

"Hello, is this Religious Persecution Incorporated?" ,  
asked Dutch Olson on his telephone

"Why yes it is. My name is Glenda Lady. How may I help  
you today"

"Yes. My name is Dutch Olson. And I'm In the midst of  
religious persecution", said Dutch Olson

"Is that so Dutch. How unfortunate. OK, hold one second  
and let me get a pen and a piece of paper.", said the women on  
the other end of the phone. A few seconds later she returned.  
"OK, Mr Olson. Let me start by asking you a few questions. I  
have in front of me a list of questions. It should take no  
longer than a few minutes for us to go over them. Then I'll  
have a better understanding about what I might, or might not, be  
able to do for you , OK?"

Just the simple fact that someone picked up the phone meant  
something to Dutch Olson. He was getting down to not having  
anything else to loose. And was somewhat desperate. So he told  
the women on the other end, "OK", and they were off.

"When did you find out they were not you're biological  
family Mr Olson.", asked Glenda Lady

"Thirteen years ago Mrs Lady."

"Before that , did you develop a mental illness before  
finding out that information Mr Olson"

"Yes"

"Have you had any of the symptoms since finding out those evil people were not you're family Mr Olson"

"No"

"OK, Now let me ask you. Do you're telephone calls go through when you use you're phone. Or are they interrupted by the group who is doing the religious persecution"

This women was hitting it right on the head. "No, the same voice picks up the phone on the other end 80% of the time I call , or use my phone. And I have , in fact, stopped using my telephone. Another problem."

"OK, have they stolen any money from you're bank accounts and tried to pass it off as something else?"

"Yes"

"Have they gone into a work place over the years and become you're boss and fire you for no reason what so ever?"

"Yes"

"Do you believe their identifications are forged. And not rightful Identifications?"

"Yes"

"And you you see this persecution group with ties to the film industry known commonly as Hollywood?"

"Yes"

"OK, have you spoken to a Judge about any of this, or tried to get restraining orders against the evil ones who pretended to

be you're family. And How old were you Mr Olsen when you found out they were not you're family"

"I was thirty eight. And the Judge here in Connecticut said that restraining orders are for more 'domestic violence' issues. And not for religious persecution"

"How unfortunate", said Mrs Lady. "Have you spoken to the FBI about this Mr Olson?"

"Yes, and I was told to speak to the FCC for the issues with the phone. And because DNA test results were fudged. I could not get the FBI to look into the alteration of the DNA test results because it is not a Federal crime"

"How unfortunate Mr Olson. When did the religious persecutor partake in th DNA test , and which company was used." , asked Mrs Lady

"It was a court submittable test from a company named 'Boston Paternity" and the test was set up by a social worker in Manchester Connecticut. ", Said Dutch Olson

"I see. They got you wrapped pretty tight don't they Mr Olson.", said Mrs Lady

"Unfortunately Mrs Lady. There are also songs on the radio by tyrants who are part of it also. And I stand in the arena of soul things in trying to talk about it. It gets difficult when the evil involved uses what you don't/didn't know(about yourself) to get advantage and everlasting life."

"Soul stealing Mr Olson", said Glenda Lady, "Thats what it really is Mr Olson. Soul Stealing. They have been pretending to be you for you're entire life. You must have been from a high house somewhere Mr Olson.", Said Glenda Lady. "OK Mr Olson. Are you safe now?"

"Yes"

"And are you able to make money, or is the persecution making that impossible"

"It's making it impossible"

"Do you own a firearm Mr Olson", asked Mrs Lady

"No", said Dutch Olson

"That is a mistake Mr Olson."

"I am aware of that Mrs Lady. But freeing myself from the religious persecution has taken all I have. And obtaining an America Independence is not going to be easy."

"You understand that with the history of the persecution it will show up as mental illness on the police background check. You will need to get somewhere where that will not be an issue. What state are you in now Mr Olson", asked the women on the other end of the phone.

"Connecticut"

"I would suggest New Hampshire Mr Olson. They have no gun laws. But understand. If the persecution happens there. You will need an attorney to help you out in you're struggle for

independence."

"I understand" , said Dutch Olson.

Dutch already knew all of that. But it was super to be talking to someone who knew what he had been through.

There was some time. The women on the other end must have been doing some checking.

"Mr Olson. I can offer you two things if the information you have shared with me holds up. The first is I can help get you to New Hampshire. And then once there help you obtain rightful firearms to protect you from further persecution. And once there, I can also offer you the chance at a part time job. And would be willing to send a person to New Hampshire to help you get started on that part of the trip. How does that sound to you Mr Olson.", asked Glenda Lady

"It sounds like you are an angel from Heaven Mrs Lady."

And that's exactly what Glenda Lady was. An Angel from heaven. The best of the best.

Soul Stealing. It had become something of a trend in America. A place that padded the pockets of its' residents with millions if they were lucky enough. Denial of wrong living from any new channels in America had lead to the absurd amount of artists turned religious persecutors. And the FBI was in the process of trying to get a handle on the whole thing. Most of the religious persecution happening in American had connections

to films. But most were unwilling to give up film. And even if they smelled something fishy, wanted to watch TV when not making a living. Having fair government and American Artists never once fazed them as important. A bad direction for any free nation desiring Democracy and not Tyranny and oppression.

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Glenda Lady was an eccentric rich women from NYC who had made a lot of money In the stock market and from her father. Her father was a business man from NYC and had lost a son before Glenda Lady came into the world. His son, Berry Grouse, was stolen from a NYC hospital after his wife had given birth to him. The events of that day went on to haunt Mr Grouse for nearly twenty years after. And he never did find his son. And believed him killed before turning twenty.

But over her years alive. Glenda had come to accept having had a brother who had been, "persecuted religiously". Kidnapped at birth.

Now Glenda had heard that American was a place where people escaped religious persecution. And so the idea that it could be alive here was kind of odd. Absurd even.

But something inside of her needed to know all about what had happened to her brother. And so by the time she had graduated college, and farther on in a doctorate. Had become the go to expert on religious persecution on the Eastern Side of

America.

She had traveled around the world to the far off places to study religions part in history. And talked to those who believed things not usually associated with religious persecution.

It was, not so uncommon, to give up a child for the future of many. She had found traces of that thinking through the years, and used the experience of living in a family who was tormented by kidnapers who never planned to give her brother back to their family. And the true identities ,and where abouts of those people had remained a dark mystery to Glenda. Even to this day. And what kept her going was that she might find out about her brothers kidnapers, and have the ability to react.

Besides the organization she had set up, funded, and sold to those who would listen. She was also a classically trained musician who had performed with the NYC philharmonic for seven years before devoting all her time to her charity works.

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She had very definite opinions about things happening in the world she tried so hard to stay level headed with. She knew what corrupt power was capable of. And did all she could to counter it. She hated the idea of religious persecution ,and

had set up an organization when she found out what it was capable of doing to a nation. Never mind an individual.

The ins and out of the process. And the diffident levels. Levels like the one her own family had experienced by having the kidnapppers of a first born haunt, and torment you all the days of their lives. Such a thing was evil. Would always be evil. But had happened ,and made Glenda Lady's father an emotional basket case who grew colder towards life while all the time doing quite well in his own business paying the bills, and smiling for his customers ,and clients.

Glenda Lady had married out of college to a Lawyer who had found her story somewhere interesting. And they married.

He was from a wealthy family from Long Island, and so they had grown up in the same state. Meeting at University.

They moved into a house he had on Long Island, and he began to practice law while she pursued a musical career.

There years into their marriage he met with an unfortunate end having been sideswiped by a car while walking down a sidewalk and died at the scene. The driver had been drinking , and had not seen the person he had killed with his car.

The incident was unfortunate for Glenda. And hit her hard.

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She found solace in Charity work, and tried to not let the experience of loosing a husband so early in the marriage shape her. She did much outreach, and made way. She laid off music for a little , and learned to let go. She stayed in the house she had lived in. And had received a quite generous compensation once affairs of the estate were settled.

The loss of her husband, their future together would be an issue for Glenda Lady for years to come. And it was her work with others which kept her mind off the empty house she returned to each and every day.

And just so happens. One of her favorite things in that period of enlightenment in her own life was the idea of religious persecution.

And she began to approach the idea as something of a serious hobby. And it was then when she began to talk to people. Sometimes getting on a plane and traveling somewhere to meet and discuss the subject. Spent time, and money, in coming to a working understanding of the dark subject. And as time went on, wanted to be an outreach if such a person might find themselves in such an awful predicament.

And since it was the dawn of the electronic age. All a persecuted person would need to do would be to type the words, 'religious persecution' and her organization would come up. Hence the beginnings of Religious Persecution Inc. Owned and

operated by one Glenda Lady.

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Over her time before Dutch Olson called. She had helped five others like Dutch. She had not uncovered, or discovered their origins. It was not such an easy thing to do. And would require many many many hours, and not much find. But she tried, and would try and steer these when interested, to do the work themselves.

She studied options, and was surprised at how easy it was for such things to happen. The amount of damage one unchecked spy computer could do in this world was equal to a big bomb in days now gone to the world.

An unchecked spy computer could take money. Alter information. A persecutors paradise. A life of crime made easy by electronic surveillance, and electronic alteration of information. As long as blocks remained in place to keep the spy computer off the FBI's radar. Evil had a hold in this America.

But over the years, she put together a practical guide to ask someone. If the answer came across , like Dutch's answers did. They had him good.

Right out of the playbook. Dutch was not the first one she had met. A true victim.

Taken at birth by the DNA father and handed to the enemy of the world. It's on page 83 of the New Testament, but does not read like a toaster instruction manual. Glenda Lady fought with herself weather or not to keep that a secret.

The playbook for religious persecution was in plain sight in the one religious book which never received scrutiny of any kind. The Bible.

Kind of makes sense if you think about it. Unless you are a Jew. Glenda Lady is a Jew. As is Dutch Olson. Dutch is a convert.

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But Glenda had seen it before . See what was really needed to get from a position of freedom. To a position of independence. Quite opposite extremes. If the person had escaped the persecution to obtain a solid floor in freedom. The difference between that and independence was night and day. And Dutch wanted that.

The freedom he had. As Glenda would find out. Was to always be stalked. Always be toyed with. By evil forces. The general acceptance of the persecution, and how to play in to it. With it, so that a game be made of it was on the minds of Americas top criminals. Dutch had suffered.

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His work history is null. His brain is always under siege because all his energy goes to keeping the evil ones out of it. They had thirty eight years to roam around in it. He would not let that happen again.

And in truth, he had never let it happen to begin with. They had taken from him, what he never knew he had.

Glenda Lady had seen it before. The persecutors were the 'boa constrictors' of religious persecution. For the persecution would be done over years. The only good news Dutch Olson had at this time. Besides having talked to Glenda Lady. (Because Glenda Lady helped those like Dutch with lovely outcomes). Was his hard earned 'freedom'.

The only thing Dutch Olson had going for him was his freedom. And that freedom meant he had never had a history of mental illness, but instead a history of religious persecution. Glenda Lady understood this more than anyone. It was the reason she kept the organization open, and helped those who fit the identification of a true persecution.

She also knew. Because Dutch answered the questions as he did . That his enemies (and they were enemies) were well funded, and were outside the law. Had high officials looking the other way when it came to Dutch. And, Glenda Lady hated what they were doing. She would take Dutch Olson's side.

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Dutch received the letter from Glenda Lady with instructions as to what would come to be in the following weeks. Dutch Olson would arrive at an Apartment in Manchester New Hampshire in five days. He would arrive to a furnished apartment, and being with him all of his possessions. He would not be going back.

Once there Glenda Lady would come and spend a week in Manchester New Hampshire to see Dutch settle in. They would spend some time together ,and then he would begin working for one of Glenda's friends.

Glenda wanted to meet Dutch because some like Dutch Olson. Someone who had found freedom from religious persecution sometimes made the most beautiful works of art. Things which would never be seen by a publics eye. And so Glenda wanted to see what Dutch had. If he had indeed escaped religious persecution.

So Dutch got to Manchester New Hampshire, and it was there when Glenda arrived at his new Apartment.

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"Hi Dutch" said Glenda. Walking into the open door of Dutch Olson's apartment in Manchester New Hampshire.

They shook hands as he invited her in.

Inside he took her coat, and offered her a cup of Ice Tea.

While he was in the kitchen area she walked around and looked at his place. Immaculate. And she was right. His walls were filled with what appeared to be second hand frames of paintings. Drawings too. And over in the corner of the living area a small table with what appeared to be stories Dutch had written.

"You wrote these?" Glenda asked Dutch as he handed her a glass of Ice Tea.

He smiled. He had. And enjoyed doing it.

He showed her around his apartment ,and thanked her with all she had. She had a soft spot for this kind of person. She had met five others like him. All in their early fifties, or forties when they tried to contact her.

She could do nothing if the persecuted had not found freedom. It was a prerequisite for anyone she would take on board. And she would know if that person was free from the religious persecution by meeting with him. It was never a women.

She knew her part too. Once the persecuted was free. He would want/require independence. He had spend so many years on some sort of government program money, that what he wanted most was the fair chance to make a living. Something that was usually removed from the persecuted.

They had gone into his work place and fired him for no

reason. And made it difficult for the business where he worked to do business for even giving him the chance to make his own way. And they used their power to get ahead of him, and into places he needed to be and cut him off. They were always stealing his soul. And they always had counterfeit identifications, and ill intent.

Glenda Lady, herself, had become the target of one of the groups of religious persecution. They had a popular TV show, and had been persecuting a man from Washington State all his life. So when she took him on. And moved him to Manchester New Hampshire. They went after her.

She had people in place to deal with them. People inside the FBI, and they were not having it. And to this day it was one of the most beneficial busts in NYC to have come from the anti-persecution part of the FBI, and eight evil persecutors went to Federal Prison for their part in toying with Glenda Lady, and her client at that time.

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Independence for someone like Dutch Olson requires things he can never give himself. It's not that he couldn't do any number of jobs. He could. He could run a business and cut the bills for it by 10% in the first year. And several other

possibilities. The bad news for Dutch Olson was that he had not held a full time job in over fifteen years. And that alone was a big difference between him, and those around him.

He would tell you it was his religion and his art that kept him together. And he would be right.

Glenda Lady was impressed with Dutch Olson's freedom by the end of the day. She saw him as a liability to the American Experience, and not the opposite. She worried at times someone not worthy might get through, but peddled around it. Luckily for her, such a person had not come through for Glenda.

So Dutch and Glenda hit it off nicely. She was going to be staying in Manchester New Hampshire for a week. See some old friends, and connect with a few of her other people she had taken on. Dutch was her new thing, and she was about to tell everyone about him.

He would be welcomed into a community. An American Community where religious persecution is illegal, and not going to happen. And that community would take the form of a banquet in his honor.

At the end of the night. Unless Glenda stated otherwise. The recipient to the banquet would be handed a firearm . Usually their first one. And paid for lessons at the local firing range. Such a person needed a gun more than anyone in this modern world of meats at the grocery store.



And so, A banquet was planned for this new guy to the freedom floor. And Glenda and Dutch went shopping.

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Dutch had no problem whatsoever having Glenda spend her money on his cloths. He was quite fashionable, or always wore clean respectable looking cloths. Never looking like retail was only for the rich.

When all was said and done. Dutch bought a few pairs of shoes. And Glenda let him buy a Tux. You only get sane from religious persecution once in ones life times. She knew he deserved it.

Now Dutch was no rabbi. But he was unaccustomed to having such a nice person like Glenda being so nice to him. He didn't know what he should do. So he tried to play along.

He knew her heart was in the right place. He put her to the test, though. He wanted to know what she might expect from him. He wanted her standard to be lived up to. She was treating him like he deserved to be happy. And he had told himself such a person should always be worshiped.

Or served. That's a better word. Let the worship to the lord. Maker of heaven and earth. And let the life, on earth, come from the goodness of those involved.

Or maybe Dutch had simply under estimated the lengths that someone like Glenda Lady would go to to help reach a level he

had still yet to think about.

Well, Dutch would learn in the next few days that Glenda had all the bases covered. She would make sure Dutch , and his honest attempts towards Independence would not be trampled upon by some evil outfit who had made him insane to begin with. She had done it before. Her and her team in Manchester. What was one more try.

And so Dutch showed up for the banquet in his honor.

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He walked into a show floor room full of tables and people dressed in fancy cloths. All of them rose to their feet, and gave him, and Glenda (on his arm) an applause fit for a king.

And it did not end. He stood at his table as the eyes of the room lay upon him, and he cupped his mouth as his eyes began to water. There was a God ,and he lived in Manchester New Hampshire.

Eventually he took his seat, and Glenda went up to the front of the room and began to talk some while Dutch introduced himself to those at the table where he would be sitting. In the next forty minutes. Three people. All similar in stories like Dutch came up to talk for ten minutes, at least. And all of them had found that o so important floor of freedom from religious persecution.

Dutch sat there sipping his beverage trying not to sob.

All of the three talkers raised their glasses to Dutch. And all were followed by applause. Then, three other people came up to say a few words. One was an editor at a newspaper in Manchester New Hampshire. And he told Dutch that Glenda had told him about his writing hobby, and so Glenda had persuaded him to give him a Part time job as a writer at his newspaper. It was like a dream come true to Dutch's ears. He got up and walked to the microphone and hugged that man while the place applauded the news.

Another offered Dutch a car with paid for insurance for a year. And another would help pay his rent, and expenses. The Dutch wanted to say a few words. And he was ushered to the front to do such a thing.

"These last fifteen years have been impossible for me. Escaping the persecution has been my personal Everest and anything else in life was unthinkable for me until I met Glenda Lady. She is the real hero here today. The one person who knew my situation better than me. I though such a person could never be alive. And if so, would never do what she has done.

I want to make a commitment tonight in front of all of you. First and foremost. I love you. And I promise to love you're city and be as fair with her as I can. Second I want to thank all of you for this evening. Part of the religious persecution for me is learning late into my life that I was always an

orphan, and therefore without family. So this night means a lot. I will not let it go to waste. I hope that the rest of my days are free from religious persecution. And with the help of you all, I look forward to the rest of my days. Armed, and ready."

And the entire room rose to their feet in applause. And it was at that time that Glenda Lady also rose to her feet. And was handed a Winchester 43. The same kind of firearm given to many an American President over the years. And he was presented with it in front of all these people. It was his first gun. And a fine example of a firearm if there ever was one.

The applauses went on a few more minutes before Dutch returned to his seat ,and began to eat. It was the best and most important night of his life.

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