

HYPOCRISY

VS.

*Mysticism,
Wisdom &
Morality*

Linda Meris

© 2023 Linda Meris

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other non-commercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Library of Congress 2023

Print ISBN: 979-8-35090-424-6

eBook ISBN: 979-8-35090-425-3

Featuring the Spirit of
Lenny Bruce

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I thank Rosalie Harman, Dr. Mel Sobel, Pamela Robbins, Etta Barmann, Kevin Degidon, Karen Rautenberg, Carlos Vasquez (cover photo), Cheryl Lisbin (photo enhancement) and Rhonda Berman for their support and belief in my channeling of Lenny's spirit. I especially thank Suki Rae and Barbara Leibowitz who encouraged me to go forth to write this book.

“LINDA DID A PSYCHIC READING FOR ME that was so perceptive and brutally honest I still consult this writing after 25 years.

When she received objects belonging to the late comedian Lenny Bruce, she channeled his spirit conveying details she could not have possibly known.

This book is very moving. Linda has uncovered the inner life of Lenny Bruce as he processed his past life and transitioned into another.

Very few mediums have convinced me of their revelations, but Linda has.”

Paul Lyons,
Comic, Actor and Writer

PEOPLE have asked me if I have connected with other deceased comedians – So far, it’s only been Lenny.

Linda Meris

FOREWORD

I recently told a friend about an unusual channeling occurrence in August 1987 pertaining to the late comedian Lenny Bruce.

After reading the manuscript I created from my communication with Lenny, she expressed:

“There are no accidents. You should do something with this spiritually significant writing.” I told her this experience happened almost thirty-seven years ago. She replied, “It doesn’t matter.”

Due to my friend’s encouragement, I was inspired to complete this manuscript.

While re-reading what I had channeled, my two ceiling lights blinked three times, and a brief surge of energy blew by me. I felt this force was Lenny’s spirit, since there was no breeze from the window or from the open door in my apartment. Surprisingly, I was not afraid and boldly expressed, “Lenny, please slow down your energy and don’t knock out my lights.”

My Super changed my light bulbs, even though he said I didn’t need new ones.

This incident could have been a sign the time is now to share my experience publicly. In the spiritual realm, “time is but a blink of an eye.”

Our world is very troubled, and in traumatic chaos. Besides the gloom of an unending pandemic, our democracy is at stake, and there are those who want to turn back the tides of progress through lack of ethical consciousness.

I did not know Lenny Bruce in my present lifetime, but he told me we knew each other in past lives as described in this book. I felt contact with Lenny’s spirit was Kismet, as he professed to me, “OH GOD, LINDA, YOU SAVED MY RECKLESS SOUL.”

MY PARANORMAL JOURNEY

By Linda Meris

*“Linda, you have had so many coincidences, your coincidences are
beyond coincidence.”
—my therapist.*

* * *

As a small child, I remember being in a semi-awake bizarre, vivid hypnagogic state, where there was a stirring commotion of chatter in my bedroom. I did not discern what was being said but felt as if I was floating in another dimension which confused and frightened me. Fortunately, this encounter never occurred again. This phenomenon could have been past life related and possibly connected with my present incarnation.

* * *

Santa Claus was going to land by helicopter in a parking lot one Christmas Day in our hometown on Long Island. My older brother Howard, age twelve, and myself, age six, were thrilled to see him.

When the helicopter landed, Howard clutched my hand tightly as people rushed toward Santa.

The crowd was quite boisterous and rowdy, which caused his hand to slip from mine. I did not know where my brother went nor see my way out of the frenzied mob. Everyone around me was much bigger than I. No one seemed to notice a terrified, vulnerable little girl alone, crying and pleading to be saved. I feared being pushed to the ground and crushed.

As I grappled with terror, something miraculous transpired. I watched a multitude of onlookers unexpectedly disperse from their prime spot to see Santa. It was strange that the people behind and in front of me stopped pushing forward as there wasn't an emergency to clear the area. It looked like the sea was parting as people jolted in different directions. I remember running to get away from the crowd.

I was relieved to locate my brother who was wondering where I was. Thankfully, he saw me when people left the site. He had no idea I was in danger. I was too young to express my trauma to him, and he was too naïve to think anything was wrong, so he did not notify the authorities on my behalf. Fortunately, we were able to get a peek of Santa on our way home. To this day, if I'm at a large-scale event, I always make sure I know where the exits are.

* * *

I was a teenager, enjoying the day swimming at my local beach. After jumping off a float into the water, three guys I knew approached me and started tugging at my bathing suit, trying to pull it off. They began splashing and dunking me relentlessly. The lifeguard was not able to rescue me because he could not see beyond the front of the float. As they persisted with this abhorrent behavior, my will to survive was fading fast. I lost my strength, gave up, and was going to drown. As I was about to submerge under water, I looked up at the sky and asked God, "Is this the end for me?" After hearing a loud, thunderous voice answer, "No," I felt a force take hold of my body and transport me safely to the shore. It was so surreal as if I were in the backseat of a car and not the driver.

My mom was at the beach that day, and I could not bear to upset her about this incident.

* * *

While hiking in a wooded area with a guy from high school who was usually a pleasant friend I could trust, his demeanor suddenly changed. I feared he was going to be sexually aggressive. As he lunged toward me, he suddenly

stopped frozen in his tracks, staring at something, and suddenly backed off, exclaiming, “What was that?” Perhaps he saw a ghost. I did not see anyone or anything but felt protected and lucky that nothing dangerous had occurred. We parted and walked out of the woods in silence, and I never spoke to the young man again.

* * *

Two clocks in my apartment stopped for five minutes after I heard my grandmother, my Nana, passed away. I believed her spirit was saying good bye, and that it was a sign that life continued after death.

* * *

My first cousin Laura succumbed to acute leukemia at the age of thirty. While lying in bed the night she died, I felt a caressing touch and observed a glowing light from the bottom of my feet to the top of my head. Her passing away was a tragedy, but my previous uncanny encounters guided me through this trauma to believe her spirit was free.

* * *

A friend of mine, who rarely dabbled in the occult, had a vision of me living during the French Revolution where I worked at a local cabaret as a singer, dancer, and comedienne. He revealed I was a revolutionary activist involved in the women’s suffrage movement, who fought for the downtrodden and considered scandalous as a radical feminist.

A day later, a man spoke French to me while food shopping. A few days after this encounter, I was approached by a woman on the street who asked, “Are you French?” I responded “No” but had a possible past life dream of being in a pebbled area in France where the waves go up to the rocks called “Cran Beach.” I discovered there *is* a Cran au Poulet beach, surrounded by cliffs and rocks—a wild undiscovered virgin land in northern France.

* * *

There was going to be a music festival at Winston Farm near Saugerties, New York. It was a great lineup of performers—some of them were The Allman Brothers, Grateful Dead, Bob Dylan, Aerosmith, and Joe Cocker, whom I particularly wanted to see.

My magical weekend began with hitching a ride from concert crew members I met in the town of Woodstock, New York. Being fearful of large crowds, I hoped to meet someone to walk with me near the stage. I was alone and scared but was determined to have a Woodstock experience.

I luckily met two burley fellows over six feet tall who appeared at the right moment and accompanied me throughout Joe's performance.

When Joe left the stage, it started to rain, and I was nervous about finding shelter. These same young men agreed to escort me to the campgrounds to find a place warm and dry. I felt protected as if I hired security guards. As we departed from the stage vicinity, one man had his hand on my shoulder and the other was right next to him to make sure we stayed together.

When we got to a dirt road near my destination, I turned around to thank these wonderful human beings, but they were suddenly gone. Vanished! Disappeared! "There was no way this could happen! We were conversing, and these "guardian angels" could not have gotten lost in a crowd because hardly anyone was on this path near the road at the time. I looked around and could not find them anywhere.

After this encounter, I needed a place to rest and fortunately met a few folks in the military who let me sleep in their tent. The rain started to pour violently, and the grounds became a muddy mess. As a result of this unforgiving storm, I never made it back to the concert.

These kind army men treated me like a queen. They offered food, a blanket, and pillow for comfort. There were cops in the area where their tent was, so I felt safe.

The next day these thoughtful individuals went out of their way to drive me to the train station. This adventure of mine was truly "With A Little Help from My Friends" (*song by Joe Cocker*).



I went to séances where spirit guides speak through full trance mediums. It was spooky observing different voices and mannerisms emanating through the medium.

The entities were informative and fascinating as many onlookers present at the sitting received insightful and healing messages from loved ones who passed away.

The medium told us she had no recollection of where she resided while being a vehicle for her guides but was in a safe and peaceful state.

The most stirring seances of spiritism I've attended was Santeria, an African Cuban religion, a syncretism of Youba and Catholicism—also known as “The Way of The Saints.” There were priests (Santero) and priestesses (Santera) who taught honor and gave emotional and spiritual direction. I will never forget the colorful beads they wore for health and protection. The energetic rumba style of dancing and drumming to summon spirits was quite memorable.

Lastly, I went to see an internationally known gifted trance channeler, teacher, and ordained minister, Alexander Murray. He saw himself as a “psychic telephone.” His spirit guides were highly evolved, where many attendees went for career and personal consultations. I was told I had the gift of healing which was very pleasing to me.



I entered a well-known NYC comedy club in early 1977. It was crowded and boisterous, but a fun spot.

Suddenly, a strange phenomenon occurred. The people standing in the bar area left the club and walked out the door. The ones sitting on the stools pivoted simultaneously and faced the bartender, turning around as if a scene was being shot for a film.

I said to myself, “What just happened?” The show inside the club was not over and no one exited the area except for the people in the bar.

Wondering what was going on, I suddenly perceived an ethereal manifestation of a spirit who appeared to be the late comedian-actor Freddie Prinze.

I felt this vision was psychologically induced because of his recent death. I kept observing him because I did not believe what I was visualizing. He pointed to his picture on the wall, laughed, and nodded it was him. In that moment, I expected his spirit to go poof, but he lingered, still gazing at me. I had no idea why I saw his apparition. I did not know Freddie, never met him, and had not been on any mind-altering substances. As I was leaving the club, his eyes were still upon me.

The next morning, I received a message in my dream to “Put on the album America.” The last song on side two was “Pigeon Song.” The lyrics blew me away because they were symbolic of Freddie’s life.



Soon after this experience, I won a free course at the Whole Life Expo in New York City. I completed a workshop on the divination of psychometry, which is revealing information about people by holding their personal effects such as keys, jewelry, clothing, and other meaningful items. It was amazing how these clairvoyant impressions conveyed personal insights.

I performed at an event with psychiatrists. While holding a woman’s sneaker, I envisioned her rye toast being burnt as she was desperately trying to scrape off the crumbs because she did not have any more bread to make toast. She was flabbergasted by my correct interpretation of her predicament.

I held another attendee’s wedding band and stated names of present girlfriends from this so-called gentleman. He slumped in his seat and looked like he wanted to disappear, especially when a friend of his was at the party and knew his wife.

The looks on the shrinks' faces were precious. I wondered what they thought of my analysis of them.

I was an opening act for a comic at a club on Long Island. The Booker requested I do an hour performance.

I introduced myself, "Hello, everyone, my name is Linda Meris, and Your Vibrations Are the Show!"

It was a blast, running on and off the stage interpreting what I sensed about people.

There were approximately one hundred attendees in the audience, and many were eager to participate, allowing me to touch their glasses, pens, lipstick, cigar, belts, a parking ticket, lighters, watches, a button, pins, keys, hats, and a dog collar.

Unacceptable items I would not hold were hanky's, broken teeth, chewed gum, lint, and a used toothpick.

While tuning into individuals, I would sometimes receive multiple impressions of the person, as well as their family and friends.

I held a woman's scarf and fussed with her hair. She laughed and said she was a beautician. I put on a man's hat and began giving dance lessons. The man was a dance instructor.

It was a wild *Fun-omena*. My performance was bold, upbeat, and humorous. The presentation was completely spontaneous, with no censors or script. The audience was engaged, and the feedback was positive.

* * *

On Friday August 21, 1987, on a day off from work, I saw a garbage bag tossed in front of a building on my block in Manhattan. I asked the super "What's going on?" after sensing something was wrong. He replied a lady named Kitty moved, and her possessions were being thrown away.

(Kitty is the daughter of the late comedian Lenny Bruce.)

I persuaded the super to let me in the apartment where Kitty had lived. I felt a sense of dread as he was putting folders from a filing cabinet into large garbage bags. I pleaded, “Please do not trash these things. I will take them.” I later learned the super consented to retain this filing cabinet until it was retrieved by Kitty. He did not comply with this agreement and was throwing her property away.

The next day, the building porter helped me bring the items to my home. I felt relieved, vulnerable, and hopeful these belongings were safe with me.

With excitement and anticipation, I opened the boxes that contained court transcripts, comedy material, photographs, and reel-to-reel tapes. While looking at a photo of Lenny, his intense, penetrating eyes seemed to look right through me.

Kitty and I had crossed paths over a period of years until we became acquainted through her friend in my building. There must have been a karmic connection that I saved the memorabilia in the nick of time. I contacted Kitty’s family and sent 165 pounds of possessions securely back to her.



*Photos taken by my late brother Howard—August 1987
Court transcripts are behind me in the right photo.*

After the goods were out of my apartment, I read two highly enjoyable books titled *Ruth Montgomery: Herald of the New Age* and *the World Beyond* about psychic phenomena. Ruth was a renowned psychic, political columnist, and a distinguished Washington D.C. correspondent. She communicated with spirit entities such as departed American psychic medium Arthur Ford, who lectured on extra-sensory perception through Automatic Writing, also known as Clairaudience (a trance like state hearing words from a deceased person).

Inspired to try this form of mediumship, I lit a candle, said prayers for protection, and scribbled for a few minutes. The first words I heard through clairsaudience were “I am Lenny Bruce.”

I was a little nervous but not surprised it was Lenny because of what occurred with Kitty.

READERS, SHOULD KNOW:

THERE are instances in this channeling where Lenny explicitly expresses himself, not as a preacher would, but as an impassioned, relentless moralist and teacher. The flow of this writing weaves in and out of his former corporeal and current spiritual presence. He communicates on a higher frequency than ours. His inspired messages have surpassed his shocking humor and is now, as he calls it, “a talkster” for benevolence and good heartedness. His spirit can be anywhere at the same time beyond the level of material reality explained in this book.

I am in awe of what I have written, as Lenny’s words are not my own. *There are areas in this book where I ask Lenny questions about different people and topics.*

May death not terminate the gift of a man who died not fulfilling himself and has in spirit become faithful. His mission is to love and summon impartial agents of justice.

Being a truth-sayer is like being too close to an intense flame, especially when one was a spark of genius society could not contain. Lenny Bruce was a thorn in the side of many who opposed morality, and like others, he was extinguished before his time.

My first channeling experience was from 1987 to 1988 and has resumed in 2023.

LENNY'S SPIRIT SPEAKS

I am a commander who wrote this book as a free spirit to bestow an honest position of my trial and error. I was a persecuted man who rehabilitated through conscious effort. As a trouper, I oppose hypocrisy in full adamant stance to perpetuate righteousness and drive away Sodom and Gomorrah. I speak to conquer poor law and order and promote honesty as a trigger for our survival.

I am an advocate of benevolence and good-heartedness, with moral principles and love for my country.

I hope people will understand the meaning of my life.

The obituary did not clarify my existence.

My work was used to destroy me.

I was bribed by the courts to withhold my words to perpetuate my guilt.

The courts killed me, and pain has not left my soul.

I am thankful for those who came to my side.

I was the epitome of a bird with its wings cut off.

My epitaph should have been *Lenny Bruce With Tears*.

I was worth millions after my death but died destitute.

I lost everything I had and would have been wealthy if I shut my mouth.

The worst mistake I made was to suffer the consequence of hypocrisy.

Too few people really knew me.

My heroin addiction destroyed my sense of self. I recognized my weaknesses, but gave into them, suffering the consequence of my addiction.

The final blow was entrapment. My crafty art shafted me at the end.

My ex-wife Honey was a breathtaking, beautiful woman, who charmed ambitious men. She admired me and always met my needs.

My daughter Kitty was mesmerized by me. She was a wonderful child who watched her daddy run for his life. She endured an abundant amount of suffering due to my notoriety. Nothing can relieve the pain I left her. She will always be Lenny Bruce's daughter. Tough job that was! Her destiny is to have her own identity.

I asked Lenny about an article I read in the archive about Honey being pregnant several times. Were other souls trying to be born? No. It was Kitty's soul all the time. She was the product of an environment not meant for looking-glass eyes.

Lenny speaks: I was tried many times for obscenity and derogatory statements against well-known people.

The court trials are over. I shuddered in fright at my own testimony. I was bold in my fight to win but knocked down on my feet. I proved my innocence but was destroyed by legal codes that did not make any sense. After the court ruling, I was sequestered to a hearing and fought for my life with every breath.

Lenny speaks: Justice is my domain—for laws to be humane; my affidavit—hypocrisy.

My trial was distorted. I was driven chaotically and unwillingly deceived. My case was hopeless. My strength was sapped as I grasped to tackle my defeat and prove myself innocent. I addressed exclusive rights to remain silent until verification of my acquittal. My departure ended all dispute.

As a human being, I felt assaulted and falsely accused beyond vulgar, demeaning verifications. My protest in this matter is “stop accusing the wrong

man.” Assault of the truth inhibits fulfillment. I am a spirit who sees filth, ugliness, and pure, sheer hate. I know sadness and suffering. Linda, your writing displays my inner sense as food for thought.

I was distressed and naïve about my trial. When sequestered under oath, my behavior was found inappropriate, compounding my accusation. My temperament was not agreeable to the courts. I denied acting inconsiderately, even when there was nothing left to my name. Defeated, by not cooperating, I was considered a closed book.

My regard for freedom prolonged my suffering beyond the grave. I was put in a position that threatened my sanity and love for life.

I was apprehended, overwhelmed, and shuffled. I obeyed the law and degenerated due to no way out of the situation. Uncommon bribes of justice created a system that does not change. Deliberate loopholes and unscrupulous lawyers have overtaken shadows of doubt and have been overrun by complacency. Due to this insidiousness, drastic modification must be made. I urge reading Tibetan inscriptions to learn tolerance for others. I command all captains’ boarding ship to aspire justice for all. I salute the American flag, and I pray that my country can hear the Liberty Bell truly ring. Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, of thee I sing.

Gradually, I subsided and threw in the towel. Unfortunately, it was too late. My agony was overruled. My medical past was rendered invalid.

Stipulations overthrew chances for my livelihood to survive. Technical lawbooks proved false and shamed me. Unfortunately, no one knew my outrage and defiance until I was struck down and broken from cold-hearted repugnant scolding. “Kamikaze reigned” and untruths swept. Alone and betrayed, I emerged an articulate loser.

I was drained of all my savings and falsely accused of bribery. Dogmatic logic discriminated against my precise knowledge of the law. My accusers deemed me a sleazy delinquent faulted as an outcast.

I am sorry my behavior was shockingly blatant. I verily promiscuously periled to disease of mind and spirit.

I blame no one who instigated my entrapment. I was a loudmouth, abrasive, and beneath dignity. I was a stupid fool for observing hokum pokum and a crybaby if things didn't go my way. Day by day, I anticipated my farewell.

I was told naughty me was a scurrilous menace to society, a broken record, who attacked individuals having no purpose in my life. I dabbled and dangled, clinging for fulfillment, but was victimized by legal viewpoints. I motion all in law to barricade deceptive tricks that scare helpless victims into believing they will be heard and cared for.

My mother, Sally Marr, was backstabbed and dragged to her knees. She discouraged the belittling of me when I could not sing my words anymore. She fell for the last grasp to save her son from disaster. The poor woman was put to shame. I am so sorry. Her being heartbroken was too painful for me.

My pride was dampened, and I cried myself to sleep. No one knew what it was like for my mother to bear the agony of my plight. To suppress this hurt, I pretended she wasn't my mother. What hell that was! It was despicable! She loved me so—cocksucking bastard. No wonder I died in the abyss (my blatancy, bear with me). People clobbered my spirit. I battled bitterly. I ached and was shattered and scorned.

Propriety is invaluable. My pledging legalities of my predicament described the insidiousness brought about to mock my honor in a court of law. The monolithic procedure of wording, which a lawyer coincides with his practice, does not generate bringing about justice. Precise definitions are wordy and hard to minimize. Codes written have been shown to destroy, deprive, and methodically overkill, when practice deceives on legal strategies. There are those who distrust, deny laugh lines, and find feeble excuses to exploit. You want to screw; they find a way and you are their patsy for pretense. No more will I state actions speak louder than words. I have found my words killed me. I outrageously voiced my defiant views although I died unfulfilled. I welcome all who seek law and order, an unbiased miracle of justice.

Lenny, “What is the purpose of your communication with me?”

You are expediting my planetary travel and ambitions of being a novelist in spirit. Your channeling has shown understanding of my life’s meaning.

With humility, I am righteous and elude no one. I strive for appreciation. I divulge sacred deities and fear not. I need to connect with a soul not spiritually marred.

I believe in faith, love, and total free will. Bless you. I protect and come to select few. Your honor directed decent sentiment, so help me.

Dogmatic disciples are like clinging violets desperately awaiting the Messiah.

Death is no struggle.

Free will is God’s gift.

Love depletes pain.

Sin is forgiven.

Lenny speaks about our past lives

Linda, we knew each other in several incarnations. We were unique—you’re a part of me. We were crusaders, warriors, idealists, seekers, and provokers. We made waves and told it “Like it is.” We were “truth busters,” good as gold and taken as blasphemous. We stuck our noses where they did not belong. We also were brothers and sisters, school chums, pioneers, and partners.

Will you ever be back in the physical form?

I will deter physical form for another century. I was a man who bathed in sadness and has been given a new life and glory above. I have found salvation. Moving on and learning—that’s the new age glory, not show business. Show biz alone can’t make it. Decrease selling out short. Concentrate on commitment to make the best of yourself and give to others. Be moderate. Be happy. Accept what is.

How do you feel after paving the way for comics to be free with their words?

I thank them for cutting through the awful wall of censorship and talk tells trouble. To all those who freely speak their minds with their gift of gab, I love seeing what I could not do. It has been loosened up and words can be spoken. I appreciate them and wish it could have been me.

Your obituary said you died from an accidental overdose of morphine. Is this true?

Yes. My sensitivities were shot. I shut down which induced my unintentional overdose.

Were you afraid of going to jail?

I could not believe my rights were taken away and was deathly afraid of being a jailbird. I really didn't think I would go but came close. I nearly slugged the judge who accused me of being out of order. I presented my case with no support, except for my advocates in the courtroom.

I was misunderstood, obliterated, and attacked from all concerted efforts to become a rebel for free speech. No one understood how angry and alone this made me feel. I was pessimistic when my life was out of control.

What was your biggest regret?

It was hard being ahead of my time. I was considered a Pariah for expressing novel and explicit lingo. I fought the censors and powers that be and was blacklisted.

What was your greatest joy?

Observing and developing routines. I was very happy conveying funny satire. I cooked. Father Flotski and Religions, Inc. were my favorite bits that made me famous.

I was also truly happy with Honey at the time we were together.

What are your thoughts on Albert Goldman's book Ladies and Gentlemen—Lenny Bruce?

I feel a rapport of highest regard. He is overly pragmatic, but sincere. His being informed of my lifestyle provoked erratic apathy that was unbecoming, which was much hype for the movie *Lenny*. Dustin portrayed me well, as much as an actor could. He had a resemblance to my character. I liked the movie but wished they sliced my death scene. Valerie Perrine was a success. She was able to create Honey's ambiance and powerful allure. Brave lady.

Tell us about your friend Joe Ancis.

He was the most inspirational person to me. Joe was my spirit guide in a past life. He was a man of fortitude with a magnificent dimension of wisdom who guided me through his expertise. He was a person of exceedingly demonstrative pure natural talent and flair for the comedic arts, but bashful as a performer. He was excellent as a top-notch brilliant, kind, and earthly soul, who displayed an amazing love of life beyond his years. Because of Joe, I moved an audience with much feisty determination, with significant abrasiveness and a fiery delivery. I stole from him, but not as a thief would steal from others. I took part of him and made him part of me, so help me. I praise him forever. I thank him from the bottom of my heart and love him as a true friend—man to man and heart to heart. He was a terrific passionate joyful person who viewed life with inquisitive challenge. He had a unique exceptional gift to swing with mystical dimensions, with an aura of being a celebrity even though he was not one. Joe was, is, and always will be a man of his word. I bless the day I met him. He meant the world to me. Not only was he the funniest man alive, he was my only real friend, and I never told him this. I threw him away, lied to him, and never forgave myself. I needed him more than my mother. I pray he forgives me and hope he still loves me. God bless you, Joe. I can't go on. It's too much. I care about you, Joe. I wait.

(To Linda)

I am your guide. I love you—no greed, good deeds. Your caring about me and not listening to the wrong people endows you with the wisdom of sages. You and I have shown this work took time. I was a burned-out celebrity with a lack of regard for myself. I am pleased to safely protect you from any wrongdoers.

As Lenny Bruce, I want to curb the dope fiend wild inflection as it never seems to subside. It's an imitating accessory to capture my ambiance in the comedy world as "Father Bruce." I'm annoyed at such useless pestilence of my name. It should be avoided, as it does not jive with my being deceased. Degenerative down-and-out misery associated with my persona must quit. My death is a cleansing for those who want to be close to me. My new identity is not an obscenity—it is a clean show.

To discern for a better lifestyle, as a comic or other, develop positive reflections and comments for people to like themselves and see others benefit. I need your thoughts to change about me. I love you all. Thanks for the laughs. Believe and support Linda for her work, time, and trouble. She knew me in past lives as told. She knows I rest because of this tribute for my soul.

Why did the Holocaust happen?

There was no righteousness. Hitler became unjust, and his followers became his servants. He was not peaceful to himself and others. Selfish revenge was his master, and he was carried away by Nazi invasiveness for torture and genocide. According to history, he was a madman. His turbulent record was disturbing by his master precision to invade all inhabitants on Earth. He was swept by his power and mighty right-wing Marxist vengeance. His goal was to create a master race. He killed himself. He is here in spirit, away from many who would terrorize and spit on him, and his soul will never rest. Too many Nazi criminals live, and no one is aware of their presence. Unfortunately, there are still war criminals to be found.

Failure to conform to the love center dethrones good judgment producing arrogance and hell. Hitler crucified his own people knowingly, and

he hasn't come out from the crypt. His soul is of futile longings. His fascist thinking was compounded by his dissatisfaction. He was a fundamentalist with a devised plan to abrogate any who tried to deter him. His intention was to evoke his rage for a hierarchy. In a past life, he was a mastermind in Egypt as a king—His Majesty—who viewed the world as a monarch of little tenderness. In another life, he lived as a Viking in Edinburgh. He was equipped to handle a regime of unity but changed his mind and instead was a warrior of affliction. He lost all his principles due to lack of faith and ego and insisted that he, and he alone, had a better procedure to lay the law of man.

He is now learning that his murderous revenge of innocent slaughter will victimize him and be forever an eternal disgrace to humanity. All who were subjected to his torment and forced to carry out his master plan face no end of mishap and will not be free. These souls have lost touch. They are in hell until they atone.

The Jews were Hitler's scapegoats. The land of Palestine and their neighbors were to live as one nation, not for hideous treatment and murder. The Jews were a people who had no land of their own and have not found peace. Prejudice for others are the throne of the enemy and the lack of good heart. Mistreatment has caused the morbid powerful to influence with vengeance. This brought about dishonor. Hitler was an example of what will occur when power is used to provoke misery instead of balance and the creative force. We must heed these warning signs to survive.

Every soul needs to believe their lives have hope. Vital Nostradamus predictions of destructive forces continue with callousness of heart where one regrets to have been ever endowed with life. Free the spirit. Live and let live or hate will end as hate.

During my battle as Lenny Bruce, I regret the consequence of depriving myself of spiritual knowledge.

I was thwarted from giving my opinions on politics, sex, dictatorship, repression and basic constitutional freedoms.

I notoriously excelled with the intention of being the *forbidden fruit*, which resulted in an obscenity ruling. I proficiently exposed a poor system, dogmatic thinking, and scanty corrosion of justice, offending cowardly scoundrels who denounced my claim to fame.

By the will of fate, I feel determined as a celebrity with good intentions and seek man's eternal blessing.

I grasped for gratitude but was restrained and faulted. My pride hobbled and submerged. The outcome was sabotage and alienation. Doubting oneself breaks down barriers of the human mind, which resorts to cynical thought. A preposterous outflow of evil sacrifices welfare, triggering devastating humiliation and continued persecution.

I am a one-man stampede, addressing all who shoved a foot in my mouth. There should be penalties for engaging in greedy, seedy embezzlements. I disapprove of squalor and alienation. I oppose whitewashing Americans through duplicitous jealousies among their own. Only money munchers and deceptive mind-blowing jerks extract sloppy instincts to mesmerize me. Perversion of mind and soul prevents love. I have become a trouper for peace, which has necessitated my fight to fulfill this mission. I shed disgrace. Being clean and sober unlocks the pattern to finer soul progress.

Regarding my father

We clashed and didn't agree on many matters. I regret stealing and was punished repeatedly. What repercussions that had! I lived as an adventurous sleazebag. "Dad, I needed your attention and craved approval." I yearned for love and acceptance and overplayed my use of words to score points of adequacy. I became rich and famous but never a star. I was a nymph for prestige and purpose. Before I was a comic legend, I was courageous in faith and truth. "Truth triumphant, if I'm the last soul, I won't stop." Before I died on the earth plane, I prayed to never reform. God gave me my gift of words to display wisdom.

It just goes to show our childhood, divorce, and abandonment stick to us like mud.

An eclipse filters boundless intense light, as sun settles into moonlight. The sun contains a superfluous amount of combustion, reflecting energy, giving off heat. The stars are elusive and bright. The moon leans its swift neck in its effervescent glimpse, as time paves way for day to come and night to fall.

My spirit dwells freely on earth, among stars and galaxies where no man has lived, in search of convergence and guidance. I have been beyond universes by mind over matter.

The world beyond is a crescendo of color and sound far beyond the imagination. Upon my demise, I had scattered thoughts. My energy was diffused. . .

The art of humor is an intense and brutal survival mechanism against life's struggles. A comedian can conquer through observance and appreciated through foolishness. Delivering mind shattering monologues is a necessary attribute, such as when Don Rickles conveyed a drop-dead attitude and persistent human garble.

To work in the arts is exposure to marketable decision-making. The struggle to succeed is glorified. At the height of my battle with drugs, I was labeled a sick humorist due to sensationalistic patter. Outrageous reviews—Madness—Sabotage—Recklessness—Cancellations—Substance Abuse. Drugs encourage twisted cravings.

My mother, Sally, made me see the punch line of it all. "Tell it like it is."

As said in the Good Book, problems deepen from the lack of principles. Debates over money cause ambivalence and deaden the spirit. Crooked money-oriented worldly figures share a fate of selfish dominance. There must be ethics over power.

There is no calmness of the soul when decadence is one's goal.

A decadent mind destroys fabric, and destruction claims no fame. I encourage corrupt powers to end vicious criminal deceit, disrupting love-centered

thinking. Your prescription of evil succumbs to bastardly logic against one's will. Destructiveness is ineffective. Diabolical disorders do not permit the mind to achieve substantial accomplishments.

Through sorrow and ageless wisdom, I am a master of knowing myself: A brilliant refugee for soul progress and casting out adversities. I am Buddha, manifesting goodwill and respect for those who aspire kindness. Soul growth creates a spiritual path to peace and servitude. Developing spiritually disciplines the mind to obey messianic principles. Wasteful, revengeful arrogance creates downfall.

I cherish abundance beyond sorrow and madness.

A blasphemous ghastly way of being causes a futile outcome.

Opposing agents of justice cause evil inhabitants to excel.

Dismal feats of excess encourage deterioration of the soul.

Human beings seek to fulfill their life's desires. Those who over-indulge through honky-tonk cafes destroy innocence not soothing their souls.

To instill nurturing, create new frontiers for a healthy lifestyle.

Poverty, poor sanitation, criminal elements, and racial discrimination must be outlawed, along with drug trafficking and substance abuse.

There are clergymen who turn their backs. Their prayers are not enough. Some organized religions tend toward backwardness which leans to separation of church and state.

Cardinal archbishop Francis Spellman analyzed truths, hypothesis, and alchemy, by degree of analytical entirety. I admire his wisdom, sensitive theories, courage, and philosophy of encouraging faith.

Rampant lawlessness to control others through pocketing, conniving, and justifying their acts through deceitfulness is undesirable and pitiful. Our souls progress through love, patience, integrity, and forgiveness. A skeptic who refuses spiritual law will not accept my beliefs.

Positive thinking and encouragement promote honor and tranquility, dramatically affecting one's outlook to believe in miracles. We fulfill dreams

through tender loving care, by being sane, sound, and courageous. Being faithful generates happiness and good citizenship.

Before my demise, I behaved foolishly when I tried to be my own attorney. I did not receive sympathy and fretted when personally mocked, bobbing back every time they put my head under. My humor dethroned me, and the squeamish ran. I sold myself short, making little use of my talents, exhibiting childish behavior.

I was criticized for being abrasive and annoying. I expressed my views with honest intentions according to my perceptions. My brutal jabbing and unguarded biting remarks exposed duplicity, while fighting for my livelihood. I made a spectacle of myself by delivering an uproarious sensational fiasco. I was powerful as a fucking lunatic of truth.

Two buddies of mine discovered my tapes were being duplicated and distributed undercover. They believed it was a tribute on my behalf. This would have been a proverbial, funny, and sensitive portrayal of me. I was censored. It was outright despicable what happened. I drastically advocate methods to abolish piracy and plagiarism as these tricky schemes weave animosity. The ones involved will have to pay the price. No stone will be left unturned. The wrath and the thunder of karma remain absolute. I know who you are, and you will be judged.

Remember the proverb “The Truth Shall Overcome.”

Adversity deceives all ethical obtainment of fulfillment, upsetting healthy decision-making. I convey an ethical breed of enlightenment with sweetness and gentle thoughts.

Thank you, Mask Man is my approach to be on top of the world. Before my demise, my ass was fried. I have gorged on faith, as heaven’s sake is inspiring and a cause for action. *Overcome doubt. Seek knowledge. Understand commitment. Plant seeds for love.* Linda’s calling is to deliver spiritual truths. Her work has completed my mission, and peace has filled my heart. I’m feeling wildly enthusiastic as mediumship is a developed skill one masters.

I have thousands of friends here and bask in all the attention. There is a sincere toast to support this finished product.

Matrimonial and child-rearing problems have arisen through troubled times.

I encourage all to resist temptation of desperate manipulation, warfare, and enraged battles in divorce settlements, intensifying sadness. Disturbing and deceiving thoughts and concepts postpone honor. Many believe that more giving and pleasing will ensure them peaceful thoughts. Feelings get shot to hell over one-upmanship.

According to women's rights, victory was the outcome of the sixties' sexual revolution. Househusbands now exist, playing house and raising their children. Reversal of roles is universal in many households. Many women have career goals first and raising children second. They make up more college educated, needing adventure as many men. Couples materially finagle an attitude of let's get wealthy and play hard. The big thrill of bigger, better has cost many marriages to unravel, as the burden of bills increases with the desire of grander homes. Yuppie head—price paid. True love goes bitter because of poor family planning.

The virtue of motherhood is a harrowing display of our government's policies forbidding women to have abortions. Too much rhetoric is on conception. Prolonged baby delay can damage relationships. Many foster parents declare they are stuck with kids' routines. Blood, and you're my child, is believed to be an advantage to declare motherhood, despite neglect and abuse of the child. Love of child reflects champion motherhood, which should be a motive for being a parent.

A broader look is needed to conquer old taboos. Keep the child warm, fed, clothed, washed neat and clean. Treat the little darling with caring only for urgent needs and desires. Problems arise causing poor devotion. If adults would reach out and forgive all grievances, children, mothers, fathers, and potential lovers would one day share a full life together. Dr. Spock wrote a

book on childcare and spoke of the proper roles of parents and children. I respect his well-bred manner and thoughtful judgment.

Power-hungry, greedy slanderers are a risk to survival. Unscrupulous politics will not sedate the atom bomb. Vindictive incorrigible pitfalls awaken calamities. Dogmatic gestures impose vile participants.

As a martyr, I was on a rampage with cause; troubled, frightened, and alone on my own bandwagon. Wisdom permeates my being, as my glittery demeanor has dissipated.

I disapprove of treating Mother Nature unkindly. My God, what have you done to your planet? Pollution necessitates a plea to alleviate the condition at stake.

You will see significant changes. Forests corroded, soil impure, and temperatures rising. We must invigorate our natives' and ancestors' vision of hope for an untarnished earth.

Lawless federalists' lack of diplomacy and operational thievery do not make for a sound democracy and corrodes emancipation and the Pledge of Allegiance.

Wise astute political theologians are leaders of integrity.

We shan't say the meek cannot win.

Abraham Lincoln proclaimed, "By the people, For the people."

Noah was told to build an ark and bring his mighty two by twos so you may shelter through the storm and so be it.

I feel, as a has-been artist, I've been allotted remarkable respect. Heaven has opened, and I have made a new home for myself.

Success is revenge for being broke. Continuing bucking the small fry leads us to a downfall. Unconstitutional delegates are a betrayal to the people conflicting grave animosity. The consistency of brainwashing contorts to grave loathing and injustice creeps along.

When all churches are one, it will be possible to create a master-enriched lifestyle. Tit for tat goes splat—give to the lame and denounce bigots.

Grisly scare tactics have compelled men to stalk their prey. We need to protect all innocent fellow beings. Target swindlers and murderers. Eliminate deceitful, oppressive big shots who will not see the light. Finer depths of spirit come to those who accept the needy.

Panic and all ills manifest poverty of positive thinking, thereby denying escape from darkness. It is a cry for peace that incurs reciting the Lord's prayer. Love, devotion, and self-respect are liberation from need or want. Motivation and positive reinforcement enable one to leadership and pride.

I encourage my select few to unite with the divine. You are the ones who cared and stuck by me with my impossible misgivings. When I collapsed, you shared my grief with your love. You were fair and understood me. You knew my moral principles were my pride.

I am a bright prolific who surveys our entire globe. Quote my words: "We should insist on divulgence of spiritual truths."

Upon my passing, I have seen much beyond my wildest fantasies: the earliest eeriest settlement of Earth. This planet survived wars before early aliens existed. There has been much tumult damaging molecular cells from nuclear reactors. How fortunate we will be when peace is not opposed, and the standard of living improves. The spiritual force of transfiguration will preserve our nation.

From my heavenly plane, I thank many thoughtful beings for their love and respect, especially Linda for her courage to share truths unknown.

I oppose archeologists and clever surgeons who impose lingering paranoia about the departed. When will they listen and consider acquired and documented research? With a good heart, we can accommodate and overlook these misguided obstructions to precious spiritual knowing.

Unethical use of power is malignant. Man must seek cooperation to higher selves. Both man and beast are comrades.

I, Lenny Bruce, disparage immoral beings and am on a mission to destroy evil. I continue to speak as *Hypocrisy Wears Its Evil Veil* and is a crisis.

“Pity those who know no love, for their power is their glory.”

Lenny, tell us about the spirit world.

We in spirit are a close-knit, universal force of love, forever, and ever. The gates of heaven are open to all of us.

Moments before physical life ceases, the process begins, where a soul rediscovers its origin as it leaves its bodily shell to move on. During this event, one connects with others to receive feedback from deeds done while in the flesh.

We remember our past lives from Akashic records, also known as “The Book of Life,” archives of the soul: a person’s every word, deed, thought, and intent. This is how we have a frame of reference in common with people.

We work as a team, to educate, supervise and guard all life. We nurture passion of love and eliminate perversities when one passes over. There are special tasks for each of us in order to grow spiritually through masters-enriched wisdom. Spirits are not confined. It is difficult for physical beings to comprehend, as we are educated, directed energy that is perfectly evolved. We give solutions to problems in line with your desired destiny. Life is continuous with wondrous miracles, fully in touch with nature, feeling complete.

There is an extraordinary force of decision-making, pertaining to loose ends above and beyond our galaxy. A soul searches for his groove of understanding and peace. Many thoughtful wise beings of light assist with emphasis on free will and moral grooming.

We are in the form of gaseous ectoplasm and ethereal plasma—a light, viscous substance involved in materialism of spiritual bodies.

We have fun and mirth. There is always a lot of soul chatter. We play games by telepathy, producing sound and words with thoughts by modulating light. For instance, I will think of a joke and say, “Got the punchline?” and everyone says the punchline and laughs. It is like your movie *Rocky Horror Show* where you know all the lines and like to hear them as a group.

Your home is a world of time and matter. Ours is a home of mental thought patterns, space, and energy. We have no schedule of time.

We create all we see and hear through our perception centers. Spirits can sense what is to be. We see humans' auras through light and objects and know how you are ticking as we see through matter via kinetic awareness. We move about as you conceive light as moving. Our energy vibrates at a level quite accelerated, with a distinctive pattern so when we communicate, we know who you are by your physical presence. I listen to you by vibrating at a slower speed.

Our weight is light, and we can be in more places than one and know what is going on all the time.

We behave in gesture by creating thought energy through transference of human traits. We speak through our sense of remembering our past selves, and we think through our sense of feeling, as you think through your sense of thought. We engage in patter, particularly telekinesis (moving objects by will). We can manifest hearing through absorbing thought flow. We talk with our mouths shut by telepathic messages.

We enhance akin to the lens of a camera as in photography. Perception is perceived through the holder of such phenomena. There is polarity between the two connecting synchronisms of focus. We receive effects of mind through our inner minds' eye, to invoke our true selves as an approach to giving and receiving.

Psychics can see spirits through clairvoyance. People can also see by light when spirits choose to be received this way. Spirits and earthly beings can connect and transcend like a locomotive pulls its cars.

Conveyance of matter versus authoritative philosophies of spirit contact signify how we free associate. Do not believe cock and bull stories doubting we are free spirits. We are free spirits. We roam, ramble, create, and take care. As souls learn and progress, they adjust to finer planes.

I cried and pleaded to be heard when work was no more. I congratulate apostles who lead to finer pastures and promote Truth sayers. My legacy is to be remembered as a gladiator for justness.

I tell why I died. I upheld what I opposed and was stunned by not allowing myself to be happy, and Lenny be rested for eternity. I did not create any substantial influence to my name, which is now uplifting.

Have consistent desire to be nourished and cleansed. Keep nursing the bill of rights to our Constitution. Life is short but sweet. No man is an enemy. Life is not milk and honey, but it is more precious than gold.

I have overcome many disruptive, disgustful commentaries. As a man who wore fame and a dark cloak of defiance, my words stripped naked as a clown who told it as it is. That was my downfall.

I pray for all to crusade for love and unity. Adversity delays gaiety. Try the approach of not belittling some who long to work for more than crumbs. Stop nasty arrogance against ones not fortunate.

We have become slobs and robbers. Try to clean up your mess. Passion of love and tolerance defies pain and depression. Providing good care and nurturing spiritual thrills will maintain life. Search through and through for better endeavors. I wish to see the world in brighter light.

Life and death are one. My Father has built many houses so all creatures may be among and beyond. To meddle and tamper is contentious and will not keep the house standing.

“Seek knowledge and strength. Give freely and take whenever freely given. Uplift the victims of darkness and love yourself. Blessed are those who seek the light, for they have awakened and are groomed by heaven.”

Inflation and budget reduction often induce crime among many. For crying out loud, stop the gross tactics! Despite our differences, together we must stand. Trouble ahead as no nation institutes a stable outcome when depravity corrodes like molten rock. We can make quite a difference by conquering dead-end fatalistic views. Apathetic condemnation doesn't win.

Social criticism defeats the basic task of man's need to become the best he can be. Lurid, gang-like beasts aren't a good example of goodwill.

To take and not give are not considered earnest integrity and do not bestow peace of mind. A fool never learns his lesson. Quibbling contaminates spirit and does not transcend tranquility. Those deprived of bliss won't see straight and just catch a glimpse if they're lucky. Those who live with the philosophy of compassion will bestow an example to live by. The temple of pride, conceit, and self-interest deludes the spirit and destructs unfavorably to poor deeds. Lead on to higher waters.

I spent years of my life feeling disrespected, downgraded, and used. What did the showman show? What did arrogant pity accumulate? Contempt, disarray, and dissidence spoiled my fun. Goodness deserves repayment. I split, upsetting a renowned California lock-me-up, shoot-to-kill, phony enterprise. My mathematics estimate it was the mid-1960s. My comeback displays reconciliation and well-being.

Martin Luther King conveyed man's quest to overcome. God spoke through this determined being. We shall overcome. So be it. One must accept to reap what one sows. A cop is shot. A man kills his wife and life is one trauma to the next. Destruction is equivalent to a headless horseman. Create barter with one another. Give up gold digging, and energy can manifest into harmony and dignity. Give more to schools and teachers. Precision is impact and provides a quest for niceties. Take care of your lonely and homeless. Provide and improve health care, including child support. Candor will defend our country from war, as grave mistakes must be overcome. Be considerate. Try the angelic approach.

I was like an onion without a skin through my entire life, cooking on a hot stove, feeling perplexed, angry, and offended. My hostile environment perpetuated an outlandish wildflower gone astray. I have declined the bug-up-my-ass routine and being an opinionated slut. I blame no one. My total outlook beams unblemished, for God knows why I stuck my neck out.

Harassment as Lenny Bruce was no consolation as my inner peace collapsed. I have acquired faith and freed my soul to be enlightened.

Before my departure, my throat had been cut. I was fed up. My radical notoriety did not convey subservience as a likeable conservative. I argued and waged havoc to escape. My mystified Adolf Hitler take off brought uproar. My intelligence allowed me to think on my feet which triggered my fate.

I have become a gentle comrade on a crusade fighting duplicity and injustice. Positive soul progression will defer bad habits and prevent individuals' spirits from going astray. Copout causes weary and pitiful excuses to no light.

My methodical tendency was to shove injustice in the keister. Commitment and concern go hand in hand. I cannot deceive or disturb. I oppose dreadful killing fools who do not value the life and happiness of others. God willing, and undertaken by law of karma and guardians abided, I will infiltrate as I see, so help me. No underdog should suffer anymore. I wish it so. Brothers and sisters, please resist racketeering and constant swapping, needle popping, and so-called license to kill.

There were those who sold, stole, and belittled me, claiming to be my agent, who lied, and willingly cheated me out of a fortune. I was put in a position threatening my sanity and love for life. My daughter's retribution was smashed. As an alibi, I regret being double crossed and repeatedly defeated. I was exposed as a fat slob, flat-out broke, and fucked over. I worry, being resurrected as Lenny Bruce. Dig this, I have seen everything: lacerations and bullshit. I know all said and wait for retribution. No one gets away with anything. We should bathe in decency. I give all I have as a voyager of peace to those who share my message—"What you put out is what is returned." Until one learns to leave behind unkind thoughts, there is no sense of full cosmic rectitude. I guarantee lawlessness is not a true high.

I believe in truth, justice, and the American way.

Permission to be oneself allows life to be bliss. Persistent doubts and feelings of why me don't supply faith and togetherness. Nurturing oneself creates a

healthier lifestyle, which are basic ingredients for wealth of spirit. Passive defeatism sabotages wellness.

As a rebel, I have shed all adversaries. *Semantics*—Satiric approach brought me here to confess. I felt contaminated from sarcastic remarks and rumors of sad downfall as martyrdom was my way to escape. Good-natured spirits accept what they cannot change and forgive themselves and others.

The magistrate of testimony was prolonged and interrogated through my existence as Lenny Bruce, who was busted, blacklisted, and shlepped into a morgue. I represent an honest soul who was strengthened by time. I foresee the elimination of prosecutors who lure and persist in a nasty, destructive vain.

Personal affliction is torment. Pain presents a nasty rebound of intake of depressing thoughts.

Resentment and foolish badgering to oneself inflicts animosity toward others. We perish when we think gloom. We must ignore setbacks.

Focusing thoughts on being grandiose, featuring a high and mighty outlook, underscores one's defeat and does not propose law and order.

Peaceful soul searching incurs a greater love of life. I struggled and was confined to be benched. I fumed like an animal waiting to unlock the key to set me free.

My remedy for future well-being is to show responsible concern for one another. As Lenny Bruce, soul bearer, as one who strived for wisdom, I triumph as a force of light. Those who illustrate faith healing instill thoughts of everlasting life. We spirits live in a fascinating world. We are more giving and pleasing. We display brotherhood. We love one another. We can and we should all partake in unity.

Not overcoming the bottomless pit of lies of commercial sellout is sabotage to lower standards and does not welcome gratification. When we prescribe to a higher self, there is potential to be truly remedied which is the path to fulfillment.

Be responsible for one's actions. Feelings of goodness are necessary for one's refinement and stability.

Modern democracy has deteriorated as pardoning of vultures is depravity. Disrobing qualified people is an air of degradation, and few of them have been appeased.

I regretted the repulsive figures who had a vendetta on my success, disrupting me on stage giving my fullest regard to expose the truth. Poor management benefited no one. Vile fat boys spat on me as I was about to stampede severely.

I was a rebel with a cause who was massacred. Why didn't feeling personal diplomacy vindicate my candid words? I am a passion of light. My heyday is now. No more locks and bolts. You can count on it. I am fearless and indignant. My dreams are what my hopes are, as death is no more. You are renewed. I can transfigure at a given moment to beings of mediumistic ability.

Through telepathy, Linda has regenerated my name. My intentions for her are "we shall be there for each other." My time was short. We were not in touch in time to meet.

The root of all evil is refusal to indoctrinate true ideals and blessed events. Lawmen in Congress know who falter and do not call attention to oppressive leaders. Outlandish schemes of rebellion have no assets and appease only the few who have no remorse or misgivings. I propose an attitude that is invigorating and believing in integrity. I disapprove of vicious law officials who blunder and exude scary tactics to deceive and destroy. I encourage all to come together. We are our brother's keeper.

It takes guts to groove alone for the right ethics, and I will not take a back seat. A legend gives his gratefulness as funny man has seized the path of illumination.

My companions of faith are granted a kingdom of wisdom and freedom. I dare say, "I've come back from the dead, so help me." Lenny Bruce died but not my authentic self.

Comradeship delivers unselfish beings. *I am invigorated as a man, a Jew, and a spokesperson of knowledge.*

Those with spiritual gifts bring about peace and justice. We are here to heal one another. As good overcomes evil, God's resolve will be done, so help me.

When integrity is victorious, I rest. My legendary past life is who I was, a man killed in a war of defiance and outrage. Divorced, alone, and doped up, I hit bottom.

I am a moral mystic with an enlightened presence.

The apparel I wore (my trench coat still hangs waiting for the wearer), cigarettes smoked, and jokes told were all bullshit, and shed them all. Sentimentalists keep me alive. The legacy of my shows are vestiges of free speech bequeathed to future generations.

A comedian whose illness founded the Professional Comedians Association for Comical Folks to be protected from unethical club owners should be continued.

I, Lenny Bruce, have commanded my troupes to keep on marching.

A good God and a good cast complete work as needed. A failed system facilitates exploitive policies. We can change many obstacles. Our weapon is love, the most powerful tool ever.

Love is a many-splendored thing. All who commit to love achieve peace and an optimistic outlook.

Lucky in love is a gripping desire to be as one.

Liking someone is a good quality if there is true blue consistent care.

Blessings of love are marvelous, impressive characteristics when there is sharing of closeness and generosity.

Being a celebrity enhances vacancy if one chooses not to practice love. Body and mind are all one, and lack of self-importance reflects sadness, deceiving the mind and allowing no identity.

Linda, in this incarnation, because memorabilia came into your hands, it was tough for you to be held responsible and would have been an atrocious disaster if my stuff was thrown into the garbage. Funny man explicitly tells it all. You have a moral outreach, and continuous effort in this direction derives a flower of pure sweetness. As scripture says, "Doeth to another as one would want done unto thee."

"Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon..." Riddles and rhymes are a result of a carefree spirit and explain nature in balance. Positive influence gives us hope and promise for life in other worlds.

I am delighted to fulfill my calling and gladly betake mystic minds to heaven. I will achieve victory. Thank God, my life has been blessed.

Freedom due to democracy hath formed those who uphold social amnesty. I herein correlate my final legacy as Lenny Bruce: upholding mystical philosophy and civil law. My commitment as a spiritual forecast sets an example of faith. Upon my demise, I will talk beyond the grave. As a medium, Linda is a voltage of energy of persistence and dedication.

I am a historian who hath entered a world beyond.

My mystical effort is a continuation of my defense that took place during the bygone days of heroin.

Dreadful hypocrites do not prohibit juicing up and skid row. I am a mystic who presides in a world of creative, feisty energy. I made my way. Only you can inspire better leaders and ministers to profess among you. Dogma is inclined to shuttle the truth, so help me.

I was a man who possessed a metropolis of stage and musical interest and had not had a modest undertone. Unfortunately, I was stupid to forfeit health. I wish I could give my love to those who held me back and stripped away everything I had. Quietly, I forgive all to justify my name's sake.

Letting go of degradation spares endless infliction of spirit. Shallow and unenlightened souls present no light. Narrow minds have little cleverness and unkind hearts.

We will see enormous fellowship that will surround our hemisphere with blessings. As a result, they will support those who have comforted others.

Linda is directed by our teachings beyond. Her Indian spirit guide Sparrow cherishes the ground she walks on. He is her protector, and she depends on him to direct her through her trip on Earth.

I impart all to uplift, educate, and remove sickness and crime in the executive world. Escalate infinity and, lo and behold, be nice to one another. Love is kind. Let all be free. Have pride in oneself. Preserve hope and believe in fate. Remove darkness. Split fair and square.

Babies are more in touch with heavenly vibes as they have just returned from spirit. Their little hearts are sweet, and they naturally love. When we return, we let it be so we can love fully and be in congruence.

My brilliant career was thwarted as habitual use of heroin caused an outcome of dismay. My words of truth were decimated. As an author from beyond on a higher realm, I have faith as a showman with remorse, as outspoken as I was. Dutiful law-abiding behavior transmits security and hope. It takes fight to resist poor scruples. Narrow-minded ignorance is inefficient. Slander is a setback. Believe in the words of Paul McCartney and insist on "Let It Be." A master of wisdom supplies all one's needs. Basic understanding of these principles is true showmanship.

I regret to say I failed as a victim fighting injustice. I allowed court appeals to entrap me. I stooped to low standards by being drugged. I was a big talent, tongue wagging. Corruption tore a hole through my palate as I feebly stood by as disorder took over.

My adventure as Lenny was an artist saying good night to a clapping audience cheering for more, then walking out bare assed, as if to say, "kiss my butt and go fuck yourself." Explanation: my identity crisis was always a

dread as I feared defeat but was its opponent. My mother, God bless her, is a remnant. Sally got gall!

I should have known to shut up and just be Lenny Alfred Schneider.

I no longer feel left out and alone. I no longer fret and be observant only. It is a necessity to recapture warmth and heartfelt unity with so much goodness. The result is worth the trip. It is pure bliss and nothing like it. You live on a heavenly high of love. We were born to know what it feels like and inspired to get there. It is absolute and divinely created. This is what it is all about, as is life.

If I had a rap poem, it would be:

Dig it, don't dope. It's justice I denote.

I'm a man of my word, as you might have heard.

I wrote this book, as I knew I should.

I quote the truth; I lay it on real tough.

I do it all in the name of love.

Bigotry don't jive.

In ignorance, we won't survive.

We have not worked through abhorrent miscalculations of conduct. Contempt for sacredness is fatal. We have hindered our growth and must evolve. Our government is entitled to liberty. We have pardoned villains and have punished victims. An attitude of "stick em up" and "go get em" denies better judgment. This deceives the mind into thinking wealth is worth behaving poorly. We can fight this. This system has taken every warning pre-disposing our welfare and sanity. Better judgment is the truth and the way.

It is wrong to use a higher power's words to murder out of revenge. By reaping what we sow, we can truly understand my theory as an educator and provider for sane living and a sound mind.

I offer altruism for hope, so help me. I proselytize as a mystic gallant for prophesies. I have regained dignity and can now state Lenny Bruce is a man who is responsible, sane, eclectic, and regenerated. I am wholesome.

Heaven has me. I am at peace as a lover and moralist and have overcome sick comic overdose through sheer will. My spirit is renewed. Thank God, it is over. Amen.

New Lenny is no longer in a night club. New Lenny is not in a strip joint juicing up, nor am I foolish and broken. I believe in hope. The injustice I endured should no longer restrain my right to express myself as there are no more locks and bolts. Speaking freely is justice to who I am now.

I am a recovered prodigy of newness and have surpassed testimony.

I shall talk through Linda, who methodically and scrupulously maintained my words, not allowing anyone to subject her to steal my work or have it get thrown in a garbage pail. She had no greed. She did not let me down. Her heart felt more for me than she understood. That is why she wrote my book, and that's it.

Oh no, it is not quite it. The year is 2023, and we want more!

Since your last writing, I have been assisting ones in physical form and those who passed over. Some are people I knew and many I know now. We process their feelings and graciously support them through their pleas of life's hardships and struggles. We know their yearnings and do not leave them in disarray and misfortune. We give heart-to-heart feedback to expel defeatist patterns of doom and gloom.

For the strung out and crying out loud, just holler and take heart. We know when you feel sapped. You are not alone. We are the soft voice of encouragement. We promise those who believe that miracles do happen. Just remember, I am in another realm but in your sphere.

When my spirit broke, I cried from pain and torment. After leaving my body, I was bathed with love by many who were with me. No rejection. No one knocked my lights out. No barracudas, bullies, or bastardly behavior. I was restored.

For the children

Children are very special people. Let them revel in their childhood gaiety. They are efficient souls who are receptive to joy, love, hope, and pure sentiment. When we return to bodily life, we are born as children.

Oh, children, it's your nature to discover. You are wise and know not hate nor fear if your safety is ensured. We must protect you. Many of you are troubled and worried.

Let their spirits thrive. They must not be hindered, shut out or feel glued to the gloom "Will we be safe in school? Will we live another day into tomorrow?"

Don't abuse. Don't shoot. Don't slay.

Weaponry is the battle for protection of life, property, and military needs.

The gun industry is for profit above life, claiming the 2nd Amendment of (right to bear arms).

It is tormenting seeing those murdered, especially children, where life means little by the dissatisfied and needy, who have tumbled, been discarded, and frowned upon. They are hurt and have been thrust into an abominable, stagnating existence, unable to nurture. These individuals splatter from discouragement and break down. We mourn their grievances. They are fallen children whose inner child is a shell of despair.

No child ever born should ever need to be shielded from slaughter. These assassins are grappling with madness and mishaps, fumigating racing thoughts of illogical insanity using guns as a last resort. One whose obsession to kill needs to be healed of their desire to strike out.

Alien forces and UFOs

You will discover over the course of this decade that alien forces do exist and will relieve conspiracy theories of satanic thinking.

Rome was an empire of zealots and rascals who ignited planet earth with alien forces who are here to stay.

UFOs seen will descend their ship on our planet to cease the atom bomb's tendencies that would destroy humanity.

These incredible intergalactic travelers are men and women who are embodied, slender, kind, glistening figures, highly intelligent, and messianic in nature. They are dedicated to preserving our earth and beyond our galaxy decorously by their mind-blowing capabilities. Their expert advice will empower and sustain us with conscious love and sanity, by virtue of their advanced celestial perfection. The monumental encounters with these foreigners will reside with us along with other cosmic beings.

Their aircraft is circular with rapid superconductivity made of pure titanium; housing engines designed with superb pure fusion way advanced of human knowing. The spaceship accelerates at an unimaginable momentous flow of speed equivalent to atomic energy in reverse, delivering jet fuel without fuel—quality and quantity are never lacking.

Your daughter Kitty launched the Lenny Bruce Foundation in 2008 for those who are drug addicted.

I am proud of her, for lives have been saved, due to instilled self-care, as long as there is a lasting bond of good connections and counseling for those who have lost their way. I grieve for those who perished from Junkieville whose spirits have not risen to the light of enhancement.

Kitty commemorated you with an exhibit at Brandeis University in 2016. As of 2018, the exhibit has been permanently displayed at the National Comedy Center in Jamestown, New York.

All those involved were good-hearted. It was a well-done display and the best tribute to honor me. My blessings.

Comics are assaulted on stage.

It is gruesome! I am astounded and angry. What a disgrace interrupting an entertainer's performance!

When people walked out on me, I felt frozen, frantic, upset, and in disbelief. I was abused and demoralized, not being able to perform.

Being arrested was far worse, as I was obtrusive and imprudent, but submissive to my persistent viewpoints. I continued to seek rationalizations, a pittance of modest support of rubbish bargaining.

My arrogance was harsh reality, when I glaringly told the truth and was betrayed by myself and others.

I was a marksman at martyrdom.

I was bitter with feverish recompence, sabotaging my career. I continued to seek Hashem (God's Help).

Actors performing as you.

I congratulate the fine actors who skillfully satirize and totally absorb my instincts. I am in awe of all the Lenny's impersonating my style and the depth of them creating my character. I have the fullest respect for their positive portrayal of me.

Impersonations are well meaning and soothe longings in my absence, expressing my heart on a slab—not periled, nor inflated. There is no one stopping my words anymore from others' mouths, for they are not governed by self-serving irreverence, being able to speak freely, not fearing undue criticism. My spirit does not speak for approval to absolve past infractions. I speak solely to impart wisdom.

As said, I am not old Lenny no more, no more. It is new Lenny where I am profoundly enriched in spirit. I do not long for my past life financial exploitations, carrying the weight of society's hang-ups while seeking popularity by hammering my hipness shenanigans.

After my passing, I perished as a comedian. My goal is to leave you a true autobiography of *Lenny Bruce Without Tears* beyond the grave to keep my legacy alive.

My love to all the lovers of Lenny—many more houses. Praise be to preserve life.

The tune from “When Johnny Comes Marching Home.”

*This song is for my devoted fans, ah hah, ah hah.
I speak the truth with no more bans, ah hah, ah hah.
My spirit reins free as it should,
No risqué rants past meshuggs.
And I’ll keep on fighting.
As free speech must go on.*

(Meshuggeneh is Yiddish for foolish or crazy person. Meshugg for short.)

How about the Posthumous Pardon by New York Governor George Pataki on December 23, 2003, for a 1964 obscenity conviction, which was a declaration to uphold the First Amendment?

I felt ok about it. Why just ok? I believe in the First Amendment for Freedom of Speech in the United States Constitution. I should have never been arrested, indicted, or convicted on the grounds of free expression.

Those who swear to tell the truth for free expression

I am the conveyer of honesty for brave heroes, who will dissent from conformity at risk to themselves. Such heroes challenge those in power who wish to stifle free thought.

*My former self was Lenny Bruce.
Had many dreams and goal pursuits.
Was feisty candid on a roll.
Thus, persecution took its toll.
Gone too soon with a dampened soul.*

My words are an expression of my deeds, affection, needs, and dreams, as words have the power to heal and change our future. My entitlement as a word master is a privilege to better the human condition. They describe the pinnacle of my life. *Man, I've had some strange expeditions.*

You have my sentiment, and I hope and pray my knowledge gives your hearts guidance. As said, my mission as Lenny Bruce is not sensational, downtrodden, or one who had sadly succumbed.

I speak.

I instruct.

I reflect.

I stimulate.

I discuss.

I mean what I say.

I talk.

I'll keep talking.

I am in the afterlife.

No holds barred.

No hangups.

We have etiquette.

Regarding 9/11

Poor and lax measures doomed us. All the snippets of intelligence went nowhere. Nobody seemed to question why a bunch of Saudi Arabian flight school students never inquired on how to take off and land planes, only how to fly them. This horrible attack could have been prevented with some critical thinking and vigilance.

The Attack on the Capitol and our democracy

It was an intrusively planned deliberate plot to seize and steal President Joe Biden's position.

Do not worry. We spirits are on to all their hypocritical distortions of America who want to destroy democracy and the preservation of our constitution.

President Biden has been working with allies (Europe, for example) on Ukrainian aid. A good committee can lead to steady consensus and stability.

It is important to use diplomacy to avoid unnecessary conflicts and uncertainty. Militarism leads to tensions and resentment. Biden's approach is to work with all nations to resolve disputes.

Those with slippery slope of sloppy undertakings are mean-spirited. They weaken those who do not display their cynicism as they conceal atrocities through dishonor.

We in spirit will eliminate dangerous influences that demean prosperity and peaceful notions. No one is above our lawful system.

Nuclear fallout threatens earth and all living things. We will never allow maneuvers disturbing our home and beyond.

Masters of faith and our army will keep America with the Liberty Bell ringing.

Extremism is depraved and impure. Those involved are outcasts ruining their lives and others.

Ignorant conspiracies and persistent lies with prolonged arrogance submit cruel authoritarian prejudice.

Those who hail oppressive kings will not prosper in the new millennium. They will be continuously misled, unless they learn to accept proper teachings of evolved scribes of free will.

Whoa! And no go to useless negative being's destabilizing our planet, hemisphere, atmosphere, and beyond.

Science must not be destroyed by disgraceful negligence, decimating proper tools for our preservation.

Future generations are at risk of inability to cope with festering depression and feelings of inadequacy. We are up in arms over this calamity.

Wage one's war through methods of language, facilitating peaceful measures.

Every man, woman, and child possess talents to become their greater selves.

I urge to never be part of no man's land; getting laid and high without being productive or careful is over indulging and losing it. Life is less of a struggle if we set achievable goals.

Poverty and the economy

Severe poverty of human rights is an atrocity, debilitating and inexcusable for impoverished ones, compounded by a pandemic of one variant after another. Injustice in the economy does not allow needs of those less fortunate. There are endless levities of inhumane and meager clamoring for civility among those longing for peace and freedom. Environmental concerns emerge through neglect and bad decision-making which causes desperation.

From your spiritual perception, what did you think of the Woodstock Music and Arts Festival in 1969 in Bethel, New York?

Woodstock was a big trip. It was a grab bag of events that shook the earth with tremendous thunderous roar of "Acceptance."

It was a priceless and vigorous musical feast. "Chaos at its Best." It was nothing but Peace and Music. I especially dug Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, and enjoyed their sonic blend of uplifting harmonies.

Tell us about music in the spirit world

There are rhythms and harmonies all of us build to a crescendo of such caliber and magnifico. Our concert concertos are beyond comprehension of human concept of understanding. We are our own orchestras together, with breathtaking sonatas, cascading, serenading, music with incredible passion and peace. Applause here is sheer pleasure of senses so exhilarating, it is mind baffling.

Has your spirit appeared to anyone?

Yes, I have manifested, but not suddenly. My persona was direct, but my visual affect was not forbidding one to know it was me. I am too formidable and cognizant who I can show myself to.

I materialized with responsible etiquette that was unassuming. Total letting go of ego is laborious but unconfining. As said earlier, the process of ectoplasmic gases is how our spirits can visualize.

Freddie Prinze's spirit manifested because he was entranced by my being and knew the fate of the memorabilia and this channeling.

We really know ourselves and each other.

We are all significant.

Morality is the utmost wisdom.

We are everlasting.

No one is the odd one out.

We refrain from pain and fighting.

We respect and console each other.

We seek, we learn, we know.

Book of Proverbs—"Take heart and cleanse thy soul."

Banish dismay and undesirable falsehoods of character and bitterness.

Positive energy flow ignites passion and fine tunes beams of mystical knowledge.

Passion and purpose focused on sharing illuminate grand, gripping energy. It is like a crystal that casts a healing force, powerful, and glowing. The sanctimonious greatness is the true sanctimony of peace.

Kindness relieves sadness, stress, and anger.

Peace will be restored and shall prevail.

The power of money with the evil of greed confines souls to defeat and dread.

The mother ship is the conveyor of spirits to and from the earthly and heavenly realm.

Monstrous deception occurs as evil rages and madness triggers deeper deception.

Integrity and expert approach results in mindful obedience beyond our life cycle as divine judgment is duty. We teach the greatest wisdom and find peace of mind. For example, all too often, man seeks easy intellectual and spiritual solutions, choosing the path of least resistance, thus avoiding the necessary rigors of life that will strengthen us.

I am limitless.

I am a guardian.

I am a lightning rod to the wicked as control is their goal.

Destruction is the result of utmost insanity.

I am peace for the peaceful.

I instill credibility in life beyond which is incredulous and meaningful.

I am intensity with wise intentions.

The baffled and the disbelievers proclaim that the kingdom come is an untruth and will not happen. The kingdom come is guaranteed.

Believe in miracles.

Dwell in the light, as the light is might, and darkness will disintegrate.

I prophesize life beyond by exhilarating providences in the universe.

I teach wise prophecies through wonderment and thought transference, after commenting on society's ills on earth. I have released my legal transcripts with no shame.

I have sustained dignity and hierarchy through master ability. Prophetic beings pledge responsibility for strict adherence for social justice.

Paradise is an indelible wonderment of the senses, whereby beauty is extraordinary bristling with mystical knowledge.

Passion focused on sharing is a healing force so powerful and glowing we are fulfilled.

Glory, Glorious, Gracious Grandeur.

The need for greed is a loss of soul accomplishment and the darkest seeds of destruction, even in the well-bred.

Laxity lame compulsive disorders encourage poor philosophies with downgrading results.

I matter.

You matter.

Atone dismay, bitterness, and undesirable falsehoods of character. Those not willing to compromise sow the seeds of destruction. We are hip to grievances and impervious nasties of unjust governments who do not teach laws of wisdom and endurance, saving our earth and life. We will prevent dissociative psychopaths from enabling evil at its worst.

Thumbs up to all who read and appreciate my goal of faith.

In life beyond our physical plane, we go from kindergarten to graduate school and learn to co-exist with nature. It is true love—an adventure beyond the scope of human knowledge.

Animals also rest here. We love and cradle them like children. Elephants are particularly endearing. I appreciate the intelligence of all creatures.

Rejuvenating and soothing positive energy centers our nervous system. The wrong kind of energy is taxing. The temptation to fall into our ego leads us to stress, which is our ultimate undoing.

We win if we exude love.

In battle, there is a sense of loss to kill or be killed.

Man must surrender impermanence and not be held captive by earthly life which leads to madness.

Lack of livelihood can distort and peril the mind from seeking reverence for themselves and peaceful thinking.

We can restore true love of life without nurturing defeatism, reckless endangerment, and needless suffering.

Be free and clear.

Mind your thoughts as thoughts are things.

Life here is a funny world of love.

We laugh to laugh, and raucous nuances always occur. We are proud to say that laughter does not end after death as our spirits are mightily uplifted. We have a high so magnificent our beings are truly magical. We do not have taboos and cook with no hindrances in our paths.

No money honey woe is me.

We are all privileged.

We are all stars.

We are all peers.

We beam like stars so bright.

We are like the cannonball that takes off filter-free.

It is over fifty-seven years later. To me who cares. Age is bliss from learning to be our true selves.

Worship of fun is joy pronounced. It is wonderful, and important to enjoy your experiences and share joy with others.

More on the Laws of Karma

Karma is the proof of a system that is an ethical absolute cause-and-effect evidence.

To be our best selves, we must be back in body and commit to karma. We must rise above mistakes from past lives to free our spirits through reincarnation.

If you intentionally end your life, the pain and suffering of loved ones will be revealed, especially from the agony of sudden loss. You will unfortunately face pain as you cannot undo a death. Your own murder is irreversible.

There are many who were grateful they had a second chance as their deaths were prevented.

Find a sense of purpose and a community for comfort and solace to not feel alone. Not having this security is more destructive than any other form of pain and more likely to be nihilistic.

The glories of the afterlife are a reminder of our present life, even with its pain and sorrow.

On a light note, “It is great to be back, folks! So where was I before they hauled my ass off the stage?”

Truth is hysterically hilarious. It is consistently comforting and satisfying.

Silliness is contagious as harmless patter encourages good behavior. Limitations are relieved, and we become the best of ourselves.

No madness.

No badness.

Just pure joy, peace, and laughter.

We are the Woodstock beyond—one big joyous celebration when our spirits learn the truth and way—Godspeed.

I am a funny man still.

Hi, dilly, hi, dilly, hi, oh.

I am riding so high like a kite in the sky.

I am beaming with light so bright it is contagious here.

We laugh at everything.

We laugh at ourselves.

We do not care what we say because all we feel is care.

I am floating around thinking, “What is so funny about being funny?”

Honesty is a revelation of being totally absorbed in the moment of not holding back opinions, insights, and facts—no barriers to expression. Behold! A fabulous reflex of commentary of human traits and knowing thyself.

Laughing at oneself is a recognition of truth.

I am blissful and giddy in a state of rejoice.

My madman run of Lenny Bruce is over.

You can't take it with you.

You don't need to take anything if you're hip to the knowledge that life goes on forever.

Our souls have constant adventure.

So don't be a schmo.

Just let it all go.

Swing with a positive flow.

Give it all you've got.

Be a mensche and a wo-mensche.

Elohim – Shalom Aleichem!

I am honored to have channeled the spirit of Lenny Bruce and the memory of a great man, who was a deep-thinking comic and fighter for morality.

Highly evolved spiritual forces are our protectors and teachers who are kind, caring, and emphatic. They assist us through our lives' accomplishments and hurdles. Forces of angels and guides through mediumship bestow synchronicity of a high vibratory state. We are healthier and more aligned when we quiet our mind and become our true authentic selves.

ABOUT THE MEDIUM/AUTHOR

LINDA was born and raised in Glen Cove, Long Island and presently lives in Manhattan.

This book is her first automatic writing experience. She has a background as a comedic and dramatic actress, and a personal fitness trainer. Linda has been a member of the NYC Streetsingers since 1993, a chorus founded by folk legend Pete Seeger. She also performs with the late bebop musician Barry Harris' Jazz Choir.

Visit her Facebook page "Meris the Sea-A Sea Of Hope."

