

Group Matching Target tasked by Lyn Buchanan - GM6LB1

Remote viewed by Anita Ikonen - Method EEC

Target Mar 22 , 2006

Today May 14, 2018

Start 11:23 AM

May 14 2018

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Sixth Stage 2 RV test. This is Target 1 of 6.

Target number Mar 22 2006

This one feels heavy and depressed, it feels like if a woman with brown hair is having a very heavy weight over her shoulders and back and is dragging it, like when Jesus was dragging the cross. Depression in terms of the emotional state of depression, and a heavy block shaped object being slowly hauled by one person who carries it over the upper back and arms. The person's arms are bent at the elbows and the person has their arms slung around side protrusions of the object. The person makes slow small footsteps, the object is very heavy to carry. The colors I see are red. The shoes are simple cloth fabric slippers and are not modern shoes. The person of course does not walk with a straight vertical back upright, and the person has lost their vigor and optimism. The goal is in sight and is forward up on a small hill, the goal to where this is being slowly hauled is in sight and is both far and near to the person, the person has to see the goal site during this whole trek. The ground is made out of hard ground outdoors with sand and dust on the ground. The person has lost all optimism and happiness, it is an emotion of depression. But above all, this thing that is being hauled is very heavy, it is brown and it is block shaped. By all intents and purposes this reminds me of a person hauling their own cross to a hill.

The depression emotion and the weight of this object being slowly hauled over there. I sense other people around this person, they are very energetic and they seem to be pacing around the person walking forwards and backwards, eager to get to the goal quickly and feeling the quickness of their own feet in contrast to how slowly this person is hauling the object, they are watching the person but have no intention of helping to carry the heavy object, the person has to carry the object on their own.

There are small block shaped buildings all around these people and the person, these buildings are small and have flat roofs with a raised edge to be as a railing so that people could also spend time up on the roof perhaps to hang up their wet washed clothing there to dry. The hill in front is in an open area and is not blocked by buildings at it, so we have this settlement with many small primitive houses and the hill which is not only elevated it is also completely "bald" and "bare" so that it stands out for this settlement.

This target is off to a good start, there are many elements that are clear, they are physical objects

and not abstract, they are distinct from one another but they tie in together into a composite relationship.

The feeling is very bad on this one, and the road is very dusty, he feels that his face is too close to the ground and that he is inhaling the dust and getting it kicked up into his eyes from his own footsteps. He coughs and he tries to rub the dust out of his eyes with his arms but his arms remain holding up the object on his back so it is hard for him to wipe his eyes on his arms. He carries on and moves onward. He is being *told* to carry this object to over there, and so he does it, he is not going to complain or argue or make a dispute, but, he has decided to take his time on it and to not hurry or rush it. The man who told him to do it never specified a time.

There had arrived a people to this little village town and the arrivals have their sailships over in the harbor just behind that hill on the base of that hill a little bit to the left from the hill in the drawing I will draw. These wooden ships have got more than one sail canvas on each, I see three sail canvases, one large and two peripheral smaller ones, the canvases are buckled toward the right in my drawing from the wind in the sail, although these boats are not moving across the water. The sails appear to be white but they have a red cross on them. The eager energetic man pacing back and forward around the depressed man is one of these arrivals. This pacing energetic man is unusually tall, whereas the people who live in this town are shorter in build. Also the arrivals are not only tall but they are also blonder, their skin is fairer and they have curly blond hairs on their arms and legs and blonde light brown hair but light brown eye color not blue or green eyes. They are not real yellow haired blondes but the light brown color passes as a shade of blonde, also their skin is not white but it is distinctly paler. Meanwhile the townspeople are shorter and have a stockier build and have darker skin and darker hair and eyes, so these are two distinct populations.

Also the arrivals pride themselves in being washed and bathed with clean skin, they have a culture which takes great pride in washing oneself with water so that is one of the reasons why they think they are above everyone else. The energetic man who is pacing wears clothing that leaves the legs bare from the knees down, and above the knees it is like a skirt or a tunic but not pants that would wrap tightly around the body.

This target is some kind of injustice and torture that is being done to this man by the other man who is the energetic man of the arrivals. The man who is the arrival and is energetic he wears blue and white colored clothing which includes a skirt or tunic that ends above the knees, he wears sandals. It is white with blue borders and his hair is blonde, a kind of light brown blonde color and his hair is curly, his hair has beautiful curls. His nose is distinct it is a very chiseled narrow long nose, different from the more big potato noses of the locals of this town. It really looks like the ancient Romans who came to a Middle Eastern village to cause mayhem and to act as if they were better than the locals and cleaner and more divine and supreme and *entitled* than they, they act

as if the locals are just dirty and ignorant peasants who have no sense of culture.

The energetic man he owns a lot of gold and some of this gold was also in his teeth, it is as if he has eaten a whole entire gold nugget, he had put a whole gold nugget into his mouth and he bit it and maybe he even swallowed it. He is wealthy and his life is comfortable and luxurious, he stays indoors in the shade or outdoors with a canopy tarp over him to stay in the shade when it is hot outside. He prefers to only venture out in the cool of the evening because he is paler so he burns easily. He is of a race that is not physically adapted to the hot climate he is in, his skin would burn easily and he gets discomfort from the pressing heat here during the day, he is really an outsider, and he comes from a way of life that has a whole entire different pace than the pace of life that goes on in the everyday lives of the common people here.

The energetic man prides himself in the lavish bath houses that he has back home, with big indoor pools of water like huge tubs that are more like swimming pools, where servant women pour the hot water from amphora urns over his body while he lies in the big pool with his arms resting on the sides of the edge that is behind his back. A lot of oxen drag heavy loads in the civilization that this man comes from, and here this man who is central to the target is hauling this heavy load just like an oxen would, he would think of it like that.

So many elements, so much rich detail in this target. All of this is still in the initial stage! Because all of this came automatically without effort or searching! I now need to make the drawing.

Ok while saving the drawing and coming to the page to see what the target number was I accidentally saw the clue, it is "activity" but that doesn't matter I don't find the clues helpful and also at this point I also have a lot of information to go on already.

The depressed man is being hurt by the energetic man, the depressed man was beat down and fell to the ground flat on his stomach. But the depressed man was not going to surrender by declaring the energetic man as a divinity. The depressed man is not going to surrender his beliefs.

This is not a fun game, I am thinking now that this target is an "activity" says the clue and then the logical mind wants to think of all sorts of fun activities, but this target is not a fun activity.

The depressed man's mind is intact, he has his eyes set on that hill and he is going to carry this heavy boulder to the top of that hill. There are fishing villages down there beneath and behind that hill, they have fishing boats there that have large fishing nets, the nets are always emptied by the young women who pick out the caught fish from the net holes, those women always like to talk and chat with each other a lot while they are picking the fish out of the nets on deck of the fishing boats. These women have a dark skin and black hair and brown eyes too. There are cats in the harbor and seagulls who caught the smell of the caught fish in the nets. They bake good bread in this fishing village, the bread is patted flat with both hands and then dropped down into a fire and taken out quickly before it turns black but this turns the bread a bit crisp. It is eaten with

oil. But then the arrivers in their sailships came here and wanted all the bread for themselves, and they started raping all the women. The fishing town did not have any armies of their own, so they offered to pay the men with gold. The arrivers told the townspeople that the townspeople smell bad and have to learn to bathe. The arrivers were not interested in the gods that the townspeople had, and the arrivers placed their own divinity shrine on top of the hill which previously had the shrine for the townspeople there. The arrivers demanded to be brought water for their bathing and to be brought food and drink in the houses. The arrivers decided to kill all of the young boys who were in this fishing village so that the paler young boys that would be born here would take over instead and grow up here instead. (I swear if this target is a game of darts my mind has become over active.)

Red brown is a reliable initial element or "ideogram" as standard RV calls it. It is the back of a man who is carrying a heavy brown block on his back. The arrivers were going to pay to have all the ugly women (they thought the local women here were ugly) sold as slaves to a colony north east from here.

"What are you carrying there?", I ask the man. "They took all of our bread and grains, we were not going to give them our hearts as well.", he says, meaning that they were not going to submit their minds to these invaders.

Now for the first time in this RV I am going into the effort phase.

I put my hands on the object on the back, and I feel that it is part of a living flesh of the man, it is the back of the man. I see the hair on his arms and back, his shirt has been ripped because it looks as if his back has been whipped it has open lacerations and even the shirt is shredded if he had a shirt on. Instead of there being a big boulder or heavy object on his back, he has his arms locked in a strange position to the sides with an object, like when a person's arms are captured into a log which bends the arms at the elbows and wraps the arms to the sides around the log. The back feels pain when I touch it I feel the pain. The person has a lot of body hair, the body hairs are curly but darker than the blonde curly body hairs on the tall blonde person. Both men although they are from different populations they both have a lot of curly body hair which I find to be a bit unusual.

The energetic man he really had taken a gold nugget to his teeth and bit into it! He had sold this man into slavery. Oh gosh! What am I looking at!

The women were sold first, because the arrivers wanted to separate the men and the women from the townspeople, the reasons for doing this is complicated and there are many reasons that factor in together, it is complicated to explain why the women were sent away first, one reason there being that these women were considered "undesirable" by the blonde arriving men but that is not the whole answer.

These blonde people think they are divine and entitled, but are they really? (Just my comment, not part of the RV for me to say that here now.)

The boys that were going to be born out of the new slave women were sent to be born elsewhere to the north east from here. Meanwhile the arriviers had the local men to deal with. All of the livestock found here, such as oxen, were either sold or slaughtered for meat. What few grains of gold were found here were all given to the divine leader the energetic tall slender man with the curly or curled light brown blonde hair. It did not amount to a whole lot of gold. The destruction was utter and total, but the monetary gain from this siege was small, so it was not done for monetary profit primarily, since this was only a very humble down to earth and nature fishing village which did not take pride in wordly riches. Even selling the people as slaves did not offer a lot of monetary value. The arriviers were already wealthy, the profit gained from this small village was very small almost insignificant compared to that. So it is more that it is a takeover of land and territory, or claiming the ownership of the right for existence, and asserting the divinity of this leader on all lands.

Sorry I took a moment there to cry a bit and think about what white people did to native Americans and are still doing to the Australian Aboriginals.

The man's back is central to the target so let me go to the effort stage and try to find out more. His back *hurts* and *pains* and I think they have poured salt into his wounds. And now he has to go all the way up to on top of that hill. Aha, remember that I said the hill used to have the religious or spiritual shrine of this people and it had been replaced by that of the arrivals? This man has refused to submit his mind and loyalty to this tall blonde man, that is why this is being done to him, and he is being made to go to the top of that hill to show him the fact and reality that this place also in its religion and loyalty has been taken over.

Whatever "activity" this target is, it feels heavy and a burden and is painful. I almost wrote that it is also not fun but it is fun to the tall man.

The man's hands have been crossed by a spike, it really looks like the crucifixion because through the palms of his hands has gone a dark metal nail one in each. Interesting to note is that the nail went from the back side of the hand and through and emerged to the palm of the hand. Also do not think of some modern type nails, these nails are not rounded they have four sides because they are hammered into shape by turning to four sides when the metal is hot and being made, of course it narrows to a pointier edge too and it also has a flat and slightly wider thin top that it can be hit on. This is also not normal nail metal, forget about that shiny silver colored perfect stainless steel of today's nails. This nail is made out of iron but it is not a pure material and it contains an asymmetric distribution of materials differences inside the material, meaning there are regions inside the nail where the material is different and weaker and softer than in other regions in that same nail, these weaker regions are brittle and soft and the whole nail can crumble and break

rather easily, so forget about those perfect steel nails we have today. I even see when this nail was made it was placed into a hot fire with coals and ashes and taken out of the hot ash to be hammered and then put back into the fire and ashes to heat it up again before being hammered on again.

I really think that this target is the Romans crucifying people in this fishing village. Note that this man had refused to surrender his mind and loyalty, that is why they are doing this to him. However also do note that the other men who were more "behaving" were sold away as slaves, but this kind of demonstration was not done to them. Demonstration? This demonstration is done only to the man who is subject to it only, it is not a show for the crowds, this is only for this one man who is being harmed by this. It is not done for show for a public, it is just the lone private fate for this one man, the attempt is of course to break his mind and for him to admit that his own gods are failures and to accept this tall blonde man as the divine ruler and deity of these lands. In the old times, the people that used to live here but this was even further back, they used to worship a golden ox which was a golden ox head statue a very fine artifact that had golden ox horns on it, these artifacts were all destroyed and replaced and this doesn't even remain in our history books, they were intentionally wiped out of the history books. The ox deity was connected to the people who worshipped it living so close to nature and agriculture, that is why their deity had been an ox, it was a simple people who had livestock and fisheries and maybe even farming for grains I don't know if they had that yet back then.

Effort stage (which introduces possible errors). It smells bad here from the sweat on that man's forehead, the man whos is hauling the weight. This sweat smells like alcohol, you know the kind of sweat that happens at the gym which is not the smell of normal sweat but smells like alcohol because the person is pushed to the limits, it is that smell of alcohol sweat, that really sour sweat smell. He is not going to give in. They, this man and some others, were living with roaches in a small room earlier, it seems that he and some others had been locked up to sit on the ground inside of a small house which is only one room in this village a bit earlier.

Yes, the man brings what looks like the crucifixion cross to the top of the hill and he raises it up to stand up. You see it is not really a matter of cruelty that is intended, it is not a punishment to make him carry the cross there and to raise it up on the hill, instead, all what this is is a chance to change his mind to submit his loyalty to the new divinities that have come to these lands, to give away the golden ox as their deity and as the deity that was the deity of their mothers' lands for so long (the golden ox I mean was the deity of their ancestral mothers). As soon as the man would say that he has changed his mind then none of this would go any further. But, the man thinks about it for a while, and the rancid sour smelling sweat is dripping down the wet pieces of hair that are glued from it to his forehead, these invaders had taken all of their grains and bread, so it was not a choice for him that he could make any different, it was not ok to take their grains and bread, it simply wasn't ok, he was a man of principles and of right and wrong, and he knew right

from wrong in this case. And also, his ancestral mothers had milked the cows and worshipped the bulls for so long. These are not normal modern domesticated cattle by the way, not those black and white speckled cows we see in the West today, these cows and bulls look exactly like water buffaloes.

He wanted them to leave the fishing villages, for their sailships to leave the waters and the fishing boats in the harbor alone. Those were some of his final thoughts, before he decided to step up on the stone block that sits at the base of the crucifixion pole, he made his decision as he thought to that the arriviers had taken over in the harbor where their fishing boats were and he sort of thought "well that's it" and he bravely hopped up with his feet up on that small stone block that sits at the base. He had a sense of optimism and happiness as he hopped up there, because, as you see he had hopped up there by his own will, nobody lifted him up there, nobody forced him up there. He just knew right from wrong. He was not going to be given anything to drink while up here, and his body was going to rot here and become covered in flies. And all of the villagers were going to see his rotting body lying here for a long time, rotting and decaying in the sun. But, that was not the demise of his will and spirit, his will and spirit and his heart were clean, and he died with not a heavy heart but with a happy heart, he died with all the love and a smile in his heart, because his last thoughts went to the fishing villages and the boats to the harbor, which he knew had belonged to the young women who had been always chatting there and picking out the fish from the nets before. He knew that he loved these basic things that they had, and that he loved these people, and he knew right from wrong, and so he died from his own choice, he died fully happy and with peace and love in his heart. And so, in a way, he did not die at all. He never died. He would live forever, because this is what life is. He was happy, he had made the right choice. He knew right from wrong, and he did it for them, for all the people of these fishing villages.

Nobody washed him, nobody even threw a bucket of fresh water over him to refresh him as he hung there. His body was very hot out in the open sun. But he thought of the fishing villages and the women there who deserved to have their lives restored. He counted the days from watching the sun sail across the sky, he knew that he would die within the first three days, because he knew from the other stories that nobody had survived for more than three days out in the hot desert without water. He knew that he would die soon. And he remembered the times when he too had been a boy in the fishing village, when he had played with the women who were catching the wriggling fish from out of the loop holes in the fishing net. He too had wanted to help them, as he had always been a very helpful boy. He always helped all of the women with their chores, whereas most other boys and young men just wanted to practice sword fighting or dream about doing great deeds. He always saw the greatness in simple life, and he loved these people that lived here in these fishing villages. He had also had a name here, his name had been etched into a wooden plank board that was next to a house, his name was etched there, he was part of this fishing

village, he was a boy of this village. The sun didn't kill him at first, but then live maggots began developing inside of his open wounds, before he had died. They were attempting to eat his flesh, to eat him alive from within. And nobody gave him any bit of water, he felt as if his mouth were filled with several bags of salt, that is how thirsty he was. But he watched the sun over above the sky and he counted the days. He spent his last days counting, counting and then dying finally with a smile on his face.

His eyes were in poor shape as he was up there, one eye had a black eye and was swollen and he was unable to look up with that eye so when he looked at the sun that went across the sky only one eye was able to look up a bit, the other eye that was swollen wasn't able to look up anymore because of that. I see his face, I see and feel his body. But he did this for all of the women in the fishing villages whom he had known and remembered and whom he loved. He thought that it was not right to take away the bread from these people, and to replace their gods with their own, not after it was how their mothers had done things for all of time in centuries, and how their fathers had wanted to see things kept that way. They were not a warring or unpeaceful people, they had just always wanted to stay here and to have kept things the way they were. The sun felt relentless and hot, but then it ceased, and he knew that when he felt it rain down on his body that it would not be enough to replenish him or to restore the strength to his legs. He knew he would never be a boy again, but those were the days that he remembered, and those were the days that he took with him the most.

Nobody laid flowers down on the ground before him after he had died, but that should have been done. A young woman should have and would have made a round ring out of red flowers, these red flowers have thorns on them but they are not roses. This was normal practice to lay down flowers for someone who had died, but everyone was fearful of the arrivers so no one dared to go there. But, perhaps there was a woman who snuck there in the dead of night to place down the flowers for him. And the women they also wanted to wash his feet with the oil ointment to prepare him for his final bath, which in their practice was to first rub oil on a dead person's body and to then burn them on a pile of sticks in a fire. It was one old woman with a crooked back and a wrinkled face who had dared there in the middle of the night and she had placed down the flowers and rubbed his feet in with oil after he had died. She knew that she could die if they caught her doing that, but she figured she was old already so it was more a matter of principle, this principle weighed more than what days she anyways had left since she was an old woman now. They all had loved this man in the fishing village, because they knew him to be a very loving and kind person. They had all wanted to be there with him when he died, not just after he died but while he was dying, mostly women it would have been a huge gathering of women there beside him, and women of all ages they loved him so much because he was so kind to them. But some of these women who had loved him so much, had been taken away already by the arrivers and torn away from this fishing village and brought to the west from here, west and

slightly south from here, she had been a young woman with long dark hair and brown eyes. She had been like his little sister, for this man.

They had all wanted to wash and bathe his feet here with the water, that is what was done to show respect to someone, that is what was done when a loved one was welcomed into the house, the dust would be washed off their feet after their tiresome travel and it was a way to hug someone and to tell them that you love them and you welcome to them to your house, it was a kind gesture. The women they had all wanted to wash his feet while he was up here on that hill but they couldn't have, and also most of these women had been taken away and raped so that they would have sons that look like the invaders people, but those sons of these women would be born further to the south west from here.

There was nothing more to it, than knowing what is right and wrong. And the wreath of the red flowers with spikes was laid down on the ground in front of him when he had died when his body was still up there. The one woman who dared to bring it up there. And then no stones were laid down on top of his body, that is how the arrivers used to bury their dead, they would place several big stones down on someone's body to prevent them from ever rising up from the dead again. Those stones were all removed from his remains afterwards, so that his body could rise up from the dead again. What I mean is, that the arrivers had covered his body on the ground with lots of stones, it means that he is dead forever and cannot rise up again, but it seems that the women had removed those stones so that he *could* rise again from the dead, like literally this means literally the body will come back to life if it is not covered in lots of stones to weight it down, this belief however comes mainly from the arrivers. These stones were removed by the people who loved him so that he *could* rise again his body from the dead. And wine and ointment were poured down on his feet by a woman who loved him. She sat there on the ground where his dead body laid and the stones had been removed off from his legs and feet and she rubbed his feet with wine and with ointment oil. And while she did this, in her mind she made it so that he was still alive, that is how women of this fishing village deal with the mourning and loss of a loved one, they make it so in their mind that the person is still alive, they talk to the deceased and they sing to the person and they rub their feet and say nice things and in their mind they make it so that the person is completely still alive so there is no sorrow, like talking to him that "it is all going to be alright", "we are still together", that sort of things.

The fishing villages were later all burned down by the arrivers, who had ran across maybe on horseback while holding a flaming torch in one hand so that as he ran across the village all things that touched the flame would catch fire. But most importantly, the mission of why they had arrived here, had been accomplished, the golden ox deity statuettes had all been destroyed, and had been replaced by their own.

1:18 PM I will end this RV session here. It of course sounds like the story of Jesus from Nazareth. Of

course logic has been keeping pushing on my shoulder saying "Hey! This can't be right! And think of what a fool you are when you find out that this was not correct! Choose a more general and vague story, one that is more likely to be correct, and you will avoid the embarrassment! This is going to go down badly, stop while you still can, or change the story!". But my task is to record the impressions that I have, and these have been my impressions. There is nothing else to it. This has been a very emotional journey and brought a lot of tears to my eyes going through the emotions and thoughts and memories of all these people. Of course *if it was* Jesus then I should be obliged to retrieve more information at this stage because it is of tremendous historical value, because after I know what the target is, anything I RV at that point is less credible and not really interesting because the mind could make that up at that point we do not know, so *if it is* Jesus then I should have remote viewed more information before ending this RV session, however this is enough for now. It is what it is, as always, and the worst that can happen is that I am wrong and that is fine too.

I will now do another five more RV targets. This target gets no feedback now at its end, and that opens up the problem of switching and trailing among the targets in this sixth Stage 2 test, but I will see once again how it goes.

1:21 PM End.

Mar 22, 2006

060322/_____

ELEMENTS LISTING

Person with emotion of depression is slowly walking with back arched from the weight of a heavy block shaped brown object that this person is supporting on their upper back and on the back of the arms. Small slow footsteps walking forwards toward a small hill. The person wears simple cloth fabric shoes. The person has lost all optimism and vigor.

The heavy brown block shaped object being carried on the person's back.

The hill that is the goal for this trek.

The ground being hard ground outdoors with some sand and dust on top of it, a dusty ground to walk on.

Other people walking with quick footsteps forwards and backwards around the person, these people are excited or energetic and not depressed and have not lost their optimism or vigor, they are watching the person who hauls the heavy object slowly but they have no intention of helping that person to carry the heavy object. (These "other people" are either the towns people or the

arrivals or a mixture of both, so after I first detected this element, this element has then split into two other elements in this list.)

Towns people, they are browner, shorter, stockier, dark hair and brown eyes, this is their home town, they live in these small houses. They are a different population and race than the arrivals.

Many small houses around the man and these people. These are block shaped houses with flat roofs, the roofs have small raised edges to act as a railing so that people can be up on their roofs perhaps to place wet washed clothing there to dry.

Sailships in the harbor just behind and a bit to the left from the hill (coordinates as in my drawing), the sails are three canvases on each ship, the sails are up and are white and have a red cross on them. These are wooden ships, there is more than two or three of them but not like hundreds upon hundreds. They must be anchored because they are not moving across the water in spite of the fact that the canvases are bulging from the wind in the sails.

From the sailships came a group of people we will call arrivals, they are not native to this town. They are taller and blonde with lighter skin color, see more description in the main text. They pride themselves in washing themselves with water, they think it makes them better than other people who don't do this.

LATER ELEMENTS

Possibly a later element formed during effort stage, nails through the man's hands, see very detailed description in the main text.