



Facebook post

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by :Leon-George: Sinclair

Death is fake, as we discovered thru Christian, so the last time you died was actually the last time you will EVER die. That seems odd at 1st and quite unlikely to be honest, but just as with all of Christian's other information, when you allow yourself serious & unfettered thought on these subjects, it all makes perfect sense. The only reason this info will not make sense is if your programming blocks it making sense. You may reach out with your mind, only to have your etheric 'knuckles' wrapped with a cane by your 40+ yrs of indoctrination. Not wanting to look stupid in front of themselves, or their peers, people set the information down to one side as a 'lovely idea...but way too far out to be realistic....'

And unfortunately it's these people, all 101% of these people, who are worried sick about a war with Russia, new variants, more vaccines, more lockdowns, "men of fighting age" taking us to FEMA camps, etc., etc., etc.

But...what can we do? Not much, really, just keep pissing in the wind till the EMF arrives I suppose? Keep trying your best to wake up sleepers...keep re-posting digital bullets to wear away at people's common-sense barriers and push-back at the authorities...make yourselves aware of common-law <https://medi-cure.uk/maritime-admiralty-law-2/> (It's a lot easier than you think. That's why I can wrap my small head around it. It just seems complex, but in reality, it's simple.)

As I said a few times in the synopses, I have not 1 single 'memory' of any of Christian's info, but I do have an overwhelming sense of opaque familiarity with the information in general. It more than resonates with me, if that makes any sense? And having 3 orbs move in my cricket pavilion a few weeks ago, (You can see them on a C21 re-cap vid I did at about 1 hr, 8 min-to-1 hr, 12 min. You can see 3 orbs above my right shoulder at the ceiling line where the cream wall hits the black area of the loft space.) well, knowing how my luck normally goes, my 1st thought was that I hope it's not 3 Grey ET's





who refused to leave this realm without me...lol. I'd never seen an orb myself in person, and just 4 yrs ago, I thought that was dust particles...as you would...but they move in a totally different way, and on camera, they leave a slight trail behind them. Strangely, one appeared larger than the others? I dunno why? Do they have donuts in light-body form? Fuk knows? Strange tho, I'd have thought they would be a similar size?

Well, anyway, they live here now, fuk all to eat in here so 'fatty's light-body soul will lose some aether by the time the EMF comes, if he stays living here, lol.

Listen, you gotta start talking to these people. Okay, you can't see them, and it's guna seem weird, trust me...but in the last couple years, I have made an even more concerted effort to communicate with these invisible brethren. But in 2017, when I discovered 'Angel numbers,' I doubted it for months until I had a situation in Finchley Road in London. I'd spent the last 5 yrs looking for funding for a cannabis license, and in 2017, the UK government relaxed the CBD laws, and I attended a parliamentary debate on cannabis and children, all aspects of cannabis and children: mental health with kids, trafficking with kids, kids in debt from buying cannabis, long-term effects (there weren't any), every conceivable situation concerning children and cannabis. And after, there was a networking meeting where I met some wealthy interested parties. After 2 weeks of grooming these affluent chaps and making the best possible impression, I came back to the bedsit I was staying at with my pal, and he was on the phone to one of these guys when I got in. I heard him shout at James, "Oi, listen here, James, I shit billionaires out of my arsehole, mate, so you either get Leon a laptop and a credit card, or we are out," and he hung up on him.

Well, my life disintegrated in less than a millisecond. I was open-mouthed and stunned like an electrocuted fish. My pal left the bedsit before I could find my vocal chords again, and I sat there in front of my fukt laptop looking at the 19-page business plan I was adjusting for this purpose, and I said out loud, "fuk sake, I am sooooo far out of my comfort zone right now....so so far out of my comfort zone I feel ill." And I looked at the time; it was 17:40-something. I forget exactly, but until that moment, I thought Angel numbers had to be double numbers, so I thought I'd try it out on 'Joanne Sacred Scribes,' who I only use for Angel numbers. I almost fell off my chair because the Angel number that I had put in off the clock on my laptop, started out saying:

"You are feeling out of your comfort zone."

That was it for me because until then, I had thought that these Angel numbers seem very, very apt every time I enter one, and I thought it could be the way they are written? Like star signs 'n shit like that can be interpreted to suit whoever? UNTIL that happened to me. That was WAY too specific and I'd only just said it out loud, not even in my head. I heard me say it.

For this to be explained, I need to draw your attention to 'stick man' on a sheet of A4. He can look straight ahead, or straight behind him, being the reverse of the sheet of A4, but if stickman looks up, down, left or right, his field of view is only as wide as the thickness of paper he's drawn on. So if you move your hand past stickman's left side for instance, stickman looking left will not see your whole hand. He will see 4 pink things, then a 5th pink thing, then a large pink mass. He can't see your whole hand at the same time because his field of view is of a different dimension/density to yours. That's why I almost fell off my chair at the extraordinary coincidence of the Angel number repeating my last sentence back to me seconds later. There are no coincidences...synchronicity, yes, but no coincidences. Because for the previous 10-15 years, since I was 21, I had been trying to communicate with my spirit guide as I knew something was 'up' because when I drive, I look out my eyes, but I'm in deep thought, always, thinking about whatever. I used to think or ask questions to myself whilst driving, but often the formulated answer 'I' gave myself was using words that are too eloquent for my vocabulary. So I started asking, who is giving me these replies? Spirit guide? Alien? Higher self???? Who? Cos it ain't me, and I know that for a fact. 'Yushi' was his name, and I got that in 2017 also, driving up my mum's track to her





Spanish cortijo, near Adra, southern Spain. A huge 'Kapow' sign came into my vision as I looked out over the edge of the mountain at the blue sky, as the car wound its way around the mountain - like in a batman comic, yellow background with a white 'YUSHI' written on it, no voice, no image except that. That's all I ever had from him. (It transpires that YUSHI means 'energy,' explained by Christian...makes sense also, I guess.)

Well...fast forward 7 years, and I now know why so so many things happened the way they did, to me. I was an inventor by age 10. I used to invent kid's toys. I'd design them and try to get some sent off to manufacturers, to no avail. One such toy I invented is still not available even to this day, and I would love it if I was aged between 3 & 13. Then by 11-12, I designed a perpetual motion machine out of magnets, not to generate energy, as I was clueless about all that, but they said on a kid's TV show that perpetual motion is impossible...so I made one in 20 minutes with a magnet set I had. I then invented a machine that will type what you say and even translate it into any language...(I came up with the concept, not the programming!). I wrote to my 2nd cousin about it, Alan Sugar ('Sir' Alan, the sick child-killing paedophile, but I didn't know that in 1987), and he jogged-me-on as well, the wanker. Since then, I have had huge amounts of money slip thru my hands MULTIPLE TIMES. I came back home to Spain after the 2017 parliamentary debate on cannabis, after having a pal disappear with 35K of my true-full-spectrum 50-strain THC oil at £35k, and found that the police had broken the law and kicked my pal's door in to question him...but he wasn't in. But my 107,000 Euros of weed was hanging up drying. So they took it! I'd left him with 3 full crops to dry, and I used his, as we were not growing weed there, and it's REMOTE as fuk...but his girlfriend's ex-husband in the UK got jealous. My pal was seeing his ex-wife...so he grassed my pal up for growing weed...even tho he wasn't...but my weed was there drying!!! So I lost over 140K that week in total, and I had not a pot to piss in...back to square-1 in a nano second. It's happened 8-10 times already in my life, and it got to the point where it was water off a duck's back for me, so if I lost 20-50k, and it was all I had, I'd be like 'no dramas; that's fuk all compared to what I normally lose.' And there you have a silver lining and zero depression about it. But I now know why all this ridiculous bollox happened where I never got-ahead in life. I would just take a few back-steps, and I PUT UNTOLD effort into my life and always have done. But I started smelling a rat... something's working against me? If it wasn't for bad luck, I'd have no luck whatsoever...so at least I do have 'some' luck. So there was silver lining #2. If a little foolish, it still offered a temporary respite from overwhelming despair that I was trying to evade by making light of the situation, lol. 😊

But until I met Christian, I thought life and success meant earning money, as do most other people. I didn't know I had a soul family who were not having me come into any money whatsoever because they are well-aware of what 3D me wants to do with it. I'm not here to earn money, and now I am aware of what I am supposed to be doing....

Star seed indigos are 'sleeper-cells' or 'Cicadas' waiting for the right atmosphere and the right conditions to hatch. I'm here to do what I'm doing, and I am soooo grateful to Christian for this knowledge. You can't buy this info, and I'm honestly gutted for anyone who hasn't encountered it yet. It's never too late, but they don't have time now to process it all. It's a year of fast-track thought to fully understand this info and use it to work out for yourself what's actually going on in this realm with no help from someone else for you to understand it all. I walk about now all day like I'm wearing *They Live* glasses. It's a very liberating feeling, knowing what's going on without help.

But it's equally as frustrating trying to bring people up-to-speed with this information who are oblivious to it...which is EVERYONE else. The liberating thing is that I have found that there isn't a mystery about anything whatsoever for me anymore. There isn't anything that I can't 75-90% explain, as it's obvious when you have the 'Jigsaw' box lid...'ahhh, that bit goes there, that bit goes there, this bit fits in there and that last bit goes bang in there...job done,' with Anything.





So for this, Mr. Sibley, you are a fukin legend, bruv, and I love you for that, mate! 😊 xxx

Hey, try to reach out to your guides. They will be well-pleased if you do, and if you don't, you WILL regret not doing so because you will be shaking their hands in a few months time! Here, listen to this!!! I almost forgot...a few days ago, I had £3 in my bank account and went to Tesco to grab some food (with 3 fukin quid; it's all I had). I got an Angel number after checking my bank balance before leaving for the shop. I looked, and it said "...give all financial fears over to the angels to transmute..." I got to the cashier, and the food bill was £3.70...70p over what I had in the bank, and with a queue developing behind me, it was guna be a bit embarrassing until the bloke behind me said, "Here, don't worry. Put it all on my card, mate. I know what that's like." So I thanked him profusely and left. I got outside and realized he had not just paid 70p, he'd paid the whole amount. So I went back in the shop to thank him again as I'd not realised he'd bought all of it for me. I thought he'd just paid 70p, till it dawned on me that I didn't re-insert my card to pay. I found him by the till, and I thanked him again for his kindness. He opened his wallet and insisted I accept a fiver!! He said, "I just sold my house, mate, and I know what it's like being skint."

Spirit guides are your ET soul family. Pay attention to the subtleties of the situations and scenarios you find yourself in, and listen to 'your' own thoughts...don't just 'hear' them, actually listen to them. They have always been there for you. Thru each loop/life you have had your ET family right next to you.

WWG1WGA xxx

