

MONETISING MISERY



FROM CATASTROPHE
TO COVER-UP

BY GREG WYATT

Disclaimer

Please note that the information provided herein comprises a compilation of evidence alongside personal opinions. These opinions are derived from factual information publicly accessible. It is important to emphasize that the intention is not to assert an all-encompassing or objective truth but to offer a perspective shaped by the available evidence.

Readers are strongly encouraged to conduct their own comprehensive research and exploration by following the links provided within this document. Each individual is responsible for delving into the subject matter independently, intending to evaluate whether their conclusions align with the assessment and analysis presented here.

This document serves as a foundational stepping stone toward a broader landscape of research and thorough inquiry. Exercising one's own discernment while also engaging in diligent fact-checking is paramount. Corrections and clarifications are welcome and encouraged.

Please approach this document as a springboard for deeper investigation and as an initial guide in pursuing knowledge. Your active participation in critical examination is essential to forming well-rounded conclusions.

The Purpose of This Book

The purpose of this book is not to malign or slander the individuals mentioned within its pages. Instead, it serves as a truthful account, with God as my witness, of my experiences. Initially, I believed I was on a Divine mission to change the world. However, as I became more involved, my intuition and intelligence revealed that things were not as they seemed.

Even more disheartening was the inability of those who idolized these figures to recognize the truth. This book is my gift of Truth to those who diligently seek it. Over eight years, I devoted thousands of hours to documenting my experiences. I knew that without such documentation, the truth would fade, allowing those responsible for what I consider the largest holocaust in human history to walk away as heroes when, in reality, they were anything but.

Foreword

In the shadowed corridors of modern history, a pivotal moment emerged on April 1, 2016, when the world witnessed the unveiling of a cinematic revelation: "VaxXed: From Cover-Up to Catastrophe (2016)." A beacon of hope emerged for the anguished hearts of parents grappling with the profound consequences of their children's vaccination journeys, a labyrinth fraught with chemical pitfalls.

It was a day etched in my memory that marked the beginning of an extraordinary odyssey. I found myself among those resilient souls who dared to challenge the norms, question the established order, and demand the truth concealed beneath layers of misinformation.

Yes, I was one of those parents, a father who cradled two innocent souls, Weston and Emily, both casualties in a battle against the very rites meant to protect them.



of kindred spirits reached out, their stories interwoven with mine in despair and, ultimately, defiance.

I embarked on an unforeseen path that led me to relinquish the allure of early retirement, a decision that marked the beginning of a vocation born from adversity. The landscape of my endeavors was cast across the digital expanse, where Facebook groups sprang forth like constellations, and a grassroots movement was choreographed to traverse the tapestry of the United States, leapfrogging borders to whisper across the globe.

Once a solitary whisper, my voice found resonance on the airwaves of countless virtual broadcasts. The tale of my children, the heartrending chronicle of their affliction, reverberated through the digital ethers, a siren call to those who would listen. The world bore witness as my modest undertaking, "The Vaccine Truth Movement," erupted into an inferno, a beacon that ignited minds and catalyzed action. But the tale that unfolded was far from the idyllic symphony of change and camaraderie I had envisaged.

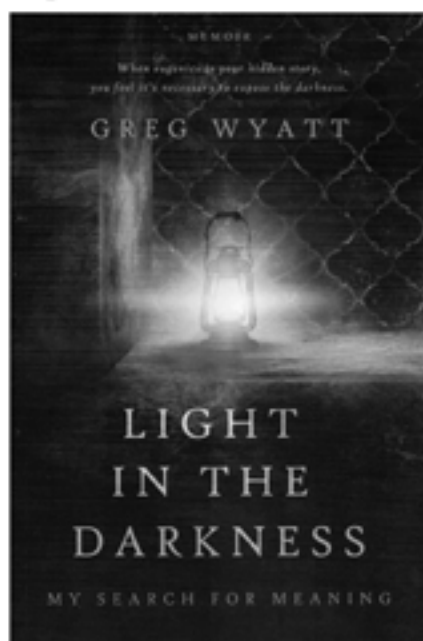
The veil of naiveté lifted, unraveling illusions as swiftly as they had been spun. The corridors of power, it seemed, were not as they appeared—shadows danced behind the scenes, and questions unfurled like banners in the wind. A year into this consuming journey, a gnawing realization took root. Doubt sprouted like an insidious vine, wrapping its tendrils around my once-unwavering conviction. As the threads of skepticism wove through my consciousness, I was compelled to peer beyond the veneer to probe the depths of the enigma "VaxXed."

This dear reader, is the overture of my encounter with the puppeteers who orchestrated the spectacle, the architects of the movie that was meant to be a rallying cry yet held secrets darker than the night itself. The following chapters will unfurl the tapestry of my dealings with those who stood behind the celluloid curtain—a story of intrigue, revelation, and a quest for truth that would spiral into the uncharted abyss of human ambition.

Introduction: Exposing the Depths of Darkness

As I began writing my book, *Light in the Darkness*, I was confronted with the sobering realization that specific topics demanded more than mere chapters within a single book. The sprawling grip of eugenics, vaccine damage, and the Health Freedom Movement warranted separate narratives to unravel their complexities without overshadowing the poignant tale of my father's struggle.

My proficiency in research, honed in an era of card catalogs and dusty archives, proved invaluable in uncovering truths that lay



obscured beneath layers of obfuscation. Yet, my journey into the perilous realms of vaccine injury and eugenics began not as an academic pursuit but as a profoundly personal odyssey catalyzed by the anguish of witnessing my own children's descent into severe autism, their innocence marred by the toxicity of vaccines.

The failure to foresee the dangers of vaccination before it touched my family remains a burden I bear with profound remorse. Determined to spare others from a similar fate, I embarked on a crusade to disseminate knowledge unencumbered by the allure of monetary gain. Despite the immense toll exacted on every facet of my being—financially, emotionally, physically, mentally, and spiritually—I refused to commodify suffering, steadfast in my commitment to illuminate the shadows cast by modern medicine.

The revelation of my origins, entangled in the web of eugenics, further fueled my quest for understanding. Learning of my conception as a product of state-sponsored sterilization and selective breeding under the guise of "superior stock" ignited a fervent pursuit of biological siblings and deeper insights into the insidious practices of eugenics.

The diagnosis of severe autism in my children thrust me into a battle against a medical establishment more concerned with managing symptoms than unraveling the mysteries of causation. Faced with dismissive attitudes and an absence of support, I turned to the education system, only to be met with resistance and accusations of fraud—a desperate ploy to silence our advocacy.

The incarceration of my partner, falsely accused of financial impropriety, cast a long shadow over our fight for justice. Bonding him out of jail, I watched helplessly as he faced draconian charges that eclipsed those reserved for far graver offenses. For two interminable years, he bore the weight of unfounded allegations, his innocence a mere inconvenience to those intent on stifling dissent.

This book is a testament to resilience, a defiant proclamation of vindication in adversity. It lays bare the scars of a life marred by injustice and betrayal, a chronicle of battles waged, and victories won, each page a testament to the indomitable spirit of a mother driven by love and righteous indignation.

In the tumultuous landscape of the Health Freedom movement, I have stood as a sentinel against the exploitation of suffering, refusing to yield to the temptation of profiteering. While I refrain from naming every malefactor that festers within its ranks, I offer a guide to discerning their machinations, a roadmap to navigating the treacherous waters of deceit and duplicity.

For those who dare to confront the darkness that lurks beneath the veneer of progress, this book serves as a beacon of hope—a rallying cry for justice and the unyielding pursuit of truth.

Chapter 1

The Harbinger of Change

The cusp of spring in 2011 heralded a parcel, innocuous in appearance yet laden with the weight of destiny. As I gingerly unfurled its contents, the revelation unfurled before me—an anthology of ink and parchment, a complex narrative stitched together with the meticulous care of a war



strategist
marshaling troops
for a covert battle.
Thousands of

sheets bore the arcane script of medical records, a testament to the journey my son had undertaken from his nascent days through the tender arc of his third year, spanning the years 1998 to 2001.

The sender, none other than the United States federal government, had unwittingly thrust me into the heart of a mystery—a puzzle I was compelled to decipher. The pages chronicled a symphony of visits to the citadel of pediatric care, Ponderosa Pediatrics, where my son, once a paragon of health, had embarked on a harrowing odyssey. The innocuous well-baby appointments, once a ritual of growth and safeguarding, had birthed a specter of sickness that consumed him relentlessly. Their answer, a cyclical chorus of Tylenol and Motrin, fell as hollow notes against the cacophony of questions that reverberated within us.

The passage of time slipped through our fingers, a river of moments that bore us inexorably toward an irreversible precipice. By 2001, the somber pronouncement had been cast—autism, a shadow cast over my son's once-untouched horizon. The chasm between the boy who once embodied perfection, and the one now ensnared by a condition we had not invited, was an abyss into which we stumbled, ignorant of the forces that had conspired against us.



A fervent ember ignited within me, fueled by an unquenchable desire to forge a world where the shadows of affliction would never shroud the innocent laughter of children, where the echoes of anguish would fade into oblivion, and where the tapestry of my cherished family would remain unblemished by the horrors that fate had wrought upon us.

In the hushed corridors of uncertainty, as the tendrils of comprehension reached out, I found myself irrevocably bound to a mission—to unearth the truth concealed beneath layers of ambiguity, to shine a light upon the path we had unwittingly traversed, and to sound a clarion call that would resonate through the annals of time. This is the chronicle of my metamorphosis, the genesis of a journey that would lead me to confront the very fabric of existence, unraveling the tapestry of secrets woven into the narrative of my son's life—a narrative that was forever altered by those seemingly innocuous well-baby visits, each a harbinger of profound change.

Chapter 2

Setting the Scene: Excited for the VaxXed Bus

In the monumental year of 2016, visionary creators, filmmakers, editors, and photographers, coalesced into an unstoppable force—the vanguard of change, the architects of a movement. Their masterpiece, "VaxXed," a clarion call that reverberated through the annals of time, set the stage for a chapter that would eclipse even the most audacious of dreams.

Enter the stage, the resplendent "VaxXed Nation Tour," a phenomenon that swept across the canvas of the United States, igniting hearts and minds as it traced a path through the heartlands and bustling cities alike. It was not a mere journey—it was a



pilgrimage of purpose, woven with intention, each stop strategically selected to intersect with the corridors of power, where members of the United States House Committee of Oversight & Government Reform held sway over the institution that is the CDC.

The bus tour was more than just a physical movement; it was a force of transformation, a journey of advocacy and enlightenment that crackled with electric vitality. At each destination, the silver screen would unfold, casting its incandescent glow upon screens that had become the canvas of change. Screenings were more than mere spectacles—they were rallying cries, opportunities for interaction, for the exchange of truths, and for the liberation of voices long stifled. People who called themselves “truthers” and “medical freedom advocates” flocked to enjoy the events and pose for pictures with the faces of the movement. I was no different, intoxicated by the rallying cry to unite against the nefarious agendas and powers that be. For once, it seemed like something would be accomplished.

As the wheels of the VaxXed Nation bus rolled ceaselessly, stories intertwined, converging and diverging like tributaries feeding into a river of revelation. Autism families, health professionals, and the silent warriors of vaccine injury—each voice found its chorus, harmonizing in a crescendo of raw emotion. Q&A sessions echoed with the resonance of newfound understanding, building bridges between hearts and minds that had once stood estranged.

Numbers amassed, not as mere statistics, but as tributes to human resilience, resolve, and the indomitable spirit of those who dared to shatter the shackles of silence. Almost 1000 stories, meticulously

captured on film, brought to life a mosaic of suffering, strength, and solidarity. And beyond the silver screen, on the digital tapestry of VaxXed.com, 6,900 written narratives bore witness to the global symphony of pain and perseverance.

A towering crescendo climaxed in the whispered names, a collective memorial etched upon the bus—a tapestry of remembrance that bore witness to those who had been felled by the very instruments of health they had sought. Names of the injured, names of the fallen, each one a chapter in a narrative that galvanized action, inspired unity, and underscored the solemn purpose of the journey.

And so, against the backdrop of the VaxXed Nation bus, against the walls of stories, statistics, and steadfast resolve, a movement unfurled—an anthem of health freedom, an iridescent symbol of tenacity, and a testament to the power of voices united. The chapters ahead would chronicle not just a tour, but a transformation—a movement that shook the very foundations of complacency and sowed the seeds of change in the fertile soil of collective consciousness.

Chapter 3

Jumping on the Black Bus



Del Bigtree rapidly ascended to the echelons of American iconhood, courtesy of his groundbreaking documentary "VaxXed." His influence extended to parents of vaccine-afflicted children and encompassed me—a father beset by the ordeal of two vaccine-injured offspring.

In the shadows of time, parents united within grassroots groups, their hearts aflame with the aspiration for transformative change. This collective effort spanned years, fueled by the fervent hope of sculpting a new reality.

Yet, a seismic shift altered the landscape on that fateful April 1st, 2016. The unveiling of Del Bigtree's magnum opus, "VaxXed," reverberated

across the nation, kindling flames of awareness in the hearts of parents and in my own. A pair of vaccine-injured children bore testimony to the urgency of the cause, propelling me toward my inevitable calling.

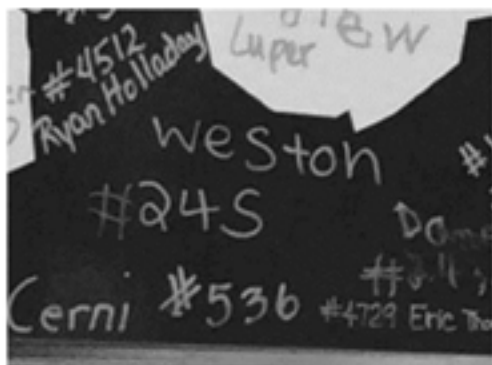
With the dawn of the following month, a newfound energy took shape—a black bus emblazoned with purpose embarked on a nationwide journey, a VaxXed tour igniting the flames of consciousness and financial support in equal measure.

The cadence of fate beckoned my attention as whispers of their impending visit to Arizona reached my ears—a strategic pit stop in



congressional districts that harbored the power to reshape laws. This juncture became a convergence of destiny, an opportunity to bridge the gap between spectatorship and active participation, as I set my sights on extending a helping hand.

The stage was set at the Paradise Valley Community Center—an arena for transformation, where intentions merged, alliances solidified, and narratives were poised to be rewritten.



SECTION 1

Making an Example Out of Del Bigtree

Chapter 4

Meeting Del

For nearly seven decades, my life has been dedicated to pursuing knowledge. Since my boyhood, an insatiable curiosity drove me to delve beneath the surface, questioning the very fabric of our existence. The mysteries of the azure sky, the enigma of Earth's brown hues, and the intricate dance of human behaviors consumed my thoughts.

However, amidst my intellectual journey, a singular figure emerged on my radar, captivating my attention in ways I never anticipated. Del Matthew Bigtree, the perplexing leader of the anti-vaccine movement, became an irresistible puzzle that refused to release its grip on my mind despite my earnest attempts to resist.

The community center's auditorium sprawled before us, a sizable expanse teeming with potential. Joyce, Emily, and I embarked on our journey, arriving a good half-hour before the clock struck 1:00 p.m.

Navigating the unfamiliar terrain, we trod cautiously, exchanging glances as we found our seats. A friendly face welcomed us at the door, setting the tone for what was to come.

The room was a puzzle of faces—some undoubtedly parents, while others remained a mystery. With discerning eyes, we assessed the assembly, realizing that most of those present were not part of our shared journey but a new wave of future parents and supporters of the movement, significant in their own way to the advancement of the cause.

Amidst this sea of unfamiliarity, my celebrity status preceded me, a testament to the reach of my efforts. Familiar faces emerged from the crowd, seeking connection, their outstretched hands a testament to the impact of my work. The echoes of my reception at the CDC resurfaced, a fleeting yet familiar taste of rock star treatment.

Armed with materials from arevaccinessafe.org, I set up a modest station adjacent to Brandy Vaughan's organization, "Learn the Risk." It was imperative to emphasize that my intentions were altruistic—I gave away cards rather than profiting from them. Like bullets in an army, the cards were dispensed freely to empower those who joined the cause.

Amidst the bustling scene, fellow vendors hawked their wares—t-shirts, books, and sundries—a marketplace of shared advocacy.

Although the room could have accommodated 200 souls, a mere 75 gathered, reminiscent of past events where attendance fell short of expectations, a pang of disappointment tugging at my heartstrings.

The roster of speakers bore unfamiliar names, faces yet to be etched in my memory. In retrospect, they were vital cogs in Del Bigtree's inner circle, figures that now find recognition in the annals of my journey.

A half-hour elapsed, tinged with anticipation, as whispers of Bigtree's imminent arrival circulated. Then, like a thunderclap, the announcement echoed—a mere 15 minutes separated us from his presence.

The colossal black bus maneuvered into view, the herald of change carrying with it Del Bigtree. A roar of applause engulfed the room as attendees surged forward, seeking selfies and handshakes.

My moment neared; I queued up, nerves and excitement twining within me. Thirty minutes later, our eyes met—a culmination of dreams and aspirations. My hand extended, and a handshake ensued, followed by a warm embrace. His stature was not imposing, a revelation that defied my expectations. His teeth bore the marks of time, and a hint of tobacco lingered in the air. Surprisingly, his physique lacked the vigor I envisaged—soft, almost lacking muscle tone.

In that fleeting encounter, I was swept away, the euphoria akin to a girl basking in the presence of the Beatles. Bigtree wielded the potential to reshape the world, and I was determined to join his crusade, to lend my voice to the chorus of change, all in the name of Weston and Emily's memory. I



wanted every promise they made to come true, and I was ready and willing to do the grassroots work necessary to ensure it all came to pass.

As our paths converged, I confronted the unexpected—realizing that those who wield transformative power need not fit the mold we envision.

Chapter 5

Family Showmanship

EXCLUSIVE EXPOSE:

DEL BIGTREE'S FAMILY SECRETS

Hold onto your hats as we delve deep into the tantalizing tapestry of Del Bigtree's family history. Prepare for a jaw-dropping ride through a saga that blurs the lines between reality and showmanship, where the truth is a tantalizing enigma waiting to be unraveled. From riveting revelations to shocking twists, this is a story that will leave you craving more.

Step into the spotlight as we peel back the layers of Del's enigmatic background.

A LEGACY OF SHOWMEN

Let's kick off with a bang—Del's family history reads like a script from Hollywood's golden era. A lineage steeped in showmanship and theatrics, where the distinction between the stage and real-life blurs into a mesmerizing dance. Prepare to be mesmerized as we uncover Del's mask in public and the intriguing stories beneath.



Enter stage left, his mother: Norma, born on January 14, 1943, to Norman and Mary Bigtree in Syracuse, NY. Norman Bigtree, a machinist for the Chrysler Corporation until his passing in 1971, was no ordinary man. He was a full-blood Iroquois Indian, born on the Onondaga

Reservation—an ancestry that oozes intrigue. Norma, the eldest of three daughters, would soon find herself treading the boards of the theater world alongside a man named Jack Groverland.

But wait, the plot thickens! Norma's theatrical journey started at age 4 and takes a surreal turn as she stars in *Curley McDimple*, a Shirley Temple spoof, sharing the limelight with luminaries like Barry Manilow and Bernadette Peters. A star-studded saga that leaves us questioning—did the allure of the

spotlight run through Del's veins from the very beginning?

And then came the tumultuous era of "Tent Revival"

preaching, a phenomenon that swept the 1960s. Norma and Jack pivoted from thespian glory to the pulpit, trading the



theater for the tent in a bid for divine success. A transformation that casts an enigmatic shadow over Del's origins and beckons us to untangle the threads of this captivating revival of causes being heralded for fame and fortune.

INTRIGUE BEYOND BLOODLINES

The Bigtree intrigue is far from over. Let's delve into Norman's origins and heritage, a tale that unfolds across continents and defies conventional wisdom. Remember, Norman is Del's grandpa, but to understand the family tree, we will travel back in time.

Norman's heritage echoes the whispers of Native American roots—a captivating claim that evokes the imagery of Iroquoian-speaking tribes. Yet, the narrative acquires a tantalizing twist as sources weave a web of confusion around his lineage. Was Norman truly a full-blooded Iroquois Indian, or did the allure of showmanship extend to the intricacies of his own story?

Norman's ancestral legacy is riddled with questions. Mitchell Bigtree, born in 1876, emerges as a pivotal figure in this saga. A lineage traced back to Philip Bigtree, whose roots intertwine with the heart of Native American

American heritage, conjuring a legacy that ignites our imaginations.



heritage, conjuring a legacy that ignites our imaginations.

TWO WORDS, ONE MYSTERY

A linguistic dance ensues as Norman's name oscillates between "Bigtree" and "Big Tree," a grammatical enigma that fuels our intrigue. A subtle detail hints at a more significant narrative lurking beneath the surface—record compels us to question the essence of identity and ancestry.

UNRAVELING THE ENIGMA

Norman's tale takes us from the Onondaga Reservation to foreign shores, where echoes of an English marriage cast an enchanting spell. The whispers of Norman's Native American heritage intertwine with the allure of European lineage, creating a tale that defies expectations.

But hold the presses! A grand revelation takes center stage—the lineage of Del's mother, Norma. An

ancestry that spans from England to Germany, igniting questions about the mosaic of Norman's ancestral makeup. The enigma deepens as we explore the rich tapestry of Norma's heritage, a narrative that challenges preconceived notions and beckons us to peer beyond the veil of history.

As the curtain falls on this riveting chapter, we recap the tale that has left us spellbound. The tapestry of Del's origins is a complex weave of Native American whispers, theatrical allure, and the intoxicating dance between truth and showmanship. Norma's lineage, a fusion of English and American threads, adds layers of intrigue to this saga of enigmatic proportions.

Prepare for a journey that is far from over. The Big Tree family secrets remain shrouded in mystery, an intricate mosaic waiting to be unraveled. Stay tuned as we venture deeper into the labyrinth of Del's heritage, a narrative that promises twists and turns beyond your wildest imagination. The apple truly doesn't fall far from the Big Tree.

Chapter 6

A Tinseltown Tale of Chiefs and
Silver Screens

Buckle up, for the plot takes an electrifying twist! According to my audacious insights, the whispers of Del's lineage lead to none other than the legendary Indian Chief and Hollywood icon—John Big Tree, also known as Isaac Johnny John, who lived from June 2, 1877 – July 6, 1967. Picture this: a silver



screen luminary who graced 59 Hollywood films from 1915 to 1950, embodying the very essence of the Indian Chief immortalized on the iconic nickel coin.

But hold your applause, for confusion casts its shadow over the tale. As we navigate the treacherous waters of online message boards, the Bigtrees and the Big Trees emerge as puzzling protagonists, each vying for their place in the spotlight. My astute observations shed light on the enigma, revealing a tapestry woven with threads of contradiction and intrigue.

A SHOWBIZ PUZZLE: LOST TRUTHS AND AGENDAS

I unraveled a web of contradictions while looking down this path. An obituary of Chief John Big Tree hints at a legacy devoid of progeny—a stark contrast to the whispers of Norma's schoolmate, who remains unnamed and claimed a connection to the illustrious Chief. The essence of truth seems to waver, much like a mirage in showbiz's spotlight.

As the plot thickens, the spelling metamorphoses from Big Tree to Bigtree, introduces a

layer of confusion over the narrative. The insidious allure of selling an image emerges as a masterful puppeteer, manipulating the truth in the throes of fame. While Big Tree to Bigtree seems a small stretch, it is two surnames becoming one, and the likelihood of foul play and mistaken identity seems to be amiss.

A TANGLED LEGACY OF LOVE AND LIES

There's more intrigue beneath the surface! Chief John's marital decisions unfold, revealing a tableau of unions and offspring rivaling any Hollywood drama. As if plucked from a script, Chief John's three marriages reveal secrets and surprises that defy expectations.

Chief John's love story unfurls with Phoebe White, a connection that bore fruit in the form of a child named Deforest Johnny John. His tryst with Clara T. Jimerson added another chapter to this riveting tale, birthing Birdie Johnny John.

Yet, there's an even more bewitching twist. Enter Cynthia Johnson Big Tree, an equal suffragist and Indian Model whose union with Chief John birthed no heirs. A final act of love and union that leaves us yearning for answers. Why is he listed as being the father of none when we found two legitimate children from earlier marriages? Are there illegitimate children that might have been given his name without him having been a steady presence in their lives? His marriage record seems to imply that he didn't stay in one set of arms for too long, not even for his children, so is it a safe assumption that the Bigtrees might actually hold relation with Big Tree?

CYNTHIA BIG TREE
EQUAL SUFFRAGIST
AND INDIAN MODEL



Cynthia Big Tree, a celebrated figure of the Gilded Age, is the subject of this portrait. She is the daughter of John B. Big Tree, the author of the book 'The Story of the Indian'.

THE CURTAIN CALL: THE MYSTIQUE CRUMBLES

As the plot thickens and the spotlight dims, a tantalizing thread emerges—a potential connection between Chief John and Mitchell Bigtree, Del's forebearer. A tantalizing possibility that sends ripples

of speculation through the narrative, leaving us yearning for a grand reveal.

Alas, a chilling reality sets in as the tale reaches its crescendo. Despite my fervent attempts, the enigmatic Miles Mathis remains silent, a conductor who refuses to lead us through this labyrinth of intrigue.

We've come to a crossroads of revelations, shedding light on the intricate tapestry of Norma's ancestry. Norman, her father, emerges not as the full-blooded Iroquois whispered by some sources, but a figure whose lineage weaves a more complex story. The shifting sands of his name, oscillating between "Bigtree" and "Big Tree," cast shadows of confusion, hinting at a potential link to the enigmatic Chief John Big Tree.

In this maze of ancestry, we encounter a grandmother whose roots are firmly planted in British soil, gracing the peerage with her presence. Chief John Big Tree, a figure of both mystique and Hollywood allure, beckons from the depths of history. His connection to the Onondaga Reservation, his birth mirroring that of Mitchell Bigtree, Del's great-grandfather, conjures an uncanny alignment of time and space.

Amidst this sea of information, one thing remains certain: the legend of Norma as the granddaughter of a Mohawk Chief, whose likeness graced the nickel coin, persists through multiple sources. Yet, as we peel back the layers, we uncover the intricate dance of facts and fictions. Mitchell's role as a Mohawk Chief is debunked, replaced by the

reality that Chief John Big Tree's likeness adorns the coin in question.

The threads of intrigue are woven intricately, leaving us at a juncture of speculation and uncertainty. The stage is set for Del's potential kinship with Chief John, a hypothesis built on a delicate foundation of shared timelines, geographical echoes, and whispers of ancestral connections. However, the narrative remains woven from strands of coincidence, potential, and the elusiveness of truth. Whether the strands unite in a mosaic of lineage or diverge as mere happenstance, the story remains enshrouded in ancestry's dance.

Chapter 7

Del's Father:
Who is the Real Jack Groverland?

FROM ARNEBOLD TO GROVERLAND

The story of Jack Groverland takes an intriguing turn as we delve into the core of his identity. A crucial revelation unfurls: Groverland isn't the name he was born with; he shed his original surname, Arnebold. A key piece of the puzzle emerges with the discovery of his brother's death record, introducing us to his sisters, Katherine and Irene, and hinting at a mother named Sally. The shadowy figure of Sally becomes a lingering enigma, despite the lack of information on Ancestry.com.

FRITZ ARNEBOLD: A GLIMPSE INTO JACK'S FAMILY

Further exploration of Jack's past brings us face-to-face with his father, Frederick "Fritz" Arnebold. Fritz's journey spans from his roots in Germany to his role as a truck driver in the United States under the employment of Charles Miller & Co. His story infuses Jack's lineage with a sense of traversing unfamiliar terrain and shaping a new destiny.

REGISTRATION CARD—(See law in effect February 11, 1907 and in effect December 2, 1915)

ADDRESS REGISTERED
 2335 FREDERICH ARNEBOLD 12021

PLACE OF RESIDENCE (Street)
 512 MEADOWHURST AVE NORTH BRIDGE HUDSON, N. J.

THIS PLACE OF RESIDENCE OFFICE ON THIS CARD MUST BE THE SAME AS THAT ON LICENSES AND ALL REGISTRATION CERTIFICATES WILL BE IDENTICAL

A. Machine Address
 SAGE

REGISTERED BY (Name and full address of the registrant)
 NAME: FREDERICH ARNEBOLD DATE OF BIRTH: JUNE 21 1903 PLACE OF BIRTH: GERMANY

CLASSIFICATION (Type of license)
 CLASS: NON-D CLASSIFICATION: 3E

ISSUED AND ADDRESS OF PERSON WHO HAS ALIEN ENTRY TICKET
 HAS LOUSE ARNEBOLD (WIFE) 512 MEADOWHURST AVE, N. J.

ISSUED BY (Name and address of the issuing authority)
 CHAS. MILLER & CO

PLACE OF REGISTRATION OR EXCHANGE
 512 ST. NORTH BRIDGE HUDSON, N. J.

ISSUED AT (Name and address of the issuing authority)
 512 ST. NORTH BRIDGE HUDSON, N. J.

ISSUED FOR (Name and address of the registrant)
 Frederick Arnebold

THE CLOUDED ESCAPE: JACK'S BOLD JAILBREAK

In an excerpt from his bio on UnityofBoulder.com, Jack says: "I grew up in the crime infested ghettos of Hoboken and Jersey City where I learned all the wrong ideas about life. I lived with my father, an immigrant truck driver who couldn't begin to imagine the life I'm living now. In those dark days I was a petty thief, gang fighter, gambler and fool. I left all that when I escaped from jail under a hail of bullets and in the process had my first spiritual experience."

Yet, a shroud of uncertainty envelops Jack's narrative, as his daring escape from jail amidst a hail of bullets raises eyebrows and intrigue. The very nature of this escape hints at a life colored by risk and uncertainty, potentially painting him as a fugitive. The motivations behind his name change remain veiled, urging us to uncover the hidden layers beneath the surface. Like father, like son.

FROM MINISTER TO WORDSMITH

As time unfolds, Jack Groverland wears multiple hats, with each role leaving its mark. From an ordained Unity minister who led the Unity of Boulder community for a remarkable four decades, he seamlessly transitions into a skilled writer whose words resonate far beyond the written page. His



literary prowess gives life to books and a screenplay that finds its place in the vibrant realm of Hollywood.

Chapter 8

Del's Wife: Lee Collette Nestor

As our story unfolds, a new chapter brings us to a union that transcends distances and ties two lives together. Del's journey intertwines with Lee Collette Nestor, a meeting that sets the stage for genuine affection and connection. Lee, born on September 23, 1969, in Switzerland, adds an international hue to the narrative.

LEE'S ANCESTRAL LINE

The story of Lee's lineage reveals Peggy Nestor as her mother, but the story runs deeper. Aunts often hold tales of their own, and in Lee's case, Marianne Nestor, known fondly as Dolly, emerges with her own networks. Dolly's connection as the secret wife of fashion luminary Oleg Cassini adds a layer of fascination to the family tale.

PEGGY'S CREATIVE INFLUENCE

Peggy, Lee's mother, the creative visionary behind the Oleg Cassini brand, steps into the limelight. Her role as creative director echoes through the brand's history. Why does this matter? Let's take a look at who Oleg Cassini was.

The glittering world of Oleg Cassini, famed fashion designer, casts a shadow of controversy that goes beyond the runway. In the realm of relationships, his life reads like a gripping tabloid tale.

After a divorce that rocked the headlines, Cassini's romantic journey continued with names that spark curiosity. A chapter intertwined with Gene

Tierney, Hollywood icon, painted a cordial picture even after Gene's 1991 passing. But the allure of Hollywood also led him to the captivating Grace Kelly. An engagement that set tongues wagging hinted at a love story that never reached its publicized crescendo.

Amidst the glamour, a cloud of darkness looms. In an explosive revelation, Susanna Moore bravely alleged that she was subjected to a haunting encounter with Cassini.

The narrative takes an unexpected turn as Cassini's life story intertwines with model Marianne Nestor in a secret marriage. Together, they embarked on a venture that blended fashion and fame.

Marianne (pictured to the right with Cassini) took the reins of



licensing and public relations, igniting a journey that would be remembered for their steadfast defense.

However, their marriage remained cloaked in secrecy until after Cassini's departure from the

limelight. What followed was a tumultuous legal showdown that left Marianne and his daughter Tina entangled in a bitter court battle for his estate. The saga captured the public's fascination, with Vanity Fair and Newsday providing updates on the ongoing struggle.

As the pages turned, Cassini's estate took center stage. The year 2019 marked a defining moment as

Doyle auctioned off his legacy. The grand finale echoed the complexity that surrounded his life, a chapter that symbolized the culmination of fashion, fame, and fierce legal battles.

