

# February 26, 2014 Hitchhike Adventure to Aomori



Route 345 and the Sea of Japan near Majima Station, Murakami City, Niigata Prefecture.

Today was partially overcast with dark snow clouds. It snowed from time to time. Nevertheless I made it as far as Odate City in 8 vehicles.

Car #2 was Mr. Kawahara who works with Honda motor company selling car parts. I may see him again at the local Home Center in March. He took me to Tsuruoka city. From there a lady took me a bit further to the Route 7 bypass in Tsuruoka.

Car #4 was Mr. Masayuki Morita who took me from Tsuruoka City to exactly where I wanted to go in Sakata City, about 20 kilometers up the road. His destination was actually only part way to Sakata. Mr. Morita understands hitchhikers well because he himself is an experienced hitchhiker who traveled 10 years ago all the way to the southern end of Kyushu island to the city of Kanoshima! It took him 5 days!

It was snowing rather heavily when I got to Ikura Sakura just past Akita City. A lady, driver #7, offered me a ride. She saw my sign that said "Noshiro" which is the next major town up the road. Before getting in the car, the lady confessed to me she suffers from panic attacks. After sitting next to her in the front seat, I immediately laid my hand on her shoulder and prayed for her healing in the Name of Jesus Christ! She smiled and seemed to appreciate it. She's on medicine. I told her panic attacks is a spiritual problem that can only be solved though spiritual – good counseling and reading wholesome books, especially the Bible.



Ishikawa in HIrosaki City, a scene on my way walking to the Tohoku expressway IC.



Truck that took me to Chojahara SA  
in Miyagi Prefecture.

The next day on the way back I successfully hitchhiked all the way home on the Tohoku Expressway! The very first vehicle was a truck on the way to Sendai. It's very rare for long distance truck drivers to pick me up these days.

The second car was two ladies on their way to Murata city just past Sendai. I was thankful to go with them to get past Sendai. They took me to Sugo parking area.



Tourist Bus to  
Adatara SA

The 3rd vehicle was a tourist bus with two ladies, the driver and the guide! I think this is only the 3rd or 4th time ever to get picked up by a bus! They took me to Adatara SA which is just before the Banetsu Junction in Fukushima Prefecture. It was getting dark by the time we arrived which made a blurry photo.

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## [Mid Winter Hitchhike Adventure to Aomori](#)





Route 345 near Majima station, Murakami City, Niigata Prefecture

**February 15, 2014** According to yesterday's weather forecast, I expected it to snow all day and was prepared to take a train from Niigata City to Hirosaki in Aomori Prefecture. But at 7:30 a.m. because the weather was fair, I decided to get off the train at Majima station and hitchhike.

The traffic was sparse. After 30 minutes waiting at the spot on the road which you see in the photo, I decided to walk. This way I would stay warmer. I hoped drivers would take pity on me seeing me in a more isolated spot away from the town. Today was the longest walk I had up Route 345 – a full hour. A man in a fine car offered to take me 10 kilometers further. Later he decided to take me as far as Route 7 which was much better for me. Route 7 is the main highway going to Hirosaki.



Couple who took me 190 kilometers  
to Akita Station

After a relatively short wait near the intersection of Route 7 and Route 345, a couple on their way to Akita City pulled up and offered me a ride. Going all the way to Akita city in a single ride is outstanding! It has taken me as many as 6 cars to get that distance! The ride was a good 3 hours. They were interested in why I hitchhike and all the various experiences I've had hitchhiking.

From Akita station I took a train to Ikawa Sakura station, 400 yen distance, and hitchhiked again. Three vehicles with two drivers who were ladies took me to Odate Station from where I got a train the rest of the way. It started to snow and was getting dark by the time I got to Odate.



Route 7 Nagamine, Akita Prefecture. Home is 400 kilometers ahead.

After my business the next day, I took a train to Nagamine Station and hitchhiked on the road you see in the photo above. The driver, a young man, took me to the desolate area you see in the photo which was about 15 kilometers further up the road.



Part way from Nagamine to Odate.

I didn't exactly relish getting off there because I knew traffic would be

sparse, but the first driver who saw me stopped! It was a light truck. The driver was on his way to Odate City. He took me to the entrance of the bypass which would take me to the other side of Odate.



Miss Ako who took me to Akita Station from Odate, about 100 kilometers distance.

My last experience at that location was a long wait of over an hour. I decided to now show my sign showing the destination of Akita City and held out my thumb instead. I learned there is a time to use a sign, and not to use one. It bore fruit and I got a ride to the other side of Odate from an older gentleman only a few minutes later. He took me to a convenience store and advised me to wait for cars from customers who stop at the store. He also advised me to show drivers my Akita sign. I heeded his advice. Only a few minutes a young lady pulled up, smiled and offered me a ride!

Her name is Ako Yoshida, 36, single and works as a personnel director at a shopping center in Odate. It was very pleasant to talk to her the next hour. I hope to see her again.

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## 2014 Winter Hitchhike Adventure to Osaka



On a snowy morning of January 17, after a 5 minute bike ride to the local train station where I park my bicycle and from where I walk to the highway, just a few meters away from the station my right foot slipped on the snow, hit a rock in the road, and my ankle twisted badly with excruciating pain! January 17th was to be the first long hitchhike trip this year. I was headed

to Tokyo which is about 300 kilometers or 188 miles from home.

I hobbled back to the train station to inspect the damage. My ankle was visibly swollen as you see in the photo. I thought I might still be OK to travel. There was a train coming soon that would take me as far as the Hokuriku Expressway interchange. But upon further reflection and increasing pain, I decided to abort the trip. Thankfully I didn't have to limp in pain back home. I had the bicycle to ride back with.



Medical equipment consultants from Sendai. They took me from Yoneyama SA to Kureha parking area in Toyama Prefecture.

After praying for healing in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and applying a liberal amount of God's natural peppermint oil from the [Young Living Essential Oils](#) company thanks to the good advice of my friend Jonas who lives in Satama, by February 7th the ankle healed to the point I could walk without a limp again! There was no urgent need to travel to Tokyo at this time, and because my friends in Kyoto and Otsu city in the Kansai area wanted to see me, so I decided to travel to Kansai which includes Osaka and Kobe.

The first destination was Osaka, 606 kilometers or 379 miles from where I live in Niigata City. It's only 40 some minutes drive past Kyoto. This time I hitchhiked it in 9 vehicles in 13 hours. This includes time walking from home to the local highway, and taking a short bus ride in Osaka. The total cost of transportation was 210 yen or about \$2.00 US.

It took me two rides to get to the Hokuriku expressway in Sanjo city, about 27 kilometers from home. The second car was a man in his 70s. He stopped about 100 meters up Route 8. I wasn't sure he was stopping for me but sure enough, he was! The man was on his way to Nagaoka City. He graciously took me to Sakae parking area which saved me the usual 180 yen bus fare from Sanjo where most people drop me off.

The weather was mostly fair. It snowed a little bit at Yoneyama service area. In this part of Japan sprinklers are used to melt the snow. I had to be careful where I walked not to get my feet or legs wet.

I got stuck for about an hour at Fudojo parking area just before Kanazawa. A van with 4 ladies and 2 men took me just past Kanazawa to Tokumitsu SA, a much larger service area. This is the halfway mark and it was only 2 p.m.! I knew I would make it to Osaka that day.



Driver #8: Man from Noda City who took me from Onagatani parking just

before Fukui City to Shizugataka  
Service Area in Shiga Prefecture.

The final car, #9, was the most fun. A lady with 4 young children on her way to Kobe saw my Osaka sign and pulled over. She spoke in English and asked me what I was doing. I told her I am a missionary who shares the Gospel of Jesus Christ with the Japanese. She asked me for an ID and I handed her my alien registration card. Normally people do not interrogate me before boarding their vehicle, but I could understand her concern seeing that the ages of her four children ranged from 14 to only 11 months old! Her name is Kanako and she became convinced I am who I say I am and told me to get in the back with her 3 younger children.

It was fun because I was able to help car for the 11 month old baby. I fed him small pieces of bread. When he began to cry Kanako asked me to sing him, "Amazing Grace". The baby stopped crying immediately! And I had a lively conversation with Kanako who lived 4 years in Kentucky studying at a university. First we spoke mostly in English but then for some reason toward the end she switched to Japanese. Was it to test me? If so, I passed.

After visiting friends in Osaka, Kyoto and Otsu city in Shiga Prefecture which is the neighboring city to Kyoto, I hitchhiked back to Niigata from Otsu Service area in only 4 vehicles.



American Sherry and Japanese  
Takashi



Takashi's and Sherry's 3 legged  
dog.

The drivers of car #2 who took me to Toyama Prefecture from Shiga were the most interesting. It was a Japanese / American couple, Takashi and Sherry who were on their way home. They had 3 little dogs with them, and one of the dogs only has 3 legs! It was born that way. They rescued it from an animal shelter.

I love dogs and showed her the photos of the 3 dogs I've cared for so far since living in Niigata. Sherry is from Sacramento where I used to live when an Airman stationed at McClellan AFB in 1971. I was very impressed at how well Takashi spoke English and the amount of his vocabulary. He even knows words like "oxymoron". Probably 99% of Japanese people who speak English do not know that word.

The last driver, car number 4 was on his way to Noda City in Chiba. At first he said he would take me to Nadachitanihama which is just before Joetsu City but then changed his mind and took me all the way to Ozumi Parking area just

before Nagaoka.

The man is a mountain climber who climbed most of the famous mountains in Japan. He also climbed mountains in the USA, and hitchhiked with two other men from Yosemite Park in California to Yellowstone park in Wyoming. It took them four days!

It was dark when I arrived at Ozumi parking area near Nagaoka. The parking area is small and the cars few. But this parking area had a convenient highway bus stop which many parking areas do not have, and it was only 10 minutes wait till the next bus. I took it to Tsubame Sanjo. From there I walked about an hour to Higashi Sanjo station, and then took a train home. The total cost of transportation that day was 1070 yen, about \$11.00.

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## Should a Christian observe the Sabbath?



Colossians 2:16 ¶**Let no man therefore judge you** in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holyday, or of the new moon, or of the **sabbath days**:

I admire my Seventh Day Adventist friends for their love for God's Word and obedience to what they believe God's Word is telling them to do, but as far as Sabbath day observance goes, the bottom line for me is the New Testament does not teach it! In Acts chapter 15 when the Apostles disputed whether the Gentiles need to keep the Laws of Moses or not, the conclusion was they need to keep only 4 precepts:

Acts 15:20 But that we write unto them, that they abstain from  
(1) pollutions of idols,  
(2) and from fornication,



- (3) and from things strangled,
- (4) and from blood.

Notice Sabbath day observance is *not* one of them!

I don't judge my SDA friends for feeling it necessary to observe the Sabbath, and I do think it is important to take at least one day a week off to rest, pray, and have more time study God's Word, but the New Testament does not tell me that day of rest must Saturday.

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## Born and raised in a North Korean concentration camp



The story of Shin Dong-Hyuk who was born on November 19, 1982 into slavery as a political prisoner in a North Korean concentration camp. He never knew love or affection from his parents. He barely had enough to eat. He was tortured by prison guards when 14 years old after his mother and brother tried to escape. He eventually managed to escape and is now living in South Korea.

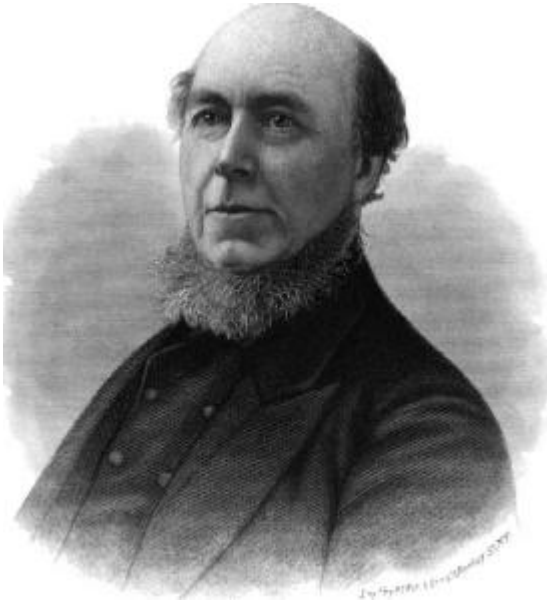
Dennis Rodman visits a country whose oppressive and tyrannical government is starving its own people in the countryside and abusing them in concentration camps. He goes there to play basketball and fraternize with the "Great Leader"? Dennis, shame on you!

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## Catholic priest takes away widow's



## last resource of food to pay for Mass for her dead husband



Charles Chiniquy

This is from chapter 5 of Charles Chiniquy's book "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome." I enjoy sharing my favorite stories from that book with my wife to help her learn English and for the pure inspiration of learning lessons from one of the most godly Christian authors I have ever read.

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### **The Priest, Purgatory, and the Poor Widow's Cow**

I arrived at home on the 17th of July, 1821, and spent the afternoon and evening till late by my father's side. With what pleasure did he see me working difficult problems in algebra, and even in geometry! for under my teacher, Mr. Jones, I had really made rapid progress in those branches. More than once I noticed tears of joy in my father's eyes when, taking my slate, he saw that my calculations were correct. He also examined me in grammar. "What an admirable teacher this Mr. Jones must be," he would say, "to have advanced a child so much in the short space of fourteen months!"

How sweet to me, but how short, were those hours of happiness passed between my good mother and my father! We had family worship. I read the fifteenth chapter of Luke, the return of the prodigal son. My mother then sang a hymn of joy and gratitude, and I went to bed with my heart full of happiness to take the sweetest sleep of my life. But, O God! what an awful awakening Thou hadst prepared for me!

About four o'clock in the morning heartrending screams fell upon my ear. I recognized my mother's voice.

"What is the matter, dear mother?"

"Oh, my dear child, you have no more a father! He is dead!"

In saying these words she lost consciousness and fell on the floor!

While a friend who had passed the night with us gave her proper care, I hastened to my father's bed. I pressed him to my heart, I kissed him, I covered him with my tears, I moved his head, I pressed his hands, I tried to lift him up on his pillow: I could not believe that he was dead! It seemed to me that even if dead he would come back to life that God could not thus take my father away from me at the very moment when I had come back to him after so long an absence! I knelt to pray to God for the life of my father. But my tears and cries were useless. He was dead! He was already cold as ice!

Two days after he was buried. My mother was so overwhelmed with grief that she could not follow the funeral procession. I remained with her as her only earthly support. Poor mother! How many tears thou hast shed! What sobs came from thine afflicted heart in those days of supreme grief!

Though I was very young, I could understand the greatness of our loss, and I mingled my tears with those of my mother.

What pen can portray what takes place in the heart of a woman when God takes suddenly her husband away in the prime of his life, and leaves her alone, plunged in misery, with three small children, two of whom are even too young to know their loss! How long are the hours of the day for the poor widow who is left alone, and without means, among strangers! How painful the sleepless night to the heart which has lost everything! How empty a house is left by the eternal absence of him who was its master, support, and father! Every object in the house and every step she takes remind her of her loss and sinks the sword deeper which pierces her heart. Oh, how bitter are the tears which flow from her eyes when her youngest child, who as yet does not understand the mystery of death, throws himself into her arms and says: "Mamma, where is papa? Why does he not come back? I am lonely!"

My poor mother passed through those heartrending trials. I heard her sobs during the long hours of the day, and also during the longer hours of the night. Many times I have seen her fall upon her knees to implore God to be merciful to her and to her three unhappy orphans. I could do nothing then to comfort her, but love her, pray and weep with her!

Only a few days had elapsed after the burial of my father when I saw Mr. Courtois, the parish priest, coming to our house (he who had tried to take away our Bible from us). He had the reputation of being rich, and as we were poor and unhappy since my father's death, my first thought was that he had come to comfort and to help us. I could see that my mother had the same hopes. She welcomed him as an angel from heaven. The least gleam of hope is so sweet to one who is unhappy!

From his very first words, however, I could see that our hopes were not to be realized. He tried to be sympathetic, and even said something about the

confidence that we should have in God, especially in times of trial; but his words were cold and dry.

Turning to me, he said:

"Do you continue to read the Bible, my little boy?"

"Yes, sir," answered I, with a voice trembling with anxiety, for I feared that he would make another effort to take away that treasure, and I had no longer a father to defend it.

Then, addressing my mother, he said:

"Madam, I told you that it was not right for you or your child to read that book."

My mother cast down her eyes, and answered only by the tears which ran down her cheeks.

That question was followed by a long silence, and the priest then continued:

"Madam, there is something due for the prayers which have been sung, and the services which you requested to be offered for the repose of your husband's soul. I will be very much obliged to you if you pay me that little debt."

"Mr. Courtis," answered my mother, "my husband left me nothing but debts. I have only the work of my own hands to procure a living for my three children, the eldest of whom is before you. For these little orphans' sake, if not for mine, do not take from us the little that is left."

"But, madam, you do not reflect. Your husband died suddenly and without any preparation; he is therefore in the flames of purgatory. If you want him to be delivered, you must necessarily unite your personal sacrifices to the prayers of the Church and the masses which we offer."

"As I said, my husband has left me absolutely without means, and it is impossible for me to give you any money," replied my mother.

"But, madam, your husband was for a long time the only notary of Mal Bay. He surely must have made much money. I can scarcely think that he has left you without any means to help him now that his desolation and sufferings are far greater than yours."

"My husband did indeed coin much money, but he spent still more. Thanks to God, we have not been in want while he lived. But lately he got this house built, and what is still due on it makes me fear that I will lose it. He also bought a piece of land not long ago, only half of which is paid and I will, therefore, probably not be able to keep it. Hence I may soon, with my poor orphans, be deprived of everything that is left us. In the meantime I hope, sir, that you are not a man to take away from us our last piece of bread."

"But, madam, the masses offered for the rest of your husband's soul must be paid for," answered the priest.

My mother covered her face with her handkerchief and wept.

As for me, I did not mingle my tears with hers this time. My feelings were not those of grief, but of anger and unspeakable horror. My eyes were fixed on the face of that man who tortured my mother's heart. I looked with tearless eyes upon the man who added to my mother's anguish, and made her weep more bitterly than ever. My hands were clenched, as if ready to strike. All my muscles trembled; my teeth chattered as if from intense cold. My greatest sorrow was my weakness in the presence of that big man, and my not being able to send him away from our house, and driving him far away from my mother.

I felt inclined to say to him: "Are you not ashamed, you who are so rich, to come to take away the last piece of bread from our mouths?" But my physical and moral strength were not sufficient to accomplish the task before me, and I was filled with regret and disappointment.

After a long silence, my mother raised her eyes, reddened with tears, towards the priest and said:

"Sir, you see that cow in the meadow, not far from our house? Her milk and the butter made from it form the principal part of my children's food. I hope you will not take her away from us. If, however, such a sacrifice must be made to deliver my poor husband's soul from purgatory, take her as payment of the masses to be offered to extinguish those devouring flames."

The priest instantly arose, saying, "Very well, madam," and went out.

Our eyes anxiously followed him; but instead of walking towards the little gate which was in front of the house, he directed his steps towards the meadow, and drove the cow before him in the direction of his home.

At that sight I screamed with despair: "Oh, my mother! he is taking our cow away! What will become of us?"

Lord Nairn had given us that splendid cow when it was three months old. Her mother had been brought from Scotland, and belonged to one of the best breeds of that country. I fed her with my own hands, and had often shared my bread with her. I loved her as a child always loves an animal which he has brought up himself. She seemed to understand and love me also. From whatever distance she could see me, she would run to me to receive my caresses, and whatever else I might have to give her. My mother herself milked her; and her rich milk was such delicious and substantial food for us.

My mother also cried out with grief as she saw the priest taking away the only means heaven had left her to feed her children.

Throwing myself into her arms, I asked her: "Why have you given away our cow? What will become of us? We shall surely die of hunger?"

"Dear child," she answered. "I did not think the priest would be so cruel as to take away the last resource which God had left us. Ah! if I had believed him to be so unmerciful I would never have spoken to him as I did. As you

say, my dear child, what will become of us? But have you not often read to me in your Bible that God is the Father of the widow and the orphan? We shall pray to that God who is willing to be your father and mine: He will listen to us, and see our tears. Let us kneel down and ask Him to be merciful to us, and to give us back the support which the priest deprived us."

We both knelt down. She took my right hand with her left, and, lifting the other hand towards heaven, she offered a prayer to the God of mercies for her poor children such as I have never since heard. Her words were often choked by her sobs. But when she could not speak with her voice, she spoke with her burning eyes raised to heaven, and with her hand uplifted. I also prayed to God with her, and repeated her words, which were broken by my sobs.

When her prayer was ended she remained for a long time pale and trembling. Cold sweat was flowing on her face, and she fell on the floor. I thought she was going to die. I ran for cold water, which I gave her, saying: "Dear mother! Oh, do not leave me alone upon earth!" After drinking a few drops she felt better, and taking my hand, she put it to her trembling lips; then drawing me near her, and pressing me to her bosom, she said: "Dear child, if ever you become a priest, I ask of you never to be so hard-hearted towards poor widows as are the priests of today." When she said these words, I felt her burning tears falling upon my cheek.

The memory of these tears has never left me. I felt them constantly during the twenty-five years I spent in preaching the inconceivable superstitions of Rome.

I was not better, naturally, than many of the other priests. I believed, as they did, the impious fables of purgatory; and as well as they (I confess it to my shame), if I refused to take, or if I gave back the money of the poor, I accepted the money which the rich gave me for the masses I said to extinguish the flames of that fabulous place. But the remembrance of my mother's words and tears has kept me from being so cruel and unmerciful towards the poor widows as Romish priests are, for the most part, obliged to be.

When my heart, depraved by the false and impious doctrines of Rome, was tempted to take money from widows and orphans, under pretense of my long prayers, I then heard the voice of my mother, from the depth of her sepulchre, saying, "My dear child, do not be cruel towards poor widows and orphans, as are the priests of today." If, during the days of my priesthood at Quebec, at Beauport, and Kamarouska, I have given almost all that I had to feed and clothe the poor, especially the widows and orphans, it was not owing to my being better than others, but it was because my mother had spoken to me with words never to be forgotten. The Lord, I believe, had put into my mother's mouth those words, so simple but so full of eloquence and beauty, as one of His great mercies towards me. Those tears the hand of Rome has never been able to wipe off: those words of my mother the sophisms of Popery could not make me forget.

How long, O Lord, shall that insolent enemy of the gospel, the Church of Rome, be permitted to fatten herself upon the tears of the widow and of the

orphan by means of that cruel and impious invention of paganism purgatory? Wilt Thou not be merciful unto so many nations which are still the victims of that great imposture? Oh, do remove the veil which covers the eyes of the priests and people of Rome, as Thou hast removed it from mine! Make them to understand that their hopes of purification must not rest on these fabulous fires, but only on the blood of the Lamb shed on Calvary to save the world.

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## The 31 Jesuit Generals



Ignatius of Loyola, the first Superior General.

I took from Wikipedia a list of Superior Generals of the Society of Jesus (Jesuits) and made a chart showing which Popes reigned during that particular Jesuit General's rule. A Jesuit General is also known as the "Black Pope" and the existing Pope is called the "White Pope." As you see there have been more Popes, 50 totaled, compared to only 30 Jesuit Generals! What does that imply? Does it mean the Jesuit General gets rid of any Pope he doesn't like? Their favorite method of assassination is poisoning. Pope John Paul I lived only 33 days!

1. Ignatius of Loyola April 19, 1541 – July 31, 1556
2. Diego Laynez July 2, 1558 – January 19, 1565
3. Francis Borgia July 2, 1565 – October 1, 1572
4. Everard Mercurian April 23, 1573 – August 1, 1580

Paul III  
Julius III  
Marcellus II  
Paul IV  
Pius IV  
Pius V  
Gregory XIII



5. Claudio Acquaviva February 19, 1581 – January 31, 1615	Sixtus V Urban VII Gregory XIV Innocent IX Clement VIII Leo XI Paul V
6. Mutio Vitelleschi November 15, 1615 – February 9, 1645	Gregory XV Urban VIII
7. Vincenzo Carafa January 7, 1646 – June 8, 1649	Innocent X
8. Francesco Piccolomini December 21, 1649 – June 17, 1651	Innocent X
9. Aloysius Gottifredi January 21, 1652 – March 12, 1652	Innocent X
10. Goschwin Nickel March 17, 1652 – July 31, 1664	Alexander VII Clement IX Clement X Innocent XI
11. Giovanni Paolo Oliva July 31, 1664 – November 26, 1681	Alexander VIII
12. Charles de Noyelle July 5, 1682 – December 12, 1686	Innocent XII Clement XI
13. Thyrsus González de Santalla July 6, 1687 – October 27, 1705	Innocent XIII Benedict XIII
14. Michelangelo Tamburini January 31, 1706 – February 28, 1730	Clement XII
15. Franz Retz March 7, 1730 – November 19, 1750	Benedict XIV
16. Ignacio Visconti July 4, 1751 – May 4, 1755	Benedict XIV
17. Aloysius Centurione November 30, 1755 – October 2, 1757	Clement XIII Clement XIV Pius VI
18. Lorenzo Ricci October 17, 1782 – October 21, 1785	Pius VII
19. Tadeusz Brzozowski August 7, 1814 – February 5, 1820	Leo XII
20. Luigi Fortis October 18, 1820 – January 27, 1829	Pius VIII
21. Jan Roothaan July 9, 1829 – May 8, 1853	Gregory XVI Pius IX
22. Peter Jan Beckx August 2, 1853 – March 4, 1887	Leo XIII
23. Anton Anderledy March 4, 1887 – January 18, 1892 Berisal,	Leo XIII
24. Luis Martín October 2, 1892 – April 18, 1906	Pius X
25. Franz Xavier Wernz September 8, 1906 – August 20, 1914	Pius X
26. Włodimir Ledóchowski February 11, 1915 – December 13, 1942	Benedict XV
27. Jean-Baptiste Janssens September 15, 1946 – October 5, 1964	Pius XII John XXIII
28. Pedro Arrupe May 22, 1965 – September 3, 1983	Paul VI John Paul I
29. Peter Hans Kolvenbach September 13, 1983 – January 14, 2008	John Paul II Benedict XVI
30. Adolfo Nicolás January 19, 2008 – October 3, 2016	Benedict XVI Francis
31. Arturo Sosa October 14, 2016 –	Francis

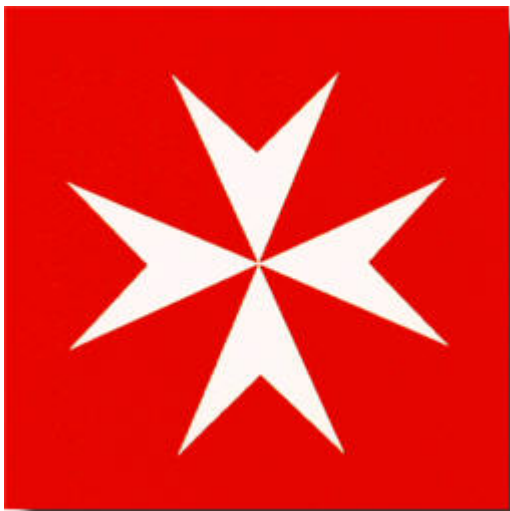
Only one Pope in history, Innocent X, spans the reign of 3 Jesuit Generals. He reigned toward the end of the Thirty Years War (1618–1648) in Europe when

millions of people were killed. Pope Innocent X objected to the final peace treaty of that war!

"One of the most devastating wars in European history. The Thirty Years War began as a conflict between **German Protestants and German Catholics**, that slowly expanded to include most of the rest of Europe, with first the Protestant powers joining in to protect their co-religionists in Germany, and then Catholic France supporting the protestant cause as part of the long running Bourbon-Hapsburg rivalry (and before that the Valois-Hapsburg rivalry). The war caused massive destruction in Germany, and may have reduced the population of the area by half, in part because much of the fighting was carried out by mercenary armies that plundered every area they crossed." From [http://www.historyofwar.org/articles/wars\\_thirtyyears.html](http://www.historyofwar.org/articles/wars_thirtyyears.html)

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## Famous American members of the Knights of Malta



The Knights of Malta is the *lay branch* of the Jesuit Order!

"The Knights of Malta is a world organization with its threads weaving through business, banking, politics, the CIA, other intelligence organizations, P2, religion, education, law, military, think tanks, foundations, the United States Information Agency, the United Nations, and numerous other organizations. The world head of the Knights of Malta is elected for a life term, with the approval of the **Pope**. The Knights of Malta have their own Constitution and **are sworn to work toward the establishment of a New World Order**

**with the Pope at its head.** Knights of Malta members are also powerful members of the **CFR** (Council on Foreign Relations) and the **Trilateral Commission.**” – Quoted from “Behold a Pale Horse” by William Cooper

I got the list of Knights of Malta members from <http://www.biblebelievers.org.au/kmlst1.htm>. I limited the first section to only show Americans and only those who are not members of the Roman Catholic clergy. I got the identity of the less famous ones from Wikipedia. I figured everybody should know the more famous names and so I didn't include a description for them.

Some of these people are known as Jews (Alan Greenspan) or as members of a Protestant church (the Bush family)! Most people would not associate them with a Roman Catholic organization.

- George W. Anderson – Admiral in the United States Navy
- James Jesus Angelton – Chief of the CIA's Counterintelligence Staff from 1954 to 1975
- Samuel Alito – Associate Justice of the Supreme Court
- Joe M. Allbaugh – President George W. Bush's Director of the Federal Emergency Management Agency
- Michael Bloomberg – 108th Mayor of New York City
- John Robert Bolton – 25th United States Ambassador to the United Nations
- Charles Joseph Bonaparte – 37th United States Secretary of the Navy and **father of the FBI.**
- Pat Buchanan – Senior advisor to American Presidents Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, and Ronald Reagan
- William F. Buckley, Jr. – American conservative author[2] and commentator.
- George H.W Bush
- George W. Bush
- Jeb Bush
- Prescott Bush, Jr.
- Frank Capra – American film director
- Frank Charles Carlucci III – 16th United States Secretary of Defense
- William Casey – 13th Director of Central Intelligence
- Michael Chertoff – 2nd Secretary of Homeland Security
- Noam Chomsky – MIT professor
- Bill Clinton
- (Senator) John Danforth – 24th United States Ambassador to the United Nations
- John J. DeGioia – President of Georgetown University
- Cartha DeLoach – Deputy director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation
- Allen Dulles – 5th Director of the Central Intelligence Agency
- Edwin J. Feulner – President of the conservative think tank the Heritage Foundation
- Raymond Flynn – 52nd Mayor of Boston
- Rudy Giuliani – 107th Mayor of New York City
- Alan Greenspan – 13th Chairman of the Federal Reserve
- Alexander Haig – Army General, 7th Supreme Allied Commander Europe

- William Randolph Hearst – American newspaper publisher
- Richard Holbrooke – United States Special Envoy for Afghanistan and Pakistan
- J. Edgar Hoover – Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation
- Lee Iococca – Former Chrysler Chairman
- William J. Donovan – **Father of the CIA**
- Joseph Kennedy – 44th United States Ambassador to the United Kingdom
- (Senator) Ted Kennedy
- Henry A. Kissinger
- Henry Luce – A magazine magnate, was called “the most influential private citizen in the America of his day”
- Robert James “Jim” Nicholson – 5th United States Secretary of Veterans Affairs
- Oliver North – National Security Council staff member during the Iran–Contra affair
- Francis (Frank) V. Ortiz – United States Ambassador to Argentina
- Thomas ‘Tip’ O’Neill – 55th Speaker of the United States House of Representatives
- George Pataki – 53rd Governor of New York
- Peter G. Peterson – Chair of the Council on Foreign Relations
- John Francis Queeny – Founded the Monsanto Company (GMO, poisoning the world)
- John J. Raskob – Financial executive and businessman for DuPont and General Motors, and the builder of the Empire State Building
- (President) Ronald W. Reagan
- Nelson Rockefeller
- David Rockefeller
- Francis Rooney – United States Ambassador to the Holy See
- Rick Santorum – Senate’s third-ranking Republican from 2001 until 2007
- Antonin Scalia – Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court
- Joseph Edward Schmitz (Blackwater) – Defense Department Inspector General
- Frank Shakespeare – United States Ambassador to Portugal, United States Ambassador to the Holy See,
- Clay Shaw – Head of the International Trade Mart; charged for being part of a conspiracy to assassinate President John F. Kennedy.
- Frank Sinatra
- Frederick W. Smith – Founder of FedEx
- Myron Taylor – American industrialist, and later a diplomatic figure involved in many of the most important geopolitical events during and after World War II.
- George Tenet – 18th Director of Central Intelligence
- Ted Turner – founder of TBS and CNN
- Thomas Von Essen – Fire department Commissioner of the City of New York. He quit 4 months after 911.
- Robert Ferdinand Wagner, Jr – 102nd Mayor of New York City
- Vernon A. Walters – 17th United States Ambassador to the United Nations
- Gen. William Westmoreland – Commander of U.S. military operations in the Vietnam War
- Gen. Charles A. Willoughby – General Douglas MacArthur’s Chief of Intelligence during most of World War II and the Korean War.

- Robert Zoellick – 11th President of the World Bank Group
- Gen. Anthony Zinni – Nickname “The Godfather” Special envoy for the United States to Israel and the Palestinian Authority

## **Famous non-American Knights of Malta**

- Amschel Mayer von Rothschild
- Kurt Waldheim – 4th Secretary-General of the United Nations
- Silvio Berlusconi – 50th Prime Minister of Italy
- Tony Blair
- King Juan Carlos of Spain
- Heinrich Himmler – Hitler’s Chief of German Police in the Reich Ministry of the Interior
- Nelson Mandela
- Rupert Murdoch
- Juan Perón – 29th & 40th President of Argentina

For more information about the Knights of Malta, see  
[http://www.whale.to/b/knights\\_q.html](http://www.whale.to/b/knights_q.html)