

Testimony of John Walsh

I had a problem with a freemason in the Summer of 1995. He lives in this area of the country. His marriage was breaking down and his wife asked me if there was a way to save it, as she had fallen out of love with him. I told her she could retrieve the situation if she did the study group work that I promote. So we eventually started a study group in her home. The mason told the police in his Masonic lodge that I was having an affair with his wife. I expect he did this because he didn't want the group in his house. However, I don't know if he ever told them the whole story. After one particular meeting, I had two police cars accompanying me all the way home. Both policemen in each car laughed hilariously at my obvious discomfort. They were so close to the bumper of my car that I could see all four faces clearly, all the way. It is an accepted fact that nearly all the police here are either in the masons or are close to them. At that point I knew there was something seriously wrong. I also already knew they were tapping my phone. As a matter of interest, the wife told me at the end of a year and a half, that she had fallen in love with her husband again. I knew this would happen because I saw it happening many times before. At this point the scenario I was into with the police here in the north east should have resolved itself. But it seems there was no way back for them by this time as they had already told too many lies about me to too many people. They couldn't go back on the false evidence they would have had to create to convince supporters of theirs to also attack me. It has just got worse ever since.

To get my neighbours to co-operate with them, the police told them that I was in the IRA. They would have created documents I'm sure, to persuade everyone that I was a threat to the state. I had official police cars following me everywhere I went for some weeks. After that they used unmarked cars as they still do today.

I came from Ireland to live here, 44 years ago. I lived in a monastery until I was 33. Then I went into teaching in the state system despite being offered easier jobs in a number of church schools. I've given my life to the people of this country ever since. I still cherish them despite everything some masons have thrown at me these past four years. I am very aware that only a small number are involved because some of my best friends are masons. I have no friends in Ireland and I don't know any people from the north of Ireland. My two friends living there are from New Zealand and Scotland. All my friends are here as must be quite obvious to anyone, unless the police persuade them otherwise. My nephew works for the American Secret Service and when I met him at a family gathering in Ireland two years ago, the only time I heard the words IRA mentioned the whole week-end, was when he gave me a third degree grilling on my allegiance to that organisation. After that I had to conclude that the police, the MOD, MI5 and MI6 were all united through masonry in their attack on my life.

When the decision was made to kill me I don't know, but it was put into effect at the end of 1996. An Ex MOD worker told a friend of mine that the decision was made high up. It had to be of course, because of the resources that had to be put into achieving what did eventually come about. It obviously had to be done clandestinely.

By January of 1997, the police had acquired the house next to my place of work, that is, they had acquired 12, Prospect Terrace. They also acquired 99, Lily Gardens at the same time. I sleep in 98 Lily Gardens. What I realised about 99 Lily Gardens was that during all of 1997, the occupants only came to stay there for about three nights in every month and when they did, they made a great show of being in residence. The people living next door to 13, Prospect Terrace were out all day, every day. In other words I was open to being attacked both day and night of that year. At the time I assumed that it was just listening devices that were being used against me and I found it very difficult to understand how the

effects of these devices could be felt all over my body but particularly in my stomach. By June I had completely lost my short term memory and had begun to take avoidance action by staying out of 13, Prospect Terrace as well as out of 98, Lily Gardens as much as I could. This was difficult as the police followed me at all the times and photographed me to such an extent that it was often embarrassing. The owners of restaurants and pubs that I went to eat in, were undoubtedly told that I was with the IRA. The police told the people who live in Lily Gardens, in late 1996, that I was with the IRA. This was how they got these council tenants next to my house, to leave. I couldn't leave because I owned mine. They immobilised the burglar alarm on my home as well as the alarm in 13, Prospect Terrace at this time also. This gave them access to both premises which they have used a number of times since.

By September of 1997, I was very sick in all kinds of ways. My short term memory was almost completely gone and when my body crashed at the end of the month I was not surprised. Inside one week my whole body was covered in psoriasis from head to toe, apart from the soles of my feet and the palms of my hands. My body couldn't digest anything. My digestive system, my senses, as well as the male organs in my body are still not working right. My hair fell out, my body became weak and my legs stopped functioning. I could walk no more than eight to ten steps at a time and then I would collapse. The pain in both my legs was unbearable. Luckily, two of my friends gave up work and their home lives to stay with me 12 hours a day, at 13, Prospect Terrace, where my work is, and they nursed me back to health with the right food and therapies that few others could apply so well. Early in November I was able to partially function again, though I had lost more than two stones in weight. I got dressed every day, but had to lie on a settee all day, to ease the pains of burning in my legs. By then I had returned to sleep in 98, Lily Gardens. Luckily, this time I decided not to sleep with my head next to the wall between my house and 99, Lily Gardens. This meant that my legs got burned badly but my head and brain were partially saved. At this time, both my friend and myself began to hear a humming sound coming through the walls of both premises. It seemed they intensified the microwave charge at this time. They seemed to be desperate to finish me off. We assumed that the noise was the reason behind all my problems. A friend then told me, in early February, 1998, that they were using microwaves against me and that they were trying to kill me. By testing with a microwave detector I realised that what I was told was true. We now know the effects that tiny doses of microwaves can do to the brain, when using cellular phones. I had been living in an environment in which the doses coming through the wall reached close to 600 watts at any one time.

By mid December 1997, my legs had been burned so badly, my ability to walk was affected more and more, as every day went by. I got away for Christmas but the break didn't do me any good. I lay on a settee for ten days. At the time I thought they had followed me, as I seemed to be getting worse. Early in March I wrote to the Home Office and told them what was going on. The noises stopped. By then there was continuous excruciating pain in the calves of both legs. I had to keep my legs raised to the level of my body to allow the pain to become bearable. This lasted for six months and the pain has eased only slowly since then. It is now almost gone. I am able to ease the pain by putting my legs into particular positions which are no more than being very awkward at times. The skin is still black on both legs even after a year and a half. The caked blood under the skin has left my legs an ugly sight to look at and it means I have to cover them up most of the time. I only have the courage to uncover them, when people ask to see the burned skin.

Using the microwave detection device as well as a sound detection device, I found that the police only stopped what they were doing for a very short time. They then introduced microwaves without the sounds. They have now decided to kill me more slowly. I can't

sleep in the main bedroom of my home in Dipton. I built a Faraday Cage around my bed in that room but it only partially worked against the microwaves. The microwaves there are close to 500 watts at the time of writing this letter. I test them every night before I go to sleep in the next room. They only penetrate to the small bedroom at a lower level of strength, just above 100 watts. My body is standing up to this only reasonably well, making my recovery a very slow process. My friends and helpers who nursed me back to health, sleep in a microwaved room every night, in their own home, and they are both unwell right now and have been for some time. There's a police worker living next door to them, that is, in 15 Scott Road, Bishop Auckland. My friends live in number 17. Apart from their main bedroom they have no other room to sleep in. My friend's house, in which I stay when I work in the London area, 98, Dorset Road, Merton Park, has microwaves all over the upper floor where my room is. My friend sleeps in the next room and is engulfed in these microwaves all the time. I've tested his house a number of times. They have listening devices planted in 100 Dorset Road also. The microwaves are either coming from my friend's own attic or from the attic of the house next door: 100, Dorset Road. I've tested the building thoroughly. Microwaves go through walls quite easily. Only the special casing one gets on a microwave oven can block them. I don't have the courage to tell my friend what is going on. His health is being destroyed right now.

When I had my windows changed last year to double glazed windows, the supplier didn't have them made where he usually does, in Scunthorpe. He had them made in the factory they use for this purpose in Derby. The windows are the same as the ones used in London, some 30 years ago, when the Embassy of a particular Eastern Block country was attacked by our people. It was only discovered when everyone in the embassy became sick. The same is now happening at my place of work. Glass can't be used as a war machine and respond positively to microwaves unless someone is beaming microwaves at the building and the glass is doctored to respond. My detector can't measure under 100 watts but it responds to what is coming from the back window of 13, Prospect Tce. I have these effects recorded on video for evidence, in case these letters I am writing force these people to change their tactics to get rid of me.

I've had to buy a new computer so that I could go on the internet. I couldn't risk police interference with my current computer, the one on which I keep my mailing list, because I know what would soon happen to it. My friend, who works in a computer supply shop, took all the pieces off shelves loaded with parts of every kind and made the computer he sold me, in half a day. He brought it to my home the same day. Again, by being able to break into my premises the computer is now emitting microwaves, even when it is switched off. This means I can't use it. We've tested my friend's own computer, which is the same as mine and it doesn't respond to the testing equipment in any way. In other words, he also knows that my computer has been interfered with. His telephone is now being interfered with by the police, every time I am with him or when I ring him. They have been subtly blackmailing him into acting against me, which he has now done.

The typewriter in my office gives out microwaves all the time so I have to keep it unplugged when it's not in use. Switching it off is no good. They have by-passed the transformer. Rothmans sent a radio as a gift last Christmas to one of my two volunteers here at the centre. It was not asked for. When we tested it for microwaves we found it was also interfered with. They went round the transformer, so when it was switched off the microwaves kept coming. I have it in a safe place with many other items as evidence, right now. By late Summer of 1995, I had official police cars following me everywhere I went. After some weeks they began to follow me in unmarked cars which they do to this day. They also tapped my telephone and made it clear to me that they were doing this by getting one of their people to tell me. They did the same with listening devices on the walls of my

home in Dipton as well as in my work place. When I made arrangements verbally, face to face with friends at the Centre, to go somewhere, I would be followed. They seemed to want to make sure that I knew I was being harassed to frighten me or whatever. What they were doing made it obvious that they had listening devices in the houses next door. When I used sound detection devices this was confirmed. I now have pencil marks on the walls marking the places where these devices are, so that I can show them to friends, which I do, as I know I will need their evidence to support me, one day.

They used video cameras when they followed me to Ireland when I was there helping my sister who is very sick. I think this was done to intimidate me. They also stopped the AA coming to help me, both in Ireland and in England, when I needed their help. I run a small business by post and the masons in the post offices broke and destroyed many packages sent from 12, Prospect. They only stopped doing this in early 1999. The breakages took place every week for three years, starting in 1996. We never had breakages before that time. What they were doing caused us so much hassle with customers. This action raised our turnover in an artificial way and caused our bookkeeping to be unbalanced. We didn't mind about the cost because we are a non-profit making operation. But the harassment was unbearable at times, because we knew they were also using masons to pretend they were bona fide customers. These latter harassed us more than our regulars would ever dream of doing. I take no salary as such, from the business but it does support me when I travel to give talks and start study groups. This was the secondary reason we began to sell the products the people wanted. We knew the profits would help to fund my outreach. I live on my pensions and any spare money I have goes into the work I do, as did all the money I took from London with me, when I came to Durham. We tailor our expenditure depending on how much is available to spend. We print 4,500 substantial newsletters and these are sent out free of charge because many people in our organisation are senior citizens. When we started to get study groups going, so many people asked us to sell the books and remedies that we felt obliged to do so. They can't be had anywhere else in the country.

The masons with the help of police, damaged my home at 98 Lily Gardens by knocking out my central heating system and damaging the roof. They used a ploy to get inside. When I put my car in for a respray, it took three days more than I had been promised and when I got it back it was damaged in so many ways that it took a long time to put it right. I was almost killed taking it on to a main road after the respray when I found the brakes wouldn't work. Luckily the road was clear. When I tried to get the windscreen wipers to work properly, a Rover main dealer told me that the relays, the electric controls, had been interfered with. Having repaired them he told me he couldn't promise it would be permanent and he was right. They got my dentist to perform unnecessary work, and when I tired of his work, on my last visit to him he told me he had lost my file. It is ten steps from his treatment room to his office cabinet where the files are kept. I wonder how he managed to lose it but it was very obvious why he lost it? My next dentist called the dentures he made for me "quite bizarre." Then they got to her and the old scenario is now being replayed for the second time.

They tapped into my phone lines both in Lily Gardens and at 13, Prospect Terrace. They also put listening devices into both 97 and 99 Lily Gardens and into 12, Prospect Terrace. This meant that they knew everything I did or planned to do and obstructed me in every way they could by following me wherever I went. They've had a police worker in 97 Lily Gardens for almost three and a half years and someone from MI5 or the Ministry of Defence (MoD) in both 99 Lily Gardens and 12 Prospect Terrace for two and a half years. I don't know if the present occupant of 97 Lily Gardens is aware of the fact that there are listening devices in the walls of her house, but they are still there. She came to live there about two months ago. I was never bothered much by these activities because all my life I've lived it as

honourably as I possibly could and never harmed anyone if it was at all possible to avoid doing so. This meant I had no worries about who heard my telephone conversations or who knew where I was going. In late February 1998, I wrote to the Home Office telling them what was going on and by early March the noise making devices were switched off and the new type were switched on. During these past four years I've not had a break of any kind apart from periods in which I was recovering from the attacks made on me by government employees.