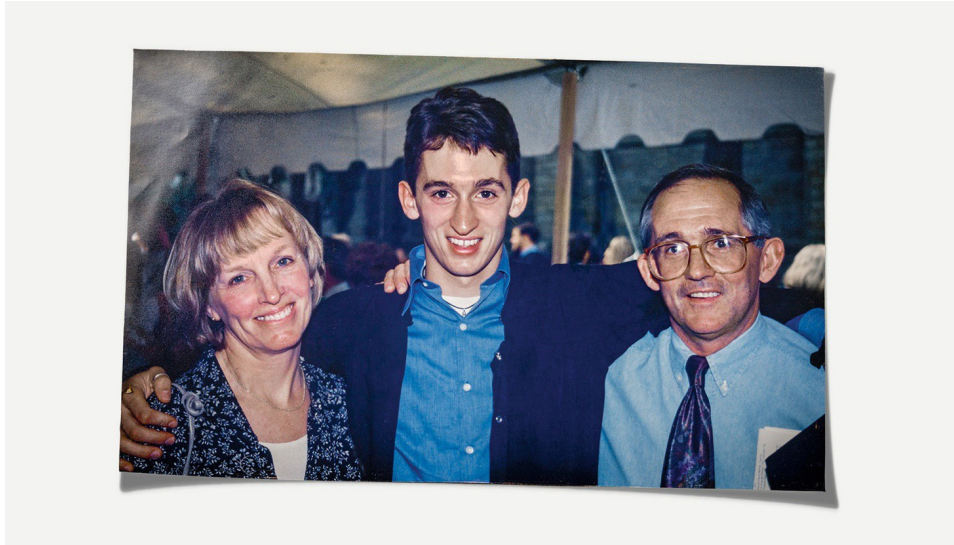


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## 911 ROLLS ROUND AGAIN



*by Miles Mathis*

*First published September 13, 2021*

*This is an opinion and review, as usual*

The Gods or Muses were nice enough to leave some magazines for me at the post office, that someone else had discarded. One of them was this month's *Atlantic*, with a cover story on 911. You know, that magazine now owned by Steve Jobs' widow, or the CIA, same thing. I have now outed it many times as a straight-up front, probably written right out of the sub-basements at Langley. See for example my [paper on the Nuclear Family](#). You may also know that I am the one who has done the only important new research on 911 in the past five years, in my paper [911 Passengers](#). I have also linked it to [the Titanic fake](#) through Lloyds of London. Well today I get to continue that.

The article at the *Atlantic* by author Jennifer Senior is about Bob McIlvaine, and she calls it “One family's struggle to make sense of 911”. You remember Bob McIlvaine, right? One of the most outspoken of the 911 parents, trotted out by 911 Truthers? Always with a tear in his eye. I know that others have been suspicious of him, but I have never looked too closely at him myself. But when I did it all began to crumble into the usual pile.

His son, Bobby or Bob, Jr., is said to have been 26 when he died on the 106<sup>th</sup> floor. His body was one of the first ten found and it was apparently recognizable. It had an intact wallet in the pocket, which means the clothes weren't even burned off. If you have seen the films, you may realize how unlikely that is. This was a demolition that melted gigantic steel girders and remained hot in the pile for over a year. Tiny body parts were said to have been found on the tops of buildings hundreds of yards away. So we will call that red flag number one.

They now tell us he was Assistant Vice President of Media Relations at Merrill Lynch. And yes, that is Bob, Jr., **age 26**, not Bob, Sr., age at the time 56. That means he was an Assistant VP just four years out of college or two years out of an MBA. How does that work? What sort of fast track was he on? But it is even worse than that. According to his bio, if you want to race ahead in the banking world,

you should major in African-American literature at Princeton, as Bobby did. Unfortunately, that part of [his bio](#) conflicts with earlier parts of the same bio, where we are told Bobby's big dream as a boy was to “work in the heart of the financial universe”. So of course he studied ~~banking finance business~~ African-American literature in college. Red flag numbers two and three.

Bobby was supposedly engaged to Jennifer Cobb, but if we study pictures of him we see he is wearing a thumb ring and an earring. Not definitive, but it is a possible clue. We will call it circumstantial evidence for now. In that pile of evidence we have to include the fact that Toni Morrison was his favorite author and hero. Not many straight guys can say that.

According to his *New York Times* bio he went to work out of college as a book publicist for Random House. But wait, that isn't a bank, last time I looked. That isn't the heart of the financial universe, last time I looked. According to the same bio, he didn't start working for Merrill Lynch until July of 2001, less than **two months** before his death. What? So Assistant VP is an entry level job at Merrill Lynch? I didn't realize that. Red flag number four.

If we do a people search on Bobby, we find the big computers don't realize he ever existed. No Robert McIlvaine of his age of New York shows up at Intelius or Instantcheckmate. Not listed for Pennsylvania either. Not listed in the US. But for some reason his father is listed twice, with three middle initials: either K, G or B. Are you unsure of your middle name? I'm not. In most listings, the father is listed as being related only to Jeffrey (the other son) and Helen (the wife). A second listing seems to have been added later, linking him to a second Robert McIlvaine, but they didn't create a listing for that second Robert. Or they did, but it is just him again, with a different middle initial. It isn't the son. Red flag number six.

We are told Bobby won the Ruth Simmons Thesis Prize in his senior year, which would have been 1997. But [according to Princeton](#), it wasn't awarded before 2013. In any case, it is pretty odd to give an award named for a black lady to a white boy. In the current climate, that would spark a riot. Red flag number seven.

So let's return to the photo under title to see what there is to see. Odd, isn't it, that Bobby is about six inches taller than his father, though his mother seems of normal height? Also compare the three noses. Where did Bobby get that nose? Was the mailman Jewish? Red flags eight and nine.

Which is perhaps a good time to show you a picture of Jennifer Senior, the writer of this article at the *Atlantic*:



Her husband is Mark Horowitz. Any questions? She has given TED lectures and spoken at the Aspen Institute. One of her Aspen talks was “[The Four Sources of Happiness](#): what science has discovered.” I don't know about you, but I don't get my ideas about science or happiness from the Aspen Institute.

But perhaps the biggest red flag of all is simply that the *Atlantic* chose the McIlvaines to feature here. That by itself should make us suspicious, and I have to admit that was the straw for me. Not noses, not bios that don't make sense, not people searches that go nowhere. No. If the McIlvaines were as they have been sold, CIA/DHS would never have chosen them for this cover story. The CIA/DHS should not have been too happy to have their story questioned by Bob for 20 years, so why would they reward him on the 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary of their premier event? Why would they put the notorious burned hijacker wallet—ridiculed by 911 Truthers from the beginning—on the cover of the magazine while featuring Bob McIlvaine in the interior story? It makes no sense. It has no continuity. I am pretty sure Bob has sat on panels where Truthers right next to him pointed out the absurdity of a hijacker's wallet just happening to fly out of the plane just before it hit the Tower. The indestructible black boxes on the planes were never found, but a leather wallet with a pristine ID in it was. That's convenient.

If Bob McIlvaine is as he is sold to us, he should have screamed bloody murder when he heard they were putting that on the cover. How could he sign off on being used to sell the mainstream story? Well, let's read what Jennifer Senior has to say about it.

As it turns out, we quickly discover she is a writer on the level of Andrew Solomon of the *New Yorker*, who made up [the biggest cockbull story ever](#) about the Lanza family of Sandy Hook in 2014. She begins by making up a story to explain where fiancée Jennifer Cobb went. We are supposed to believe Bob gave her Bobby's diary within a week, Helen his wife complained and asked to read it before Jen took it for good, but Jen refused and ran off, never to be heard from again. How believable does that sound to you? To me, not at all. It sounds like a cover story, manufactured to explain why Jennifer Cobb fell off the face of the Earth for 20 years.

Next we find out something astonishing: Jennifer Senior is the sister of Bobby's roommate at Princeton. Would that mean that Jennifer Senior is Jennifer Parris, the sister of Andre Parris, mentioned as Bobby's roommate at Princeton in the *NYT's* article? Strangely, Jennifer Senior doesn't clarify that, only calling the roommate “her brother”. Why no name? Why not, “My brother Andre” or “My brother Johnny”? Or something? Very suspicious. And very poor writing. But in any case, all journalistic objectivity is out the window, since she admits “I love the McIlvaines” and is very close to the personally regardless.

To be clear, I think that Senior has omitted her brother's name here so that she doesn't have to tell you her own maiden name. My guess is it isn't Senior.

Next, we find Senior admitting that Bobby *didn't* win the Senior Thesis Award by any name, only winning honorable mention. Then why did the *Star-Ledger* and *New York Times* tell us in 2001 he did win it? And if there was no Ruth Simmons Prize until 2013, how did the *New York Times* know there would be one twelve years before it was established? These stories look heavily pawed, don't they? That isn't a sign of the Mandel Effect, but it *is* red flag number eleven.

Next we learn Bob never saw the body. He didn't see the report until about five years later. Which also doesn't fit the early story we were told. Bob supposedly questioned everything, but he never thought to view the body or even the report? That makes no sense.

We get more evidence for that from Senior herself, though she is using it to blackwash him. They are discussing where Bobby was when the Tower came down. Senior says, “wasn't his meeting at 8:30?” Bob says, “I thought it was 9”. Then she says “He'd never checked”. Rim shot, please.

The reader is supposed to be thinking, “What an idiot! He has this harebrained belief that 911 was an inside job, speaking on it for years, famous in many countries as THE 911 parent, and he doesn't even know basic facts that pertain to his beloved son?” But that is not what I was thinking. Senior was trying to spin me into that, but I wasn't spinning. Of course I saw it as grist for my own thesis that—like everything else to do with 911—the McIlvaine story was fiction.

Senior uses it to circle the fact that Bob doesn't know basic data that are currently posted on the web. But she doesn't want you to notice that the timeline of this Merrill Lynch meeting doesn't match the story about Bobby's death. She admits, “He must have been late”. No, he wasn't late, **he just shouldn't have been where they say they found him.** They say he was found on the perimeter (outside the Tower), but they also say he was working in that conference which started at 8:30. It can't be both. Like all the other manufactured stories, we have zero continuity. Why? Because all these Intel agents like Senior are terrible writers and thinkers, and they can't keep their ducks in a row. Like Andrew Solomon and Sandy Hook, they keep thinking they can come back later and fill in the holes or hide them, but it never works. It just creates another round of contradictions and obvious lies. Just ask Popular Mechanics.

Now, you are going to love this. Senior tells us that Bob offered to show her Bobby's wallet. We even get a picture of it, still dusty surrounded by rocks. That's a little over-the-top, isn't it? Rocks? This is a writer's equivalence of chewing the scenery. Bob tells her that Helen and Jeff have never seen this wallet. What? Bobby's mother and brother have never seen this wallet in 20 years, but Bob drags it out for this *Atlantic* bitch that is obviously trying to smear him? We have already seen her implying to his face he is loon. So this is not believable at all.

We know it is crap because Senior tells us that the cash in the wallet is rotting away. Really? 20-year-old bills are turning to dust? Why? Why would bills from 2001 be “disintegrating”. I can only guess because Senior doesn't know anything about bills. She thinks legal tender evaporates after 20 years, I guess, even when it is stored inside a wallet in side a plastic bag. Or maybe she thinks there was some sort of disintegrating death ray released on 911, that mostly affects cash money.

Next, Senior mentions Andre, without calling him Andre Parris or “my brother”. So I guess her brother is a different roommate of Bobby. Bobby had a lot of fake roommates.

Next, it gets really icky. Senior, who allegedly *loves* the McIlvaines, is not content with making Bob look bad. Now she targets Helen. For what? For believing in life after death. For reading Elizabeth Kubler-Ross and taking consolation in her books. So Senior apparently knows better than anyone what they should be thinking, studying, and believing. This awful writer is giving these people advice on what they should be doing with their lives! No matter what you think of the McIlvaines or 911, this is incredible. Even if you are mainstream all the way, you should still see the stink on this article.

But after trashing Helen for a moment, she returns to her main target Bob, who of course she wants you to see as delusional, fooled by the 911 truthers. This article is a cohort of the recent *New York Times* opinion piece by Kara Swisher, who does exactly the same blackwash on McIlvaine. We may assume they came out of the same conference room. Swisher says Bob was “sucked into the conspiracy morass” of 911 Truth. Inverted, as always, since it was the believers in the mainstream story that were

sucked into the usual propaganda morass, drinking down fantastic lies with an abandon never before seen or imagined. If they are still believing Swisher or these major mags, they still are.

Which brings up my original question: If Bob knew this would be the tack of the article—and he HAD to know that—why would he agree to it? You really have to ask that question and answer it before you read beyond the cover. There is no possible answer to it. It looks like Bob just agreed to be blackwashed here.

To show you how icky this article is, and how poorly written, witness this:

**HELEN: “If he decided to be a male stripper in an old people's home, it's OK with me. He has to be who he has to be, because damn it, this happened, you know. And if that's going to give him comfort—”. She interrupts herself, gives an embarrassed smile. “Get that visualization out of your head”.**

Now let me just ask you this: do you really think this 75-year-old woman said that about her 76-year-old husband? I don't. It sounds to me exactly like something a 50-year-old hack writer for the *Atlantic* would make up. It has that Langley feel to it.

Next we learn that although Helen craves the diary Bob gave to Jennifer Cobb, there are many earlier diaries, and neither she nor Bob have read them. Make sense of that. I will tell you why they haven't read them: *they don't really exist*. If they had read them, they would be able to quote from them, telling stories from them, but the scriptwriters are too lazy or too scared to create those stories. They are scared that if they start pulling lines from those fake diaries, people like me will tear them to shreds with internal inconsistencies, as I did with Andy Lanza's diaries. So this time they just use the dodge that no one has read them.

Now get this: no one in the family has read more than a few lines in the diaries and note pads, but the writer Senior now takes them back to her hotel room! You have got to be kidding me! But do we get anything from them? Only a few words of mushy stuff about how much he loved his family. Yeah, because that is what 20-somethings are writing in their diaries and legal pads.

Next, Senior actually tracks down the mysterious Jennifer Cobb, now Jennifer **Middleton**. What, like Kate Middleton? But that's not suspicious, is it? Senior admits that Cobb came from a very wealthy family, so we are already getting more contradictions. Why would this rich girl, who ended up marrying a Middleton, be engaged to a poor boy from Podunk, PA, in 2001? She was just slumming it, I guess, betting that he wouldn't quit Merrill Lynch to write poems to Toni Morrison.

We will get back to the name Middleton, but look at her picture in the *Atlantic*:





There's a clue there. Look closely. . . .

It's her necklace. You will say she is a horse lady, and that is just a horseshoe. No. The horseshoe is an ancient symbol, but they never tell you why. The Phoenicians know why, but they don't tell anyone. It is because that is a symbol of the Phoenician goddess Tanit, and it isn't a horseshoe it is a crescent Moon. It also connects us to the Hebrew letter Teth, which looks very similar and also has two "t's" in it. Tanit was the wife of Baal and the chief goddess of Carthage. She is the same as Astarte, and she rode on a lion. Which is why the British and other royals have lions on their shields. These people are always signaling one another, and that is what is happening here.

Anyway, Jennifer is married to Eric Scott Middleton in DC, and MyLife tells us he is related to or associated with Myers, Davids, Bowmans, Kromms, Cherrys, **Tates, Goebels,** and Siegels. They live in a 5000sqft house in DC. Eric's father appears to be Gary Middleton of **Edgewater, MD**. Eric is the CEO of IT company 1Rivet, and he previously worked at Fanny Mae, Sapient, and Accenture. Maryland may link us to the prominent Middletons of Maryland, including a scion of that branch Lt. General Troy Middleton. They also come from the Houstons and Bullocks. This would also link us to Senator Thomas "Mac" Middleton of Maryland, who runs a large farm near Waldorf, which is ancestral land of the US Middletons. They have owned large parts of that area for centuries. Edgewater is also very near Washington, to the east.

Jennifer Middleton, nee Cobb, went to Cranbrook Kingswood Prep School in Michigan, one of the most exclusive and expensive schools in the country. The school currently has an endowment of over \$300 million. It was founded by George **Booth** in 1904, and if you think he is related to John Wilkes Booth and the Booth baronets of England, you are correct. He was a millionaire publisher related to the Scripps, and together they owned and ran many newspapers across the country.

Then we get another screaming contradiction from our narrator Senior. She tells us that Jennifer Middleton had been bossed around by her controlling father, and was "done being bossed around" by the time she met Bobby McIlvaine. But wait, earlier Senior sold Bobby to us as a top-of-his-class

overachiever and chatterbox: not the sort who an alpha woman takes on. Someone would have had to wear the pants in that relationship, and Senior is implying it was Jennifer. Which nixes just about everything she just told us about Bobby.

Then the bomb is dropped: Bobby and Jennifer met where? Take a guess. Think of the worst place, outside of Langley. Have you got it? **Burson-Marsteller**, the most evil PR firm of all time. They both worked there for two years. We have seen BM in many of my papers, and they always look very VERY bad. So at age 24 our shining star here Bobby McIlvaine is at Burson-Marsteller. Not at a bank, not at the center of the financial universe. But at the center of the propaganda universe. I guess you see how that ties into 911? Jennifer was two years older, being 26 in that year at Burson-Marsteller. So she probably outranked Bobby. Let all that sink in please.

They were going to get married at the Ritz-Carlton. I really hope you are starting to get the picture here.

Next, we find that Helen gave Jennifer the engagement ring she now has and a picture of which the *Atlantic* actually publishes as proof of this story. *The New York Times* told us Bobby was engaged to her, but if he didn't give her the engagement ring himself, how does that work? Having your mother give a girl an engagement ring after you die doesn't make you engaged to her, does it? DOES IT? No, so this is proof of nothing. I assume they just bought that ring and inserted it into this story.

Next, Jennifer Middleton hands over the vaunted diary to Jennifer Senior. The diary she wouldn't lend to Bobby's own mother for twenty years. Bobby's mother, the woman she hasn't bothered to contact for twenty years, but who she now says "is a nice person". So why not talk to her for twenty years? Why hide the diary for twenty years? Just to punish Helen for saying "you're going to be OK"? None of this makes any sense, including Senior driving off with the original diary.

Next, Senior admits the stories don't add up: according to Helen, Jennifer Cobb stayed at their house for a week. According to Cobb, it was two months. According to Helen's son Jeff, it was six months. Senior passes this off as normal, as part of "different grieving". Yeah, or it could be due to not having their effing stories straight. They forgot to study the old script, or maybe the script just left out most details like that, letting the players make them up. No one will notice.

Then Senior gets around to sharing a few tidbits from the famous diary that no one but Jennifer Cobb has seen for twenty years. But once again we get nothing but pabulum.

**FEB. 18: I love her deeply. We communicate so well. We resolve splits between us so well. An all of this means a lot.**

**APRIL 22: I miss Jen. "Big" part of my life, or description of what she means to me do not suffice.**

You would think Bobby wrote greeting cards for a living. This just proves to me that there is and never was a diary. Senior is just making this shit up. It is that bad. No Princeton graduate would ever put words like that down on paper, especially one that was a literature graduate and was supposedly working on novels. Only a 50-year-old American female, brought up on Oprah and Diet Coke, could ever think to do it. You don't have to squint too hard to see a female writing that. Even a gay male on quaaludes would never write such empty crap in a diary.

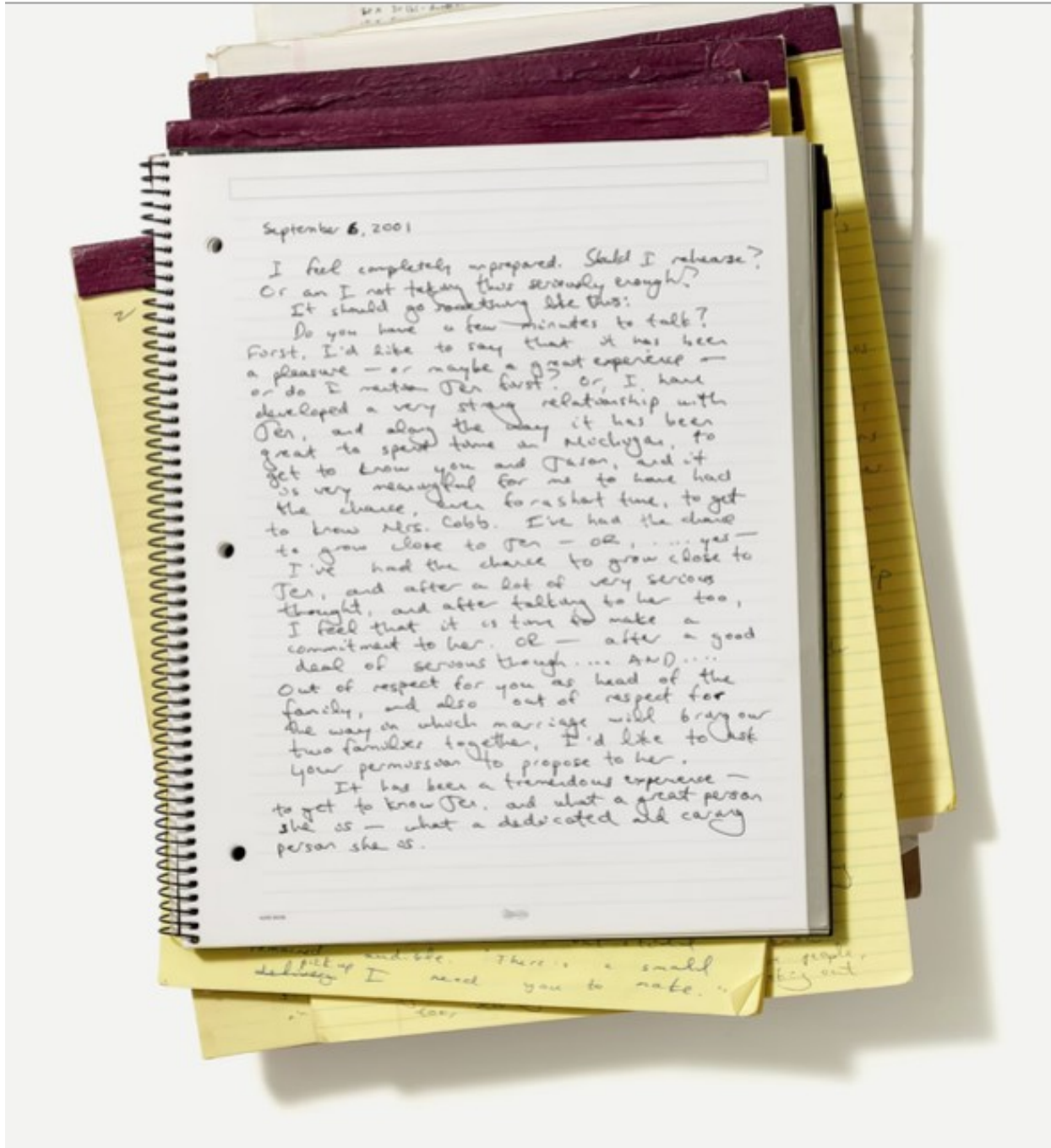
The whole article has that sickening feel, of a female writer trying to con a mostly female audience

with shallow emotional fluff. The longer the article goes on, the worse it gets. Senior is trying to cover the fact she has nothing solid here. That is why it reminds me so much of Andrew Solomon's fake interview with Adam Lanza's father. Reading closely, you quickly realize the whole thing could have been composed without Peter Lanza at all. Because it was. Solomon just made the whole thing up. And we have the same feeling here, although—unlike the Solomon piece—we do get pictures of the participants. This four-person interview is feather-light, and it is because no one ever says anything that a real human would say. Bob is the only good actor, because he says a couple of things that almost seem real. But for the rest it is all a blobby emotional mist, and you are left with the impression Senior is interviewing computer programs set to “treacle”.

And another thing. Senior posts a picture of Bobby's infamous diary, the last page before he died. Remember his wallet, with the “disintegrating” bills? Well, his diary, that Jennifer Cobb supposedly read every night for years and cried a puddle of tears on, is *pristine*. The notebook looks like it was bought yesterday:



# The Atlantic



September 6, 2001

I feel completely unprepared. Should I rehearse?  
Or am I not taking this seriously enough?

It should go something like this:

Do you have a few minutes to talk?  
First, I'd like to say that it has been  
a pleasure — or maybe a great experience —  
or do I mention Peter first? Or, I have  
developed a very strong relationship with  
Peter, and along the way it has been  
great to spend time in Michigan, to  
get to know you and Jason, and it  
is very meaningful for me to have had  
the chance, even for a short time, to get  
to know Mrs. Cobb. I've had the chance  
to grow close to Peter — oh, ... yes —

I've had the chance to grow close to  
Peter, and after a lot of very serious  
thought, and after talking to her too,  
I feel that it is time to make a  
commitment to her. Oh — after a good  
deal of serious thought. ... And ...

Out of respect for you as head of the  
family, and also out of respect for  
the way in which marriage will bring our  
two families together, I'd like to ask  
your permission to propose to her.

It has been a tremendous experience —  
to get to know Peter, and what a great person  
she is — what a dedicated and caring  
person she is.

... and etc. There is a small  
delivered I need you to note.

people  
they out

Look closely at the page edges. I think they forgot to antique that puppy.

We also learn something that totally undercuts the diary stories in another way. This last diary was only 17 pages long, covering only a few weeks in 2001. Before that there was a gap in the diaries back to 1995, when Bobby was a sophomore at Princeton. So once again we see evidence of lazy story writers, who can't be bothered to create a full backstory. They created only 17 pages, then probably used the real childhood diaries of someone who worked at Burson-Marsteller for the rest. Or maybe

they bought them off Ebay. Who knows? But it looks to me like Bobby was planted in this story out of Burson-Marsteller in July of 2001, inserted as one of the first victims that would hit the news. For the rest they didn't even bother to come up with a believable story, as I just showed you. None of it makes any sense.

The only part that ever made any sense was the angry father, played by Bob. With his easy tears, he was perfect for that. But like Jim Fetzer and Kevin Barrett and so many others, he now looks like opposition control to me. He and the other parents were planted to make sure nothing ever got done and no questions were ever answered. No one ever filed a serious lawsuit until family members, including McIlvaine, sued Saudi Arabia a couple of years ago. Saudi Arabia? Why not sue Greenland or the Bikini Islands? Infowars is pushing the Saudi angle this week, along with most of the rest of the alternative press. It is ludicrous, because—other than loaning us Osama to play the bad guy—Saudi Arabia had nothing to do with it. Get this through your head: IT WAS OUR OWN GOVERNMENT, and they were and are fully capable of running domestic events without the help of Saudi Arabia, China, Russia, or even Israel. The CIA and now DHS have millions of agents, with Intelligence now being far larger than the military itself. The idea that they would need Saudi Arabia for anything except a feint is absurd. The only use of the Saudi story to us is that it tells us who is still misdirecting. Anyone involved in pointing the finger at the Saudis now, including Bob McIlvaine or Alex Jones, has just outed themselves.

So who are these McIlvaines, really? Well, we find a clue at MyLife, where they tell us Bob has lived in New York. So what is his connection to New York? According to his previous mainstream bio, he has lived in Oreland his whole life, being a teacher and owning a small bar. As it happens, Oreland is north of Philadelphia and is not working class. It is surrounded by four—count em, *four*—country clubs. Most people in Oreland live on the edge of a golf course. Oreland was originally a huge estate of the Penns. In fact, it was William Penn's primary manor. Its wealth comes from huge lime deposits in the area. I drove by his address on Google Maps, and though it is across the street from a golf course, it isn't a big or fancy house. But that doesn't mean anything. It may be a second or third home, or a front. MyLife does tell us he has lived in the Upper East Side of New York, on 92<sup>nd</sup> street, which IS pretty high rent. But there is something even more curious. MyLife has him related to himself, and if we take that link, we find him again, still age 76, but currently living in Philadelphia on Sanger street. Intelius and Instantcheckmate confirm an address in Philadelphia. I drove by there as well, and these are row houses in a low income area. So that doesn't make any sense. Maybe that is the previous address of his bar? In 2019 it was a deli, not a bar. Is he living above his old bar? But according to the second listing at MyLife, his Oreland address is a **previous** address—meaning *he doesn't live there anymore*. Is our writer Senior aware that he doesn't live at that address where he is allegedly photographed? McIlvaine has a fourth address in Houston, but I wasn't able to track down his connection to Texas. It looks like Bob's father was Anthony McIlvaine of Tuckerton, NJ.

Bob McIlvaine actually has a third listing at MyLife, still 76, still of Oreland, but also listing Fort Washington as an address. Here he is linked to a whole new list of names, but these are all neighbors in Oreland. The address in Fort Washington takes us to some cheap apartments. So, except for the New York addresses, these all took us to deadends.

Son Jeffrey McIlvaine owns a funeral home, which is sort of macabre. He married Kelly Waters, daughter of Patrick Waters of Glenside. That family also has a large house on the beach in Delaware, though they don't seem especially wealthy. Though the name **Waters** is a potential red flag here, I found nothing to solidify that.

With more digging, I discovered these McIlvaines come from an old Philly family that descends directly from the noble McIlvaines of Ayr, Scotland. They were shipping merchants with the East India Company who instead came west at that time, settling in the area of Philadelphia around 1745. There they soon married the Rodmans, **Murrays**, Coxes, **Spencers**, Meyers, Hershs, and Wallaces. They also settled in Burlington, NJ. They chose Princeton for their sons early on, contradicting the claims of the current McIlvaines that no one from their family had gone there. In fact, lots of their ancestors went there. We know we are on the right track, because if we search on these McIlvaines at Geni, we find our old friend Erica the Disconnectrix Howton there to break the important links. However, we already note a link with the Spencers. We already saw the Middletons above, and the Spencers are closely related to them. So all these people involved here are cousins, just like we saw with the people allegedly on the planes.

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I also have to wonder what happened to LetsRollForums, which I was surprised to find gone. So twenty years later the 911 Truth movement is evaporating into history, as was the plan all along. Same for PatriotsQuestion911, which now redirects to a Viagra pharmacy. At least a copy of that still exists. Architects and Engineers for 911 Truth still exists, but it too looks like controlled opposition, created to slow-walk and divert the legal response just like they are now doing with Covid and the vaccines. AE911Truth has been around for 15 years but didn't file a lawsuit until two years ago, and then they sued. . . the FBI. What? Why not sue the Poughkeepsie Jaycees? And they waited four years to file that one. The FBI report they are suing about come out in 2015, so why sue in 2019? It's called a slow-walk, and Kennedy and Fuellmich and others are doing the same thing now with the Covid crime against humanity. They want you to think they are on it, but they aren't on anything, except the other side.

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In closing, I want to mention something that happened today while I was winding this up. I watched Tucker Carlson, and in his segment on Nicki Minaj, he claimed she came from nowhere, unlike AOC. We know that isn't true. They always claim it and it has never once been true. I support her in her testicle story, but I don't believe she came from the gutter in Queens, or whatever. I may prove it at some point, if I can find the energy to give a damn. But that's not why I am here. In closing that segment, Tucker claimed that only 8 people in the US were against all vaccines. I raised my hand and said, "Yeah, one of the eight!" So I want to start a new hashtag: #1of8. My guess is it will spread like wildfire, since there are about 50 million of us out there. If the Amish were smart, they would be recruiting right now. Over the next decade, the number of people home schooling, refusing all vaccines, home birthing, avoiding hospitals, eating out of their own gardens, raising their own livestock, and living in their own handmade buildings is going to rise steeply. Home schooling has already risen by about 300% in the past year, and it will continue to explode. This is an important part of the revolution.