

A CONFESSION

IF I LIVE FOR ETERNITY I WILL NEVER FORGET what I saw in the Mar-a-Lago chapel. My colleague was right there with me and says what happened was a manifestation of Satan. But I don't believe in evil. Well, to be honest, I'm a 'failed' Roman Catholic priest and I'm not sure of what I believe. So, on the issue of whether there are gods and devils, I might have to plead the Fifth. I guess these days I'm what might be called an agnostic. Unlike my Calvinist friend, Byrne Sage; he's a do-no-harm cleric who believes in a spiritual world where good mostly wars with evil. My other best friend, Jackson Wright, is a pragmatic sometime leadership guru who these days shares his gifts with maximum-security prison inmates. In just a moment I'll share the events that propelled us into a fateful meeting with Donald Trump, and then, apparently, with Satan himself. First, though, let me make a confession.

My name is Paul Gray and I joined the priesthood because I felt the so-called Hound of Heaven snapping at my heels to do what the Christians call God's work. While in the church, and this might seem a little unusual, I also completed a masters degree in psychology. My cardinal was happy with that. He felt it made me a more powerful priest.

Among other approaches, I happened upon 'existential psychology.' The key idea is that most human problems arise because we have only one existence. There's no afterlife, we're born and we die and that's it. So I prayed about what I should be doing with my life. In the end my head took over. The gray matter in my brain was very clear in saying that if I truly had a mission to save souls I was in the wrong place.

So I set up an appointment with my cardinal and told him I was leaving. He was very understanding. He said that

given my intellect he was not surprised by my indecision and would give me all the time I needed to pray on the matter. But in any event, he said, such a choice would will need to be sanctioned by the Pope. Not on your life, I said. I've already made my decision. And I'm walking out those gates right now. And I did. In that moment I must have seemed confident and assured. But I was still more than a little confused, and still am, actually.

Bear that in mind when I tell you of our apparent confrontation with Lucifer and the astonishing aftermath—including, of course, the startling outcome of the 2024 Presidential election, and the fateful final decision of the Federal Judge at the November 26 'hush money' sentencing hearing. And, crucially, the site of the hitherto secret, hidden font of poison that incites the devilish behavior of Donald Trump. I'm sure you'll agree, the sting is in the tail.

I'm a trained listener with a great memory. I also discipline myself to keep a tidy journal of my key experiences, which I'm about to share with you right now. See what you make of it...

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