

Is Ron Paul a Freemason?



Ron Paul giving a Masonic handshake

I found this photo on <http://www.abovetopsecret.com/forum/thread354189/pg1>



Enlarged handshake by Ron Paul

And I always thought Senator Paul was one of the good guys! We can't always go by what a person says, only by what he or she does. As Jesus said "Ye shall know them by their fruits." (Matthew 7:20)



Masonic handshake

Image taken from "www.ephesians5-11.org/handshakes.htm">

"The best way to control the opposition is to lead it ourselves."
– Vladimir Ilyich Lenin

What [Henry Makow Ph.D. has to say about Ron Paul](#).

Monday adventure from Aomori to Niigata



Mr. Kato who took
me to Kuroishi on
the Tohoku
Expressway

April 19, 2010: I had intended to hitchhike back home on Sunday morning but stayed in Aomori city in northern Honshu an extra day to deal with a friend's PC problem. Hitchhiking on a weekend or a holiday is always easier. There are more cars on the road with families traveling longer distances. Weekdays, and especially a **Monday** mean people traveling for business reasons, and they are usually not in a happy mood.

But this morning I had help to get started. Rather than walk to the highway and try to hitchhike 5 kilometers to the Aomori Chuo entrance of the Tohoku expressway, the friend with whom I stayed with offered to drive me there. This gave me a 30 minute head start. My home in Niigata is 580 kilometers distance via the Tohoku and Ban'etsu expressways and I hoped to return the same day.



The Kitayama
brothers who took
me to Hirosaki
Owani interchange.

The first driver, Mr. Kato, said he would only go as far as Kuroishi, about 20 kilometers down the road. The traffic at Kuroishi was only a tiny fraction of Aomori Chuo, and I wondered if I made a mistake taking the ride from Mr.

Kato. I knew the next expressway entrance at Hirosaki Owani would be much better for me, and headed that direction on foot. I knew it was too far to walk all the way, but nevertheless I continued walking down the road until I caught the next ride nearly an hour later. Twin brothers with the family name of Kitayama picked me up! They are highly skilled carpenters who make Buddhist temples and Shinto shrines. One of them said when he was young just after graduating from university, he traveled in Europe for 3 months hitchhiking from place to place. Japanese who have traveled overseas, and the ones who themselves have experienced hitchhiking will usually stop for me.



Former Sumo
wrestler, Yoshi

The most interesting person to pick me up today was Yoshi, a former Sumo wrestler. He said he lived in a Sumo world from 8 years old till 20, and all he wanted to be in life was a professional sumo. But that dream suddenly ended with an injury to his knee. The doctor told him he couldn't wrestle anymore. In despair he left Japan and moved to San Diego to start a new life. There he grew fond of the local Mexican people, and learned to speak Spanish. He also met a Japanese girl in San Diego with whom he fell in love with and expressed that love. She told him, "Yoshi, you know nothing about real love! Come to church with me tonight and learn about love." So he went with her to a Spanish speaking church in San Diego, heard the Gospel of Jesus for the first time in his life, and was so moved with [the Message](#) he wept with emotion! God came into his life that night and by and by, he felt called to become a missionary to Peru! Yoshi described to me in detail life in Peru, the poverty and the lack of morals. And I thought Japan is tough! The Japanese are hard to sell but they do have a strong sense of morals in their culture. Though they don't know the teachings of the New Testament, many Japanese live by its principles better than Westerners who do know the Bible.

Yoshi took me to the Adatara parking area just before the junction of the Ban'estu expressway that goes to Niigata. It was 4:30PM and I still had an hour and a half of sunlight left. The previous time standing at Adatara I caught a ride in only 20 minutes, but 3 hours later by 7:30 I still hadn't caught a ride and was standing in the dark unable to even read the license plates until the car was about to pass me. Over 95% of the traffic was heading toward Tokyo, not toward Niigata. I realized rather than wait for cars to come to me, I would have to walk up to drivers in the parking area, the ones that have Niigata license plates. Normally I don't do this because drivers who do give me rides this way are usually not friendly or talkative, but I was in a desperate situation! The first driver I asked did give me a ride, and I was so grateful to know I would be home in two hours and not have to try to figure out how to sleep at Adatara that night. □

The Food Additive MSG is a Slow Poison



The food additive MSG (Mono-Sodium Glutamate) is a slow poison. MSG hides behind 25 or more names, such as Natural Flavoring.” MSG is even in your favorite coffee from Tim Horton’s and Starbucks coffee shops!

Adventure returning home from Tokyo



Keiko and Tsutomu Uchiya

April 6, 2010: Today is the 11th and last day of my trip. The highlight was to meet Tsutomu and Keiko who took me from Gunma prefecture to the Miyoko parking area in Niigata. They are a married couple in their mid 40s who live in Chiba and work as hair stylists. The interchange Tsutomu and Keiko intended to exit the expressway was a convenient one for me to continue my

journey from, and they opted to go a bit out of their way to take me to one that was better for me. But what ended up to be the best solution, when we stopped at Miyoko parking area, Tsutomu asked a young man with Niigata license plates if he would take me the rest of the way home, and the young man, Mr. Koike, agreed to do so! This saved both them and me time and effort.

Adventure hitchhiking from Osaka to Tokyo



Muslims praying just after sunset at Fujikawa Service area on the Tomei expressway in Shizuoka prefecture. The cherry blossoms over their heads are in full bloom.

April 3, 2010: Osaka was still cold but sunny when I arrived at the Suita Service area on the Meishin expressway at 10:30 AM. The Meishin expressway runs from Nagoya to Kobe. The first driver took me to Gozaisho on the Shin (new) meishin expressway which is just before Nagoya. He said he is 50 years old and married. Both him and his wife are afflicted with some type of mental illness and cannot hold a job. The man was friendly but his driving caused me some alarm at times because it was a bit erratic.

At Gozaisho a van with four ladies and an elderly man took me to Hamanoko Service area just before Hamamatsu. Hamanoko SA is a good place to hitchhike because it is on the Tomei expressway, a direct road to Tokyo. One of the ladies is studying English and spoke it fairly well though she has never been abroad. She studies on her own only with the aid of NHK radio English classes.

After an unusually long wait of about an hour at Hamanako, a young single couple named Dai and Marika took me to the Enshutoyota parking area just past

Hamamatsu, only 20 some kilometers further up the road. He would have taken me a bit further to a larger service area, but I didn't want them to go out of their way and there seemed to be enough vehicles at the parking area to easily catch a ride. But after a few minutes at the parking area, I realized most of the traffic was local and wondered if I made a mistake getting off there. I had yet another long wait for the next ride. However, I've learned from experience that the times I waited the longest often ended with the best results. God would send somebody special that would make it worth the wait.

At Enshutoyota a saw a group of young men wearing what appeared be an Islamic type of garb. Some had beards. An hour later a van with the same men drove past me but stopped about 20 meters down the parking lot. I picked up my luggage and approached them. There were 7 in all averaging 22 years old, all university students on a scholarship. Most were from Pakistan but at least one was from Bangladesh. I saw their van had Aomori plates and knew they would pass through Tokyo! All spoke English but would also speak either in Japanese or their own mother tongue to each other. All were frendly and seemed glad to offer me a ride.

Their names are Mustafiz, the man from Bangladesh who I sat next to, Mahatir who sat on the other side of Mustafiz, Arif the driver and another Arif, the front passenger next to him. Behind me sat Shazree, next to him Pika, and Izzul on the far window side. Mustafiz, 24, had the longest beard.

After two hours we arrived at the Fujikawa Service area. Mustafiz said they needed to stop and pray. It was 6 PM and the sun was about to set. They said I could wait in the car while they prayed, but I thought it would be wonderful to witness them praying, and asked if I could be with them. No problem they said. There was a beautiful view of Mt. Fuji and I hoped to take their photo in front of it. After prayer, they said, but by that time it was already too dark.

I was greatly impressed at the young Muslims' dedication, faithfulness and devotion to God. I asked them many questions about their life and religion. We exchanged different views and doctrines about faith, but there was no debating or arguing. I told them I never ever believed that Islamic fundamentalists had anything to do with [911](#).