's uncontrollable pollution into all the surrounding creeks, rivers and lakes for possibly hundreds of miles.

However, from the beginning in 1985, those toxic waste filled tankers and even the freighters can have liquid leaks into the bottom of the ship's hulls, where pumps regularly bilge (pump the accumulated waste out of the hull) into whatever surrounding waters the ship happens to be in!

That means all along the way from Philadelphia to Tennessee, for well over 2000 miles, those ships' bilge pumps are spewing the leaked toxic liquids into all our coastal waters and rivers and lakes through which they have traveled.

Proof of the Leakage (happened less than a mile off our coast)

After reading that particular Miami Newspaper story about the toxic tankers and freighters passing near the Florida Keys' shorelines to avoid the Gulf Stream Currents, we started watching daily how many large ships passed many times within a mile or two from our island's beach, going south. They averaged about 7 to 10 a day, based on all our collected sightings of various marina boaters who watched during the daytime hours. Considering that several more could be passing by at night, when none of us were watching for them, that would make an average of around 14 ships going south every 24 hours.

Multiply 14 ships times 365 days in a year and the total number of toxic ships passing by in a year would be 5,110 ships, close to the number 5,000 yearly, told about in the newspaper.

One sunny and calm afternoon in 1990 a friend who had a slip (dock) for his sailboat not far from us, returned from a day of sailing along our ocean shoreline. He and his children, teenagers living on board with him, told of what they'd seen and experienced as they were nearly a mile off shore, returning from sailing farther out to sea. A large ship had passed through their area while they were sailing toward shore. As they came near where the ship had passed through, they noted a large 100 foot or more wide circle of many strange reflective colors floating on the calm waters. They motored over to get a closer look at it. As they got near it, a light breeze passed over the area and blew toward their boat. They said the odor was so horrible they could hardly breathe. They immediately speeded up their motor to get away. They said it didn't look like or smell like a diesel fuel or motor oil spill. Our friends had seen NO other ships or smaller boats anywhere in the area.

The passing ship was like the dozen or more ships that passed along this area every day and night carrying that toxic waste. It apparently had to bilge out its hull just before

THE THIRD BAD THING SEEN (from our beach area)

Mutant fish and shorelife

Treasure Hunting Near Haiti (and why it was so poor)

Our friend wanted my wife and I to accompany him and his two diver friends, whom we knew well, with their boats to a treasure hunting area they had discovered a few years before and had kept it secret because it was only a few miles off the shores of the island of Haiti. Their concern was to have somebody they could trust to sit on a boat, watching over them, while they dove down to the shipwreck's remains. There were many bad people who roamed around these Caribbean Islands, who were thieves and murderers, looking for anything they could steal or victimize out of people.

This was the third time I had been offered a job because of our independent and self-sufficient lifestyle. Another was to sell oil companies' heating equipment for their storage tanks in lower South America where winters were very cold and the crude oil had to be heated to be able to pump it to ships for transporting it. The owner of the company had spent a few months docked on his boat next to us.

The best job was from another sail boater, docked nearby who had a beautiful Gulf shore home on a nearby Key. After getting to know each other, he said he and his wife and daughter were moving to his elderly uncle's Marina in Costa Rica with another friend to run the large marina and hunting preserve because his uncle had no other relatives that he could trust to do so. He said they needed one more man that they could trust to help them run the huge business the uncle had built up over the years. His nephew was about 35 years old and explained it all to me at his home, which he had to sell to move permanently to Costa Rica.

Being retired and living happily on our large comfortable sailboat at age 50 was so wonderful for my wife and I that, as tempting as these offers were, I said thank you, but I am not interested in the jobs.

The reason Haiti had become one of the poorest nations in need of constant assistance from other nations and charitable groups was because for many decades they had not enforced laws preventing the people from cutting down most all of the coastal area's trees for firewood and some living structures. The result was, without the trees, the heavy rains washed out the soil along those areas, carrying polluting human sewage with it into the surrounding ocean. It spread its muddy pollution on the ocean floor for two to three miles out to sea. The sea plants died, the fish and other shell fish died or left the area, eliminating the marine life that helped feed the people. Little or no growing areas for crops now existed.

Its political corruption made conditions even worse. Uncontrolled pollution defeated any chance for people to find some means of making a normal living. It became a nation only able to survive with aid from other countries, for the majority of the population.

Truth Behind the Cover-Up

It was exposed by journalists, the President, Jean Bertrand Aristide, was a former Roman Catholic priest who ruled as best he could, as a decent humanitarian trying to assist the citizens to gain some degree of self-sufficiency. The United States government had formerly backed the previous, massively corrupt, dictatorial Haitian government. After Aristide was freely elected by the people, the United States granted asylum for the former government's rulers in the United States This prevented the new

government's authorities from arresting them, prosecuting them for their murderous activities, and sentencing them to death or life imprisonment.

Our United States government, as usual, was in a collusive relationship (a secret agreement for fraudulent or illegal purpose) with those former rulers. It is the reason so much United States aid went to Haiti, but the people only seemed to gain benefit from churches and humanitarian groups that helped them. The annual United States aid, many hundreds of millions of dollars, just seemed to disappear in the hands of the previous dictators, like it has for many decades in numerous countries worldwide, where the United States government sends huge annual financial aid packages to them.

This information is not released in detail to the American people and the large, corporate owned news media is ordered not to report any information about what happens in these countries with the 'aid' money we give them!

Then, after President Aristide was in power for a few years, an American armed forces helicopter landed on the Haitian government's Presidential Residence grounds in the middle of the dark night. A group of masked, armed United States soldiers broke into the President's bedroom and insisted that he and his wife must immediately come with them for the sake of their personal safety. No prior phone call or message of any type was given to the President to inform him of what was going to happen. They quickly put them on the helicopter and flew them to an airplane in the United States, which then flew them to France, as I recall, where they were put in a hotel room under guard and were not allowed to contact anyone for a day or two.

Meanwhile, the corrupt former dictators who had been living in the United States were restored to power, ruling over Haiti.

When a terribly destructive Hurricane, very badly destroyed vast portions of Haiti several years ago, the news media reported that the American people had donated over a billion dollars to charities and organizations aiding the people in every way they needed immediate attention. Millions more must have come from other countries also. A Christian minister, whom I know, and his charitable group backers, told me in a written report little or nothing has been done by 'that currently ruling government.' After years of the people still severely suffering from lack of food, adequate shelter/housing, medical care, school facilities, and most public facilities, are still in ruin. A charitable orphanage for homeless children, run only on current private donations, feeds about 30 children one bowl of rice daily and has dozens more destitute children begging for help daily!

WHERE IS THE BILLION DOLLARS THAT WAS DONATED?

WHAT ARE THE COLLUSIVE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT AUTHORITIES DOING TO INVESTIGATE THIS HORRIBLE INJUSTICE WHICH THE EVIL 'DICTATORIAL POWERS THAT RAN THE COUNTRY BEFORE' (WHICH AMERICA PUT BACK IN POWER) ARE NOT DOING TO CORRECT THE SEVERE PROBLEMS AFTER THEY HAD ACCESS TO THE BILLION DOLLARS IN AID MEANT FOR 'SERVING THE NEEDS OF THE PEOPLE?!?'



CHAPTER FIVE

FALSEHOOD RUNS MATERIALISM

I yell this in the face of every reader because it's time to WAKE UP and realize the TRUTH of what America's ultra wealthy corrupt politicians, from local to Federal, are allowing to be done in countries all over the world! They support the operations of their business associates who take the citizen's lands and natural resources (minerals, oil, and gas), in collusion with the corrupt governing authorities of these countries, and the businesses cause massive pollution of the air, water, and soil! A lot of this goes on in the United States, but is mostly covered up.

We Americans are responsible for these 'horrible atrocities' relentlessly done to humanity and our mutually needed 'safe environments.' Read it here because several newspapers I have presented this material to, in a much milder written form over the past several years, have REFUSED to print the information. All they are interested in is preserving 'the status quo,' don't rock the boat, upset the applecart, or disturb what the massively illiterate public has been content with, accepting the slanted, distorted, government-approved propaganda of the news media!

Over 60 churches were given similarly written material, over the last several years, about American politicians' being responsible for their complicity in these unjust actions and policies they arrange and vote for to assist their business associates.

No response was ever received, even when I removed my name and contact information by substituting a worldwide humanitarian organization as their contact on the subject matter. This organization knew I was living and working in a specific area, so they could direct those desired contacts to me.

LIVING THE TRUTH SOLVES IT ALL

Unfortunately, fundamentalists' illiterate interpretations of their churches' Biblical writings are unknowingly in error. All major religions' writings are written 'metaphorically' (a statement of something written in one way as though it were another) making its true meaning a mystery or hidden teaching to be understood through the assistance of a teacher of 'Higher Consciousness.' This was always done throughout the Ages of mankind's existence to avoid 'the lesser developed (learned) individuals,' from altering these Truthful writings, from their plainly seen meaning, or out rightly removing the writings they did not want people to know so they could control and wield power over the masses they ruled.

Therefore, by literally interpreting holy writings, Christians and every other religious group all over the world doing the same overly simplistic, misinformed way of 'attempting to learn the reason for our existence on Earth' are causing the pain, suffering, and injustice to humanity and our mutually needed environment.

My writings, and all others who are attempting to enlighten people of the error of their ways, state the basic teaching in every major religion' is The Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." The best of every possible, unselfish, and harmless thing we wish to have for ourselves MUST be provided equally for and to

others, as they also have such basic needs as we do. Any EVIL intent in our thoughts, words, and actions nullifies the teaching of The Golden Rule's meaning. This can then lead the members of every religion to more details of basic Truths which we all must learn. Finding and doing the 'right way' is each individual's required task on Earth.

CHAPTER SIX

MAKING THE KEYS A SANCTUARY (a year of preparation)

A 'place of refuge or protection' is a great place to be anchored for a live aboard boater. The state of Florida and the federal government held meetings in 1992 and 1993, in Marathon, about accomplishing this 'designated type of area' in many places throughout the entire chain of Keys islands. What they were trying to accomplish was not for boaters, but for trying to improve conditions for preserving the marine life growing and living within many areas of the Keys, which were already dying, dead, sickly, and mutated or already no longer found in those waters, as we had witnessed in Tarpon Basin and Black Water Sound, west of Islamorada to Key Largo, for about 35 miles.

About two years earlier I attended a meeting in Marathon, with many fisherman who were concerned about the disappearance of fish throughout a vast area around the islands. They stated that ten years earlier, around 1980. they could motor their boats out to within a mile off many of the Keys and catch their full limit of the type of fish allowed to be caught, within about one hour.

Then in 1990, they would motor as far out as 25 miles from the Marathon Key area and never catch any fish at all. This proved that the massive pollution from the 'exploded agriculture dam in the Everglades' in 1986 and most likely the sewage bacteria seeping into the waters, from almost all the residences on canals or water front properties, had poisoned and killed most of the marine life in the upper Keys' waters.

The lower Keys, from Big Pine south to Key West, were in such open waters of the ocean and the Gulf of Mexico that they were not yet as devoid of sea life as the northern areas. However, that was the reason for these meetings of every agency of the state and federal government, being held for a year, to inform the public of why they were going to enact restrictions on boaters, residents, and all future development of the lands on the Keys.

Sport fisherman's' charter services for people who wanted to catch Swordfish or Tarpon, and other game fish were still doing okay, as long as they fished the deeper waters well off of Big Pine Key and further south and west. But most of the commercial fisherman, who supplied the stores and restaurants with fish, had to spend many hours, much farther south and west to catch anything.

In addition to these problems I had read reports in the 1980's, stating larger and more oily fish like tuna and others, were so filled with contaminations of chemicals like Mercury and numerous other 'poisons,' that they should only be eaten once a month by healthy adults, not by little children, sickly people, or the elderly. The 5,000 toxic waste tankers and freighters sailing from Philadelphia to Mobile, Alabama, were leaking their poison for over 2,000 miles of coastal and open Gulf waters every day of the year, for

seven years, as of 1992. Also their leakage continued on their voyage of a couple hundred miles up Alabama's and Mississippi's rivers to Tennessee's dump site.

As of 2012, the deadly pollution has been going on for 27 years. No one I have ever spoken to about this pollution ever knew anything about it, for the same last 25 years I have known it. Had I not seen and read the story about it in the Miami Herald, in 1988, I would probably not know anything about it either.

I attended these monthly meetings with several representatives from the Coast Guard, Marine Police, Environmental Protection Agency, and others, for nine or ten months of the 12 months for which they were scheduled. During that time, I was the only person from the central Florida Keys area population attending those meetings voluntarily. A reporter attended from a Big Pine Key newspaper and one gentleman who was the husband of a lady on the panel of those several government agencies, whose representatives were speaking at those meetings. Sadly, nobody from the general population of the central Keys came to hear what great changes were being proposed by the authorities in power, to save the islands' waters, for the entire ten months of meetings.

I maintain it is what is wrong with people in the United States. Most of them do not care about becoming informed about circumstances happening all around them, which very seriously affect their lives and all other people of their area, our country, and the world!

CHAPTER SEVEN

KYOTO GLOBAL WARMING TREATY

(in Japan in 1992, 1995 and 1998)

Two thousand world scientists attended each of these meetings with grave concerns and many stark statistics, clearly stating that the world's climate was seriously changing and becoming much warmer. Their purpose was to get every country to become aware of these circumstances and make efforts to enforce restrictions on the amount of carbon dioxide and other climate warming gases being emitted by industry and vehicles' exhaust emissions. At every meeting following the 1992 meeting, their reports were more and more stark than previously recorded.

The United States governing representatives were among the most disagreeable individuals, as usual, not wanting to tighten emissions standards which had been legislated in previous years to take effect in the United States by 1995. Our Congress cancelled those tighter standards before 1995 and ignored the scientists' overwhelming evidence of what was already a serious problem.

If I recall correctly, in 1995 and 1998 the same 2,000 scientists came back to report far worsening conditions desperately needing to be considered by every country around the world. The United States refused to sign the treaty, continuing to be a major contributor to massive releases of CO² emissions.

Now, 14 years later in 2012, the highest recorded temperatures in history are being reported around the world, with record precipitation of rain and snow storms, forest fires, and sand storms signaling the transformation of many areas into dried up deserts.

Melting of the largest glaciers in the world, on the continent of Greenland, has been taking place at 30 times the rate it was ten years ago and in 2011 huge amounts have broken off and floated away as big as Manhattan Island in New York and another one half that size in 2012. The North Poles' ice cap, as of 2007, was reported to be less than half its thickness of 30 years previously.

CHAPTER EIGHT

WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT

(a note from guest author, Vivika-Qi)

Energies and forces are pouring upon our system and our planetary lives ceaselessly, potently, and cyclically. They come from all kinds of sources extraneous to our system and planetary schemes, but until man responds and registers them, both scientists and astrologers will fail to recognize them and they are as if they were not. All human beings live and move and express themselves in and through that same world of ever-moving, ever-impacting, outgoing and incoming energies, moving in a whirlpool of forces of all types and qualities. Man is composed of energies in every part of his manifested and unmanifested expression; he is, therefore, related to all other energies, and is subject to the resulting evidence of their individual qualities of thoughts and actions. From what has been documented within this book, though only minutely part of the whole picture, it is no wonder humanity is suffering tremendous climate change; Earth RESPONDS to our actions. It is a PRINCIPLE that cannot be ignored!

Mankind *must* learn there is an evidence of *energy which is expressive of force*; it is essential we recognize them as existing. There is little you, as individuals or groups, can do about them beyond seeing to it there is nothing in you which could make you a focal point of hate, separation, fear, pride, and other characteristics which feed the fires and threaten to bring disaster to the world. Each of you can aid more than you can guess, through the regulation of thought and ideas, through the cultivation of a loving spirit, and through the general use of prayer and [The Great Invocation](#), whereby these good forces and energies - so sorely needed - can be invoked.

For those concerned inhabitants of Earth, serious about doing their part in the rescue of the planet and the evolution of mankind, valuable information leading to other more extensive guidance can be found on these websites: [Consideration For Every Living Thing](#) and [Vivika-Qi Speaks Up . . .](#)

Stay ever in an attitude of gratitude - 'gratitude' heals both the body and the environment!

Vivika-Qi

7/31/12

Epilogue

GREAT LEADERS WARNED US

(in our past history)

The [Ancient Wisdom Teaching](#) of all past civilizations taught those of mankind who were of Higher Consciousness to understand what life on Earth was all about. It is still available today for all who seek its Truth.

The Great Law of Cause and Effect directs that when we die in the flesh, our soul is required to return to another life on Earth to recompense for our actions in our former life or lives; we still must 'reap what we have sown.' More highly progressed and evolved souls, more learned in the Truth of how we should live, live and speak out in that Truth to help bring change for the betterment of ALL, even though many of these dedicated humans knew nothing of this Law.

An excellent example of just such a person is President Dwight Eisenhower. Also former Chief of Staff of all allied forces in World War II, defeating the ultimate 'antichrist, Adolph Hitler,' over fifty years ago and after several years as President, observed and lamented that "Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired, signifies in the final sense a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and are not clothed. I like to believe that people in the long run are going to do more to promote peace than our governments. Indeed, I think people want peace so much that one of these days governments had better get out of the way and let them have it."

Freely given, freely pass it on.

Car Ingman

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