

The Journey

This is an account of the steps that brought me to realising the histories of the ancient nations, specifically those covered by the Bible's survey, have been falsified by The Academy. That led to me devising the 3-D Aleph-Tav Bible Study. This programme looks at the Bible in the light of the new and revised History that we can now work out. The 3-D Aleph-Tav Bible Study also takes a fresh look at Hebrew language behind the Bible in the light of that new history ("**His-Story**"). Also, *The Journey* is an account of events leading to the composition of my first book [1].

The Journey will be followed by *The Job*. Thirdly, I am writing *The Journal* in this series. That last document will cover other things pertaining to *The Journey* and *The Job*. In my worst academic subject, Accounting, sometimes there is a Journal for other entries not accounted for in the main ledgers. I am not absolutely certain about that point but few have the distinction, that I have, of being able to fail Accounting Stage I, three times at University [2]. So I claim no expertise on that point.

The Journey is an account of events that pertain to the journey of discovery that led to the historical reconstruction of ancient (mainly 'Middle Eastern') history in accordance with the Biblical narrative and in contradistinction to the prevailing methodology that seeks to harmonise Biblical History with the Academy's [3] False World View of that History.

Probably, *The Journey* begins when my parents sent me to Ripley Court Preparatory School. Ripley, Surrey, is a village [4] between Guildford and Woking. It is the same village where Mr Eric Clapton had his early education at the Anglican school on the main road. My Father told me that my Late Mother was concerned that children sent to the local primary school at Send were destined for work in a factory. My parents, or my mother anyway, had higher aspirations for me. I had no say in this matter. Unbeknown to them at the time, a decision at the head office of J.K. Mooney and Company (JKM); an animal-skin, fur and wool exporter in Dunedin; would result in me being ripped out of that school to attend primary schooling in New Zealand. Ripley Court preparing boys to study at Eton, Cambridge, Oxford etc., was not at all appropriate preparation [5] for schooling or social life in Dunedin in the 1960's.

At Ripley, I studied Latin and French from age five as well as History. I do not remember studying much else. Whether I fell asleep in other classes, I am not sure, but that is what I recollect learning - the languages and History. We also needed a Bible for morning assembly. In History studies, we started with Roman Britain. Mr R.J.Unstead wrote the texts for our course. One of his books, *People in History* I still own. I did have a copy of his series for the Tudors and Stuarts, with me in New Zealand, probably because that was the era we were about to begin when our family had to leave for New Zealand. The history Mr Unstead wrote his texts from a Christian perspective. I left England schooled in the principle that History was **His Story**. Thus, I also fully expected that history books on the countries mentioned in the Bible would confirm and complement the Bible's account.

As it happened, when I began attending Ripley Court Preparatory as a five-year old in a class of six year-olds, Mrs Woodvine had just started reading [6] to the class *The Lion, The Witch and the*

Wardrobe, by Mr C.S. Lewis. His books [7] were about the history (and prophecy) of a mythical country named Narnia. In the plot, Edmund had betrayed his (elder) brother and two sisters by joining, albeit somewhat unintentionally, the Wicked Witch's camp. She had to defeat the prophecy about the four children ruling Narnia. Mr Lewis' story had the Great Lion Aslan negotiating the release of Edmund. But to do that, Aslan would have to hand himself over to the Witch as a ransom and be killed. After the slaying of Aslan, suddenly the Lion miraculously [8] came back from the dead and went on to defeat the Witch in battle and kill her. Other books in the *Narnia* series narrate further attempts to defeat prophecies about Aslan's Special (Chosen?) Land (*Israel-Narnia*). I remember getting home [9] and explaining the plot of Mr Lewis' novel to my mother. I remarked that Aslan's experience was just like Jesus dying for us on the Cross and being resurrected. Mum explained that Mr Lewis was writing an allegory on the Bible. She explained what "allegory" was. My mother was telling me this probably in about 1959. It is interesting that Mr Lewis reportedly later denied his Narnia books were allegorical. Many years later, after going through his series in much detail, I concluded "Narnia" and its 'talking animals' stood for Israel and its Jews in the alleged allegory.

When we eventually [10] arrived in New Zealand in November 1962, I had to wait for the new school year to begin in February 1963. When I did start at St Clair Primary, South Dunedin, in Standard Three, then nine years old, Miss Mann explained the curriculum for the year. It was all about "Comprehension" and "Social Studies". Even then, I had prodigious reading skills. Later in the year they gave the whole school a reading test. We had to stand by the teacher and read words from a list while the teacher ticked them off to confirm we had correctly read or pronounced the word. We were not required to explain each word's meaning. I remember turning this into a game. None of the words fazed me. I was able to read on and on and race ahead of the teacher's ability to verify my pronunciation was correct. The teacher had to ask me to slow down. We were both giggling about this and having a bit of fun. The teacher found I could rattle off every word presented to me no matter how lengthy or complex. None of the words had me stumped. None of the other kids could read nearly as many words. Miss Mann was so astonished that she took me to demonstrate the skill to the School Principal. He watched this, then took me to the Standard Four class to demonstrate my skill. He urged the senior class to aspire to such standards. The implication was that the older kids needed to improve their game if a Standard Three kid could outperform them. I doubt this made me very popular. However, there seemed little interest in the ability. Nothing came of this apart from, probably, other kids regarding me as some sort of upstart [11] which would be typical of that culture.

I do not remember actually learning to read. I remember desperately wanting to read. One such occasion was when I could not sing the words from a Hymn Book I was holding at a Percy Street Baptist Church Service in downtown Woking. The next thing I do remember, in that context, is being able to read that Hymn Book and trying to sing at the top of my lungs. The main thing I do remember about the 'learning-to-read-process', as a 3 to 5 year old, is watching the cricket on the BBC. As the batsmen came out at the fall of a wicket, the BBC broadcast his name in a subtitle across the base of the screen. Typically, it took as much as two minutes for the batsman to amble out to the crease, then take his guard etc. Doubtlessly, the incoming batsman would be steeling his thoughts for the first ball from the bowler as batsmen do. I would be concentrating on the letters of the batsman's name appearing across the base of the television screen. These were the early days of British television's live broadcasts. Presumably, that had

the unintended consequence of a little boy in the village of Send receiving an education by staring at the name and trying to figure-out how the letters were enunciated by listening to the commentator. This parade of surnames included Messrs; “Barrington, Cowdrey, Truman, Titmus, Lock, Laker, Tyson, Statham, May, Parfitt or Pullar”. Then, when the Australians were on tour; “Hawke, Mackenzie, Burge, O'Neill, Harvey, Simpson, Lawry”; and one *stranger* - “Benaud” - came on-screen. In the name “Benaud”, my mother advised me, the name was a transliteration into English of a foreign name, in this case a French name. Presumably, Mum did not use the word "transliterate" but that early understanding about Sir Ritchard Benaud's name sank into the brain. Much later, I believe, that little exercise was just one of many that led to the development of a skill, hopefully evident from other papers I have written. Those were the early days in the development of a latent skill reflected in my writing about "etymology". For example, note that the 'd' in “Benaud” is not pronounced and, of course, in “Steward” the ‘d’ became a ‘t’ as in our family surname. One year the Pakistanis were in England. Their players had names like Mohammad, Nawaz, Iqbal or Khan appearing on screen.

As far as I can tell; it does seem as though I had learned to read largely through my own devices [12]. (I am sure my mother taught me sometimes although I fail for some reason to remember that). However, it transpired in the NZ schooling system that my "comprehension" was only average by comparison. Possibly, one skill developed out of kilter with the other. On the other hand, I suspect the way they constructed the Comprehension lessons [13] and tasks was in a manner completely disinteresting to me. We had to read paragraphs or short essays and answer, what seemed to me, futile questions. I wanted to know why we did not, in New Zealand, do more History in school. I was not interested in reading or studying fictional accounts to develop skills in Comprehension or Analysis. Nor did I like this being a ranking process. I wanted facts (or figures). I believed the Bible was factual. I was particularly interested in the way History could elucidate the Bible. I have since found it worked the other way. The Bible elucidates History because it is **His Story**. And **He** should know! “He”, The Lord God, does ‘know’ and spiritually communicates this knowledge to those who believe and worship Him in the way He stipulates and who study the Bible in that *spirit*.

In my first month at St Clair Primary, our teacher, Miss Mann said that we would study History and Geography under the "Social Studies" umbrella. Many years later, quite by accident, sitting one day in the Auckland University Library, I casually reached over for a journal. Inside was an article about education in New Zealand. I found a discussion on the importation of the Social Studies Programme from the American education system. In the USA, it had been used to 'socialise' the many different immigrant groups. That may have been fair enough for early Twentieth Century United States demography. However, the intention in New Zealand seemed to be to use “Social Studies” to downplay History. One can understand the peculiar pressures faced in a unique situation by the American system. US educators found themselves dealing with rigidly entrenched views America's newcomers had of the histories of the countries they had come from. Often these people had fled because of social-system destroying historical narratives.

Anyway, Miss Mann announced the programme in her class would be half-history and half-geography. Mid-way through the year, it seemed to me we had only studied geography and what I could now describe as anthropology - about Eskimos and their igloos or about people fishing

for their livelihood. After the mid-year holiday, I asked Miss Mann if we were going to do history in the second half because none of the programme thus far had been about history. As a teacher would, she gave me the brush-off. No Pommie kid with a High Class Accent (Received Pronunciation I presume) was going to tell **her** what to do. I was a bit naive but I had to make my protest as politely as possible.

So, if we were not going to do History at School, I would do it in my own time. But they frowned on that too! As I progressed my plan, mainly by reading the history books in the school library, I found out that they were spying on which books I had read using the library's catalogue system. The teachers, by way of term reports we had to take home, urged my parents to encourage "Donald" to "read more widely than 'History' books". I remember my mother laughing at this. But I knew then that I was skirmishing with the education system and would one day be at war with it - and with The Establishment which gets very nervous when members of Society read *irregular* histories. In a strategic manoeuvre, I then read all the historical novels in the school library [14]. But that did not satisfy the authorities in the schools. I think, though, they gave up on me at that point. However, this early fascination for truth-and- or -in-History was now well entrenched. The question for me, looking back, is whether this was circumstantial or was some other *Hand* in this?

The Dunedin City Council (DCC) Public Library, from memory in a different building, housed a separate "children's library". It held a much wider variety of history books than the primary school library which I quickly exhausted. At the children's library, I picked up a book about the History of China. The book ranged from the very earliest days of civilization in China until about the beginning of the Twentieth Century. It read very well and gave one an excellent sense of the history of the ups and downs, centralisation versus decentralisation debates, and the waves of order and disorder that swept through 2500 to 3000 years of China's History [15]. The various dynasties came to power, had their glory days then declined. A familiar pattern was apparent to me even as a very young student or schoolboy. One could sense a circularity in the account. The history of China displayed what to many would appear to be a repetition of cycles. On closer inspection, one ought to note differences or variations between each cycle [16]. I followed that up by covering Japan then attempted Korea but lost interest and looked for some other region to cover.

That was when I withdrew a book about ancient Egypt's history. With my interest in the Bible, I expected to read about Israel and the events in the Bible concerning Israel, Egypt and other nations in the region of the so-called 'Bible Lands' (modern Syria, Iraq, Lebanon etc). After about a quarter way through this book I began to wonder if I was reading allegory or *make-believe* rather than history. *Narnia* was allegory and fun to read but this stuff was arid and dry. I had enjoyed learning Roman and French history in the Latin and French classes. I knew my British history and had a good feel for Chinese history after reading the DCC library book. But what passed for Egyptian History in this particular book from the DCC library seemed not to be history at all. It did not even seem to be archaeology or even Egyptology. This far on, one does not have a precise way of describing the feeling one had at the time. It would be easy to read-back one's impressions, as an adult reader of Egyptology, to that time. Nevertheless, to me as a ten-year old, the Egyptian system seemed to worship death. So perhaps the book, in a way, faithfully represented Egypt's history. But the whole thing seemed pretty lifeless to me. It did

not *breathe* like other histories. (One is reminded of Ezekiel 37:8, last clause).

The important point to stress here is that I simply dropped the matter, i.e., my intention to investigate ancient Egyptian history. Somehow, one realised there was a ‘**dichotomy**’ here. Not that one understood or comprehended ‘dichotomy’ at the time (1963-4). The facts one had learned about British, French, Roman, Israelite and now Chinese history would not have much bearing on Israel in the Bible because those nations were not mentioned there. Though, one has subsequently found out, they are of course in both prophecy and history. However, to find no reference [17] to “Israel” in a book about Egyptian history seemed ridiculous [18]. According to the Bible, the two neighbouring countries; Egypt and Israel, albeit in two different but neighbouring continents; had significantly-intertwined mutual-histories. That was as one would expect. Surely it would be just like discussing the histories of England and France or even England and Italy-Rome. It seemed something had to be wrong. That much was certain. To understand all this was also quite an achievement for a ten-year-old child. Which is why I suspect a greater *Hand* was involved here. For at that point I simply concluded, “well the Bible is right so there is something wrong with the information in the book about ancient Egypt's history”. I did not take the view that the Bible might be allegory like Mr Lewis’ books. I did not take the view, as others do, that the Bible is made up or just poetry and echoes of ancient traditions and epics or sagas. I simply believed the Bible, especially for its historicity, **as a child**. This echoes Jesus’ comment (Luke 18:17) about entering the Kingdom of Heaven (or of God).

Actually, this event may well have temporarily quelled the passion for history. Sports, either as a player or spectator, took more interest. Dunedin was a sporting-mad place. I joined the Carisbrook Cricket Club captained by a Master Warren Lees. I only made the Second of two Elevens never getting to play for the Firsts with Warren and Denis Brady who later made a double-century opening partnership for King’s High School against my father’s old school, Waitaki Boys. I added Fives, Squash, Badminton and Tramping (in the wake of the Duke of Edinburgh Scheme) to my sporting interests of Cricket and Rugby. I had played Soccer at Ripley and for St Clair Primary in Standard Three and Four until they obliged me to drop the sissy game and go to play rugby. I did enjoy rugby. I played it as a schoolboy for the Zingari Richmond Club. My Grandfather was the first Patron of the Club. Duncan Robertson, Keith Murdoch and the Late Gordon Hunter were the Club’s three best known post-WWII players.

A curious interlude, returning to the theme of history, took place in my second year at Macandrew Intermediate. My best friend, Malcolm Forster, who lived around the corner from our house in St Clair, was the son of the Otago Museum Director [19]. Dr and Mrs Forster were the country's experts on spiders. Malcolm and I were in Form Two at the time. Both of us had been selected for the Tweedsmuir Rugby Trials [20] to make up teams for an inter-school rugby and sports tournament. At the same time, the museum had developed a programme to get youngsters interested in that institution. Mr Taylor's Form Two class had been selected to join the scheme and send two pupils to the museum every Tuesday afternoon. But that clashed with the rugby trials. I shared a desk at school with Malcolm. I am not sure to what extent his association with the museum through his father had a bearing on his selection, hence mine, but it seems I was detailed to accompany Malcolm to make sure that he got there. I do not know who was pulling which or what strings in this. We had both been interested in museums and Malcolm was keen to set one up in his parents’ house.

Again, I had no choice in these matters. I wanted to go to this museum thing. I also wanted to play in the trials and improve my skills at rugby. These things seemed to just happen. So, when we arrived for the first time at the museum we met kids from other schools. But they had, evidently, already attended some sessions. So Malcolm and I found ourselves a bit out of depth in the discussions that took place in Dr Lockerbie's office. After a few weekly sessions in the aforesaid's office we were then sent to roam the museum on our own initiative.

But then we found ourselves just going along to the museum and literally fending for ourselves for there seemed to be no supervision. I remember some of the kids just sitting in a corner fooling around. I don't know if the other kids did anything much at all in these later sessions. Anyway, I tried to make use of the time by wandering the museum looking at exhibits. One, as it turned out, very interesting afternoon, Dr Lockerbie found me standing alone by some Greek artifacts. Surprisingly, Dr Lockerbie spent probably half an hour explaining to me what, in the jargon, is called a "ceramic sequence" for the items of Greek Pottery in the Museum's collection. He explained how they had samples of firstly Archaic pottery-ware then the Attic-ware (Red and Black) through to the Classical Era then the decline or post-Classic phase. Dr Lockerbie was able to describe a sequence through a period of history from about the 13th Century BC to the Alexandrian period [21].

But that was the only personal or one-on-one tuition I got from many weeks attending the programme. Even so, just in this one half-hour session, that 'museum extension course' would turn out to have long-term implications of dramatic proportions. I think that both the school and the Museum gradually lost interest or forgot about our participation in the programme.

Nevertheless, the programme "probably" had the unintended consequence of removing me from the path of a (possibly) burgeoning career in rugby. One can dream! Malcolm and I would leave school every Tuesday afternoon. But we could not get back in time for the rugby trials. No one would ask where we had been. Mr Taylor, our teacher was rarely in class because he supervised the library. We were left to our own devices for much of the day - in fact for the whole school year. This class was famous for that. Everyone wanted to be in Mr Taylor's Class for Form Two. One got to work in the school library for a day or more or even many days for the specially chosen. Mr Taylor chose me only once although I did (very *charitably*) volunteer to go back to school for the holidays to help bind damaged books. Other kids got many chances to do library duty for the day. Although I noticed they did not volunteer for school holiday service. A girl named Cheryl McMath (from memory) was in the library, it seemed, for the whole year. It surprised me that I did not get more time in the school library especially in the term after I had volunteered for duty in the off-term 'May School Holiday' fortnight. I have spent many hours in libraries around the world but only got a day's library duty at the Macandrew Intermediate School library. Perhaps one should not complain because a *Higher* hand may again have been operating. It is possible that without me ever finding out, my mother had once again intervened behind the scenes as with the milk monitor's role at primary school.

The reader again should note, I had no say in all these matters. Perhaps that helped teach me obedience for a far more important task for a *Most Awesome Personality* mapping my future. Nevertheless, it annoyed me that I always seemed to be passed over for library duty. However, I

got to go to the Museum with Malcolm. Furthermore, with Paul Murchie [22], I was one of about twenty-four very lucky boys to get to do Cooking Class for boys. This took place every last Friday in the month in a programme of extra-curricular activities. The whole school applied for that activity so it had to be rationed to two per senior-form classes. The Form One kids missed out. They had to await their chances in their second year at this 'intermediate' school between the 'primary' and 'secondary' stages of education in New Zealand in the 1960's. I managed to be selected because I knew how to make scones. Two other things I remember in "Mr Taylor's Form Two" was having to take ourselves through 'Comprehension' exercises. The other kids seemed to get through them far more quickly than me. I seemed destined for the 'B' Stream because of my B-grades in Comprehension. Finally, in this little digression, is the account of "Mademoiselle Jansen", a tall Dutch woman who purportedly had been through the Rack at the hands of the Nazis. She taught us French. One afternoon, the kids were so rude to her that she left the room weeping. New Zealand school kids could be that nasty even at that age (12 year-olds). Their cruelty disgusted me.

At Secondary School, King's High School, South Dunedin, there was no room for History as a subject in the Third to Fifth Forms. One had to wait a minimum of three years until reaching the Sixth Form in order to specialise in History. Apart from a bit of History in our Latin classes with Mr Pelvin (Third to Fifth Forms), my only options in the classes offered at "King's", were French, Latin, Maths, English and Science. Even in the Sixth Form there was a clash in time-tabling so that I was obliged to take Chemistry instead of History. Anyway, I had no idea where this education was leading me.

I had no idea whatsoever what I was going to do in life. God, so it seems to have turned out, put the History Problem re Egypt and Israel on the back burner. Perhaps I thought I might continue in the family business. In the 1950's, Dad would take me on the train from Woking into London to spend a day in the office in Drapers Gardens in the City of London. While Dad and Mr Glydon did their work, they sat me at a typewriter to hammer out a letter to Gran and Uncle Bobs in Dunedin. In New Zealand, after Church on Sunday, we always went to the "Store" to feed the cats which kept the mice down. Often on a Saturday morning we would go into the 'wool-store' with Dad. In those days many people went to work on Saturday morning - *nine to eleven-ish*. However, my father advised that a career for me in JKM would not happen. I learned a few aspects of the business but no one had any intention of training me up in any formal way for future participation in the 'family' business.

With several women in the family, obviously, i.e., wives, daughters, sisters, nieces or cousins, there probably was, understandably, more interest in other perhaps more sociable activities to consider when allocating the firm's investments or resources. There could be better work opportunities than in trimming dags (sheep excrement wound up in bits of wool) from sheepskins. So the business assets were gradually re-invested (and in some cases lost) in retailing both cars and women's clothing and running a trucking business. Dad's other brother, Robert ("Bobs"), a Bachelor, tended to keep the secrets of the grading business to himself although this information had to be held discreetly of course. So, as the business began to wind down, divest or re-invest, about the time I entered High School, a University-designed career became the target for me. It was not my choice. One just did what one was told (or *advised*). Obeying parents, no matter how well informed or uninformed, is good training for obeying

God's tasks later in life. In the meantime, One obeyed One's parents because it is a basic command from God. It is a simple command for children to follow. Neither of my parents had attended University, nor had their parents and brothers and sisters. So there was virtually zero family tradition in university life. apart from Uncle Brian, Dad's youngest brother. However, he had fled to Canada to get away from *family politics in New Zealand!* So, for me, at secondary school, that meant concentrating on the subjects that would get me into University. Even when I got there, even on "Orientation Day", I had absolutely no idea what I [REDACTED]

My average 'comprehension' skills saw me placed at "King's" in the lower of two Latin Streams - 3BL not 3AL. The next stream was the French-only Stream and Commerce instead of Latin - 3AF and 3BF. Then the General Stream - 3AG and 3BG ('G' for "Genera") where "Technical Drawing" was the non-core subject. Of course this was all taxpayer-funded education so the choice was quite limited. In the first term at King's there was little to challenge me, or so I thought, because I knew all the French and Latin we were studying. But in the other subjects I was not prepared for the challenge ahead, i.e., *swotting* for exams. So I only managed to get in the middle of the class after the first term. My parents were unhappy the school had only placed me in the second stream but these early results seemed to confirm the school's opinion of me. So the school teachers said that if I topped the class I would be promoted. Malcolm managed that in the First Term so he escaped to the upper echelon. No doubt his parents, being academics, had got him working hard to get to the top of the class hence out of the lower stream. In fact Malcolm managed to get close to the top of the 3AL and 4AL classes. I burned-off the others in 3BL in the second and third terms, won school prizes and got promotion to 4AL. But I found myself back in the lower stream in the Fifth Form although officially there was no streaming at that point.

There is quite a lot of under-the-bridge muddy-water to describe between 4AL and the end of High School but that may be better left for *The Journal* because of the primary purpose I have here for describing this *Journey*.

University

I remember my last day at school. A sneezing fit began. I could not stop it. In desperation I walked to the beach. After an hour or so, the sea air seemed, as usual, to calm it down. An era in my life had ended. I had no idea what I was going to do next apart from go to Otago University [23] or 'OU'. I had gained accreditation to enter University at King's High School. In my last year at school, I won a bursary to defray my education costs. When the university year began in 1972, I still did not know what to do. So I casually enrolled at the last minute in the Otago University Commerce School. That proved to be something of a disaster because Accounting I loomed as my *bête noire*. Most people doing accounting at university had been spending years studying "clerical" or "commercial practice" and practising ledger design and speed-writing journal entries in the Commerce Stream at King's and other similar schools. But I was in the Latin Stream. When we were not learning the grammar and vocabulary we studied Greek and Roman myths. That was not god preparation for accountancy studies in a conservative university. Furthermore, the Otago University Commerce Department used Accounting Stage I as a weeding-out mechanism to restrict the supply of accountants onto the market.

Thus, I was thrown into this slaughter house completely naked. A short career at OU was my near-term destiny. Ironically, I actually had a quite long career there because of a few years part-time study.

Thus, at University, I was under considerable stress from the word **Go**. *Amo, Amas, Amat*, did not provide the ammunition one needed to pass an Accounting I exam at OU. It was just a test of one's expertise in speed writing. The others had been practising that skill for years while I was studying Latin (3rd to 5th Forms), History (7th Form) or Chemistry (6th Form). Agreed, one could say I was better or more broadly educated. But that was of little short term use when it came to meeting the university's regulations for the minimum pass rates in exams in order to remain a student there.

In my second year at university I caught chickenpox. The illness hit me hard. The older one is when chickenpox is contracted the more aggressive it is. I had never been so unwell. I was weak for weeks afterwards. As Sellar and Yeatman might write, (*1066 And All That*), "neither *Veni* nor *Vidi* but definitely *Vici*". No one thought to consider this regarding *Aegrotats* (here my Latin would have been useful had I known these things existed) when I failed exams in the second year. However, this all came to a head when I had to repeat the mathematical and statistical methods exams in the second year (1973). This was to lead to the **Turning Point** that this document is centred on.

Stress in coping with Accounting Stage One left me under-prepared for the Mathematical and Statistical Methods Exam which I would have passed - *other things being equal*. So in the second year when I had to repeat the mathematics course, I made doubly sure I would pass. I sat the exams a second time, a year later, with wonderful ease, finishing both early, by 30 minutes in the first. I felt on top of the world and well-satisfied in my efforts. I looked forward to a 'B' or 'A' Pass.

Imagine the shock when I grabbed the local newspaper (*Otago Daily Times*) to find the exam results and to find my name missing. I had failed. To add to my woe, I noticed the list of passes was quite short compared with the number of students in the very big classes for that course[24]. No one received an A-pass. There was only a handful of B-Passes. Most who passed received only a C-grade. This was a classic indication the exam had been too easy and the University scaled-down the marks to maintain standards. They had hit me with a double-whammy in Accounting and now in the two Maths Half-Units as well. Accounting Stage One was a pre-requisite for a commerce degree and as noted the university used that course to weed-out poor performers. Now, it seemed, the "Maths & Stats" course was being used as a similar instrument. I seemed destined for the trash can by two university departments.

This was a day of great distress culminating two years of stress. To recap and digress for a couple of paragraphs, my parents had returned to New Zealand partly for domestic family-business priorities, and partly due to some European Community [25] issues. They also hoped for better educational opportunities, *viz.*, at University. My two siblings and I did receive such in the final outcome. However, a very dark and distressing cloud hovered over this plan as I incredulously gazed at the ODT exam-result list. I was dog-tucker now. Just as my high-school days ended in the tears of hay-fever my university career had ended in tears of distress and

failure at the end of the second round [26] (or year). Most students faced a crisis of this sort because of misdemeanours surrounding the booze sessions that were the staple of university life in those days. Apart from the Economics and the squash racquets club [27], I had little interest in the university and its booze culture. Also, our local Church was just down the road. I decided to continue supporting that rather than attend the University Christian movements *Student's Christian Movement (SCM)* and *Evangelical Union (EU)*.

I did not, in those days, understand what a university [28] really was. But now that system with its rules would throw me out anyway. There was no family business to go to now, its assets re-directed into potentially loss-making activities though am not sure of the full commercial facts here. JKM had wound down to very minor proportions from its heyday and only provided holiday jobs for me now. As it happened, I did in fact end up working for a manufacturer in Dunedin. But I was not on the line staring at bottles on a conveyor belt which might have been Mum's worst fear. Mr Bob Bryant the accountant-secretary and Mr Keith Cowan offered me a job in the accounts payable and then credit control office. Keith was another student who had his trials with the OU Accounting Department. Keith's father ruled the roost there so if Keith had trouble one can understand my predicament. Bob was a former winger-cum-centre for Zingari-Richmond Rugby Club. There, in such good and sympathetic company, despite (ultimately three) failures [29] in Accounting Stage One, this boy actually excelled in these jobs for Lane Thomson Soft Drink Manufacturer and subsidiary of New Zealand Breweries Ltd [30].

But we are getting too far ahead of ourselves now in this "recap". The main point of this paper is to set out a series of what might seem to be serendipitous events leading to the production of the work now published on the Web and Cloud at my Web-site/Blog (refer below). We have recounted how at age ten I realised there was something seriously wrong with the account of world history in The Academy as judged by, or compared with, the Bible. With distress-tears, rather than ever-frequent hay-fever tears [31], now filling my eyes as a result of this disastrous maths-exam result, I tried to calm myself down by wandering into the University Student Bookshop.

In those days, technologies in the printing industry were leading to interesting new book-cover designs. I noticed one paperback book standing out. Whether it was the result of long-term sneezing or latent diabetes, we are not sure, but my eyes had a small problem with focus forcing me to squint at times to read or see things. It rarely bothered me playing sports so I had decided it was not serious enough to trouble the doctors or optometrists. I had terrible traumas with dental nurses at school and lesser ones with the family dentist then the orthodontist regarding my 'wisdom teeth'. I did my best to keep away from the medical industry. Despite this combination of tear-filled eyes and mildly-enfeebled focus, my *eye* latched onto an unusually covered book.

I can describe what I half-saw this way. The main theme of the design appeared to be a steel jungle gym of girders as one would see on a building site for a large office block or tower. But the girders were in fact cut up into jagged bits, many but not all, jumbled together to form a rudiment of a framework. Although the actual designed- or intended-framework could be perceived, a great many parts or pieces were in fact chaotically, erroneously or haphazardly arranged. One could see parts of the steel framework that was supposed to be the intended construction but the majority of the structure was chaotically, as it were, re-arranged. Woven

into this was a rainbow of bright pastel colours likewise chaotically arrayed or almost completely re-arranged and jumbled up. The book's title was *Ages in Chaos*. Its author was Dr Immanuel Velikovsky. I knew the name "Immanuel [32]" from the Bible. However, it was the brief review on the reverse side in plain black and white type that compelled my purchase. For it asked, "Have six hundred ghost years been inserted into ancient Egypt's history ...".

It was easy for me to connect three [33] sets of dots here:

- Firstly, the impression of a ten-year old regarding ancient Egyptian history;
- Secondly the design of the front cover of *Ages in Chaos*; and
- Thirdly that statement on the back of the book.

I cannot remember precisely but I probably looked at a few pages before purchasing the book. However, I do vividly remember waiting for twenty minutes at the bus stop to return home at the other end of Dunedin. It was a beautifully fine and warm day. The bus ride took about 40 minutes. So I must have read at least an hour's worth of this book as I wandered up the hill to my parents' house. I had cheered up. I was even fired-up with a new-found enthusiasm. Why this could even be my life's vocation [34]! Here was I about to be expelled by a university when Dr Velikovsky was demonstrating so superbly the flaws, fallacies, failures and (false) philosophies in the Halls of the Academy. I was better off outside it. Here was a new path to follow as the reader will see I have done, although many years later. So in this drama, a man with the first-name meaning "*God with us*" was telling me that a nincompoop [35] institution was marking me as being not good enough for it. Why should I cry over that?

My mother, if not the rest of the household as well, knew how critical the results of those maths exams were. A friend, John Williamson, also knew that. Unbeknown to me, John had also seen the exam results. But he had been looking at a different list, as it turned out, and had spoken to my mother by telephone. So my mother was already on the look-out for me. In the warm Sun, Mum was standing on the balcony of the house looking out for me. But she looked pleased. I could see that smile being wiped off her face *toute-de-suite*. Before I could declare my disastrously bad news, and my new-found resolve and life-purpose, Mum called out "congratulations". Apparently, according to John, I **had** passed the exams. I held the newspaper in my hands raced up to the house to show Mum what I had read. We scanned the paper over and over. I had virtually memorised the pass list by this time. These lists published by the newspaper had never been wrong before.

We were bemused. There was nothing for it but to look at the noticeboard in the university's central office (The Registry) where John must have seen my name recorded. If anything, this had now become disturbingly bad news for I was now psyching myself into a career without a university education - in fact into a career challenging the Academy. A few weeks earlier, I had passed my motor-driver's licence. In Papua New Guinea, as part of an initiation rite into adulthood, they do what we now refer to as Bunjee-Jumps from high trees. In PNG, one makes one's own personal vine gourds to break one's fall inches from the ground. In New Zealand, the equivalent was the right to drive. Then, when one got the car, one got the girl **if the car was**

good enough. I failed at the third hurdle. However, the main issue at this point was to get to a conclusion concerning these conflicting records. So, with Mum's car (a mini minor) I drove back to the Registry.

Sure enough, my name **was** on the list of passes. I was also apparently correct concerning the scaling-down of the exam marks. Although I had well-prepared myself for the two maths exams; and was thoroughly acquainted with the course work and formulæ; the exams may have been a little on the easy side [36]. I am actually quite good at mathematics anyway. It was my top subject at Fifth Form School Certificate, New Zealand's major school exam in those days. I had expected, based on the way I ripped through the exams, or at least hoped for, an 'A' pass. I only managed C-Plus. There were no 'A' passes and just a handful of 'Bs'. Another "Mr Stewart" had also been omitted from the newspaper list. The two names formed a line which the ODT typesetter somehow managed to overlook or remove. The omission itself remains a baffling mystery. When one considers the volumes of typeset print and with the technologies and proof-reading systems operated by newspapers in those days, then such omissions were quite rare.

So that is the backdrop to stumbling across Dr Velikovsky's *Ages in Chaos*. This book gave a clear and unequivocal answer to the question; 'why the official record of ancient Egyptian history does not square (harmonise) with the Bible's. But the circumstances by which this stunning information came to me were surreal, virtually impossible to predict and seemingly *contrived*. This bizarre circumstance could not have been manufactured or conspired by any of the people involved. Musing on this event, in isolation, one would have to just say this was a fantastic coincidence. And remember, this is about the delivery of an answer to a contentious set of questions. That delivery came after a Ten Year Hiatus to the moment when the question(s) was first posed.

As we shall see, it certainly would not remain an obscure event "in isolation" or simply a one-off event. Two such events might still be a coincidence. But once one can link three such events, one assumes a definite trend is at least beginning to emerge. As it happens we will identify four and perhaps two more on top of that. As we add one 'event' on top of another the probability that they are random, and in no sense under any form of *control*, decreases exponentially. Like ice melting, the process seems slow and infinitesimal in the early stages but becomes a crescendo towards its end. The "Blessings" I have written up in the Aleph-Tav Bible Study Course on the Internet's *Cloud*, are an attempt to briefly and succinctly disseminate the results of this work, using one-page essays.

That drama was sometime in November 1973. Ironically, my own personal records do not fully confirm the chronology here. Otherwise it was November 1974. It was about the time of the so-called First Oil Crisis when OPEC started flexing its muscles. Anyway, I had in effect been waiting a decade before getting any answer to the question first posed when I was about ten years old. Now I was Nineteen or Twenty. In 1992, a further two decades later, I received two more telling-indicators (Dr Cohen in Israel and the bookshop in Baltimore - see below) that this mission was one clearly to be followed. The *coup-de-grace* was in 2004 at the British Museum in London at an Egyptology Colloquium. In other words, it would take about 40 years, the time Israel spent wandering Sinai's deserts, from posing an obvious question to receiving a definitive

answer. We have looked now at two steps in this possibly serendipitous but potentially *Ordained* process. I now have three (two in 1992 and one in 2004) more decisive or telling moments, or events, to narrate in order to complete the context of this *Journey* or *Mission*.

The Professional Career

I usually date this period to 1979-2000 when I held positions with Federated Farmers (7 years), the United States Embassy (7 years), Ministry of Research, Science and Technology (“MoRST”, 6 years). In addition, I obtained some one-off *professional* contract positions in Wellington for the Royal Society, Ministry of Agriculture, Victoria University’s Science-Link unit, Department of Social Welfare, Simon Smelt & Associates, and a couple of one-off contracts with former employers NZFF and US Embassy. These latter short-contracts occupied me for about two years with some down-time in between contracts. In 1992, I took a sabbatical and spent six months in Israel and a couple of months in England. However, between 1974-8 my job at Lane-Thomson was the equivalent of an assistant accountant these days (2014-). I had, all-up, a quarter century of steady professional or semi-professional employment.

By the time I had arrived in Wellington to begin the ‘professional’ aspect of my career, I was well-versed in Immanuel Velikovsky’s writings [37]. In 1979, after about four years studying Velikovsky’s writings, I was keen to see what sort of reaction to his theories I would find in Wellington, a hopefully more lively city-forum to be involved in. Hopefully, there would be some interest in the churches there. But I found very little interest - anywhere in Wellington! People only wanted to get on with jobs, get married, pay off mortgages, attend functions, attain status or be constructively active in the Establishment (which hated Velikovsky). The possibility that the solar system was inherently unstable or that the world’s history was a fiction did not cut any ice with these lifestyles. I tried to fit in. Anyway, I had an interesting new job to master. But at least the dairy farmers turned out to deeply appreciate a townie with some background in the wool and skin trade becoming a keen advocate for their farming sector which was, in 1979, under considerable attack from many, if not most, *quarters*. Also, I had a bit of a background in manufacturing which was the all-important other half to ‘farming’ in the Dairy Industry.

A parallel incident from my early days at University curiously popped up in a different mode in my new job at Federated Farmers. At the university café, probably about 1974, some of the chaps at our lunch-table, where we would play our 8-handed ‘500’ card-game, had returned from their History and Philosophy of Science class. They had news of an exciting new book, new to them anyway, by Arthur Koestler called *The Sleepwalkers*. This would have been about the same time my studies of Velikovsky’s work had begun. Although I cannot remember with any precision now. My ‘science’ friends were required to study this course if they wished to spend a career in science. They obviously expected me, with my interest in history, to want to read it. I was not inclined to read it. I probably said it was not my sort of history book. However, I would sometimes chat about Velikovsky’s work with René Odinet the technical adviser at Federated Farmers. One day, René took me aside. He said that he was going to lend me a book that I must read and return to him. He told me the book “was as scarce as hens’ teeth”. He did not want it to go missing as happens whenever one lends books to others. This book happened to be Koestler’s *Sleepwalkers*. I remember saying “I give up”. Obviously I had to read this book. Anyway, I enjoyed it so much that I purchased a copy for myself and read other works by

Koestler who turned out to be a great friend of George Orwell. *Sleepwalkers* and *1984* are both in my now (2015) very small and much truncated personal library.

Sleepwalkers cropped up again on two other occasions. I found the Ambassador at the US Embassy, Paul Cleveland, was also a Koestler fan as was his economic counsellor Vern Dickey. Vern was also aware of Velikovsky's work and we both attended a curious lecture entitled *Meteors from the Moon and Mars* at the US Embassy auditorium in about 1990. My records are a bit light here but I think this was after Cleveland had finished his Tour of Duty in New Zealand so Vern and I were serving the new Ambassador Mrs Della Newman by then. Anyway, Pennsylvania University had led an expedition to retrieve meteorites from the Antarctic surface near the South Pole [38]. The US scientists had a blazing row with New Zealand scientists especially invited to this semi-private forum. The argument was about the implications of escape velocities required to enable these rocks to escape the Lunar and Martian surfaces. The argument intensified because they would also need enough energy to escape the atmospheres and gravity fields of the Moon and Mars in order to enter outer space. Then, they had to somehow arrive on earth's southern ice cap after being swept into orbit around the Earth or onto a collision course with Earth. Vern and I agreed that Velikovsky's theories more than adequately explained the problem. We were equally bemused and amused at the spat between these scientists. We of the Dismal Science; often lampooned by the hard scientists of Physics, Maths and Chemistry; could have a laugh at their expense. We had Koestler on our side.

However, Koestler also arose in discussion with Peter James who wrote *Centuries of Darkness* in 1991. I learned about Peter and his team and their book while on my personal sabbatical in Israel. Peter [39] told me that they had tried to adopt a position in parallel to Koestler's description of Copernicus' strategy in *De Revolutionibus orbium coelestium*. Koestler narrates how Copernicus merely used the solar-centred system as an alternative to the Ptolemaic or Earth-centred system. But Copernicus actually posited a sort of half-way house. That entailed the Earth-Moon, Sun and planets revolving around a point somewhere in space [40]. (Koestler notes that very few people are aware of this). That is what James and his team decided to do with their data - adopt some sort of intermediate position whereby they sought to attract other members of the Egyptology profession into a discussion about changing the chronology. Their strategy failed abysmally [41]. Apparently, Koestler and Velikovsky had nothing to do with each other either [42]. Ever since the days of Galileo and Kepler, it seems many members of the Academy keep their distance from each other. I don't know whether academic rivalry and jealousy is the problem or, simply, these people were completely unaware of one another's works. It seems a pity, but as I explain in footnote 42, in the previous sentence, the front covers of the edition I have of *Ages in Chaos* Vol I and of *Centuries of Darkness* bear uncanny resemblance with a picture Koestler gives to illustrate the Dark Age in European Science (600 BC to 1600 AD).

1992 was a crucial year in all this. I resigned from the United States Embassy ostensibly for a sabbatical. My arms were itching terribly [43] as I sat at the desk, 8 hours a day, typing data into my personal computer. PC-wise [44], I was becoming very adept at Lotus 1-2-3 a data-processing program for Microsoft DOS. Unfortunately, the time spent on the PC may have been affecting the itching condition on my arms. Only by leaving for a few months or longer, could I hope to test this out. I was one of WordPerfect's 50 million devoted users of Series 5.1. Renee

at USDA and the manual I had in my office enabled me to learn to self-teach the computer and learn some basic DOS commands. But every time I sat at the computer, with my sleeves rolled up, the arms started to itch. When I put my suit jacket back on the problem disappeared.

Some niggles were beginning to irritate me in my job and in the Embassy environment [45] itself. Although I said little to others about these things. Anyway, it happened that the Political Attaché, at the time, encouraged me to consider going away for a while. I had been working very hard there for the best part of seven years. There had been the whole story of my philandering Attaché (“E.B.”) and the burden his marriage break-ups [46] placed on me. I was writing most of the reports for Washington and “E.B.” was away a lot of the time. Perhaps others in the Embassy thought that I deserved a good break. After my resignation and during a break in contracts with MoRST, I did return to the Embassy for a one-off contract and re-applied for my old job. But the new agricultural attaché at the time (*circa* 1996-7) chose someone else. A former American diplomatic colleague wrote that I should not take offence because the attaché did not want a more able assistant breathing down his neck.

In April 1992, I resigned and headed off for Israel. Colleagues presented me with a suitcase for a farewell gift. A couple of friends [47] looked after my house at 81a Thurleigh Grove. The principal objective behind heading off for Israel was to engage in some discussions in Israel concerning Dr Velikovsky’s work and my ambition to write a book on the issue. However, I found very few people interested in this objective neither here in New Zealand nor elsewhere, not even, very often, in Israel. Again, concern for career, family, school and the general pressure of life, especially in highly-charged Israel, dominated people’s perspectives. In Israel, to add to the general stress of paying one’s way in a land of high taxes, adult men had to give a month of their year to *Milum* or military service then return to a month’s backlog at work. In Israel, these things left little discretionary time on people’s hands and much of that got taken up with festivities during the Holy-Days and -Weeks and simply resting from the hassles of the working week. Students [48] were sometimes interested in my objectives until parents reminded them they needed to study to get a good job and that it would be unwise to upset The Establishment.

However, library searches, folk dancing two or three nights a week, visiting archaeological sites in Israel and experiencing Kibbutz [49] life, left me with plenty to do in the meantime when I could not engender any enthusiasm or break-through in my objective. After three months [50], I decided to escape the height of Israel’s intense summer heat and enjoy an English one in Send instead. I had been studying at the *Ha’Aretz* Museum library just down the road from Tel Aviv University on the north side of the Hayarkon river. A Persian Jewish lass noticed me sitting on a bus on the way home from Moshe Telem’s Tel Aviv University Israeli Folk Dance Class. I wore a tee shirt bearing our New Zealand group’s logo. I was still a bit of a novice at that stage and it probably showed [51]. This woman on the bus asked me what else I was doing. Amazingly, she turned out to be an assistant librarian at the *Ha’Aretz* Museum library. She told me that for 60 shekels (about Ten Quid or \$US 20) I could purchase a six month pass into the museum and use the library. The librarians were pleased and encouraged to see me studying there. So that was a great coup.

Study by day and folk dancing by night. I am not hostile to dancing. I enjoyed folk dancing at St Clair school but the other kids I think feigned disliking it. How I got involved in Israeli Folk

Dancing is best left for *The Journal* but it was my aim, imagination or perhaps intention, to use it to get a pass into Israeli life. On this occasion, that policy certainly reaped a huge dividend. In general, I found Israelis rather bored with folk dancing.

As I trawled my way through the *Ha'Aretz* Museum library shelves, searching for any information relevant to chronology issues, I noticed a container with a few journals published by some British archaeologists. The title of the set was something like "Issues in Chronology". These papers were the writings of Peter James and some fellow British archaeologists. I leapt on this material as a way to provide a much needed break in the logjam I was facing to get some useful steer on the significance or merit in the view that ancient Egyptian history was beset by Velikovsky's chronology problem [52]. I took a London contact number from these papers. From my base in Send in July 1993, staying with old family friend and former neighbour Bill Nichol, I contacted Peter on a visit to London. Actually, his team had just published a book collecting the writings in those journals. They entitled it *Centuries of Darkness*. The title's contrast with Velikovsky's *Ages in Chaos* gave away its intent and the Egyptologists did indeed ignore it. Nevertheless, in my opinion, *Centuries* was a magnificent effort [53]. Hopefully, one day, it will receive due credit.

The reference to a "logjam" is that I had been reluctant to mention Velikovsky in certain circles or at interviews. Many people immediately responded they would not discuss cranks. Now that Peter James' book was out, with a foreword by the then notable Colin Renfrew; And even though Peter's team only argued for a 250-year error instead of Velikovsky's 600; I realised I could more easily or sensitively use *Centuries* to engage discussion. Then, I planned, as discussions proceeded, I would or could turn to Velikovsky's book if things went in a positive direction. That is exactly what did happen when I stumbled across the office of a deputy director of the Israel Department of Antiquities. The department had offices adjacent to the Rockefeller Archaeological Institute in East Jerusalem. In 1992, one still could wander around unchallenged. But in the 2000's it was all securely closed up and entry was only possible by prior appointment which is often hard to get in Israel. So it was good that I did this in 1992 while some freedoms were still available. There has been an uncanny timing to all my visits. I trust the reader can see this as I proceed.

The Deputy Director's office I approached belonged to Dr Rudolph Cohen. He was busy at the time. He suggested I wait outside his door. I did that and waited patiently for 30 minutes or more. Eventually he poked his nose out the door obviously hoping I had gone. But he saw me there and invited me in. My introductory question before he asked me to wait had been, "I would like a comment from you about this new book on Mid-East Archaeology". Once inside his office, after he ordered sandwiches and fruit for me [54], I tried out my ruse. Peter had written a chapter entitled, "Egypt the Centre of the Problem". The last paragraph referred to the "stubborn refusal of Egyptologists to consider any chronological change". I had Peter's book open at the paragraph and invited Dr Cohen to read it. He did so and, to my surprise, promptly and unequivocally agreed with Peter's assessment. With that I had already opened Pandora's Box or the Genie in the Bottle. For Dr Cohen immediately went on to explain that this work had "already been done" and that Mr James was not saying anything especially new. He was about to refer to Dr Velikovsky when I cut him off and reached into my bag for the aforementioned copy of *Ages in Chaos*, with the front cover already described, and placed it on the Director's

desk. Dr Cohen knew he had been tricked, gazumped, finessed etc. But he was not upset. He even began to smile at my little ruse. He knew he had been sucked in. The emergent smile quickly gave way to serious business. Dr Cohen asked, "What can I do for you". I asked if Dr Velikovsky was a crank and whether he really did know Hebrew as well as he claimed to.

Dr Cohen assured me Velikovsky was a wonderful scholar. I remember Cohen musing why Velikovsky spent so much of his life on his reconstruction of History. Velikovsky's footnotes, usually placed at the end of each chapter, reveal very extensive research especially for the 1950's, 1960's and 1970's. Dr Cohen's opinion was that Velikovsky's work was stupendous. Dr Cohen was a senior figure in the archaeology establishment but quite unafraid to spill the beans on Velikovsky. When Dr Cohen retired not long after that, I noticed David Down had also contacted him. Dr Cohen even joined one of David's digs in the Sinai looking for evidence of Israelite camps from the 40 years wandering in the Sinai and Arabian deserts (*circa* 1485-1445 BC). But only after retirement would Dr Cohen clearly nail his flag to the Velikovskian mast.

There is a massive network of officials at very high political levels crushing any attempt at chronology change. Dr Renfrew, dipping his toes into the water before retreating, and Dr Cohen, getting at least waist deep, took timid steps in their different ways to address the issue. But like some star-gazers (e.g., Copernicus) with radical ideas in the days of the more adventurous Kepler but *disastrously crusading* Galileo, they seemed unwilling to completely upset the apple-cart preferring just to shake it a bit. An event at a colloquium at the British Museum in 2004, to be later described in *The Journey*, will pick up from this point.

My successful; and I thought rather well planned under the circumstances; ruse with Dr Cohen took another very, probably more, interesting twist as I winged my way back to New Zealand via Washington DC. After months of effort and patience in awaiting a break-through interview and after a 30-60 minute wait outside an office in East Jerusalem, in as little as ten minutes I got the scoop I was looking for.

Briefly to recap, at age ten (*circa* 1964) I realised there was something dramatically wrong with Egyptian history. Around age nineteen (*circa* 1973), Dr Velikovsky's thesis came into view through a wall of tears after a traumatic few hours of distressful wandering around the Otago University campus. By my thirty-ninth [55] year (1992), nearly 30 years after the initial insight, I had in my grasp a crucial vote in favour of the resolution to the problem I was working on. To use a baseball motif, I had come to the batting crease (1964). Bases 1 (in 1973) and 2 (in 1992) had been reached. Now for the home run, just two bases to go.

The first of these two bases was, relatively speaking, just around the corner later in 1992. As I said, that was on the way to Washington DC. Only weeks after the second base was reached, I was on my way to visit one of my good American diplomatic friends, Mr Bill Lindsay. His replacement Mr Ted Jabbs, also was great fun and a little red-neckish, I suppose, like Bill. Ted had a full-page spread, from a magazine, of Margaret Thatcher wrapped in a full-length gown, mincing down a stairway at Downing Street. We all thought she looked stunning. Ted actually gave it to me. Bill liked playing tennis with me. We played on the court-cum-car park at the Embassy. Carol, Bill's New Zealand assistant got understandably tetchy with me when Bill returned late from our lunch-tennis date. She would have things for him to do but had to chomp-

at-the-bit while Bill and I finished our match. I think Carol may even have approached my boss to get us to keep lunch to a tight hour but “E.B” never said anything to me [56]. I did try hard for Carol but with little success. With all this sort of by-play going on at Embassies, is it any wonder the world is in such a mess? The answer to that question may be that the Embassies cannot succeed where The Academy, Churches, and Synagogues before them, have failed.

I arrived in Washington about September or October 1992 [57]. Bill had asked me to delay my visit for a day because he and his wife had appointments with doctors to deal with. Bill suggested I stay for a night in Baltimore and visit the harbour precincts. I went down as suggested. When I got there I found what they called a “pontoon” [58] doing a circuit of the harbour. Using a day-pass, one could embark and disembark at different spots and explore various locations. So I did that. While aboard an elderly chap asked me where I was from. On occasions like that I would either say “England: or “New Zealand” depending on the reaction I might expect. On this occasion, I was a New Zealander and this man expressed great delight in the country. So he took me under his wing and suggested a good spot to disembark. Off I got and wandered around for half an hour until the next scheduled pontoon arrived. When I returned I saw the pontoon just moving off its mooring [59]. So I had another 30 minutes to fill in. But I had a few hours through the rest of the day to spend.

So I wandered down another street and came upon an interesting bookshop. Into the bookshop I ventured. Searching around, I perceived it was either Jewish-owned or certainly catering for a Jewish audience or market. Aileen Scher [60], who sometimes attended our Israeli folk dance group, later migrated to Baltimore with her family. They had come to New Zealand from South Africa and were friendly with a South African Jewish family (Averil and Louis) who lived next door to me in Thurleigh Grove, Karori. The latter family one day invited me to their son’s circumcision held in their home. Just as I was about to come over, Louis came to my side door near the kitchen. He literally barged inside in a panic and raced to my kitchen. He grabbed a very sturdy wooden table I had there. It was sturdy enough for a man to sit on. He knew it was there of course. But at the last minute Louis realised he needed it for the *Mol*, the man or medic who conducts the circumcision. All Louis had was a very wobbly and quite unsuitable card table. I was much impressed by that. One felt part of the family.

But we digress. Inside this presumably ‘Jewish’ bookshop in Baltimore, I noticed a book about “Christian Hebraists” in the “Sixteenth Century”. It looked very interesting. I decided to purchase it. I do not know if the assistant at the counter regarded me as a local or local member of the strong Jewish community there but she remarked that my book was “controversial”. Is it normal to expect a book-seller to remark in a slightly negative way towards one’s purchase? But that was not the first slightly unusual thing to happen. There was Bill’s unplanned unavailability for a day. Then the intervention of an elderly man to direct my path and then missing my connection with the pontoon. There had been no intention whatsoever to be purchasing a book at that bookshop counter. Then that unusual if not slightly unwise remark by the saleswoman. From a commercial perspective it was a mildly unprofessional observation on my purchase. Anyway, I had a very good response to make if one is talking about controversy. Like a cricketer, I could turn this into a golden opportunity, go forward for a drive over “Long-on” and score ‘Six’. It was almost as though this woman was asking for it! Did I ever get a surprise!

As one might say, I was *coming down from a high* after my ruse and encounter with Dr Cohen. My prayer had been, “What now Lord?”. I was facing the prospect of returning to duties around a house and a possibly arduous mission to find another job. I could not go back to any of my old jobs even though people at the Embassy expected I would eventually find a position there as others had done [61]. All in all, I was facing an uncertain future although at least the risk in resigning a good and well-paid job at the US Embassy had remunerated a reasonable return on that risk (*faith* and consequential Blessings). So I responded to the woman at the counter, “well if you think this book (the one about Christian Hebraists that I was buying) is ‘controversial’, I doubt that it is as controversial as the book that took me to Israel (*Ages in Chaos* and of course the Bible). Having mentioned the title of Velikovsky’s book, and possibly the author though I do not exactly remember, the assistant replied “That’s interesting”. From memory she had taken my money and was processing the sale (cash register, packaging, receipt) as normal. On my remark, She immediately abandoned that task half-completed. She asked me to wait for a minute while she went to the store-room out the back. It was only about eleven am., on a weekday and the place was not particularly busy. I think I was the only customer in the shop. A ‘minute’ lasted two or perhaps three and she returned holding about 10 copies of a paperback. She plonked them on the counter. “Is this the book”, she asked. Indeed, she had just received about fifteen paperback copies of *Ages in Chaos* that very morning, from memory, though they may have arrived a day or so earlier. Somewhat stunned, she told me that they were having difficulty deciding where or under which subject area to display them. They were unable to decide what the book was about. Yet I came in off the street with the answer!

I think we were both dumbstruck. I walked out amazed that something like that could happen. What their reaction was, I never found out because I had my day to spend with Bill uppermost in my mind and then my return journey to NZ. Perhaps, as she reflected, the saleswoman may have wondered if I was just part of some promotional trick. It could have looked that way from her vantage. But the incident, evidently, was not for her benefit. It was for me alone, I have since concluded unless a reader of this decides otherwise. Of course, no such plan or anything like that had been dreamed-up by me. I tried to explain the issue behind the book. I remember suggesting as an opening line that *Ages in Chaos* would one day become a standard in the history of the ancient world. I have no illusion that will ever be likely, as we shall see from the home-run [62] event of 2004. No matter what that saleswoman’s lasting impression of that encounter happened to be, I could only be left with amazement that a prayer could be answered so improbably. The statistical possibility of such an event occurring is impossible to calculate. But we know that although such a thing **can happen** the odds against it are nearly infinite. And those ‘odds’ then have to be not only stacked against the events already outlined from 1964, 1973, and a few weeks earlier in that year (1992) but also against others we have yet to narrate.

There is a parallel to this concerning those ‘pontoons’ I boarded. A more recent origin of this word, goes back to the Latin for bridge or *pons, pontis*. In the Latin *Ponte fecio* or “I make a bridge”, is actually the origin of the modern term for a Pope or “Pontiff”. In the French Language and Culture is the famous song or ditty *Sur le Pont d’Avignon* about the rivalry between two Popes [63]. The Irish ‘Pound’ of that time was known as the Irish “Punt”. Related to these are the Three Punic Wars so-named because ancient Rome and Carthage waged a long-running competition for mastery of the Mediterranean Sea. Carthage, and her *Sons and Daughters of Irem* (The Bible’s King Hiram) [64] who left Tyre to establish the city-colony, was

the second major base for the originally Lebanon-based trading empire. At its greatest extent, that network straddled the Azores in the central Atlantic to the Torres Straits (Straits of Tyre) in the Indonesian Sea between Timor and Australia. Tyrian ships circumnavigated Africa or the *Auphira* (“Ophir”) of the Bible and traversed islands and continents on the Indian Ocean.

The point about Israel and the Lebanese port- or maritime-cities such as Tyre, Sidon, Byblos-Gebal and probably Ugarit is that they bridged or conjoined the world’s main Euro-Afro-Asian landmass with the Atlantic-Mediterranean and Red Sea-Indian Ocean sea-ways. Crucially, Israel controlled and **owned** the land bridging the Mediterranean Sea and the Red Sea. Those two ‘seas’ gave access to the two ‘oceans’ - Indian and Atlantic. The Pacific Ocean is connected with the Atlantic and Indian Oceans. So Israel’s geographical location was quite strategic. That was probably planned by God so that the whole world could have ready access to Israel to witness God’s blessings, or punishments if Israel strayed [65].

Israel’s uniquely strategic position was part of God’s Plan to both witness and Save the World for those who believe. But “Punt” itself is derived from the ‘Pun’ in Pun-icea or Phoenicia. The ‘t’ is a plural and indicated in ancient Egyptian that it was a place of many people. Thus the ancient Egyptian “Punt” was used for Israel and Phoenicia (Lebanese city states). As many books on Egyptology repeat, one ancient Egyptian official wrote, “I travelled to Punt and Byblos eleven times”. The papyrus plants exported from Egypt to Gebal-Byblos for manufacture into paper necessitated much commercial and bureaucratic intercourse between North Egypt and Byblos, Sidon and Tyre probably from at least 2000 BC. The weights and measures of the Phoenicians became famously known as the coin and weights of Punt or the Pound-weight and -coin which was retained as the “Punt” in Ireland until it absconded to the Euro. When Queen Hatshepsut went to “Punt” she was recording her side of the account of the visit of the Queen who Sheba’d Ophir or Africa in I Kings 10 of the Bible. Hatshepsut was “Queen Sheba” (*H’at-Sheba-Sut*), the Queen (ruler /administrator = *Sheba* or recorder = *soper*) of the South” not “Queen of Sheba”.

So there was much irony in this adventure of travelling on the pontoon around Baltimore harbour and stumbling across that pile of copies of *Ages in Chaos*, Dr Velikovsky’s controversial book. Velikovsky is the person who first realised, or at least seriously documented, the true nature of Queen Hatshepsut’s temple at Deir el Bahari near Thebes. Its excavation had only been completed by 1948 (commenced *circa* 1908). Its walls and reliefs, at long last made legible and deciphered, helped Velikovsky to realise it was a copy of Solomon’s famous temple. The ‘Queen Sheba’ copied one for herself after her return to Egypt [66]. Only by Velikovsky’s time did anyone in modern times really know much about this temple. Only per Velikovsky’s work, could anyone really even begin to explain its origin and purpose. Other attempts to explain it and Hatshepsut’s circumstances in the politics of the Egypt and Ethiopia of her day leave the reader very much in the dark. There are (or were) unanswered questions especially about Hatshepsut’s demise. But the doctor of psychoanalysis could not completely explain everything. He saw that the Hebrew ‘sheb’ in “Hat-shep-sut was similar. He saw that ‘sut’ could mean south as in Jesus’ statement regarding the “Queen of the South”. Today, the Sudan is named after the Suten-bat or South and North. He saw that her “Punt” could be the root for Punt-icia (*Ptunisia*) or Phoenicia and “Punic” as in Punic Wars of Rome versus Carthage (in modern Tunisia), the daughter colony of Puntite-Phoenician-Tyre.

But Velikovsky didn't note that Jesus' statement about the generation of Israel that witnessed His Life on Earth would only receive one more sign after all the miracles (they mostly rejected) Jesus did. That 'sign' was the "Sign of Jonah". And there would be only "One" sign of Jonah. By and large, Israel had rejected Jesus and by implication the importance of His Miracles. So there was only "one sign" left to Israel now. Interestingly, on the basis of the statement that "A day is but a thousand years and a thousand years but a day in God's sight", Hatshepsut's temple lay buried under rubble for about 3000 years. In God's sight, one might say that was nearly 3 days (nearer 2;9 to be more precise). Sheba's Temple emerged out of its grave of rocky rubble and debris after 'three days and nights' (*of a thousand years*)! The Hebrew word Jesus would have used for "the sign" is *H'at* (c.f., Exodus 4:8, 8:23 and 12:13). Thus Velikovsky should have seen that "Hat-Shep(b)-Sut" really reads, "The Sign (H'at) of the Ruler/administrator (*Sheb*) [67] of the South (*Sut*)". The temple set against a cliff face full of clefts in the rock had stairs and a causeway leading from the desert to the Holy of Holies (altar inside) or *Djeser Djeseru* in Egyptian. Apart from the secret (for-the-high-priest-only) inner sanctum of the altar area, builders drilled long (obscure-for-purpose) tunnels into the cliff on either side of the main structure. If these tunnels were also 'secret' places which by default they ended-up being anyway, then one can see in this picture the words of Solomon about the black woman in his *Song of Solomon* (2:14). There he wrote, "O my dove, you are in the clefts of the rock in the secret places of the stairs". The temple was "The Sign" (*H'at*) that the "Ruler, Queen or *Sheb*, of the South (*Sut*)" visited and viewed Solomon's temple. In the narrative on the temple walls, Hatshepsut seems to suggest (translators debated what she actually really meant to say) she obeyed a command from 'a God' to leave Egypt and travel to a Holy or Divine Land to hear the wisdom, prophecy, theology and poetry of Solomon.

Velikovsky did not appear to investigate any connection between "H'at" and a parallel between this and the Hebrew for "The Sign". Or, he chose to ignore this aspect [68]. Personally, I find it difficult to believe Velikovsky could not see these connections. If he did, he never let on and therefore, in my opinion, was unable to close his case. Thus Velikovsky let his detractors off-the-hook. Hence the detractors could undermine his entire and massive project. That may be the point Dr Cohen might have pondered when I met him. In regard to Velikovsky's cosmology, I now know that NASA, after a brief chat I had with its Chief Executive (2014, in Wellington, NZ) is seriously looking at that cosmology in its own research *programs*. That is obvious from careful study of its publications. NASA is probably employing, presumably unawares if these staff are keeping their innermost feelings suppressed, some Velikovskian cosmologists. Sadly, Dr Velikovsky will never see the fruits of his work. It is very, very sad. But, one does not absolutely know. Even at the last moment, he may have gone to his grave privately accepting Jesus' obvious claims.

I was now flying even higher as 1992 drew to an end. On my return to Wellington, I quickly got into job hunting and very quickly came into the running for a similar post I had with the US Embassy this time at the British High Commission. Several positions there had been advertised but, no doubt, some existing staff would be retained. However, the Employment Agency that won the contract to screen candidates got bombarded with applications. The office telephonist said they had to close down their switchboard to deal with the chaos. I did get through and the staff member handling the project assured me she had me at the top of her list. She arranged for

me to appear before the interview Panel. I was on her list of clients anyway. In those days we all had our name with one or two employment agencies. On her own initiative she had automatically listed me for the position. So there was little doubt I was in the running. She said I was the top candidate anyway. That was obvious. I had been the Americans' first 'full-time' assistant in the Wellington US Embassy agriculture office of USDA [69]. The Agency was just waiting for my consent before putting my name forward.

I expected my employment troubles would dissipate. That had been my main concern; long-term dis-employment [70]. People warned me of that danger. As if I was not aware of it! But I had to appraise that against the task I believed the Lord was setting before me should I be willing to undertake it. There was no Divine Enforcement here. But the evidence per analysis of the technical data and via event-probabilities as described in this paper was becoming overwhelming by 1992-3. Something very rotten existed in the state of The Academy and in the Bible Seminaries which slavishly adhered; i.e., most of them; to the Academy's Dogma concerning ancient History.

So, early in 1993, I appeared before the UK High Commission's Deputy Secretary, its Agricultural Attaché [71], a couple of Commission administrators and the Employment Agency's Representative who was placing me at the top of the pile - my only ally there. The interview took a normal or expected course until I had to explain the entry in my CV about me being abroad for nine months or so in 1992. Again this was one of the warnings one received. One should not have any holes or gaps in one's CV. Sabbaticals were *de rigueur* for Academics [72] who once upon a time were the only people who bothered with CV's [73]. I tried to make the point as unobtrusively as possible. Furthermore, I did not want to give the impression I had been on a spending spree and a booze-up. Though that would probably have been more acceptable under the circumstances. Looking at that line in my CV, the Deputy Commissioner asked me, "Where did **we** go wrong"? I realised he wanted a brief explanation of the historical problem and I was certainly prepared to discuss the matter as succinctly as possible. With the audience in mind I would need to avoid much technical detail but I probably only had to help the commissioner understand the point. Apparently he was at least on the ball on the matter. What actually surprised me, or took me aback, was the use of his 'WE'. I had not realised he might be an archaeologist or somehow felt professionally threatened by the implicit claims inherent in whatever I said in the CV. I was certain he was neither archaeologist nor Egyptologist. I supposed, at that point, he was an historian. So I responded, "Excuse me?" He repeated, Where did WE [74] go wrong. I cannot remember if it was deliberate or a reaction, but my visage probably looked somewhat quizzical. It was also a possibility I was stalling for time to consider my reply. So he repeated a second time his question with a rider, "do you not understand Mr Stewart". At that point I replied to the effect that I had not meant to impugn the good gentleman. "Oh no", he replied, "you see I am an Arabist". End of Story. No Arabist in the British Foreign Office is going to employ someone with pro-Israel tendencies.

In those days the *Yes Prime Minister* episode where the plot has PM Jim Hacker, as Hacker MP became, was friendly with the Israeli Ambassador. In the episode, the two men had daughters who had met at school or college. It is one of the best-loved and most politically risqué episodes. The Israeli Ambassador was briefing Hacker on the Foreign Office's stalling measures to obstruct the Government's attempts to support Israel in the United Nations. Everyone in former

times was aware that the Foreign Office had such strong ties with the Arabs that we labelled them with the term “Arabist” [75]. This chap knew I would know what that meant. He knew as I did that no one else in the room would have any idea what he was talking about and, *sotto voce*, I was never going to worm my way into the British Foreign Service. Indeed, as I looked around the room to see if anyone might be able to come to my rescue in the face of this blatantly racist and religious prejudice in order to contract witnesses for legal proceedings to sue this man, I saw there was no point bothering. Around about, there was a sea of bored, uninterested or disinterested faces. His statement had gone in and out of every other ear there before I could get my neck to scan the room. Apparently the pro-Israeli Yanks might not have minded my persuasion concerning Israel. But “We Arabists” are implacably opposed to the Israelis. I knew that I was not only out for the count here but it would oblige the employment agency to note that I was certainly far from being the Commission’s ‘first choice’.

I never heard from that agency again. My long-term job security and bargaining or negotiating strength took a big dive. But in terms of my new vocation now beginning to take clear shape, that incident was valuable ammunition in closing my case that there is a high-powered and highly-staked suppression of historical truth in our *world*. As Orwell concluded in *1984*.

About that time, as I was hunting for ‘professional’ work, I responded to an advertisement for an “Economist” at the NZ Meat Industry Association. They put me through a gruelling series of tests for a whole morning. An independent evaluator in another office in town conducted the tests. Unbelievably, but true, at the conclusion of these tests he told me he was in the Masons. I knew then that the whole point of these tests was to establish a benchmark to evaluate those who would be seriously considered for the position. All very mysterious in retrospect. These people know full well they can arrogantly kick Christians in the guts because no one, God apart, will ever come to our defence. Such things are rarely written down. Statements of this sort can always be denied and dismissed as fantasies of the accuser. This does not bother me especially in view of the things I actually do know. But it is important for the reader to get a taste of what can happen.

However, of some material significance and validity, it needs to be said that one quite significant task in the job was to negotiate work conditions and pay rates for Muslim sheep slaughterers. I will go into this in more detail in *The Job* but suffice to say that my Christianity may have been a stumbling block here. A year later, the person appointed resigned. I applied again but this time a woman on the in-house selection panel clearly disliked me judging by her body-language signals [76]. No four-hour series of tests this time. They just interviewed me. The previous year’s arduous process had obviously not paid off considering the organisation only engaged the services of an economist for ten months or so! The Christian is acutely aware of such prejudice (II Corinthians 2:15-17) [77]. There is a major issue regarding the sheep industry’s love affair with Islam in the 1980’s but that will be discussed in *The Journal*.

In March 1993, or thereabouts, and in the wake of these rather discouraging episodes with the British High Commission and the NZ Meat Industry Association, I then applied for the position of Economist at the Ministry of Research, Science and Technology [78]. I did a paper on the Economics of Innovation, Science and Technology at Otago University with an English economist, Professor Parker. Mr Mike Doig [79], who interviewed me, said I was the only

applicant who had the *foresight* [80] to take such a course (in 1978, in other words quite a few years previously). No one got the job. MoRST was still looking for a resident economist for the next two or three years. In fact, they were searching for most of the six years I worked there and never managed to engage one as far as I am aware [81]. So for most of the time, we never had an economist, as such, on the Ministry's staff. Though Frank and I, and others effectively covered the position. MoRST really needed (or wanted) someone to "evaluate" science. Someone who would be on the Ministry's side. But no one has ever really been able to effectively evaluate science: No wonder with its evolutionist paradigms. Few people know about this rather interesting dichotomy in the modern world.

Thus the Treasury economists, and a chap from upstairs responsible for monitoring the Crown Companies [82], which by then included science businesses called Crown Research Institutes, had to advise the Ministry - effectively from a distance. An American (Tom) joined for about a year before resigning. Tom went home rather suddenly despite costing the taxpayer heaps to pre-interview him, re-interview him and bring out the family. One did not need to be an economist to realise that was a very poor return on the Taxpayer's investment. Tom was not particularly pleasant and did not fit the environment. Like a young schoolboy from Ripley Court Preparatory, a migrant from Washington DC's Beltway came from a milieu that was not particularly useful preparation for life in New Zealand [83]. I was not good enough to be the "Economist" there. Though I did secure a reasonably steady flow of contracts to keep me (barely) paying my bills. One day, Mr Doig told me that my work was the only work in the Ministry securing them "brownie points". But that was about it. I would never get a tenured position there not even as a committee clerk.

The high-point at MoRST, *conventional-career-wise* came when my reports on *Policy Measures to Encourage Innovation* were nominated by the Thailand delegate to the APEC Science and Technology Committee Conference held in Wellington (*circa* 1995) to form the basis of an annual work plan for the Committee. I am not quite sure what that meant, or what the delegate meant, but the initiative went nowhere. Nevertheless, the Canadian Delegate asked if I could be sent to OECD to present the work I did there. Mike Doig was willing to support me to do that if I would be prepared to go at my own expense. But I reflected why I should have to do that when everyone else gets sent on corporate expense. The Americans covered my costs for three days in Washington before I had even started at the Embassy in Wellington! I had little spare cash when I was working at MoRST. I had a small three-bedroom house almost mortgage-free by then. But I did not like the idea of extending my house mortgage to raise the necessary personal finance for such an expedition. I was too close to the Kiwi *holy grail* of re-paying the house mortgage. But my real interests lay elsewhere, not in turgid innovation policy measures. In retrospect, we can see this as a significant turning point. The *professional career* was coming to an end but the skills gained through it would gradually be directed into the Lord's Work.

How the System Suppresses Debate

Two particularly intriguing MoRST meetings [84] I attended, actually as minute secretary for one and secretary/organiser for the other, demonstrate what gets suppressed at high echelons in this world [85]. For me, these two events are probably more significant highlights at MoRST *alternative career-wise* [86] if one can put it that way.

The first *Suppression* involved a meeting with the Chief Executive of the Ministry with Maori representatives to discuss allocation of the Government's science vote for Maori science or *Matauranga Maori*. Dr Walker drew a couple of circles on a white-board [87]. The circles were drawn to intersect or overlap for about a third of their respective areas. One circle represented "Western Science". The other represented *Matauranga Maori*. The part of the 'Maori' circle **not** intersecting with "Western Science" represented 'Maori Myth', according to; the rather narrowly-educated for this sort of issue; Dr Walker. But where the two circles intersected, was a subset of *Matauranga Maori*, according to the *Doctor*, that **could be** described as 'science' at least in Western terms [88]. Of course I was muttering to myself; with *Sleepwalkers*, Galileo, Kepler and Velikovsky in mind; that a lot of that which Dr Walker labelled "Western Science" was myth too. The Chief Executive's solution was to suggest that "Maori Science" could receive a share of resources proportionate to the overlapping circles. A group calling itself the Maori Congress readily agreed to that suggestion. They probably thought they would otherwise come away with nothing. But a regal-looking Maori Elder just got up and walked out. I felt quite embarrassed for him. It was my task to write the minutes. However, Dr Walker ended up effectively writing them instead for he *red-inked* so much. In particular, he made dead sure there was no reference whatsoever to what he actually said and did, via his diagram: And he censored information about the walkout. But I knew from René Odinot's battles with Basil, and from other staff, this was par-for-the-course. But Dr Walker was precisely the bureaucrat the Government wanted. In that context, he was an excellent public servant. *Ipsa Facto*, I was not. So there you are Taxpayers!

Dr Walker, on another occasion, having just returned from China, waxed in excitement in telling us of the great depths to China and that we needed to completely re-appraise our attitude to this "great country". Of course I already had a keenly developed awareness of China's significance from my reading of a history of China at just age ten. Even as a ten-year old, I knew China mattered. But Dr Walker had really just awoken to this, courtesy of a taxpayer-funded tour of China with the Minister.

This point may be a relevant place, in this *Journey*, to note that my reading of China's history was sufficiently comprehensive to equip and attune me for the reading of that book on ancient Egyptian history. For what **should** have been said about what truly **was** Egypt's history - but **was not** - somehow got stamped into my consciousness. Of course, in hindsight, that book could not have been a real history because of the chronology chaos. But I could not have intellectually known that at age ten. The bad feeling I had back then came, in part, from my understanding that it conflicted with the Bible. However, that is not a sufficient explanation. The balance must presumably have reflected my spiritual state at the time. As a believer, already at age ten, and as the Bible, **correctly interpreted** tells us, I was filled with God's Holy Spirit at the first moment of belief. Thus I was *born again, born anew* or "born from above". It was not flesh and blood, nor intellectualism, that brought this about, but as Jesus said to Peter, it was "My Father Who is in Heaven Who revealed this" (Matthew 16:17). That book on Egyptian history could not be read with any real comprehension. The history it attempted to portray was in fact based on a chaotic chronological framework as Velikovsky confirmed in four volumes of the *Ages in Chaos* Series. Despite what the school tests were showing, I obviously had good comprehension skills - but it is not just a matter of "comprehension". Obviously it was a good thing that Dr Walker had been brought into the real world concerning his awareness of China. But how well 'educated'

was he, really? What really is “education”? So Dr Walker’s attitudes concerning science and learning could be considered naive. He had proved to be a loyal bureaucrat in doing the Government’s bidding even if not always successfully as shown by René Odinet who battled him for a couple of years trying to maintain farmers’ access to reasonably-priced fertilizers. René, the reader may remember, had me studying Koestler’s *Sleepwalkers*. So I took that episode at age ten with the Egyptian history in my stride because I knew that one day all would have to come out in the wash.

The other of the two *Suppression* occasions, or ‘meetings’, referred to above was a bit later while I was helping the Chief Scientist, Don McGregor and his assistant Dr Gerald Rys. Gerald would get me to copy out great tomes we occasionally received via Foreign Affairs. They were International Panel on Climate Change (IPCC) reports. They had to be delivered to a committee mainly consisting of deputy-chief or chief executives of Government Departments. Every time that I remember, Gerald would receive them on a Friday [89]. A response was necessary by Tuesday giving the recipients only three days or so to read them and comment. I never saw any responses. I would take the reports personally and run around various buildings in Wellington, usually late Friday afternoon, to make sure the recipients could at least get them to study over the weekend. This happened a few times over the course of a year or so. On each occasion it was the same nonsense. Get them on Friday. Then run around Wellington Central Business District so the recipients would get them before late Monday morning. A Monday delivery would have been the result if I had just mailed them. These jobs were one-off minor duties. I thought little of them each time I took on the task. But I did wonder why such eminent people were required to look at these things when some of them, for example the Chief Executive of the Department of Women’s Affairs, could hardly be expected to know much about climate physics and chemistry. Perhaps there was a graduate working there who could make some valuable comments unbeknown to me.

The upshot of this process became clear about a year later. I had to organise a few climate scientists to come to the Ministry to consider a recommendation on action on the matters in these climate change tomes. As far as I was aware, none of this committee had received any of those reports I had been distributing on occasional Friday afternoons. Furthermore submissions had been called from other academics such as Dr Chris de Freitas of Auckland University. The committee I had to take minutes for was headed by Dr David Wratt of NIWA [90]. At one point, from the submission by Dr de Freitas, the committee members sheepishly looked at one another after brief discussion of his points. They decided not to pass on his comments in their recommendation to the Government. They actually rejected them. With administrative matters to concentrate upon, I could not easily nor effectively critique or assess, at the time, very much of the discussion. Much of it was of a highly technical nature. However, from memory, Dr De Freitas’ points about “J-Curves” were interesting. They were the points that made the committee uneasy. Later a ‘J-Curves Debate’ did flare up. The detail for this discussion is too technical to bore the reader here but “J-Curves” were used to scaremonger and exaggerate the impact of the data. Although later, that problem was corrected as far as I know.

In the late 1990’s. I did not think anything serious could come out of all this bother about climate change or global warming. It was probably why I had been detailed to take minutes etc. But the considerations from that meeting became a probably significant part of the advice by which the

New Zealand Government committed itself to the Kyoto Declaration. Major governments such as the USA and China would have nothing to do with this Declaration. Nothing can stop global warming as most sensible people now know. I suspect the NZ Government of the day wanted to enter Kyoto but we will never know the reason. Although I believe it was part of a strategy to get people weaned off oil consumption. Now that New Zealand looks likely to be able to pump oil from nearby undersea reserves the political *heat* from the 'global warming' issue is waning. But in the 1990's it was more of a worry. Whatever, there was clearly no serious attempt at policy analysis here. All that work I did was part of a *pro forma* ruse to be able to say there was "consultation".

In connection with the subject of consultation, I wrote a paper on the subject of "consultation" for the Government via MoRST. I went through Dr Simon Upton's Cabinet papers to see who had properly responded to Cabinet Office Manual requirements to consult on any scientific advice proffered to the Cabinet. This exercise was an eye-opener. Especially when I got around to interviewing the chief policy analysts whose departments came up short in the survey. For example, the Department of Conservation (DoC) had erected a viewing platform on the top of a small cliff out in a national reserve. During the platform's construction, instead of using bolts they had simply used nails. About that time a group of students overloaded it and several crashed to their death. It was a big scandal. In this example, DoC had clearly not consulted engineers qualified to supervise such structures. However, my survey showed DoC had not consulted widely enough, or certainly not with the Ministry, when advising the Government on the science of fish stocks and a couple of other matters. Its CPA told me Sir Solly Zuckermann, a former British Chief Scientist [91], was a cheat so he did not think our Chief Scientist would be able to assist in any meaningful way. DoC's discussion with Cabinet on the science of fish stocks and other matters needed no input from MoRST. That put us in our place. So these events, following on the heels over the next few years (1993-98) my 1992 'discoveries' and previous 'events' that are the main subject of this narrative, probably said it all. DOC negligently killed a few students. Kyoto and the succeeding Carbon Trading pipe-dream of a few 'environmental economists' have led to companies charging electricity consumers the full price of carbon while they pocketed cheap bogus credits from Ukrainian and other shadowy East European carbon credit regimes [92]. The 'supposedly' man-made global warming phenomenon, dressed up as a crisis, is panicking large sections of the community. But they really need to be aware that the Earth's apparently rising temperatures have much more to do with The Days of Noah that Jesus spoke of. Neither Man nor his domesticated farm animals in Europe and New Zealand are warming the Globe. Excessive energy from the sun mainly due, as far as we can tell at the moment, to the atmosphere's degradation [93] during the Great Flood (*circa* 2450 BC) is the critical factor. The Earth seems incapable of reflecting excesses of solar energy, or what it does not need, back out into space [94].

All these things, coming on top of the now near-proof that History is being deliberately distorted, meant that as the millennium was coming to an end [95], which it had done in *circa* 1995-6 [96], so was my 'professional career'. In 1998, there was a new regime at MoRST with a woman, Dr Helen Anderson, at the helm. There was absolutely no place now in MoRST for a man who would some 15 years later realise that a touch-tronic computer was the 'apple' Adam and Eve ate in the Garden of Eden. Helen would have been horrified to know that a person of such persuasions, even if yet future, were a member of her staff. My attempt at continuing with

policy analysis spluttered on a wee bit longer with some odds and ends stuff that no one else wanted to tackle. I will tackle those tasks in *The Job*.

By the time a trickle of minor contracts with MoRST dried up (1998) I began to set up *Surf Wellington by Bus*. Mr H., the instituted tour operator for Wellington's tourism collective (monopoly) did not want me in competition. That was despite the fact that his clientele was quite different to mine. In the guise of a job application with the Commerce Commission, I tried to complain about his underhand tactics [97]. *Surf Wellington by Bus* was appreciated in certain quarters and customers expressed satisfaction but I could not get enough business to make a go of it. The Jewish Community Centre (JCC) came to the rescue and offered me the custodian's job there. That job came with a flat so I could rent out my small apartment in South Karori Road. I had purchased the apartment, or small flat, after selling my house at Thurleigh Grove. That house had been paid off mortgage-wise but needed repairs which I could not finance without a decent salary.

My itching got worse at the JCC. So I resigned after about 18 months (June 2002). A friend in the Jewish Community, and familiar with the premises, believed the humidity from the freezer used to keep the kosher meat cool was not the best for me. Also, I had a bad bout with bronchitis lasting 3 weeks. These maladies may have had something to do with the onset of diabetes but we have no medical history to guide us on that and my doctor [98] never thought to test me for diabetes though she might have found it had she ordered a blood test. But that was *circa* 2001 and I did not fit the "profile" for a diabetic (incipient or otherwise) she told me years later.

At about this time, the British Museum announced it was doing a special exhibition of the land of the *Queen Sheba* [99]. According to material on display at the Museum, the queen came from Yemen (Sabea). Recent discoveries there had uncovered a sophisticated community (probably the Bible's "Sabea" sometimes got confused with *sheba*). That Yemenite-Sabean society did have a temple. However, the date for this society was probably closer to 700 BC than 950 BC.

Anyway, on the spur of a moment, I approached the *Evening Post* Newspaper about my plan to leave the JCC and attend this exhibition. The paper duly did an article about me but included my image on the front top-page by-line with an article immediately below entitled, "Hutt Valley Teacher on Sex Charges". Twenty or so months before, Georgina, my predecessor at the JCC, confided to me that one couple at the JCC had expressed concern about me, a single man, being domiciled in the custodian's flat situated immediately next to the primary school at the JCC. The custodian's flat was adjacent to the school. Only two doors and an entrance-way between separated the two. In the other direction, I walked out that door straight onto the school's playground. Anyway, I knew many of the children because their parents were among my best friends. The couple who supposedly raised the concern did not know me and I had never met them either. But they suddenly had become interested in JCC leadership and administration so our respective paths were to cross unexpectedly and significantly. As they got to know me they were quite assured that was not an issue. Nevertheless, it was probably quite sensible for the organisation to make discrete inquiries just in case.

However, long-term, the newspaper's front page could be causing me some trouble especially if

that material has been picked up for any file on me. I have had some suspicion in that regard but there is a better place to digress on that (in *The Journal*.)

The ‘Queen Sheba’ Tour

Early in the new millennium I had begun to develop a strategy for the promulgation of this important issue. Principally, I wanted to write a book on the whole matter of the chronology problem. I developed a synopsis to explain the strategy. In the late 1990s, I applied for Public Good Science funding from the Foundation for Research, Science and Technology (FoRST). It unsurprisingly rejected my application but on appeal FoRST did acknowledge I reached the standard they required as a qualified “Researcher”. Hence I use the name “Don Stewart - Researcher” to this day on the Internet. My synopsis concentrated on the Hatshepsut-Sheba link originally posited by Velikovsky. However, I believed I had completed an understanding of the meaning behind “Hatshepsut”. Immanuel Velikovsky had concentrated on the link between *sheba* and the *shep* in “Hatshepsut”. Velikovsky also referred to the link between the “Makeda” of the Ethiopian accounts (e.g., in *Kebra Negast*) and the *Maat-Kare* one of the surnames of Hatshepsut. Dr Charles Taylor had noted the ‘*sut*’ was part of an Egyptian term “*sut-en-bat*” meaning “south and north”. However, no one seemed to explain the ‘Hat’ in Hatshepsut. That is the major contribution coming from me. In the synopsis, I linked ‘*Hat*’ with the Hebrew word for ‘sign’ or The Sign (*H’at*). Normally that would be *H’aut* in Hebrew but I found three passages where *H’at* had been used as “The Sign” in the Bible [100].

I returned from my Sheba tour to live in Dunedin for a few weeks because my flat in South Karori Road, Wellington, was occupied by a tenant and his wife and child. So I stayed with my parents for a few months. There I typed out some diaries my paternal grandmother kept. They had emerged from the possessions of a late Uncle. My Grandmother had spent the best part of a year abroad ostensibly to attend King Edward VIII’s coronation. That royal marital-cum-constitutional drama led to a delay for King George VI’s coronation so Gran stayed over to attend that. Gran wrote daily diaries of this trip. There were about thirty little notebooks with mostly humdrum matters. Generally, it was rather boring as far as I was concerned. However, my interest piped up very considerably when I read an entry concerning the Metropolitan Museum in Manhattan: “Saw the night sky over Bethlehem in 7 BC”. We had been astounded to learn from Arnold Fruchtenbaum of Ariel Ministries that Jesus was born between “4-6” BC. Thus Jesus was actually 36-37 on His crucifixion [101]. From that we conclude Jesus was the same age as Isaac when the latter went with Abraham to Mount Moriah, quite possibly the same site as “Calvary” [102].

Here lay yet another example of information obviously available somewhere that gave a dramatically altered perception of an historical circumstance. In the mid 1860’s, Alfred Edersheim in *Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah* had discussed the point and settled on a birth year of 4 BC. Since then, either people had ignored Edersheim or he had been forgotten or overlooked. These days, the only thing anyone will ever really hear is that Jesus was born in the year “Zero”. Our modern calendar goes from 1 BC to 1 AD. Nearly always people conclude Jesus was 33 when he died. That calculation is on the basis that He was born in the year *Zero*

which did not occur, of course, and He was crucified in 33 AD. Therefore, the best evidence now shows Jesus was 37 when crucified. His Ministry of 3 or 3,5 years began in *circa* 27 AD and His Crucifixion was in 30 AD. His Birth was in 6-7 BC (in September or October) so the Ministry began when he was 33-34. That is the basis for Luke's "About Thirty" [103]. Certainly on this matter there has been some awakening in recent years but that is small comfort. This was an interesting snippet, coming from a most unexpected quarter. That much may be hidden from us, either temporarily or purposefully, matters less when we know that the information can be found eventually or when it is required. In this case, it was very much a serendipitous event. Digging around documents etc., throws up bits and pieces which only much later fit like a jigsaw piece into the wider picture. As time passes, a bigger framework emerges and more bits can be connected. Later on, things start snowballing if the overall model or framework is correct.

There was a rather chilling feeling one got from Gran's account of Sunday Evening services in German Churches on the eve of WWII. These were the two most interesting personal observations from those diaries. There was much about what was on the dinner menu or how pretty the bluebells looked in the sunlight. However, I had to ask what was the real purpose here? Why was I back in Dunedin typing out this mostly insignificant stuff onto a computer? The irony, if that is the correct term, is that my Grandfather's good Jewish friends and business partners the Schoen family had hosted Gran then (December-January 1936/7). They not only treated her to Christmas Dinner but took her on that trip to the *Met* Observatory. My later observation of the *Met* Museum was that it was presumably funded by lots of Jewish money[104]. One can see that by all the names of the Jewish donors plastered over the walls of the various rooms in the *Met*. But the antagonism of the centuries between Jew and Christendomite had obscured what must have been general common knowledge about the year of our Lord's birth in Jewish scholarship. In New Zealand, we had to wait for the late 1980's (Fruchtenbaum) to point this out to us [105].

My time in Dunedin, after a not particularly fruitful Sheba Tour, was turning out to yield couple of surprises. But then it got even more interesting. As had often been my habit, on visits to Dunedin since I left in January 1979, I dropped into the university to have a look around and quiz some of the academics. This time, *circa* 2003, I went into the new library at OU. The former library either had to be re-built or considerably re-furbished because of subsidence or some problem like that. Old historical documents were brought up from basement floors into a new dry, bright and airy mezzanine-type floor above the ground floor. Anyway, it was much more conducive to casual searches. On one such episode, *out-of-the-blue* the words "*Palace of Apries*" caught my eye when glancing at some material from the Egyptology collection. Those words were written on the spine of a larger not quite A-3 hard-back document.

Permit me to jump ahead a bit to explain here that as a result of my research I found out that the Otago Museum and the University had both been part of the same organisation at least before WWI. In that organisational structure, the museum and university had donated money to help the British "Egypt Exploration Fund" to systematically and scientifically investigate Egypt's ancient archaeological sites. There was world-wide interest in such projects. Otago and Auckland Universities, apparently, had donated. They got goodies in return [106]. Included in these 'treasures' were six "Excavation Reports" of William Flinders Petrie's digs (1908-14) at

Memphis [107] near Cairo. This *Palace of Apries* was one in that series - actually the second.

The significance of those excavation reports at that moment of *serendipitous* discovery was that in my interviews concerning Queen Sheba in my northern hemisphere tour of investigation of that issue, experts kept on copping out in our exchanges. They avoided further discussion with statements such as, "I would have to look at the Excavation reports". I felt this tactic pretty well stymied any further investigation, for the meantime anyway. Hence the comment above about the lack of fruitfulness in that Queen Sheba Tour. Perhaps the newspaper article in the Wellington newspaper had tipped everyone off! So I had high-tailed it back to NZ and Dunedin.

What struck me about these six volumes: initially; and apart from their unusual size, jutting out of the shelves; was that they seemed to be in pristine condition. The type of paper they were written on would; in my opinion because of age; ought to have shown more signs of damp or mould than seemed to be evident. So, from which part of the archives they had actually come from, I am not sure. Anyway, for some obscure reason, perhaps lack of space, they had not previously been on display. It seemed clear no one had ever really looked at them because they were in such good condition nearly a century later. Initially, I was inclined to just note where they were for future interest in case I got bored one day. (I was away from my flat and possessions and files were either in storage or with friends and contacts in Wellington). But the title inside the front cover "Palace of Apries", on the first page, was "Palace at Memphis" instead. That seemed odd to me. In this game, one comes across so many "odd" things that one is liable to become inebriated with oddity and numbed or blasé to further action. I knew, per *Ages in Chaos* that Apries (26th Dynasty, *circa* 600 BC) was a candidate for being the same person as Merneptah son of Ramesses II (or The Great) of the 19th Dynasty (13th Century BC). Merneptah is famous for his stele, sometimes known as "The Israel Stele". It is best known for its inscription, "Israel's Seed is destroyed; The Land razed to the ground". Egyptologists date the statement on this particular stele to *circa* 1210 BC. But the Biblical accounts reflecting those words clearly apply to the destruction of Jerusalem in 586 BC. Anyway, this was enough to spark deeper investigation. And dividends came almost immediately.

The upshot from that discovery, was the writing of my book *Memphis, Merneptah and Ramesses and the Winged Disk of Judah*. I had resolved to make some sort of contribution to this chronological issue via a book as far back as at least 1992. That was part of my motive in resigning my job at the US Embassy. In the Synopsis of my plans, this "book", or the first book I proposed to write, was originally intended to concentrate on the so-called "Queen of Sheba". My synopsis outlined two or three books, in all, that I planned to write on the subject. The second would concentrate on the issue of the Merneptah Stele. Now, with this material about Apries and Memphis available in the form of excavation reports [108], priority turned even more to the second of the 'two or three' 'planned' or 'proposed' books. The difficulty here was that one counter intuitively came to address the later dynasty (the 19th) before the 18th. But what really swung that decision was the publication in July 2002 of *Biblical Archaeological Review's* article about the "Winged Disk" on King Hezekiah's seal found in a (then) recent archaeological dig. I had discovered the same (or very similar) object [109] had appeared in Mr Petrie's reports. He called it "**The Behudet Winged Disk**".

I saw this *BAR* article about Hezekiah's "Winged Disk" in Israel, from memory at Bar Ilan University Library around 2002-3, on my Queen Sheba Tour. I visited the author, Mr Robert Deutsch. He operated an antiquities shop in the boutique district at the Port of Jaffa (*Yafo*). Robert told me the 'disk' on Hezekiah's seal was one of many variations [110] the famous king used although this particular one that is in the subject title of my book differed a little in presentation. Robert also assured me the seal was genuinely discovered "in situ" in an authorised dig at an ancient Israelite settlement that was "not in modern Israel". That meant, I assumed, it had been found in North Jordan where the tribe of Manasseh (*Menashe*) settled when Moses brought the tribes out of Egypt. The Bible also records Hezekiah sending out invitations to the members of Manasseh asking them to join his Passover celebrations (about 700 BC). Thus to find such a seal like this and in that location (still not confirmed as far as I know) was not surprising. As my book (*Memphis*) explains, Deutsch's seal appears to depict the same object as found on Merneptah's steles.

Therefore, around this time, the Seal of Hezekiah and the Stele of Merneptah with the "Behudet Winged Disk" that I discovered in Petrie's 'Memphis' Reports, obliged me to change plans or strategy and write the *second* book **first** ! The synopsis talked of the two dynasties I was going to discuss, i.e., the 18th and the 19th. Logically, chronologically or sequentially I obviously preferred, intended or desired to commence with the book concerning the 18th Dynasty and its Queen Hatshepsut who is by far the most significant and important subject. The evidence emerging in 2002-3 reverted me to writing about the 19th first. Since the Velikovsky Model told us the 19th Dynasty of "Ramesses and Merneptah" and the 26th Dynasty of "Necho and Apries-Hophra" were the same dynasty, I had more on my plate to prove. However, I believed the dividends would be correspondingly greater. As it was, I incorporated some of the putative first book's material with the second because Petrie's reports would involve the 18th (Hatshepsut's Dynasty), 19th and 26th Dynasties at Memphis (the 26th being the 19th anyway).

I was now finding it extremely difficult getting paid work. My itching was getting more severe. Once again I wondered if the accommodation I was using was not good for this condition [111]. With little spare cash, several months unemployment benefit threatening to leave me threadbare; feeling trapped and actually itchy; the option to escape by selling my South Karori Road Flat began to look like the only sensible step. Selling the flat meant I could go abroad, progress what was becoming my life project and find paid work outside NZ. Britain was the obvious target. In the UK, I could be significantly closer to Israel. There were family rumours that our late Uncle Bob would leave twenty-two cousins a nice little nest egg [112] but I was running out of money, itching badly and just could not wait for those rumours to materialise or eventuate one way or another. I should not have had to wait. A probably inefficient legal system, legal firm or financial system [113], dragged things on. So I managed to sell my flat to raise the cash, and unburden myself from property obligations. I needed to travel, research or study, and support myself when wages were not incoming. So I banked the cash from the sale of my flat.

By 2004 I was back in England and, once again, soon to receive a big dividend. I attended the Sackler (Egyptology) Colloquium at the British Museum. This was a big meeting to decide future priorities for Middle Kingdom Egyptology [114]. As far as I know. I was the only non-Egyptologist at the Colloquium. I paid £60 to attend. At that price, one would have to be keen to attend. Probably, for most people there, the boss paid their fee. Neither press journalists nor

media representatives attended. There was not too much scope for me to get involved. The papers were very technical and the questions highly specific to these high-powered matters. One paper suggested that chronological and other problems or debates in Egyptology could be solved by a new approach to investigation. The idea here was to establish completely new ceramic sequences [115] from a new generation of ancient sites that had not yet been excavated. In this process, one would ignore any written material from classical sources when it came to interpreting the excavated data or objects. Ancient writers like Herodotus, and even the Bible, are often consulted in the interpretation process but this paper suggested these be ignored in this new methodology or process. The call was to build a new chronology solely from the *in-situ* ceramics and stone-ware discovered in new sites selected for this purpose. The paper's writer, a woman, suggested this would yield a new chronology in the next "100 years" of research.

When one thinks deeply about it, this is dreadful, immoral and unscientific. My response to this is that the churches, seminaries and Bible Colleges must separate themselves from this scandal. They should publicly break with the standard or established model of ancient History. It is much too damaging to the Bible's historicity and veracity to allow that to go on. The future impact on Men's souls is incalculable.

However, worse, or even better from my point of view, was to follow. At the break after the delivery of this paper, three Egyptologists standing around a cup of tea were chatting about the problem of chronology this woman had been alluding to. So if I was reading into her paper my perspectives about chronology problems, these chaps confirmed I wasn't! For they were obviously concerned about the issue. Clearly this conference of Egyptologists **damn well knew** there was a serious problem. I now knew that Egyptologists themselves were devising strategies to overcome the chronology problem which they obviously recognised within the cabal, fraternity or brotherhood (and sisterhood). They are not prepared to admit this to the public or to suppliers of finance [116]. I edged my way into this morning-tea conversation amongst this particular threesome. I introduced the possibility that Merneptah with his Israel Stele was much more recent than 1210 BC. The response was startling. With a sense of panic, they broke off and scattered in three different directions.

By these days, inured and accustomed to many brush-offs I abandoned all protocol and elected to literally chase after one of them. I hauled the quarry down. To avoid a spectacle, he turned to face me. He arched his back as though I were about to self-immolate or stab him. In panic, he asked, "What's the problem"? I probably said something like "I paid 60 quid to come here and ask questions but people run away. What's a Colloquium for if people don't answer questions"? "So what do you want to know", he in turn asked. I said that I was just raising with these men the possibility that by studying Merneptah anew we could progress the chronology issue. He said, "don't you believe Merneptah reigned in the 13th Century BC"? Befuddled by the use of the word "believe", I then asked, "excuse me"? He said "surely you **believe** Merneptah was a 13th Century BC pharaoh". I replied, "No", and went on to explain my case but he cut me short with, "you're crazy if you do not believe Merneptah lived in the 13th Century BC". This dialogue of course followed on from my *wee* exchange with the British Deputy High Commissioner. In that sense I was again stunned by this Egyptologist's choice of word, i.e., "believe". With the British DHC it was the "We" that was befuddling. Is modern Egyptology merely a belief system? Like any religion, and just like the friction many religions cause,

modern Egyptologists crush any attempt to challenge their religious faith.

Later at the Colloquium, I took up the issue with Manfred Bietak. He seemed more than perturbed. With what seemed to me to be terror in his eyes, he urged me to “talk to the Danish School” which in his view had resolved an adequate harmony between the Bible and Egyptology. I have, of course, done that but the Danish View is incorrect.

So by 2004, aged about 50, some 40 years after the first question that took me onto the diamond, to continue with the baseball motif, I had made the home-run. Now anyone could or would clearly see that the Received History [117] of the Biblical era (2500-500 BC) is a massive distortion. George Orwell in *1984* either knew history was being distorted for *political* or *philosophical* reasons, or he thought something like that would happen in future. Perhaps Orwell thought it was only a peculiar outcome within a few very unusual and especially powerful modern dictatorships like those of Hitler, Franco, Mussolini, Salazar or Stalin. If Germany, Spain, Italy, Portugal or Russia [118] fell under such regimes in the 1930s then the Western System must also surely have been (or **is**) vulnerable in this regard.

Any reasonable person who had gone through the events I have described in these pages would come away with a similar conclusion to mine. At best, another investigator might arrive at a subtly *nuanced* conclusion! In a narrative like this, one colours the language a little, here and there. But only to make it a little more interesting to read. A little bit of dramatisation, astutely applied, is surely harmless.

Between 2004 and 2009, after this auspicious episode at the British Museum-hosted *Sackler Colloquium* on the “Middle Kingdom”, I was resident mainly in London. In that five-year period, with a few trips [119] to Israel interspersed with finding work, I tried complete the writing of the book (*Memphis, Merneptah ...*). “Finding work” was something of a euphemism. Actually, I worked about one day for every three or four I spent looking for ‘paid’ work. Otherwise, I occupied myself working with: the Hyde Park Christian Fellowship; attending activities at All Souls Anglican Langham Place; and helping the Brook Street Gospel Hall and a Brethren Chapel at Wembley. Each November, I spent most of the month volunteering with the Pall Mall Branch of the Royal British Legion.

But a glitch on the computer (*Sony Notebook*) word-processing programme (*WordPerfect*) hampered my attempts to remove text errors, alter poor sentences etc. Suddenly and inexplicably, that glitch disappeared about the time I returned to New Zealand in June 2009. That has been a mystery I have never managed to explain. I had a similar episode for several years at the US Embassy. No one could help me there either. The Systems manager was employed by the State Department. So I had to get our HQ in Washington to sort out the problem except they felt the local systems manager should fix it. That problem involved the Lotus 1-2-3 for DOS software.

By 2009, the book was completed. Later, with Shimshon Marom’s help in Melbourne, I finally published it on *The Cloud*. There had been a string of trials on the employment scene. These ‘trials’ obstructed progress with the mission. But there were some interesting things that went on that are relevant (refer *The Job*). One particular ‘trial’ was the time spent locating work. In

London, some tidbits of work (e.g., jotting down concert-goers' email addresses and handing them fliers for another concert often barely paid the transport costs to the venue and back. Such nonsense gobbled up enormous stretches of time. Slightly better-paid jobs required one to fill out extensive application- and fill-in-forms. Often, there were questions I could not get answers for such as exam marks at High School. Then stuff had to be printed and delivered.

One employment-related incident, especially pertinent to the mission, broke the camel's back. I will discuss that here but leave other episodes for *The Job*. This incident persuaded me (the camel) to return *back* to New Zealand. As it turned out, I seemed to be afflicted with Diabetes [120]. Eventually, the *Diabetes* did need some treatment. My body probably needed rest, recuperation and relief from job-hunting-stress. Having paid most of my taxes in New Zealand, I felt uncomfortable receiving assistance from the UK Taxpayer despite the kindness and consideration shown to me over there [121].

But what really or finally drove the return to New Zealand begins with the following narrative. I had travelled to Israel on two trips in 2008. Between trips, back in London, I got a few comparatively well-paid contracts with *Intelligent Space*, an urban design team I worked for. We counted pedestrians essentially. Sometimes we monitored taxi drivers [122]. Other times we counted cyclists [123]. The company then merged with Atkins Engineering. Atkins had three payment centres. Our staff were based in an office on Euston Road. A payroll centre was somewhere in Surrey but a third office in the payments system was in Worcester or Warwick or somewhere else, this time out West. What I noticed after my second trip to Israel in 2008 was that I was not receiving any money for jobs I did in early 2009 for *Intelligent Space*. I had received the payment slips but no money in the bank account. In Israel, I had not been able to monitor my London Lloyds Bank Account entries. Only the net balance. But I never expected anything like this could possibly happen. There had been no problems of this nature whatsoever between 2005-7. The amount owing verged on £1700 including missed payments throughout the second half of 2008. The amount, about a third of a year's accommodation, was significant enough but the greater fear was that someone or something was really putting the screws on me. As I said, there had been other employment-related oddities prior to this particular dilemma. So these non-payments were really quite spooky and camel-back breaking stuff.

I had been in and out of the UK (England only really); Israel to and fro; but only twice each way. Yet with the number of foreign students being employed by *Intelligent Space*, some 'foreign' workers, no doubt, worked more than the permitted-maximum of twenty hours a week per the "student visa" system. There was plenty of room for a mischief-maker to divert anyone's wages into his account. Students guilty of exceeding their permitted work hours would not complain if this theoretical mischief-maker discerned their real situation in that regard. If he (or she) struck, the worker no doubt wrote-off the incident. So the robber could win. The visa-rule-breakers probably had a good day out anyway. Quite different for me so I had to take action. There had been no problem of this nature until 2008-9. Therefore, I was oblivious even to the possibility of the problem until a very late stage (January 2009 or after about six months). In the highly unlikely event that this was simply an administrative slip-up, my wages-crisis was a shrewd bit of opportune white-collar crime.

I had been the victim of two other robberies while abroad between 2004-9. One in Israel and one in a London hostel. Both were equally opportunistic occasions. But I will leave them for *The Journal*. Anyway, I had to try and get the money back. I did get it back. But Nippa, the woman I had to deal with, presumably had her own problems in getting action at her end. Fortunately, a Government body for remedying such situations resided in the same building as our company on Euston Road. So there was potential back-up in the same building as my employers. It did not come to that. Nevertheless, this was very nerve-wracking. Too much pressure from me would end my employment with this crowd. Even so, the writing was on the wall. Increasing reliance on London's most extensive CCTV network was making human observer-counters on the footpaths or in the parks, redundant anyway. Human error would be less with television monitoring. The latter would allow repeat observations which we on-the-spot observers obviously could never deliver. One Saturday, we had to count shoppers on Oxford Street when they closed this famous street to all but pedestrian traffic. We had to count human waves (mostly foreigners it seemed) forty or more abreast. A plainly ridiculous task but one that CCTV cameras could easily have done more effectively.

However, in January 2009, I was staying at a couple of hostels near the Queensway and Notting Hill Tube Stations near, perhaps somewhat appropriately, Moscow Road [124]. As I waited for resolution of this very worrying money matter, I had access to the Internet on my notebook computer [125] through the hostel's wireless system [126]. Anyway, while casually surfing the Internet one day, I noticed the strange name of the son of a well-known woman. She had given birth to this boy several years previously [127]. This boy's father was a different man to the one his mother got engaged to in *circa* 2008. She and her Fiancé had been in England to visit another very well-known person. But there had been some tittle-tattle in the media about their relationship when they came to visit this other dignitary.

At this point, I suppose, a number of things in my memory came to the fore. For example, Mary, daughter of Heli (Luke 3:23), who came into her marriage with Joseph pregnant with **Another's** child. Then, I wondered about the name this modern woman's eight-year old son would have if he adopted the putative or 'about-to-be' step-father's surname. A question that came to mind asked if this woman would even stay with the step-father or was she just a gold-digger? [128]. In this process, my mind; don't forget much troubled by my concern about my missing or worse, stolen, wages; seemed to juxtapose an interesting arrangement of ideas. It was almost as if, like Queen Hatshepsut's "I heard the voice of a god", something motivated me to write this child's first name and potential or putative surname into Hebrew. I had to transliterate the letters of the two names. I used precedents found in the Bible [129]. If one has some knowledge of Hebrew and one has a rough idea of the way someone's name in the Bible was written in the original or host language, one can use the Bible to assist in an exercise like this. Writing in the Bible; over centuries, or even over millennia; scribes had to transliterate foreign names like Nebuchadnezzar, Esarhaddon (actually two words in Hebrew, i.e., Sar Haddon) or Hophra.

My nerves, frazzled by the payments issue; my body under stress with diabetes, the doctors suggest; really buzzed when I arrived at a "number for this name" - 666! Furthermore, the child's first- or given-name plus putative 'surname' could be translated "Majesty-King of Kings". Actually, the putative or adoptive surname ['Tsor' (Fr, Sur., Eng Tyre) = rock, chief, head (Heb); and 'name'] is a transliteration as well as a translation. The point about correct

history, from a Biblical perspective, is that it is integrated with Prophecy. I refer to this as the 'Prophecy-History Continuum' (or 'History-Prophecy'). If the history in the Bible has little, partial or incomplete [130] integrity then neither can its Prophecy have integrity. And that is the position most people hold today. Most people treat the Biblical text as allegorical, poetical and typological. In churches, the Bible is now generally only discussed in such contexts.

So the suggestion then arose in my mind by 2009 that the understanding of this great problem in World History has itself been a preparation for a new insight. This time, in the realm of Prophecy. Not to **make** Prophecies, because we have what we need already. But to **understand** the prophecies already given. Then to distinguish between those which have **already** been fulfilled from those **yet to be** fulfilled. This of course is a literalist approach. Thus, a correct understanding of World history is a pre-requisite for "rightly dividing the prophecies". If the Lord has been preparing the way for understanding how to identify the Antichrist, it has been through this training in History which urgently needs correcting. In any event, including the outcome that this candidate is NOT "The Antichrist" (i.e., 666), the point still stands. One day, if not now in our time, there has to be an 'antichrist' in order to fulfill Genesis 3:15; again from a literalist perspective, methodology or approach.

We are coming to an end of this *Journey*. Between January 2009 and time of writing (latest edits January 2015) a merchant set himself alight in the markets of Tunis (near ancient Carthage). His traditional or agreed place of business was removed or declared illegal [131]. That row reportedly set alight in 2011 a series of ructions across the so-called Arab World. From Tunisia through Libya, Egypt, Syria the so-called "Arab Spring" appeared to be breaking out. People sought to overthrow autocratic regimes in Libya, Egypt and Syria. By 2014 these movements had been overtaken by much more sinister fighting. The problems spread beyond this 'Arab' trio to affect a much wider ring of countries. Or, because of these 'troubles', other places also erupted into chaos. In my blog on the matter I describe where these matters are probably heading for hand-in-hand with Ebola-style disease epidemics. But we should remember the incident supposedly sparking this all off began at an ancient home of trade and commerce, i.e., Tunis-Carthage.

Tyre and Carthage spawned the colony-nations of Tarshish. Initially the name for Tyrian colonies in the Mediterranean such as Tarsus where Apostle Paul lived as a young person, it later became the term for Cartago-Tyrian colonies beyond the Pillars of Hercules at Gibraltar (Gabal-Bynlos-Tyre). In that context, Spanish and French (Marseilles?) colonies were ports on either the Atlantic and Mediterranean seas. Today, "Tarshish", and colonies of 'Tarshish' itself *per se*, comprises the nations of the so-called 'West'. When Israel is invaded per the 'Ezekiel 38:1 to 39:16 Prophecy', Tarshish and her Young Lions (colonies of the colonies of Tyre-Carthage), impotently stand on the sidelines waiting to see what happens. They are unable to help Israel.

Also, however, the revised "Political History" throws up a new Political Geography. That is to say "a new atlas" of the world in 600 BC when the Biblical Prophet Ezekiel wrote chapters 38:1 to 39:16. On that new atlas of that Old World, "Put" becomes the Mediterranean coasts of the Arab Spring nations plus Lebanon, Western Syria and quite possibly coastal Turkey (Quay of Tyre). Most modern translations of the Bible insert "Libya" for "Put" [132]. Modern Tunisia, home of Ancient Carthage the daughter colony of Tyre, is a sort of large enclave of Libya.

Carthage waged war with Rome (or *vice versa* really) in the “Punic Wars” [133]. The Egyptians referred to the ancient hegemony of Tyre as “Punt”, though the term originally referred just to the bridge-land of Israel-Lebanon [134]. So the Arab Spring movements may well be a precursor to the invasion of Israel in Ezekiel 38-39.

Another significant alteration to the world atlas lies in the identity of the nations of Gog and Magog of Ezekiel 38. As I explain elsewhere (Blessings 10P, 10Qi and ii), there is a better reading of “Gog and Magog” for the two Biblically-prophesied invasions [135] that mention this region in Ezekiel and *Revelation*. The latter passage is at the end of the Messianic Kingdom. In Ezekiel, we read of “Gog and Magog” but this designation can be written “Gog and ‘Land of those with Gog’ (*Eretz H’M’Gog*); in other words “The Caucasus (Gogasus)” nations. Thus we also need to carefully watch ructions involving Ukraine and Russia as well as others where Russian minorities have been affected. That includes Armenia, Chechnya (Gog-nya), Georgia and Kazakhstan. These nations look to be the northern quadrant [136] (or ‘end’) of the great invasion of Ezekiel 38:1 - 39:16. Iran, possibly with elements in Iraq and regions around Iran, brings up the Eastern end. Only the West (Tarshish) and some Arabian states (traditional allies and business partners with Tyre-Tarshish) oppose this invasion.

Much about this invasion is written elsewhere in my papers. In that work, I have referred to Dr Arnold Fruchtenbaum’s work on this invasion (*Footsteps of the Messiah*) and other matters. Dr Fruchtenbaum has been visiting New Zealand since the late 1980's to explain the Scriptures from a Hebrew Perspective. In doing this, he answered the prayers of those among us who realised there were serious problems in Bible teaching in New Zealand. He exposed the tremendously light-weight standards of preachers and teachers here [137]. But Arnold also teaches that the aftermath of the Ezekiel invasion results in a dramatically altered world situation. There will be a new set of government regimes [138] and it is through that system that the Antichrist 666 emerges.

In the wake of the previous unsolicited, unexpected even miraculous events; stretching over four decades in my campaign to unravel the mystery of (in order to correct) the falsified ancient history; by 2014 another factor came into play. That is the prophecies in Ezekiel 38:1 to 39:16 concerning the ‘Gog-Magog’ invasion of Israel and the Antichrist’s birth and rise to power. However, there is an integration of all these amazing coincidences I have tried to describe in *The Journey* with two as yet still-prophesied but unfulfilled events. They are prophecies now remaining to be fulfilled [139] i.e., from now on, before or after the Rapture as the case may be then before or during The Tribulation, again as the case may be. But the Ezekiel 38 Invasion almost certainly will have been completed, including the seven-year ‘clean-up’ aftermath, before the Tribulation starts [140]. One rather interesting event will be the return of Elijah to come and get Israel to repent. He could arrive back before the Church of Christ Saints are raptured. This must seem fantastic to the modern mind trained to believe in evolutionism and materialism. But Hollywood, Bollywood and Wellywood are allowed to make ever-more fantastic films!

Postscript

There is a story of the Shoeshine Boy on Wall Street just before the Great Stockmarket Crash of 1929. Apparently, he told a wealthy investor about a good tip to buy on Wall Street’s Stock

Exchange (or Share Trading Exchange). The investor sat down to get his shoes shined up. The boy gave him the tip. But the investor also knew that when the shoeshine boy knows something about the stockmarket that he the 'expert' does not, it is time to exit. So that investor sold up and escaped the 1929 Crash. Whether it was Mr Vanderbilt or Mr J.P.Morgan, I do not remember. It might have been someone else.

But the following happened to me.

I was talking about my history research with the sandwich-maker at Subway [141]. Then he asked me one day, "Why don't people want to know the history is wrong?" "Yes", he understood that every book in every library would immediately become worse than out of date but virtually irrelevant. However, he had a "but". When he prompted me for another reason for the apathy I suggested it was because people deep down realised they would have to take the Bible seriously. On that point he was quite unequivocal. He Said, "No I could never take the Bible seriously". And that was that. One might as well say, "Time to get out". Of course that option is not for us to execute. But it may well be exactly what The Rapture does. It certainly provides a *raison d'être* for The Rapture. There will be a day when there is no point Church Saints being here any longer because no one has any interest in what we say. That's more or less what happened to Noah when he was 'lifted up' in his Ark by the Great Flood Waters.

So I prayed for him on returning to my office. Presumably, the subject is now closed for this chap. If this type of response is now widespread it gives further amplification to the statement that God would make them believe a lie or delusion. This young man clearly would rather knowingly believe a lie about history than believe the Bible. Under such circumstances, can there possibly be any purpose or role in this World or this Age for the believer in Christ and His Word in the Bible. The Bible exhorts us to witness and explain to unbelievers what we believe in the hope of them likewise becoming convicted for the need of a Saviour and to acknowledge that only Jesus of Nazareth can be that Saviour. That's why the Rapture makes acute sense from now on. Only a set of incredible disasters and problems and paradigm-collapses will have any effect on this wicked generation. But Jesus sees no need for us to go through all that though perhaps through some of it!. Anyway, 144000 Jews will be sealed for the purpose of continuing witness in the days before the Tribulation and the seven years of its duration and Elijah and the Two Witnesses will also be commissioned.

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