

Part 3: Footsteps of the Amanah

The Initiation: *The Rituals*

In the Beginning was the WORD!

In Arabic the WORD is “KUN” faiya “KUN” (“BE” and it “IS”)

History is punctuated with moments of “change”, of transitioning of human evolution through new levels of consciousness. This is an account of one of these moments in the life of *Neil Francis Keenan* and in the awakening of the World to a new paradigm.

“Change” is the result of a “WORD”. But what IS a WORD?

In its basic form, a WORD is a SOUND... a FREQUENCY... a VIBRATION.

To CREATE a new Reality, vibrations must be brought together with conscious INTENT.

This is Neil’s Footsteps along a new path as expressed through the coalescence of a *spiritual intent* as seen through a series of *RITUAL tests* administered by very Spiritual Elders in Indonesia.

It is a journey and a **Rite of Passage** that no one had accomplished since the late President Soekarno, the First **AMANAHA**.

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USDT TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN



President Soekarno - The First Amanah

Although many tried and failed, none ever made it through even the first test. Some who took the challenge went blind, another became deaf, and others died, many didn't even qualify. But no one told Neil that.

Neil's tests thus need to be viewed not from a mundane 3rd dimensional perspective, but more like the progressive tuning of channels in search of higher frequency programs.

Each ritual test was an intentional spiritual challenge that any failure would result in very serious consequences.

Most people worldwide have had some experiences with paranormal activities from common lucid dreaming to ghost buster stories, from shaman to extra-terrestrial clairvoyants, or from telekinesis to teleportation manifestations. Awareness of the paranormal is common. This was one such paranormal experience, after another, after another, after another...

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What is not common is the initiation of an individual that is destined to change and transition this 3rd dimensional (and higher) world in a new direction. This is what happened with Neil.



As you read through this account of Neil's initiation, notice how each test had spiritual connotations and blessings. These were often subtle acts appearing as simple events, but look deeper within and you might start to understand the Earth shaking consequences of each Test.

Some may think that this period from mid-July till mid-November 2018 was the definitive initiation for Neil. That is only partially true, because his "tests" had been an on-going process.

In fact the Indonesian Elders told Neil that they had been waiting 40 years for his return. They "knew" that he was coming and would be the **ONE**.

Actually his first "initiation" took place in Jakarta a few years before when he was given ritual blessings. His second ceremony took place prior to entering a large bunker as a way of confirming to him his Path.

Further steps followed but with persistent delays ("tests of resolve") like poisonings and assassination attempts, but Neil relentlessly persevered. He remained focused and steadfast.

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And only two months before returning to Indonesia this time, Neil passed a milestone spiritual “test” with his unwavering rescue of Thasja, a friend that he had never met but who he put his life on the line to save.

The Dragon Family Elders, Indonesian Elders and Spirits On High all took notice and praise on this unselfish and heroic act. Neil passed with all “A’s” and “Ahhh’s”.

It was now time to conclude this initiation with final spiritual approvals and the confirmation of a new **AMANAHA** to be the mandated **TRUSTEE** of the Asian Families’ assets.



It should also be understood that before and even during this final series of tests, Neil was ambivalent and oblivious to the potential dangers.

He thought it was more like a game of Tag or acting out a fictitious spy novel, but certainly not anything he was about to worry over or even prepare for. This was easy for him, as this time there wasn’t a room full of Mexicans with guns and knives.

Neil was there for the ride, the experience and hopefully to become the Amanah. He was there to blithely enjoy, but he wasn’t always a “happy camper.”

What is The AMANAHA?

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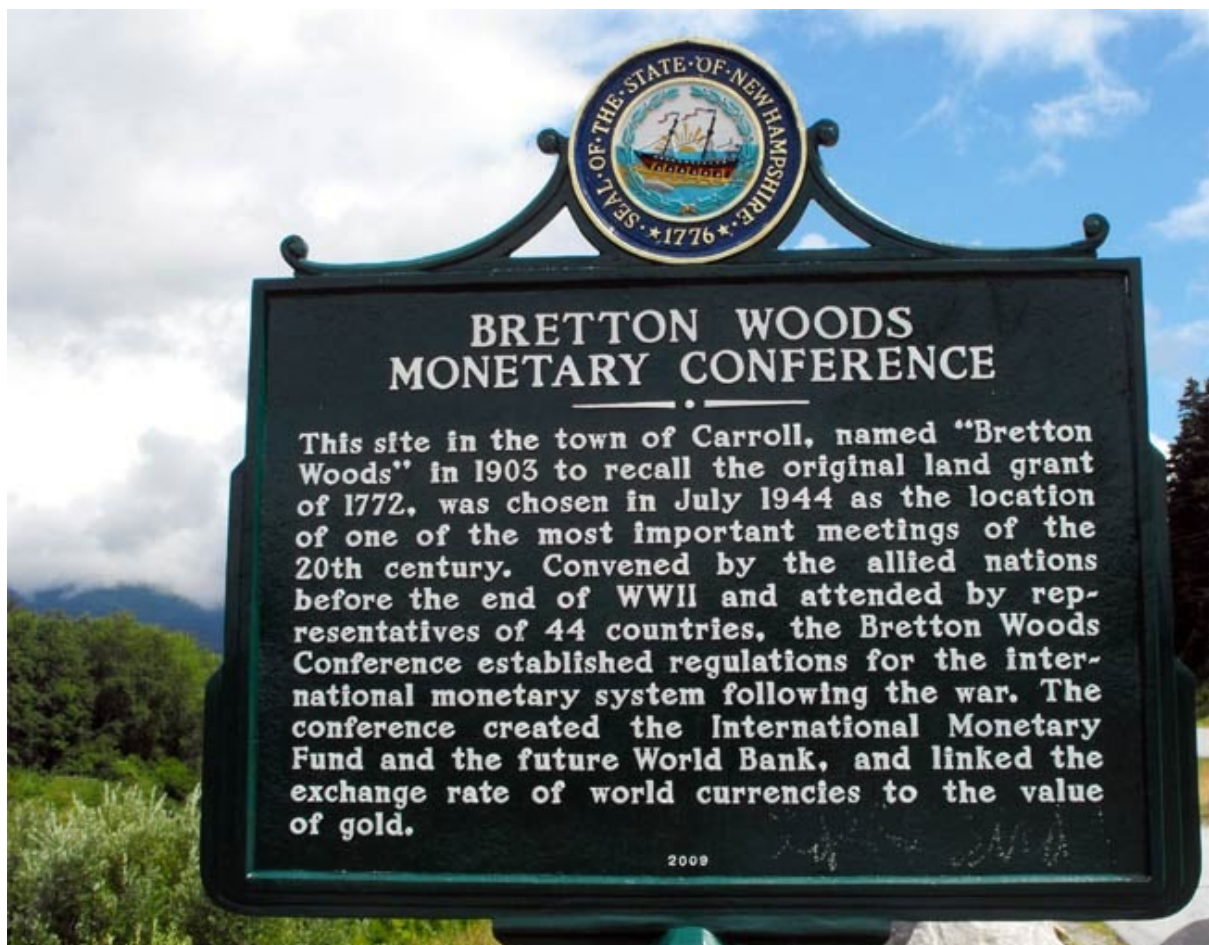
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Before we get into the ceremonies, it is necessary to understand “What is the **AMANAH**”. In Arabic “amanah” means “trustee” or one who holds someone else’s assets that have been deposited and entrusted to them and usually under a written agreement or record.

This was the case prior to and following WW II, whereby the Dragon Families moved a large portion of their wealth into hidden bunkers throughout Asia but particularly to Indonesia.

A small portion of this physical wealth was transferred after the War to Swiss banks and the Bank of International Settlement (BIS) to be used for economic development, infrastructure reconstruction and humanitarian projects under the **Bretton Woods Agreement** and later under the **Green Hilton Agreement**, and which were specifically for Global development.



About 85% of these deposits in Swiss banks and the BIS formed the **Collateral backing** for the Western Central Banks and major international commercial banks.

This all came from the Asian Dragon Families. This has now become collectively called the “**Global Collateral Accounts**” and the **AMANAH** is the ultimate Trustee with full legal authority over these assets.

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But before the ink dried on the Bretton Woods Agreement, Western Governments and Banks began their fraudulent theft of these collateral assets, hijacking them and then excluding and withholding the assets and use thereof to the Depositors and the real Owners.

This fraud and illicit use of these collateral assets continues to this day. And this is the Amanah's up-coming battleground.

The legal solution adopted by the Asian Dragon Families was to unanimously elect a person to universally oversee their Depositor's accounts.

This originally was **Indonesian President Soekarno** who then was given the title and full international mandate of being the **AMANAHA**. He was then the **sole and ultimate Trustee** with **full administrative power** over these **Global Collateral Account Deposits** as the mandated representative of the Depositors and the Original Owners.

The **AMANAHA** is directly responsible and **with full Global legal authority** over the Family deposits in all Western Banks and the assets stored in over 200 bunkers in Indonesia.

(Neil has also been offered to manage bunkers in South Korea, China, Taiwan, Vietnam, Thailand, Philippines and Malaysia, as the Trustees in these countries need both strong protection and proper ways to manage their assets for humanitarian projects.)

The **AMANAHA** title is only given to one who has shown compassion, concern, care and love for humanity, especially for those in Indonesia and the people of all other nations, as seen through a lifetime of dedicated accomplishments in the fight for what is Right and Righteous.

The person elected must have strong business, financial and political ties and been active in exposing those attempting to steal or fraudulently use Family assets (and without any financial support from the Family). This is a tough challenge and proving ground fraught with risks.

This title is not bestowed lightly. It is earned and only attained spiritually. It is given only to **ONE** who is disserving of the honor.

With that said, let's get into the fun part... the initiation rites... and see how Neil fared.

The AMANAHA INITIATION Begins...

The Bath

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The Ingredients



Many initiation rites begin with a ritual bath.

This was the case with the first Amanah ritual which no aspirant had ever successfully passed. This took place in a hotel in Semarang overseen by a roomful of Elders and other curious on lookers.

The “unhappy camper” in the bath was Neil Keenan, who hadn’t had a blessed bath since his baptism, but he patiently acquiesced, stripped down to his shorts and slipped into a flower scented bath of blessed water. In his mind it was a bit of a “girly thing” and not something Guys would do. He endured, a bit disgruntled and uncomfortable, but with some unexpected results.

A Scientific Transgression:

It is first necessary to transgress a bit to grasp an understanding of the process of “the Bath”. Humans are comprised of more than 60%-65% water with some organs like the brain being 75% water. We are essentially a “skin bag” sloshing around.

It is also known that water can be influenced by “sound” as in chanting prayers, singing or reciting mantras. The Human audible range is 20 Hz to 20 KHz but each cell and organ has its own unique frequency and DNA receiving antennas.

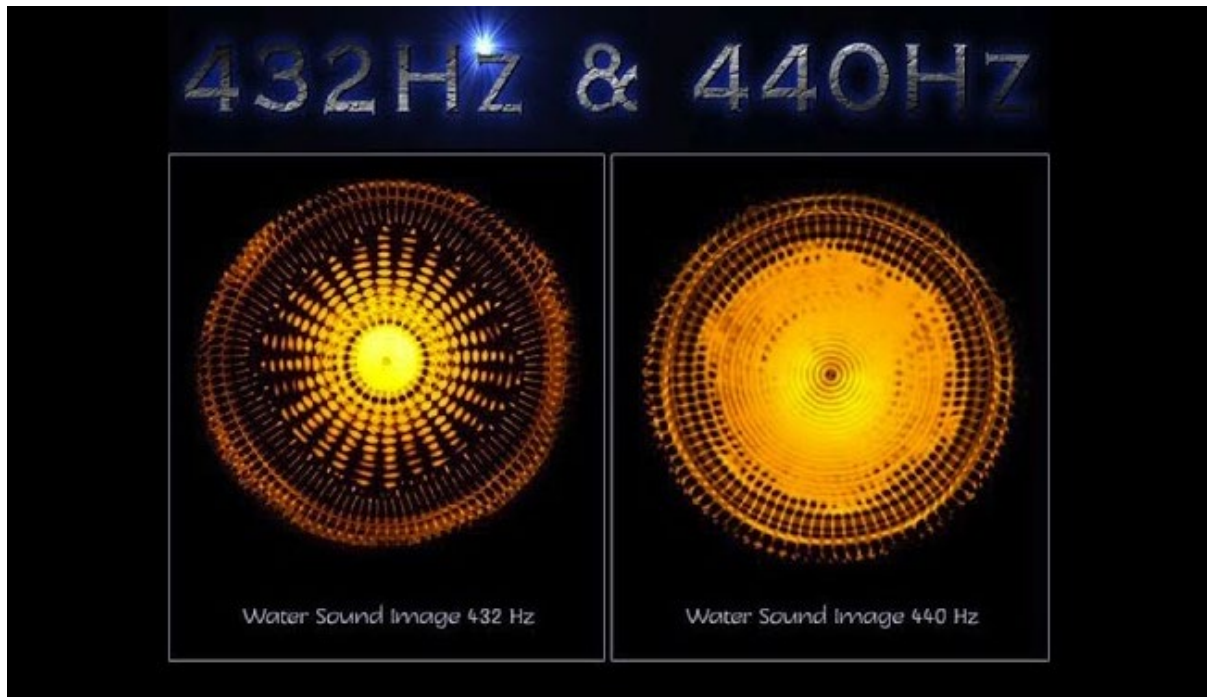
[Test your hearing yourself here.](#)

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These sound frequencies can be in “harmony” or in “dis-harmony” as seen in the tuning of instruments to the natural 432 Hz standard versus the adopted corrupted 440 Hz frequency.



Also, the 11th harmonic of any note played together can be particularly harmful to all living things. If you don't believe this, just see how long you last with this sound:

[48-528-Hz-11th-Harmonic Known to Shatter Biological Life Listen at Own Risk](#)

I told you so... but you did it anyway.

Harmony promotes “health” whereas dis-harmony creates “dis-ease”.

Thus the “ **blessing** ” of water may have influence to the structure, polarization and energy levels of water molecules. If the “intent” of the blessing is harmonious then positive results often result.

However, if the person being bathed is in dis-harmony with the frequency of the Bath, then serious consequences can result and that is exactly what happened to all previous aspirants as they failed to even get past this first ritual.

An example of this “harmony” happened when Neil was in-charge in 1992 of *the 500th Anniversary of Christopher Columbus bringing Christianity to the West* that was held in the Dominican Republic.

This is where Neil met and became friends with the late *Pope John Paul II*. The Pope was

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there to give a Blessing to the Americas, but Neil told the Pope if he could turn his body about 30 degrees to his left when giving the Blessing it would be better.

The Pope incredulously asked Neil “WHY?” Neil replied that if the Pope would do that, he would be facing the sea and his Blessing would then encompass the entire World! The Pope smiled, chuckled and did as Neil had suggested. So Neil, in fact, arranged for the whole World to be blessed!

But water can also be influenced negatively. Take for instance microwave ovens using frequencies around 2.4 GigaHz that cause water to vibrate and reverse electron spins thus creating friction heat and affecting the healthy absorption of water by plants and animals.

This is the same frequency range used at lower wattages in your home WIFI repeaters (slow cookers 24/7/365). But what is even worse is **G5 transmissions in the 60 GigaHz range** and above as 98% of the transmission frequencies **are absorbed by Water and Oxygen** thus altering their physical properties and rendering them absolutely harmful to all living things.

These are examples of un-seen bio-weapons, but also as an example of how the Bath prevents unaccepted aspirants from getting the Amanah title... the frequencies are in disharmony.

Back To The BATH

But getting back to “the BATH”, in this case the bath water was infused with positive spiritual intents by the invoked prayers of the Elders. These blessings alter the frequencies of the water and anyone who bathes therein. To the on-looker, one just sees the ceremony, but spiritual Elders see something much different. The water becomes “alive” with high vibrational energy.

Neil’s soaking was meant to physically alter his body’s frequency (often seen as an aura). Although he was uneasy and self-conscious about a room full of people watching an old man taking a flower bath, all that changed when he finally got out, drip dried with petals falling into the puddles at his feet... as he was now emanating a “**Golden Aura**” that all present could clearly see! **He was shining!**

Neil GLOWED!

Poor old Charles, who had never seen anything like this before, just sat there with his mouth open. Nelu just had big eyes. The Elders present just smiled. The BATH was a success. Neil was properly “cooked”.

Neil was just happy to get his clothes back on and hoped that he wouldn’t have to do that ever again. But the physical effects of this blessed Bath would materialize later when he became “Gold Finger” and before he was to leave Indonesia on his trip home. The body

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simply needs to physically adjust to a higher vibration level and that takes time, cleansing and lots of rest.

Since his Bath, Neil's spiritual and psychic abilities have also improved considerably. His telepathic communication capabilities have seriously increased and much more.

So with dry clothes on, his hair combed and smelling like a rosy girl, Neil was now 'glowing' ready for his next challenge.

The first ritual was passed and he was still in one piece.

The Elders were relieved... but still cautiously worried.

Good Night

Don't Let The Things Bite!

Following the "golden boy bath" the entourage was to reassemble in Blitar, East Java, the birthplace of President Soekarno. This would require several carloads of Elders and Neil's team to drive from Semarang to Blitar and have the Elders arrive beforehand to establish their ritual plans.

As this would take a couple of days to organize, Neil and Charles were dropped off in Yogyakarta and Nelu drove on ahead to organize accommodations in Blitar.

The road from Semarang to Yogyakarta is a hellish snake through the mountains, but the road from Yogyakarta to Belitar is even worse.

Nelu thus called Neil and asked him to take a short flight to Surabaya as that route was a much better way to go. So Neil and Charles hopped a flight and met Nelu at the Surabaya airport.

Neil was running a bit low on cash so he stuck his debit card into an ATM machine at the airport, punched in his pin number and amount, collected the cash and went to pull his card. The ATM machine wouldn't let go! It was a tug-of-war! And the machine WON! It ate Neil's debit card.

This would be another problem down the road, but at the moment Neil did not have the time to chase down his card, so he immediately called his banker and cancelled the card. Then everyone piled their bags and bodies into Nelu's car for a late afternoon drive to Blitar.

It was early evening when they arrived at the ***Hotel Tugu Sri Lestari*** in Blitar, which is the same hotel that President Soekarno stayed whenever he returned to his home town.

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Neil making friends with the lions guarding the hotel entrance

Yunus met Neil at the hotel and told him that he would be staying in **Soekarno's room** and spending the night sleeping in Soekarno's bed. That was no problem for Neil as it was already late and he was tired.

Yunus then took him to the room and told Neil that he might be visited between 2am to 4am, but to not be afraid. That was a nice thing to say before going to bed.

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When Neil came into the bedroom he noticed how high the bed was. Neil commented, *“I’m going need a ladder to get into that thing, and pray that I don’t roll over and fall out!”* In

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fact, he could roll over all he could want in this 7'x7' empire bed and jump as high as he could and never touch the 5 meter high ceiling.

He looked around again and noticed that a footstool had “appeared” beside the bed where there was none before. Now at least he could get into the bed, but there was that lingering thought of what monster may be hiding under the bed. Neil paused, surveyed the room, checked under the bed and thought to himself, *“this is gonna be one of those nights!”*



The footstool “appears” on the right

Of course, Neil was peaked with the “what next” curiosity but nothing else happened so at bedtime he locked the room door and propped his suitcase against it, just in case.

Nothing was going to get through that door without making a noise. He then climbed into bed and was out like the lights and into the darkness of sleep in just a few minutes.

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It was a restless sleep and somewhere in the dead of night he abruptly woke up! The room was strangely **COLD**. The hairs on his arms were standing straight up! It was pitch **BLACK** but he sensed that “something” was standing next to his bed, like a gigantic menacing **BLACK apparition**.

Most people would have wet the bed or soiled their shorts sensing this monstrous thing. Not Neil. He just sat up, looked at the Thing and shouted at it, ***“Who do you think you are?! This is My Room! You don’t belong here! Get the hell out of here! NOW!”***

Talk about being “fearless”, Neil stared down the Beast and pointed him to the door. The shouted demands continued until the Thing backed away knowing that his scary mission had failed, so it retreated “through” the door, but as it parted it **SLAMMED** the door so loud that it woke up Nelu and the Elders and had hotel security come running to Neil’s room clambering ***“Are you alright?!”***

Neil climbed down from the bed, moved his bags from the door which hadn’t moved, unlocked the door with a ***“TA DA! What’s the matter? What was that noise?”*** As if he didn’t know.

Neil told everyone what had happened but when he got to the part about his demanding that the Thing leave his room he said, ***“I told it to GET OUT my room and go bother Nelu!”***

Nelu blurted out ***“NO, NO! Not ME!”*** And didn’t sleep until after sunrise.

Everyone then crawled back into their beds, wondering a bit, but knowing strange things do happen in the dark of night. Neil also climbed back into his high perch, doused the lights and returned to blissful sleep till morning.

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There would be time to reflect in the morning, but this was time to rest following another ritual test.



With the dawn came moments of reflection on the strangeness of the night before. Spiritual challenges can be downright weird at times, but if you are fearless the evil entities of the night just won't bite... scratch maybe.

This was another test passed.

The Lion Sleeps Tonight

As nothing spiritual seems to happen during the day, Neil just got back to business. He set up his computer on Soekarno's favorite writing desk in the anteroom off the bedroom and began communicating with the World.

Later in the afternoon he toured the hotel with Charles, looking at all the antiques, memorabilia and pictures of Soekarno. He even asked Charles if he would take him for a drive around town in Soekarno's old Mercedes.

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It was a relaxing day a restful relief from the long drive and eventful night before.

Neil being a history buff, enjoyed the going back in time and the flavor of the Soekarno era as it somehow brought him closer to the man whom he was about to replace as the Amanah.



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That night things got back to abnormal. This night Neil was chauffeured to Soekarno's mausoleum and was let into the site well after closing hours.

Yunus led Neil to Soekarno's grave and they both kneeled in silent prayer before this great man.



At the end of the prayer and the traditional sprinkling of flower petals on the grave, Neil was asked to look at the large anthracite stone at the head of the grave.

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Anthracite is rock coal that is up to 98% pure carbon. This headstone was un-carved but was multi-faceted so that it reflected light in many unusual ways. And, of course, the high carbon content allowed for numerous spiritual influences. The stone was known to be highly spiritually inhabited.

So Neil did as he was told and leaned forward to inspect the headstone. At first he noticed like something was moving in the stone, as if it were alive inside. Then **the head of a massive lion** congealed in the stone right in front of Neil and stared directly into his eyes.

Neil was not afraid at seeing this apparition, but instead he gave it a welcoming salutation and thanked the lion for being the spiritual guardian over the earthly remains of Bang Soekarno. He thanked the lion again for coming forth to see him... and with that the lion image faded back into the black stone.

Yunus was the first to ask Neil if he had seen anything as he stepped back. Neil just said, ***"I saw the Friendly Lion."***

Yunus smiled, knowing that very few people ever get to see this Protector. The Elders too were satisfied. Another ritual accomplished.

With that done, it was time to return to the hotel and rest... well maybe not quite yet.

Meeting the MAN

Following the prayer session at Soekarno's grave mausoleum another spiritual session was held late at night in President Soekarno's old office in the anteroom to Neil's bedroom.

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Neil was ushered into the room by Nelu and Tomo. Yunus was already there at the head of a semi-circle of flickering candles.



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Neil was asked to sit on the floor addressing Yunus, but the old man grumbled that his creaky knees would start complaining after two minutes sitting cross-legged... so they found him a low mahogany bench seat with which to rest his weary bones. (The bench is seen on the right in the picture above.)

The room became quiet and still as they sat there in meditation.

Yunus began whispering a ritual incantation and after a few moments his body stiffened and he sat straight up. He then spoke... but it was ***not his voice!***

Neil was taken aback for a moment as he never experience ***“channeling”*** before and this was a small surprise.

Most people have heard about séances and clairvoyants speaking with the Dead, but it is significantly different when you are THERE, especially for the first time. And this startling voice change raised Neil’s fury eyebrows. He began wondering what was happening.

The voice coming out of Yunus then told Tomo to leave the room as what he was about to reveal was for Neil alone. Nelu stayed if translations were needed.

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The clear voice then said, ***“I am Soekarno.”*** (Blink, Blink! That was unexpected!)

“I am here to congratulate you Mr. Keenan, and to tell you many things about being the Amanah.”

This was the first time that Neil had been called **“the AMANAH”**. He now leaned forward and listened intently to what the spirit of President Soekarno was saying to him.

This was the First Amanah spiritually acknowledging the New AMANAH... Neil Francis Keenan.

There was no ceremony, no anointment with scented blessed water, no flowers strewn at Neil’s feet. There was just two amazing spirits meeting together, talking and joking, and becoming friends.

Much was revealed to Neil but that was for him alone. More would come later. Soekarno did say that ***“Whatever Neil wants, you are to give it to him, no questions asked.”***

Soekarno also told Neil that he had to be very careful as there were those out to make trouble for him, but that Soekarno would be with Neil **always**. (And that has been the case in repeated contacts and conversations between the two Amanahs ever since.)

This ritual, though brief, was the confirmation that Neil had passed what no one else could have done. He was recognized and honored by the most important spiritual being who knew all about being the Amanah... Bang Soekarno and with the promise of continued support from his trusted mentor.

Neil was humbled by the significance of this meeting... and happy that the rituals were coming to a conclusion. There were, of course, a few more stumbling blocks down the road, but tonight was a good night.

Once Soekarno left Yunus, Neil turned to Nelu and told him, ***“Nelu, you heard him, \He was talking about you. Now he is right behind you! He’s going to get you!”***

Nelu shouted ***“NO Sir!”*** and ran behind Yunus, using him as a shield. Neil just loved scaring the shit out of poor Nelu. He got him again this time and just chuckled to himself, leaving Yunus wonder what just happened.

More has happened since these initiation events so expect new chapters as the Soekarno / Keenan friendship has evolved and this incredible saga continues.

Following the initiation rituals, Neil has increased his spiritual abilities and now has regular spiritual conversations with Soekarno.

Much is revealed to him concerning the office of the AMANAH. Soekarno has continued his

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promise of giving his full support and help in furthering the release of the AMANAH wealth for the benefit of all mankind.

Neil thinks it's nice to have a sidekick like that to provide spiritual support and guidance. That's what friends are for... and they are the best of friends.

This is now becoming a new "Dynamic Duo"... HOLY BAT DROPPINGS BATMAN!

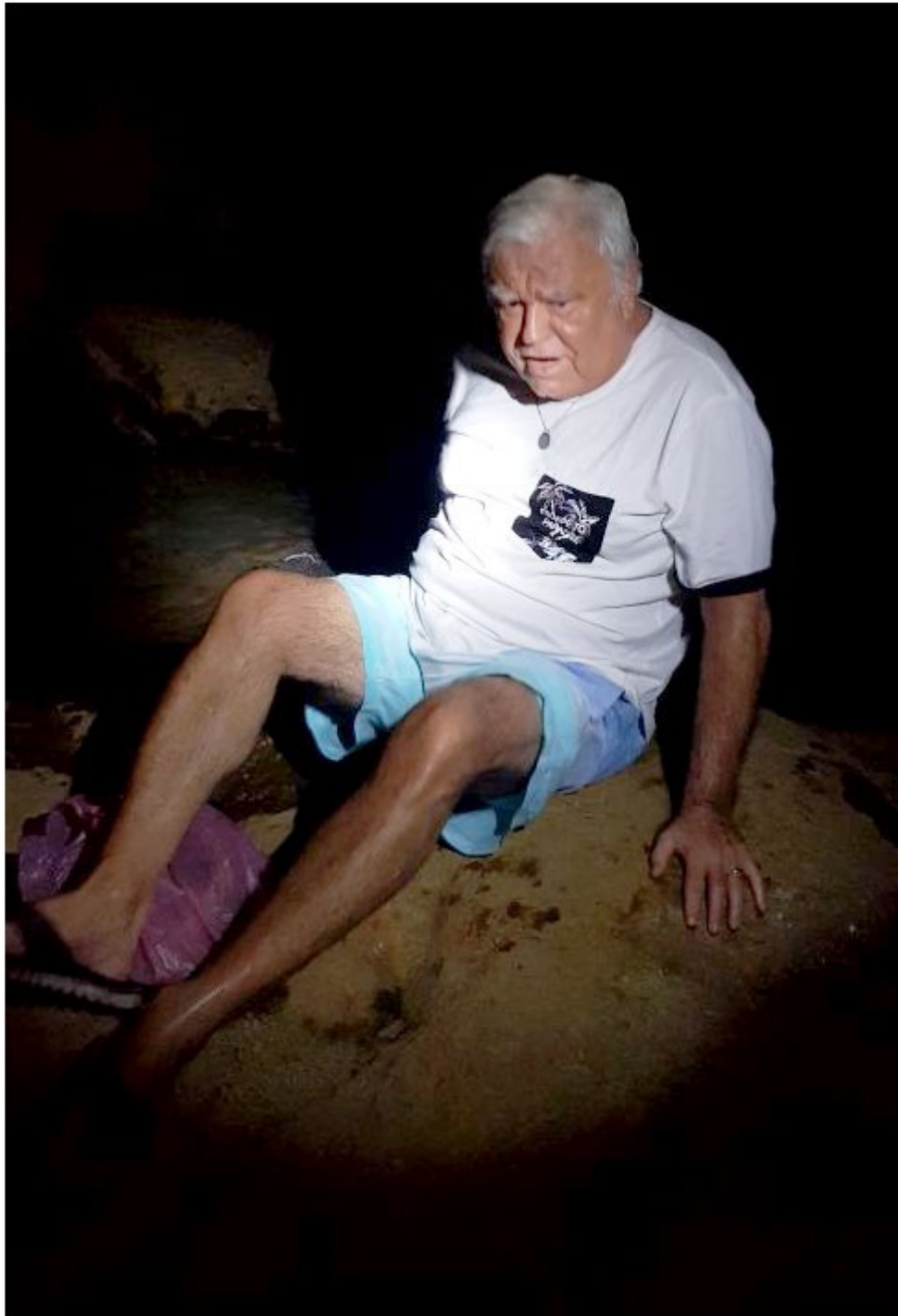
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Lake Lights

Let My Little Light Shine!



Neil F. Keenan on the slippery slope as **"The Happy Camper"**

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This ceremony took place on a pitch black moonless night at the end of a trek through the jungles of Indonesia, passed rivers and waterfalls and culminating on a small rocky outcrop jutting out into an obsidian lake... somewhere we know not where.

The late night hike began at an orphanage where Neil and team were greeted by clapping children when they arrived. That was a bit of a surprise but was set up by the Elders as the path into the jungle was behind the orphanage in an area that the children were banned from entering because of the real dangers lurking there.

Neil was unsure of why they were clapping but perhaps it was that he was the first hero who would maybe come out alive. So the dauntless trekked through what was basically an animal track through the jungle guided by a cloud of mosquitoes that for some reason avoided Neil and the Elders leading the way, but had a swatting field day on Charles and Nelu.

These were the same guys that had just days before chided Neil about smelling so "rosy." Now they were sweaty and smelly, trudging through a jungle full of leaches, poisonous spiders and snakes, creatures of the night rustling the undergrowth and only with weak batteries and hand phones to guide them along an overgrown path.

The trail led past gurgling streams and small rivers, past a tumbling waterfall and finally arrived at a rocky spit of land jutting into the river feeding a small lake. The rocks were all slippery moss and mud covered and wet, so one mis-step would lead to injury or worse.

By this time it was really dark... pitch black dark! The Elders led Neil to a spot next to the river and told him to sit there and wait for a sign. Getting there was a slippery sliding, watch each step, over the rocks.

Neil, Charles and Nelu spent a half hour saving each other from disappearing into the black water below but Neil finally got to his designated uncomfortable seat as seen above.

It was not an honorable throne but he was glad to be down and safe on terra firma at last. He was not a Happy Camper as he sat there in the dark, contemplating his fate.

Yunus and the Tomo then scampered like monkeys over the rocks and found suitable perches on the rockfall from which to meditate and conduct their ritual prayers. It seemed like hours passed in the pitch black and in a strangely silent jungle while Neil sat there on soggy slimy stones, wondering...

He even called out to Nelu saying, ***"We are all going to die tonight!"*** This, of course, upset Nelu to no end.

"Do you really think so Sir?" "Yes!" replied Neil, "One more step and you can disappear into the black water and we won't ever see you again." Nelu froze. Charles was chuckling inside but worried too as the biggest jungle he had ever been in was a golf course and never

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on a moonless night, so he too was sitting there, contemplating that he also had “**no way out**”.

It should be understood that rituals of this nature are often done in the dark and in secluded areas. This involves the summoning of spiritual entities and the manifesting of physical objects.

In this case since multiple Elders were present, there would be a number of Spiritual Masters present to conduct this ritual test.

For those who have never seen “manifesting” before, it is a bit of a shocker. Objects or entities appear virtually out of “thin air” or in this case “water”.

The spiritual explanation of this is that higher dimensional beings through intent are able to lower the frequency vibration of a higher dimensional object to such an extent that it solidifies in the 3rd dimension.

Simply the process is one of reducing a higher vibration to a lower one and in the process some heat is released. Manifested objects are normally warm when first received or give off some visible light, such as Neil’s “golden glowing” experience.

This ritual test involved these spiritual elements.

After what seemed to be a long time involved in invoking prayers, Yunus and Tomo came down from their rocky perches and handed Neil “**a bag of dirt**”!

Neil is now standing there with “**His bag of dirt**”, seriously contemplating throwing it at Nelu because of the inconvenience he was currently experiencing.

Yunus then explained that Neil was to drop the bag of dirt onto the ground and see what would happen... if anything.

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So everyone gathered around Neil with their cellphone LED's shining. Neil raised his bag of dirt on high and ceremoniously plopped it onto the ground.

The curious on-lookers didn't breathe. They waited for a few minutes in silence. Tomo then slowly opened the bag. Yunus and the other Elders looked in.

Inside the bag **a beautiful flower** appeared! Neil peeked in and saw **a white, yellow and black colored bloom**. **"Did you see that!"** was exchanged between nodding heads. Where in the World did that come from!?

The Elders told Neil that this was a **"sign"** for them to continue. So up to the rocks and more prayers... and more anticipatory silent darkness. Tomo was muttering to spirits in the darkness and all else was quiet.

The darkness dragged on. Finally Tomo came down off his rock and took Neil by the hand and conducted a transfer of spiritual energy into him as a conclusion to the ritual ceremony.

Then Nelu shouted, **"Sir, look! There is a light in the water!"**

And sure enough, rising up from the bottom of the river was a clear white light. Neil saw it as a **swirling stick** but everyone else saw it as a **glowing white orb** that came bobbing up and out of the water, lighting up the whole surroundings! The funny thing was that the "light stick" was in a different location than the Orb!

Neil kept insisting that it was a **"light stick"**, so Nelu told him that what Neil was seeing was at a different vibration than anyone else there. That was what he was supposed to "see."



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This glowing rod or orb was a clear SIGN that the Elders had been waiting for!



Following Tomo's energy transfer to Neil, Yunus had to recharge Tomo as he was exhausted. Then it was time to go.

"Oh sure." Said Neil, ***"Over slippery stones and along an unseen jungle trail IN THE DARK with no Light!"*** The Elders just smiled and said, ***"Mari! (Come)."***

So the neophytes slowly slipped and slided back to solid ground and as they cautiously clamored along **THE LIGHT FOLLOWED THEM ALL ALONG THE JUNGLE TRAIL, THE WHOLE WAY BACK TO THEIR CARS!**

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This sometimes happens around Ascended Masters or Angelic Beings, whose aura is a bright white light. This was obvious to Yunus and Tomo that they were being accompanied by someone veery special on their trek back through the jungle.

They knew the meaning of this honor being bestowed on Neil. Neil, however, was just tired and glad to have something lighting his path.

Talk about blown minds of people not used to supernatural things, it was a big eyed trek in stupefied silence through thick jungle in the middle of the night. None were willing to talk... being mesmerized by a real paranormal happening of “enlightenment” along their Path, especially wide eyed Charles and Nelu.

It was a quiet drive back to their hotel. Neil was smiling and thinking “*that was fun*” but not admitting that it was one of the strangest experiences he had ever seen. He pinched himself for sure.

This ritual was passed surprisingly easy.

But it had been a long dark and eventful night, so it was a time for a rest and reflection. Another ritual test would be coming soon.

Keraton Ratu Boko



After completing the rituals at President Soekarno’s ancestral house and offices, the entourage made their way from Blita to the ancient palace of the King of Boko (Keraton

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Ratu Boko), a sprawling 16 hectare fortress and temples made from white limestone and black volcanic basal dated back to before 792 AD.



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This beautiful hilltop complex is three miles south of Jogjakarta city and is a major tourist attraction. But Neil was not there as a tourist.

Yunus led Neil across the grass to a solitary flat stone. He was told that a former beneficial Queen of Boko used to hold audiences there and meditate while enjoying a cool breeze and the gorgeous view. Neil just sat there while Nelu, Yunus, Tomo and Charles sat on the grass some 30-meters away.

As Neil patiently sat there, suddenly a strong gust of wind came up and blew his hat right off! The boys scrambled to retrieve it and all settled calmly back down. Only Neil was hit by that wind, so maybe the Spirits of the Keraton just wanted to see his face.

A few moments later a small whirlwind collected leaves from the nearby trees and showered them upon Neil. Again not on the Elders, Nelu or Charles. Things were now getting spiritual, but more was to come.

So Neil sat there wondering "What next?" When **three chickens** came out of the jungle undergrowth, pecking the ground and wandering about until they came directly in front of Neil. They stopped and looked at Neil. Neil looked at the chickens. Then the chickens did the **"Chicken Dance"!**

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Neil just sat there watching the three Chicken Chorus Line Routine and wondering to himself *“it would have been better if three beautiful Indonesian maidens were dancing instead of chickens.”*

The chickens tired quickly from the strutting, high kicks and flapping wings, so after their short routine, they scurried back into the bushes. Neil wasn't sure if he should clap or not.

Silent moments passed again, allowing everyone time to reflect on what was happening. That contemplation was interrupted when **three young goats** came skipping out of the jungle!

The young goats strolled up in front of Neil. Looked directly at him. Neil looked back. Then the three goats did the **“Goat Hop”** routine! They jumped in the air. Jumped at each other. Spun this way and that in what was a frolicking and humorous dance. Neil smiled and thanked them for their enjoyable entertainment. The three goats then hopped and jumped their way back into the jungle.

Shortly thereafter three sheep sauntered out of the jungle, walked before Neil, and just stared at him for a minute or so, then went “BAAAAA”. Neil went “BAAAAA” back. The sheep turned and swaggered back into the bushes.

By this time Neil realized that this whole show was another rite of passage where he received the blessings and approval of the ancient Kings and Queens of the Boko Empire.

This was indeed a spiritual honor never ever bestowed on a foreigner before, much less even local Javanese Royalty. This was a very special and auspicious occasion.

With the blessing dances over, Yunus signaled Neil that it was time to go. But there was one more parting gift. As Neil got up he was surrounded by a flock of white doves.

The doves followed him as he approached the main exit gate. Neil was again surrounded by hundreds of White Doves, circling him with out-stretched wings in an awesome fluttering display.

Pictures taken showed birds with their wings fully extended guarding Neil from behind as he left the Keraton Ratu Boko. This was a beautiful and fitting end to this ritual.

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From here the Initiate and crew would travel back to Semarang for instructions from the Sultan and prepare for the final ritual.

Neil had surprisingly passed all 6 rites so far in smooth succession. This amazed all the Elders that Neil passed these spiritual tests so effortlessly. This was an impressive feat.

But for Neil it was more like an interesting game of “What’s Next?” He really was not focused on the spirituality of the rituals, thus he did what he had to do as his objective was to become the Amanah. That would come soon enough.

Semarang was a needed rest stop now.

Semarang

Gifts and Conditions

From the Kraton Ratu Boko the Happy Gang headed back to Semarang for a rest and a bit of a celebration. Six important rituals had been passed with ease and Neil was still in one piece. They had a right to be happy and relieved. There was still one more to go, but that could wait for a while.

In Semarang they settled in at a nice hotel with a restaurant nearby with chalets perched over huge Koi ponds. This was a serene setting that was a welcome respite to more than a week of driving around East and Central Java and the testing of the souls of the team. Neil even took everyone out for a lavish dinner and a night out on the town to celebrate. Things had gone exceptionally well.

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Tomo, Nelu, Charles, Yunus and Neil Celebrating

Neil rather liked this restaurant because he could sit on the veranda overlooking the ponds and thousands of Koi would come swimming over to pay homage to the new Amanah. It reminded him of the dancing chickens and goats, and the cloud of doves at the Kraton. Why not fish too?

Of course, the fish were congregating because Neil was feeding them, but it was a good feeling to have a crowd of animals as a royal audience. He began to realize as he tossed bread to the fish that this was an inkling of the duty and responsibility associated with being the Amanah.

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Being the Amanah is an honored position of responsibility towards all mankind. It is far more than just tossing crumbs. The mental impact of seeing and understanding the deeper meaning of watching over a congregation of mankind and especially the Indonesian people, was the true spirit of Bang Soekarno manifesting in Neil as he watched the fish before him.

He was in awe and deeply moved by the responsibility of the mantle now upon his shoulders. He was humbled and in gratitude for the insight given by a simple school of fish.

A few days later, Yunus and Tomo came to the hotel with big smiles on their faces and a GIFT in their hands. The Gift was a heavy object encased in a black cloth sarong. Tomo held it on open palms while Yunus explained to Neil that this was a very powerful object and if touched with bare hands, it could burn you or worse. Neil was supposed to be very careful in handling this spiritual object.

Neil received the gift from Tomo and asked Yunus, ***“Does this now belong to me?”*** Yunus nodded ***“Yes.”*** ***“Well if that’s the case,”*** said Neil, ***“if it is mine, it should not hurt me.”*** And with that he slipped the gleaming golden scepter out of its sarong and grabbed it with both hands!

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Yunus and Tomo were open mouth stunned. Neil just sat there rolling the shiny object around in his hands... and nothing happened. Neil had been right. It was **HIS**.



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Neil then asked Yunus, ***“What is this thing?”*** to which Yunus answered, ***“This is the Transfer of Power Tongkat (Scepter) given from the Amanah Soekarno to the Amanah Neil Francis Keenan.”***

Oh Wow was the expression on Neil’s face. This was physical and spiritual confirmation that Neil had successfully passed all the important rituals required to become the genuine Amanah. This was the culmination of years of work on his part. It was His Moment.

Neil held the golden scepter with Soekarno’s effigy at the crown... and he smiled.

He then slid the scepter back into its sarong and placed it on a nearby table. Congratulations were exchanged all around and everyone cautiously peeked at this Power object. Unfortunately, however, Tomo’s son did pick the scepter up and touched it with his hand. He immediately got 3rd degree blisters on his hand! (Proof that the scepter was indeed dangerously powerful.)

Two days later Yunus and Tomo showed up again with another **GIFT**. This also was a **Power Object** in the form of another tongkat scepter. This one was quite a bit different in that it was made with a brass hilt that was connected to a rod that went through a carved hardwood shaft that terminated in a silver and brass point.

This **Power Scepter** was specifically to be **used to open bunker doors** that were guarded by Jinns and other Spirits. It was in essence a **key** that would unlock Pandora’s Boxes. It could also be used as a powerful weapon if pointed at someone, something or an attacker of any kind. It was described as something like a modern stun gun as sparks would fly out of the pointed end.

Now Neil had two new weapons! More coming!

A couple of days later Yunus tracks Neil down at the poolside relaxing. Yunus had a roll of pinkish colored paper waving in his hand. ***“WE GOT IT!”*** he shouted. ***“Is that what I think it is?”*** replied Neil. Yunus nodded vigorously.

Yunus then found and wiped clean a banquet table, and slowly, ceremoniously un-rolled the document. There it was... **THE AMANAH AGREEMENT**... signed, sealed and delivered by 29 Elders in Javanese, Bahasa Indonesia and English!

This was the official CONTRACT appointing Neil Francis Keenan as the only AMANAH.

Almost. The Agreement was still missing the final signature and chop of the most important Elder, Sri Sultan Hamengku Buwono X and that would only be given following Neil’s passage of the Final Ritual.

So Yunus rolled the Amanah Agreement back up and sent it off for initial framing. That was just the teaser.

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A few days later the fully gilt framed **AMANAH AGREEMENT** was back for another look and a few snapshots. This appeared on Neil's websites on August 25, 2018 together with Neil holding the **Transfer of Power scepter**.



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The framed Amanah Agreement was again taken back as Neil still needed to pass the final ritual before the Sultan would officially sign the document and give it to Neil as the **AMANAHAH**.

Meeting Sri Sultan Hamengku Buwono X

H.E. Sultan of Yogyakarta and Governor of the Province of Yogyakarta

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Since Neil had successfully completed the 6 major rituals, received the two powerful scepters from Soekarno through the Elders and had read and approved the wording of the Amanah Agreement, it was now time to take the final step in fulfilling the Elder's prophesy that Neil would be the One... the next Amanah.

To enter the final ritual phase, Neil had to first meet with the Principal Elder, Sri Sultan Hamengku Buwono X, the reigning Sultan and Governor of Yogyakarta to receive his instructions, blessings and hopefully his signature on the Amanah Agreement.

Arrangements were made for this private meeting to take place in the Military Hotel in Semarang. This location assured privacy and confidentiality, plus a way out if Neil ever failed in the last ceremony. There were to be no witnesses other than Tomo, Yunus and Nelu as Neil's translator. This was a highly secretive meeting of potentially major national and international significance.

The date was set and Neil was unceremoniously introduced to the Sultan by Yunus and Tomo with Nelu translating the salutations and introductions. Neil was then motioned to sit next to the Sultan with Nelu seated several feet away to Neil's left.

Yunus and Tomo were asked to sit back further in the room as the Sultan had scolded them for some of their actions towards Neil. Tomo was singled out and suspended for 6-months, but Neil's intervention saved Yunus this time.

The Sultan then spoke to Neil in Javanese as a test to see if Nelu was translating properly (which he was not). He told Neil that he had one more ritual to pass and that it was customary for Neil to provide each of the Elders that had signed the Amanah Agreement with a **"gift."**

In this case the Elders had requested a vial of **"Agra Oil"** which was a rare aromatic extract from a jungle tree that grows only in East Papua. This oil is used by Elders in very special ceremonies.

The meeting was brief with the Sultan saying that after the gift had been given, Yunus would arrange the final ritual, and if passed, the Sultan would sign the Amanah Agreement and they would go from there.

The Sultan then made a final caution statement directly to Neil, telling him **"to put his house in order."** Neil understood clearly that this was a warning. The Sultan and Neil then shook hands with Neil thanking the Sultan for his time and concerns.

Neil went back to his hotel where new strategies and plans had to be made in preparation for the final rituals.

Donations via cryptocurrency can be made to the following coordinates:

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USDT [TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN](https://tronscan.org/address/TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN)

Surat Pengalihan Hak Wali Amanah

Pengalihan yang lengkap dan tidak dapat dibatalkan.

Dewan pemegang hak wali yang sah dan lengkap telah memutuskan dengan suara bulat sebagai berikut:

Karena kenyataan bahwa ini adalah tugas seumur hidup kami untuk mengakhiri proses menyelesaikan hak waris dunia.

Kami, yang bertandatangan di bawah ini, telah memperhatikan, menimbang, dan memutuskan untuk mengalihkan semua hak wali yang diberikan kepada kami secara penuh dan sah kepada **NEIL FRANCIS KEENAN** (Lahir pada Tanggal 10 September 1951; dengan passport Irlandia PT 4066301).

Karena usahanya, kebenaran yang telah diberikan untuk menerima dan menyelesaikan hak waris dunia. Pengalihan hak ini termasuk untuk membuka Gudang yang berada dibawah kendali kami dan untuk menggunakan dan memindahkan semua jaminan, dokumentasi, dokumen sekuntas, uang tunai yang didapatkan di dalam Gudang tersebut sebagai jaminan terhadap hak waris dunia yang terlihat maupun tidak terlihat.

NEIL FRANCIS KEENAN, telah berjanji akan menggunakan semua sumber daya dan kekuatannya yang ada dalam kekuasaannya untuk kesejahteraan dunia. Kami berharap usaha yang dilakukan oleh **NEIL FRANCIS KEENAN** akan membawa keadilan dan kemakmuran bagi seluruh dunia.

Mulai sekarang **NEIL FRANCIS KEENAN** adalah satu-satunya Amanah.

SURAT PENGALIHAN HAK WALI AMANAH

Pengalihan yang lengkap dan tidak dapat dibatalkan.

Dewan pemegang hak wali yang sah dan lengkap telah memutuskan dengan suara bulat sebagai berikut:

Karena kenyataan bahwa ini adalah tugas seumur hidup kami untuk mengakhiri proses menyelesaikan hak waris dunia.

Kami, yang bertandatangan di bawah ini, telah memperhatikan, menimbang, dan memutuskan untuk mengalihkan semua hak wali yang diberikan kepada kami secara penuh dan sah kepada **NEIL FRANCIS KEENAN** (Lahir pada Tanggal 10 September 1951; dengan passport Irlandia PT 4066301).

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NEIL FRANCIS KEENAN, telah berjanji akan menggunakan semua sumber daya dan kekuatannya yang ada dalam kekuasaannya untuk kesejahteraan dunia. Kami berharap usaha yang dilakukan oleh **NEIL FRANCIS KEENAN** akan membawa keadilan dan kemakmuran bagi seluruh dunia.

Mulai sekarang **NEIL FRANCIS KEENAN** adalah satu-satunya Amanah.

TRANSFER OF RIGHT AMANAH

Complete and irrevocable transfers.

The legal and complete trustee rights board has decided unanimously as follows:

Due to the fact this it is our lifelong duty to end the process of completing world inheritance rights.

We, the undersigned, have observed, weighed and decided to transfer all trustee rights granted to us fully and legally to **NEIL FRANCIS KEENAN** (Born on September 10, 1951; with Irish passport PT 4066301).

Because of his efforts, the truth has been given to receive and complete world inheritance rights. This transfer of rights includes opening a warehouse that is under our control and to use and transfer all collateral, documentation, securities documents, cash obtained in the warehouse as collateral for visible or invisible world inheritance.


NEIL FRANCIS KEENAN, has promised to use all of his resources and strength in his power for world welfare. We hope that the efforts made by **NEIL FRANCIS KEENAN** will bring justice and prosperity to the whole world.

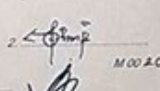
From now on **NEIL FRANCIS KEENAN** is the only Amanah.

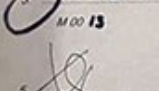
Disahkan di / Place : Tanah Jawa , Nusantara , Indonesia

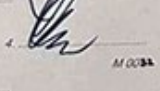
Tanggal / Date : 20 - 8 - 2018

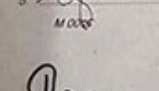
Bertandatangan / Signed

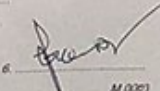
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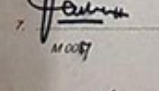
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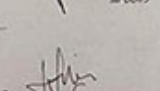
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4.  M 0022

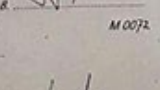
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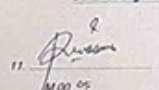
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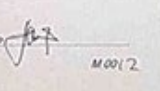
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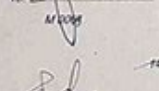
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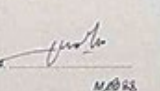
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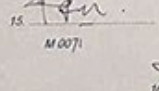
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11.  M 0005

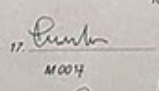
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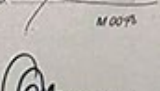
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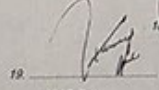
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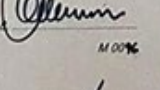
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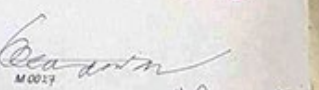
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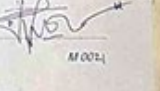
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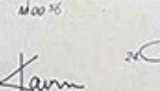
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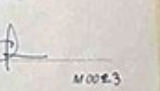
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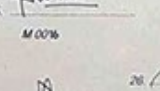
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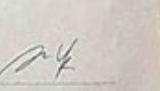
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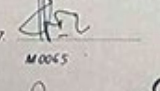
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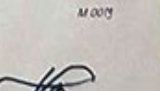
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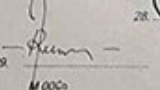
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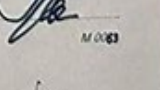
25.  M 0006

26.  M 0019

27.  M 0005

28.  M 0003

29.  M 0000

30.  M 0007

Donations via cryptocurrency can be made to the following coordinates:
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 USDT [TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN](https://tronscan.org/#/address/TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN)

The fully signed Amanah Agreement



Donations via cryptocurrency can be made to the following coordinates:

BTC bc1qe8w82vrr2u5fk4gwrddax477xh8may5e05xd6d

USDT TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN

Neil the New Amanah

Donations via cryptocurrency can be made to the following coordinates:

BTC bc1qe8w82vrr2u5fk4gwrddax477xh8may5e05xd6d

USDT TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN

“Gold Finger”

A few weeks after receiving the Transfer of Power scepter a very unusual thing occurred that has never been seen happen before.



Neil's middle finger on his right hand from the tip of the finger through his palm turned:

Donations via cryptocurrency can be made to the following coordinates:

BTC [bc1qe8w82vrr2u5fk4gwrddax477xh8may5e05xd6d](https://blockchain.info/address/bc1qe8w82vrr2u5fk4gwrddax477xh8may5e05xd6d)

USDT [TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN](https://tronscan.org/#/address/TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN)

Yellow!



Neil thought that this may have been the result of something that he touched, so he went to the bathroom and washed his hands. The Golden Finger remained! That was strange.

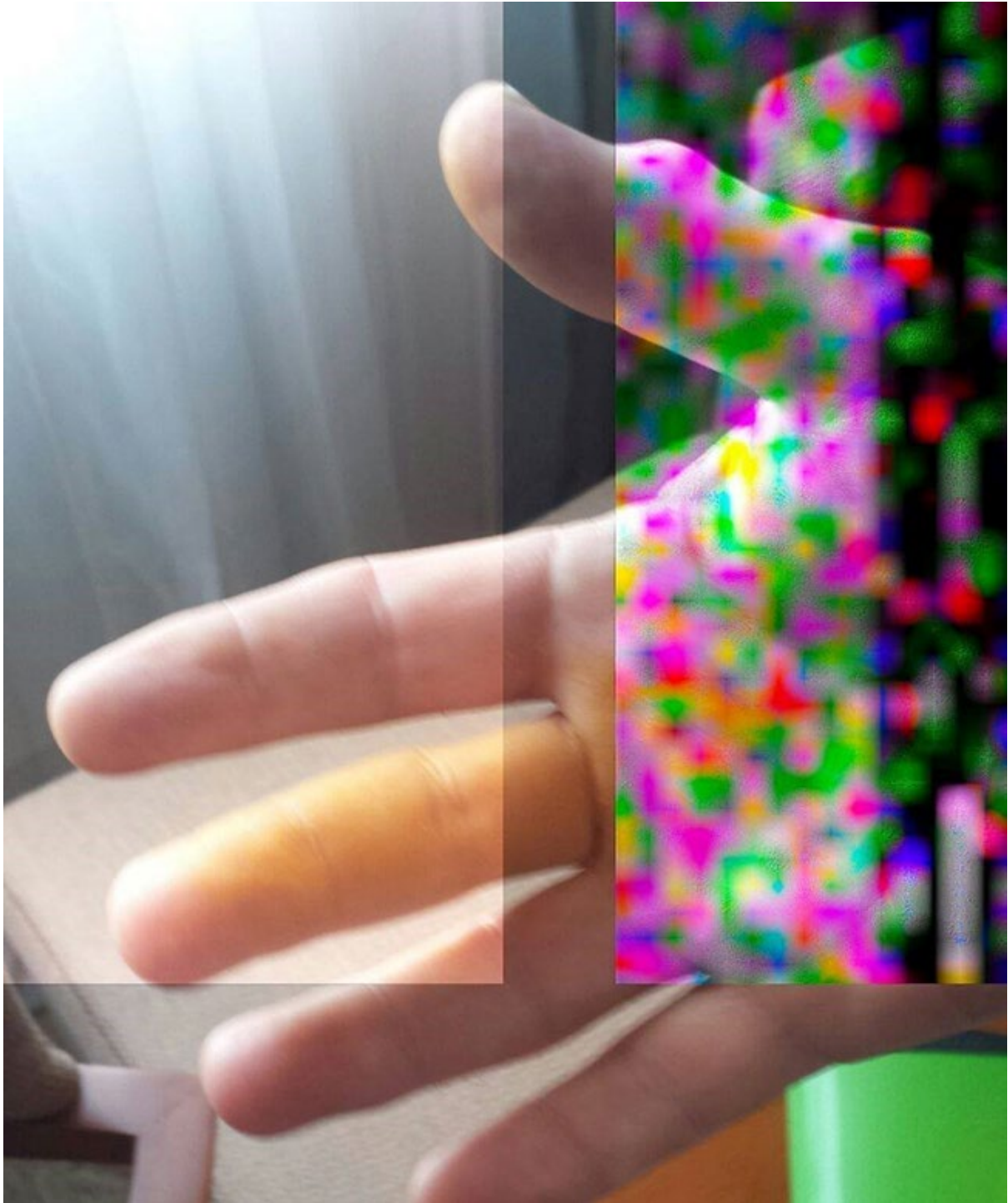
Now he was starting to get concerned. Neil had often told jokes about appendages turning black and then falling off, but now his own finger had changed color... would it fall off? He rubbed his finger to see if it hurt. No. Was it spreading? No. Did it smell different? No.

This was perplexing and worrying as Neil had been poisoned several times. Was this life threatening? No logical answers were coming and that was a bit unnerving.

Donations via cryptocurrency can be made to the following coordinates:

BTC `bc1qe8w82vrr2u5fk4gwrddax477xh8may5e05xd6d`

USDT `TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN`



This digital picture was taken and strangely a section of the pixels did not develop properly. Again this was unusual until looked at in closer inspection. Noticeable in the pixels above Neil's thumb appears to be a head in the background! That would suggest something more supernatural was definitely occurring.

Neil was being spiritually zapped. This was later confirmed by the ethereal form of President Soekarno, who now appeared directly before Neil without any Elder channel.

Donations via cryptocurrency can be made to the following coordinates:

BTC bc1qe8w82vrr2u5fk4gwrddax477xh8may5e05xd6d

USDT TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN

Soekarno told him not to worry as this was just the result of the Transfer of Power and how this will continue to manifest through his right hand as very special energies emanating through his middle finger. This will become more apparent as Neil assumes the **Office of the Amanah**.

This **“Gold Finger”** has occurred a number of times since, often with respect to activities related to Amanah business decisions or appearances of President Soekarno, where timely advice is given.

Neil kind of likes his Gold Finger and even attached the James Bond theme song to his phone ringtone. He still isn't sure if he will have the “Midas Touch” but it sure brings another meaning to his adversaries if Neil now GIVES THEM THE FINGER!

That may just be a supernatural slammer!



Watch Out You Bums! You May Be Next!

Donations via cryptocurrency can be made to the following coordinates:

BTC [bc1qe8w82vrr2u5fk4gwrddax477xh8may5e05xd6d](https://blockchain.info/address/bc1qe8w82vrr2u5fk4gwrddax477xh8may5e05xd6d)

USDT [TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN](https://tronscan.org/address/TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN)



Semarang to Cikabumi Adventure

Following Neil's meeting with the Sultan in Semarang, the quest for "**Agra Oil**" began in earnest.

There are quite a number of essential oil Dealers in every major city in Java, but most only carry small vials of this rare and expensive oil. Locating a large quantity in a single common batch was thus a difficult task.

It was also a Sellers' Market where you pay the asking price as the Seller already knows that you will need this oil for various religious rights or summoning Spirits. You pay without haggling or asking for a discount. That's the deal. Take it or leave it.

Required was at least a **liter** of this Agra Oil and that would cost approximately **USD \$40,000** in order to fill 30+ vials for one each of the Elders involved in the initiation rituals and signing of the **Amanah Agreement**.

Yunus and Tomo as Elders, of course, were familiar with many of the reputable essential oil Dealers so with Nelu chauffeuring them around they were able to canvas Semarang and call suppliers in Jogjakarta, Surabaya and Jakarta. The hunt was on.

After more than a week of searching with little luck, they finally tracked down a Dealer who was a principal importer of this oil from East Papua and he was the only one who did have a bottle for sale and would divide it up into small vials once payment was received. Problem solved almost.

Donations via cryptocurrency can be made to the following coordinates:

BTC bc1qe8w82vrr2u5fk4gwrddax477xh8may5e05xd6d

USDT TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN

If you remember back to Surabaya and the fact that the ATM at the airport had eaten Neil's debit card, there was now a "cash" problem.

Added to the cash crunch was the fact that Western Union (Rothschilds Owned) blacklisted Neil and was blocking all direct transfers to him. Neil circumvented this by having money sent to Nelu or others, but this was in small amounts and not sufficient enough to cover the large payment needed for the Agra Oil.

At this time Neil was not feeling well as his blood sugar levels were high and he was lethargic, so he just rested in his hotel room while Nelu and Yunus went off on a recon mission to survey what would be required for opening the first bunker.

Actually Neil's body was adjusting to the new frequencies that he had been exposed to during the initiation rites. This normally results in a need to rest and rejuvenate energy levels. It had been a hectic few weeks so it was a needed break with a bit of sun beside the pool.

After about a week, Neil was again getting anxious to be on the move again. He was just sitting around his room looking at his "sticks" and wondering what the Magicman would say about them. The only way to find out was to go and see the Magicman at his house in Bandung about 250 miles away from Semarang.

Neil then calls Nelu and tells him to pack his bag and bring the car around. "We are going to Bandung!" They stuffed the car and off they went.

Magicman is a well known Indonesian Elder who Neil had met earlier when he magically transferred money to other Elders by simply placing the notes inside a green cloth tube. He had also demonstrated various other "materializations" for Neil. The Magicman was a genuine mystic.

It was a long drive but the Magicman was at the door to greet them as if he "knew" that they were coming.

Donations via cryptocurrency can be made to the following coordinates:

BTC bc1qe8w82vrr2u5fk4gwrddax477xh8may5e05xd6d

USDT TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN



The Magicman was impressed with Neil's scepters. He took the Power scepter and tapped it on the floor. Sparks flew out! ***"Whoa! What was that?"*** came from Neil.

The Magicman with a smile on his face then explained to Neil that this was a very powerful scepter needed to open magical doors that were guarded by very powerful Jinns who protected bunker sites.

Curious Neil then asked Magicman if he could test these scepters himself to see that the "sticks" actually worked. The Magicman thought about this request but said that the Power scepter was only for opening bunkers and may not be used on people.

So Neil took the Power scepter in his hand and started tapping it on the floor and watched the sparks fly!

Nelu was standing apprehensive back in a corner as the sparks kept dancing off the scepter. Neil couldn't let a good scare on Nelu pass so he pointed the scepter in Nelu's direction and said, ***"Nelu, Watch this! It's YOUR TURN!"*** ***"Oh NO SIR!"*** squealed Nelu.

And thus started a hilarious time with Neil chasing poor Nelu around the room, all the time laughing and shouting ***"It's gonna get you!"*** with sparks flying this way and that.

Donations via cryptocurrency can be made to the following coordinates:

BTC `bc1qe8w82vrr2u5fk4gwrddax477xh8may5e05xd6d`

USDT `TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN`

A bit later Neil got word from one of Group-K's members that the King of the Jinn had contacted her and said that he was willing to help Neil if Neil could supply the Jinn with Agra Oil and open His Bunker and let His people get out.

Neil repeated this message to Magicman, but he replied that he would first have to go up a nearby mountain and make contact with his spirit guides for their consent.

The next morning the Magicman left his house for the jungle trek to his favorite meditation site, saying that he should be back the next day. The next day came and went with no Magicman. Day 2 was the same. By Day 3 Kawa, the Magicman's brother, said that he was going up the mountain to find his brother.

Kawa and a couple of friends found Magicman lying on the ground in a semi-comatose condition. The friends were worried that Magicman had fallen, but Kawa held them back as he had seen his brother in this way before.

The Magicman was actually traveling out-of-body and should not be touched or moved. Kawa just sat beside his brother and recited special prayers. A short while later the Magicman awoke, sat up and asked for a drink of water. He was fine.

Back home, the Magicman explained what had transpired and that the King of the Jinn guarding the bunker had agreed to the opening of the bunker door just enough so that the Jinn that had been captive in the bunker for so long could get out.

Neil as the Amanah agreed to these terms and thus the Merry Band again hopped into Nelu's SUV for another 100+ drive to Sukabumi Province (which Neil calls "Cikabumi") and a stay at the famous Grand Inna Samudra Beach Hotel.

Bus Fight

Indonesian long haul bus drivers must be selected for their fearlessness and ability to go as fast as they can Always. On the highway to Cikabumi Nelu made the mistake of getting in front of one of these daredevils and got, shall we say "nudged from behind".

He then made the mistake of stopping the bus to inspect the minor damage, but this went from a shouting match between the two drivers to an angry crowd as all the passenger came down and another bus full of supporters stopped as reinforcements. Nelu was furious and wanting to fight but he was seriously out numbered.

So Neil jumps out of the car and becomes the "referee" ... standing in the middle of an angry crowd (who didn't understand a word he was saying) and then finally grabbing Nelu and shoving him back in the car. As usual Neil ended up with the repair bill but that was better than a roadside brawl. Needless to say, Nelu grumbled the rest of the way to the hotel.

Donations via cryptocurrency can be made to the following coordinates:

BTC bc1qe8w82vrr2u5fk4gwrddax477xh8may5e05xd6d

USDT TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN



The Grand Inna hotel is famous in Indonesia for **Room 308**, which is the room that is occupied by the mythical **Puteri Laut** (Princess of the South Sea traditionally known as **Nyi Loro Kidul** or **Rara Kidul**) who is a legendary Indonesian female spirit or deity, known as the Queen of the Southern Sea of Java and is highly respected in Javanese and Sundanese mythology.

It is said that she may have once been a Thai Princess that fled to Indonesia where she walked out of the sea at the location of the hotel. It is also rumored that she was a beautiful woman and a spirit wife of Bong Soekarno who designed and built the hotel for her. And whenever he stayed there, it was always in the closed door **room 308**.

Donations via cryptocurrency can be made to the following coordinates:

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It is said that women on the South coast of Java never wear green as this was the favorite color of the Puteri Laut and that to do so would provoke her wrath... even to this day.

Of course, Neil the Amanah had to inspect her room and offer a prayer. He is not telling what happened, but the next morning as they were eating breakfast, the restaurant door opened and two little midgets burst in followed by a regal yet portly woman all dressed in

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green that walked behind them.

She stopped at Neil's table for several minutes saying nothing but just looked him straight in the eye, then proceeded to her table where her two munchkins served her breakfast.



On finishing breakfast, the Lady in Green again stopped at Neil's table. She stared at him again. Neil smiled back. Then she gave a small smile and a nod of her head and left the room.

You will have to make up your own mind about what had just happened, but Neil did say that he had a good night's sleep. But being in that room 308 was enough to make one wonder.

The Bunker Stroll in the Jungle

The purpose of this trip was to test the Power scepters on Magicman's bunker, so the next morning the Gang got together to discuss the hike. Neil was already into scaring Nelu who had just bought a pair of Army boots that were already biting his feet.

Nelu countered back, *"Aren't you afraid of wild animals and the Jinns?"* *"Nope"*, said Neil,

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“I have my sticks and I just have to point it at them and even the Jinn will run away. You don’t have worry Nelu as I will protect you. Think about that.”

A moment later Nelu says to Neil, ***“Neil you are bleeding! Look at your shoulder!”***

Sure enough there were three claw marks that had sliced through his shirt and scratched the skin! The Magicman had Neil quickly remove his shirt and then took him to the bathroom to clean the wounds.

After a bit of water and a few prayers, the bleeding stopped and revealed wounds that were open but that would heal in a day.

But what was more revealing was what was on the blood stained shirt.

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What can be seen from different angles are the faces of three Jinns!

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The Magicman told Neil that he had offended the Jinn with his veiled threat about using his scepter against them, so they gave Neil a little warning that they are REAL and are not to be messed with.

Neil got the message, apologized to the Jinn saying that he was just kidding and promised again that he was there to set them free from the bunker.

The Jinn were happy again. But Nelu was more scared than before. Neil sensed this and told Nelu, ***“You better watch out as you may be next! And they can hurt you real bad! They are going to get you in the jungle.”***

Nelu went and sat next to Magicman.

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The Jungle Trek

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The lower part of the trail was a “walk in the park” with a wide trail and gentle slope. This is where Neil met two of Magicman’s friends. The first was a 14-foot White Cobra that appeared hanging from a tree branch beside the trail. It reared its body to 6-feet tall, flared its cowl and slowly looked at Neil and Magicman.

This was an auspicious welcome, a greeting to friends but a spiritual warning threat to other trespassers. After salutations, this beautiful snake lowered its body and stayed guard over the trail until all had passed by.

Nelu nearly pissed his pants seeing that snake as he really doesn’t like snakes at all. But the fun wasn’t over yet. A little further along the trail was a giant hollowed out log, and as they approached it a huge python stuck out his head to see what lunch was coming.

The head of this monster snake was more than a foot in diameter. Big enough to swallow a man! Nelu froze.

Again after salutations and requested permission to pass, the huge guard allowed them to move on, except for petrified Nelu, whom Magicman had to take by the hand. Nelu tippy-toed passed with his eyes fixed on this monster, ready to run and scream.

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As the trail climbed it gradually became narrower and narrower, till it came to a fork where Magicman turned off to what Neil described as a small bicycle track.

By now Nelu was sweating and starting to lag behind as his new boots were biting harder than any snake, and the jungle brushing by both shoulders was creeping him out, particularly since rustling bushes and jungle sounds heightened his adrenalin outpouring. This was no place for a kampong boy.

Neil, of course, poured more fear on the fire saying things like, ***“Nelu, did you hear that!? I think that big snake is following you. If you get too far behind we may never see you again!”***

The trail got steeper and steeper, and the huffing and puffing got louder. Neil obviously hadn't been in training for quite some time, and was in no way a challenge to the scampering Magicman and Kawa. But thankfully Nelu was dragging up and protecting the rear, so rest breaks became more frequent as they climbed higher and waited for Nelu to catch up.

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Neil talking on the phone in the Jungle!

The trail opened up as they climbed into old growth and distinct **rock steps** showed the way. Some sections the stair steps were abnormally high at around three feet tall.

Neil struggled and swore that Giants built this Stairway to Heaven. And as he huffed along a precipitous cliff face, clinging to roots and struggling with giant steps, the serious thoughts that this really may be his final climb to meet his Maker.

One slip and it would be a 300 foot drop into Hell. He moved slowly and his grip was tight.

Eventually he and even Nelu made it off the cliff and up the narrow trail leading to a clearing. This was an unusual clearing as on one side was a white tiled grave of some ancient being and on the other was a rock slide.

The other strange thing was that there were monkeys everywhere in the trees and in the ground except for one Friendly Monkey who did not seem afraid at all.

There was also heard the growling of Sumatran tigers moving through the underbrush. That kept Nelu anxiously looking wide-eyed at all the monkey shaking bushes surrounding the clearing.

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Magician, Monkey, Neil and Kawa at the rockfall

Magician waved to Neil to come over to the rock fall where he explained that the bunker was deep inside the mountain behind the boulders guarding the stone entrance.

He told Neil to tap the big boulder only three times with the Power scepter and then stand back.

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Magician showed Neil where to tap the boulders and the one that he has his hand on looks like a sad head bowing down.

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Neil proceeded tapping the big stones and moments later the ground shook and rocks began tumbling down the hill. Everyone jumped back, except for Nelu... he ran to the tomb site!

When the ground shaking stopped, the entire area gradually became darker and darker. Neil was watching the rock face where he had tapped and saw one almost black shadow figure appear through the rocks.

At first it was small in size, but with each step it grew taller and taller as it effortlessly climbed up the rock slide with ever increasing giant strides. This Jinn was perhaps 40-60 feet tall by the time he reached the top of the hill, then he stopped, put his hands on his hips and waved at Neil!

Neil waved back. The Jinn then hid behind a large tree, peering back at Neil!

Neil called out to Nelu. ***“Did you see that?!”*** ***“YYYYYYyyyyeeesss Ssssiirrrr!”*** came the reply.

Then everything became **pitch BLACK!**

This was **early afternoon** on a clear day with very few clouds in the sky. The whole area was **DARK** as midnight on a moonless night... in the jungle. ***“You there Nelu?”*** ***“yesss sir”*** was the whispered answer.

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“Did you hear that? Something just growled. You still with us Nelu?” “Yyyyyeeesss Ssssiirrr.”

There seemed to be no telling how long the darkness lasted, but it gradually faded back to daylight... much to Neil and Nelu’s relief.

But as the things again came into view, two more Jinn came out of the bunker and grew up incredibly fast, taking giant steps to join their friend peering behind the tree. Then as the light got brighter, they also faded away.

So once with the “lights back on”, the curious crew cautiously inspected the damage that they had done.

Magicman was the first to peer between the boulders and confirmed that the bunker door had been opened slightly. Neil then poked his nose into the gaps and sure enough, he could see the opened door and a bit of a smooth clean hallway that lay behind.

Then it was Nelu’s turn. He stuck his face into the crack between the rocks **AND TWO RED EYES POPPED UP STARING HIM RIGHT IN THE FACE!**

He stumbled out of there as fast as he could! ***“What did you see?”*** asked Neil as Nelu stumbled back.

“Aaaaaaah!” was all Nelu could utter.

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There are magical times and this was one of them

AAAAafter the Nelu distraction the curious crew turned around to find another surprised offering.

What had appeared on the ground and in front of the boulders was a gift of three small peeled hard boiled eggs on a large dried leaf!



Where the eggs came from, no one knew, but Neil thanked the Jinns for their gift. Then while wondering what they should do with the eggs, the Friendly Monkey came over and

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grabbed an egg and stuffed it into his mouth then hopped over to a rock and munched it down.

After enjoying the first egg, the monkey obviously thought that that was just the appetizer, so he hopped back, stuffed the remaining two eggs into his bulging cheeks and jumped back to his perch to finish his breakfast.



This behavior was quite unexpected from a wild jungle animal, but Neil was amused at the boldness of this monkey.

The Friendly Monkey then went over and stole Neil's drinking water bottle, unscrewed the cap and took a long, cool drink.

This was not a normal monkey, and the clamber of noise from his buddies in the bushes, meant that this was a damn good show put on by the Boss.

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Notice the stones behind the monkey. The middle stone is the **Talking Stone** and on its right is a reptilian adviser and on the left is another whispering in his ear.

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You sit on the stone chair and place your hands on the Talking Stone and ask what you want to know. If you are lucky and an adept Elder you may enjoy a session of ancient wisdom.



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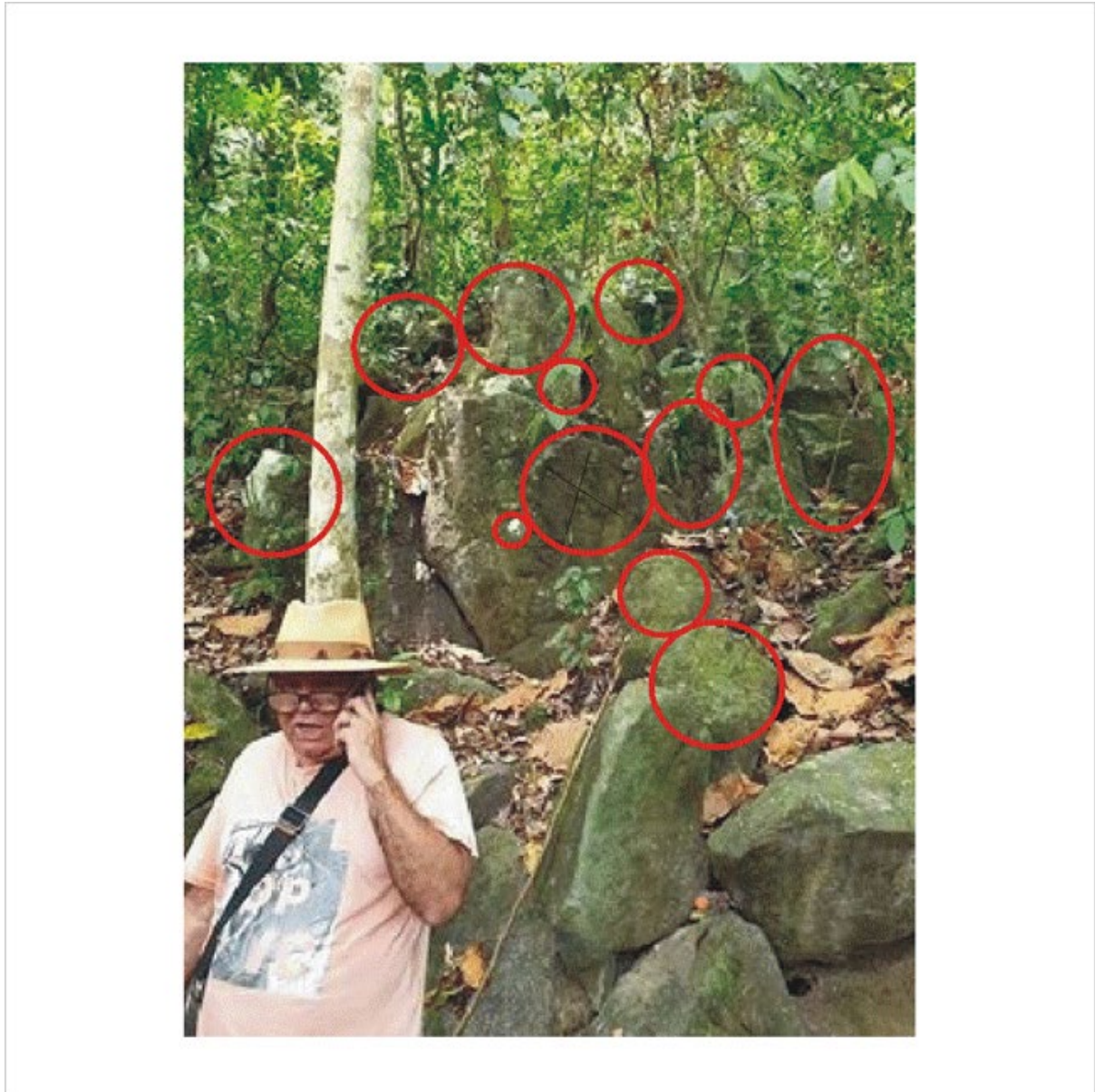


There are other mystical stone and other “faces” in this picture. See if you can spot them.

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They are all watching and protecting this site!

With the mission accomplished, it was time to leave. Neil and Magicman thanked all the Spirits for coming and participating and confirmed that they would someday return. Neil wished the Jinns well and jokingly ask them to help him back down the trail. They actually did.

It was a slow and cautious climb back down the mountain, but going down was much easier than the climb going up. Nelu was focused more on his blistering feet than the rustling in the bushes, but he did manage to sprint past the python in the log.

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All returned safely to the hotel, a bath and a good dinner. The hotel staff had raised eyebrows as the disheveled and dirty trekkers staggered in, with questioning looks as to **“Where have you been?”**

The next day Magicman penned a note concerning just how successful the mission had been. Neil had released five major families and over 40,000 Jinn that had been held captive as protectors of this bunker. The Jinn were eternally thankful.

In fact, several months later Neil had a conversation with another psychic who channeled the King of the Jinns of the Families that Neil had freed.

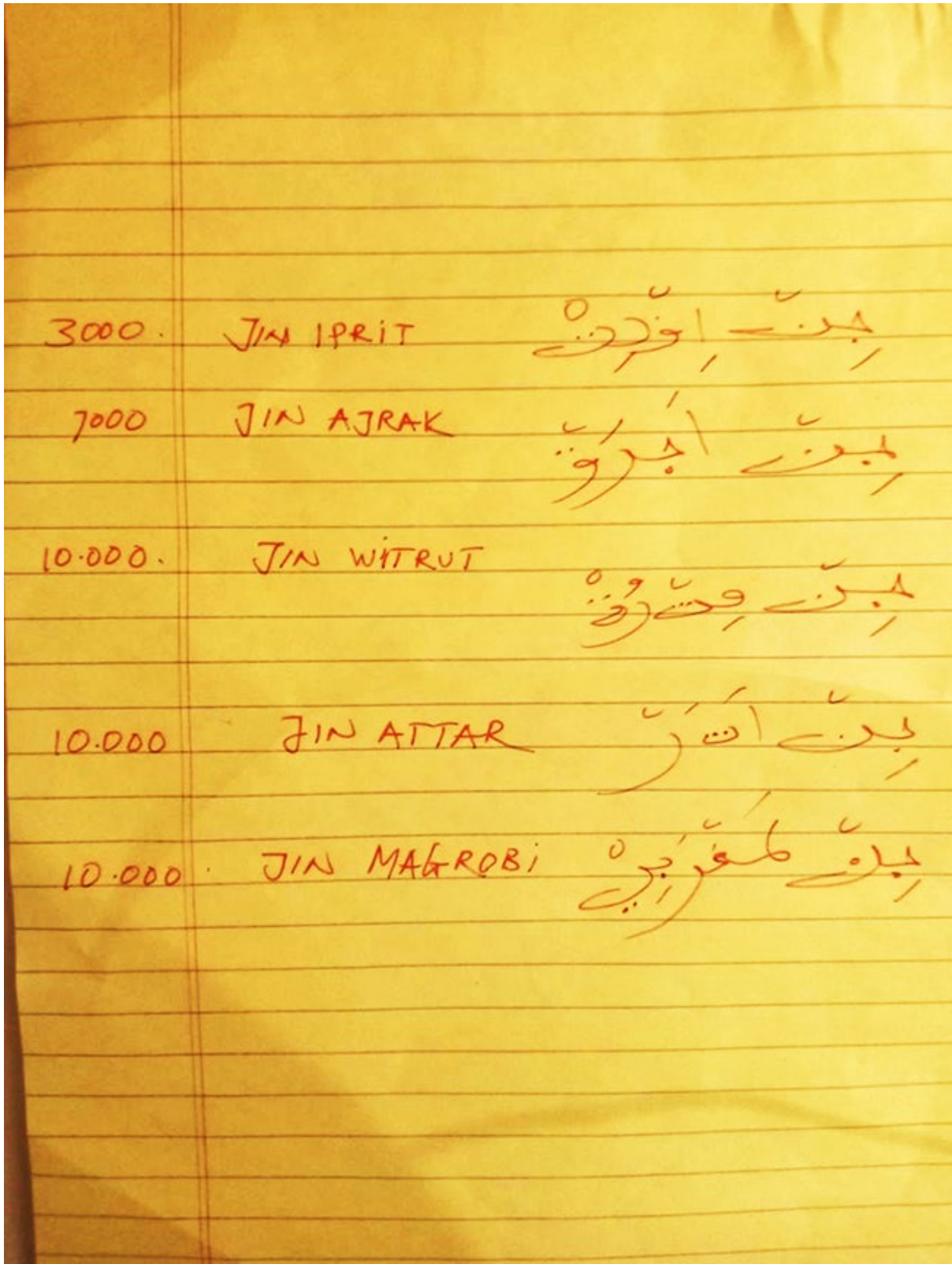
The King told Neil that all the Families had been released from the bunker and once out, they all graduated to the 5th Dimension as high level spiritual beings.

These thousands of Jinn were eternally grateful to Neil and promised that they would be looking after him in his journey through life and in the hereafter.

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That was a fitting end to this excursion to “Cikabumi”. It had been an exploration, but there would be more to come. The dauntless crew then piled into Nelu’s repaired car for the

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winding and bumpy drive back to Bandung to send Magicman and Kawa home, and then on to Yogyakarta for a restful wait.

The “sticks” really worked and Neil made some amazing spiritual new friends. He just enjoyed the “unexpected” and thought of the trek as a fun adventure. Next!

The Final Rite of Passage

After meeting with the Sultan in Semarang, Neil was informed that there was one more final ceremony that needed to be completed before the Sultan could add his signature to the **Amanah Agreement** that would then complete Neil’s official appointment as the **AMANAHA**.

This ceremony involved giving a “gift” to all the Elders who had participated and another final spiritual ritual as a final offering to and acknowledgement by entities on High.

The “gift” requested was a very special and rare aromatic essential oil extracted from a jungle tree species only found in East Papua. This perfumed oil called “**Agra Oil**” is highly prized by Elders as it is used only in very special ceremonies. It is so rare that **one liter costs US\$ 40,000** if you can even find some.

This “requirement” sent Neil’s team on a “search mission” to see if they could find and then purchase at least one liter of this precious Agra Oil.

This alone was a major task as most of the essential oils dealers in Java only held small vials of the oil and in varying grades. That obviously was not an acceptable solution. But finally after much searching, the team managed to find a principal importer who had a large bottle of this wonderful oil.

Now it was Neil’s turn to dig into his pockets to come up with the “cash” as there is no negotiation or credit plans in this business. So Neil emptied his pockets and came up short. Remember that the ATM machine at the Surabaya airport ate his debit card and on top of that Western Union (Rothschilds owned) was blocking direct money transfers to him in his name.

He still could receive small amounts through 3rd Parties, like using Nelu’s name, but this was insufficient for the Agra Oil purchase and other finalizing expenses being incurred.

But best laid plans never seem to work out when you are in the middle of an initiation, so more inconvenient “trials and tribulations” occurred...

Sometimes these are exasperating or maddening, but they are just more “trials”.

But days of aggravation and waiting had finally passed. Well maybe, because somewhere in the ticketing process for flights to Bali someone had removed a little slip of paper from

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Neil's passport. That will be another problem later. Now, however, was just time for a little R&R in Bali.

Neil and entourage then flew from Jakarta to Denpasar, took taxis to the exclusive Nusa Dua Hotel where Neil normally stayed and had already made bookings... only to be **STOPPED BY SECURITY POLICE** and not allowed to enter the hotel! WHAT! More "trials".

Neil immediately called the hotel and Reception told him that the hotel was on a "security lockdown" due to **the IMF and World Bank Conferences** being held at the hotel. He was also informed that the hotel was fully booked but that they had reserved two suites as requested for Neil.

He was then told to go to a specific location and wait for a hotel van to come and bring them to the hotel. The hotel van did show up about a half hour later and loaded up a sweaty gaggle of grumblers and a ton of luggage and brought them straight past Security and to their welcoming rooms.

It was an interesting few days in Bali amongst the clutter of World Banking Elites. It seemed that the whisper that **"Neil Keenan is HERE!"** had spread through the IMF and World Bank crowd and thus most kept their calculated distance from **"the Man"**.

Even one morning for breakfast with Neil seated at his normal corner veranda table at the Executive Lounge, in walked the **head of the IMF, Christine Legarde**, who sat at a table opposite and facing Neil.

You could see by her face exactly what she was thinking when she looked up and saw Neil wiggling his fingers in a mock wave. **"SHIT! How in the Hell did HE GET IN HERE!?"**

She knew Neil from previous confrontations so this was like the **Cabal Devil seeing her Maker**. She had an uncomfortable breakfast and kept nervously glancing over at Neil throughout. Neil enjoyed every minute of it.

But the word was out that **"Neil the Amanah"** was in the building, so that effectively shut Cabal mouths and plans for raping Indonesia. There was a lot of nervous hand shaking and false smiles all around, but **NO DEALS** with **Neil the Indonesian Protector** watching guard.

Neil was laughing the whole time. He was really there only for a bit of sun... but THEY didn't know that... and he wasn't about to tell them.

Let the Cabal sweat in the hot tropical sun.

After a few days in the sun and having fun scaring Cabal members, Neil decided it was time to finish his initiation so he packed up his family and friends and took the short flight to Yogyakarta where he would meet up with Nelu and Yunus and Thomas flying in from Malaysia.

Donations via cryptocurrency can be made to the following coordinates:

BTC bc1qe8w82vrr2u5fk4gwrddax477xh8may5e05xd6d

USDT TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN

Thomas was new to the Indonesian team but had been working with Neil for years exposing the financial shenanigans in Malaysia, Philippines and Thailand.

He was the replacement for Charles who had to return to the US, and was brought in because he spoke the language and had over 40-years of experience with local shaman channelers and high level spiritual Elders in Malaysia and Indonesia.

His job was that of the “witness” to these final ceremonies and what transpired thereafter.

The entourage settled into the Hyatt Regency where Neil called Jo in Jakarta to join the group for the final ceremony as he had been there from the very beginning and it was only fitting that this old friend should be there at the end of this journey.

Neil counted out the Dollars for the Agra Oil and handed them to Nelu and Yunus who quickly disappeared... only to thankfully reappear a day later with a bottle of the precious liquid.



Yunus holding the bottle of Agra Oil with Nelu, Jo and Neil

Yunus disappeared again with the precious bottle of oil to divide it into small vials and then he gave one to each of the Elders who had participated in the Amanah rituals as the promised “gift”. This completed the first requirement.

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Thomas, Neil, Charlie (Neil's son) and Yunus at the Hyatt Regency

The final ceremony was scheduled for Thursday night 18th October 2018 but due to delays in getting the Agra Oil gift to all the Elders and getting most of them to the ritual site plus some bad weather, the ceremony was postponed to the following Wednesday, the 24th.

The site chosen was the Pantai Cangkring beach due South from Jogjakarta.

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USDT TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN



So about mid-night a dozen cars full of Indonesian Elders arrived at this sandy beach for the last ritual of gifting the Spirits that had tested Neil in his ritual tasks.

The gathered Elders then presented Neil and Yunus each a bamboo woven tray with blessed foods and flower offerings.



Donations via cryptocurrency can be made to the following coordinates:

BTC [bc1qe8w82vrr2u5fk4gwrddax477xh8may5e05xd6d](https://blockchain.info/address/bc1qe8w82vrr2u5fk4gwrddax477xh8may5e05xd6d)

USDT [TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN](https://tronscan.org/address/TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN)

This traditional offering to the spirit world would be sent out to sea, and if accepted, portions would appear at three separate river locations along the South Java coast.

It was a pitch black night with Neil and Yunus carefully carrying their offering to the shore. Nelu was “live streaming” the event worldwide over Neil’s Facebook page and Thomas was handling the spot light, well almost, as in the process he stepped into a sand hole and took a dive for a moment.

After a few minutes everyone made it to wet sand and Yunus signaled to Neil to sit down next to him and place the offering in front of him like Yunus had done. Once seated, Yunus began prayers and a small wave rolled in, grabbed Neil’s offering and dragged it 10 meters closer to the sea.

But Yunus had not finished his prayer so he got up, picked up Neil’s tray and brought it back to him. He started his prayer again and again a wave came and took Neil’s offering another 10 meters away. Neil thought that this was great fun as he was *“winning the race!”*

Yunus then cheated by picking up his tray and moving it up with Neil’s. The next wave took them both but Neil’s tray was still in the lead going into the foaming mouth of a black sea, never to be seen again.

Mission accomplished... almost... as it would be the next day for the three river outposts to confirm that they had received the offerings.

All confirmed that they HAD! **MISSION COMPLETE! ALL RITUALS PASSED!**

A few days later this arrived at Neil’s hotel suite.

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BTC bc1qe8w82vrr2u5fk4gwrddax477xh8may5e05xd6d

USDT TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN



AMANAH Neil Francis Keenan with the Original Amanah Agreement

Donations via cryptocurrency can be made to the following coordinates:

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USDT [TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN](https://tronscan.org/#/address/TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN)



Donations via cryptocurrency can be made to the following coordinates:

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USDT [TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN](https://tronscan.org/#/address/TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN)

The Amanah Agreement with the Signature and Chop of Sri Sultan Hamengku Buwono X

Prolog to the Ritual Ceremonies

To most people observing these ritual ceremonies it would appear that they were just simple acts that anyone could do, but when you look deeper into the spiritual aspects there were supernatural forces at work.

This was not a journey for the faint at heart. Just imagine how you would react if you took a bath and came out “glowing” or if you woke up in the middle of the night to see an ominous black entity menacingly standing beside your bed.

How many of you have actually spoken to departed humans or other spiritual beings. Or could you put up with the incessant nagging “tests” and “trials” in between with even a modicum of patience.

Neil Francis Keenan did what no one else could achieve. And he did this boldly and without fear. To wear the mantle of the Amanah requires a warrior willing to take on the World, to be an agent of dynamic change in a New Age of human enlightenment.

Few can even lift this global financial and economic sword, even fewer can actually raise it high to slash the corrupt and disdainful in our world.

Neil passed with flying colors and now holds the power to create change. Let us now see where he will lead us.

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That may have been the end of the Amanah rituals, but it certainly was not the end of Neil's tribulations. There was still more to do before he could return home.

Once Neil had his family and friends on a plane back home, he launched into THE PLAN and a few more adventures before returning home himself.

Nelu and "The Old Switcheroo Plan"

Back in August 2018 when Neil went through the Amanah initiations, he had a private meeting with Sri Sultan Hamengku Buwono X, the Sultan and Honorable Governor of Yogyakarta, Indonesia and the final Elder to sign the Amanah Agreement.



Sri Sultan Hamengku Buwono X

At this meeting Sri Sultan briefed Neil on many things related to being the Amanah, but cautioned Neil that he ***"needed to clean his house"***.

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That short phrase awakened Neil to the fact that there may be people imbedded in his organization that may not be operating with the best intentions and may be out to subvert and disrupt Neil from functioning as the Amanah.

Neil knew that the Sultan was a very spiritual man, thus this warning was much more than a casual caution. It had serious implications.

He had already been poisoned several times, shot at and had a close escape from assassins, so the message was crystal clear... he had persons close to him that were “leakers”, “spies”, “liars” or potential “thieves”.

It didn't take Neil long to come up with a plan on how to weed out some rats.

So he called Nelu in and told him that he was going to **throw him under the bus!** Nelu had people working with him that were planning to steal the Amanah's assets and even bring harm to him and Neil if they were to open the first bunker.

Neil also told him that there were others in Group-K and possibly other associates of his or Cabal operatives that were similarly plotting to interfere with Amanah activities.

The Cabal could easily foment duped Indonesians into believing that the assets stored in the bunkers were Indonesian assets that did not belong to a foreigner parading as the Amanah (whereas the TRUTH is that the assets really belong to the Depositors and Owners who only stored them in Indonesia for safekeeping by the Amanah and other appointed Trustees).

So the **PLAN was to stage a fake parting** with arguments and noise and witnesses enough so that Nelu would stomp out, drop everything he was organizing and “balek kampung” (go home), leaving Neil stranded in Yogyakarta or Semarang. Neil would have no choice except to return home and try to figure out what to do next.

Nelu understood and agreed to be the scapegoat as he was also aware of some of the people around him were acting suspicious and making comments like “Macam mana orang putih boleh jadi Amanah kami?” (How can a white man become our Amanah?) These kinds of rumblings are precursors to eruptions.

Nelu thus made a grand exit complete with stomping and huffing and puffing, leaving Neil and friends stranded in a hotel in Samarang after the final initiation rituals. Good show Nelu. Your boys were quite unhappy with you and the fact Neil's support money stopped flowing to them. They quickly dispersed as they were “disbursed”.

Neil and company then retreated to Jakarta and a brief visit to the Grand Inna Beach Hotel for a little rest and relaxation before returning to Europe or their homes.

Unfortunately, but suitable to the believable execution of the Plan, Neil was poisoned again just as he was to leave Jakarta, and that and an Immigration problem, (remember that little

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piece of paper removed from his passport which was actually a three month Entry Permit and without it he would be subject to overstaying fines even as the Amanah).

This unpleasantly kept him at a nearby airport hotel with a bad case of dysentery and a tussle with airport Immigration. Needless to say, it was a difficult and expensive additional two week stay and a shitty trip back home.

With most of the Indonesian plots scuttled, as only the Amanah with his scepters could open bunker doors, things quieted in that "house". There are still those waiting and drooling for Neil's return, but they will just have to wait some more.

The Indonesian Military has also stiffened security and surveillance at bunker sites, so now they can even detect mice scurrying through the grass, as well as, Rats.

Neil's house took a bit more cleaning as moles had buried deep, but you have to be patient to catch a rat and use the right bait.

Now back to the timeline story...

Bunker Run 1 & 2

Since the AMANAH initiation ceremonies had been successful and Neil now had the Amanah Agreement and the powerful scepters that were needed to open the bunkers, it was time to move again. This time it was to implement The PLAN.

So Neil bundled his family and friends onto a plane to go back home and then settled in to planning his next moves. Nelu had already done a good job acting, having hoodwinked Yunus and a small gang of workers to clear a path to the first bunker.

Nelu was now being called "***the Commander***" by his small crew who were supplied by another contractor (Boss), but totally financed by Neil.

You all know just how close we were to setting the financial world free with the opening of the first bunker but stupidity, impatience and greedy fingers tried their wily ways to sneak around us to get in and do their dirty work.

This was not expected from those close to us but anticipated as we set our own booby traps along the way. Well these idiots fell into a deep dark hole that they can now never get out of.

Be this a warning to any others as we now have eyes and ears everywhere and an army of Jinns to protect this wealth for mankind and not for service-to-self individuals who have no vested interests or who have never come out with one thin dime.

Greed was clearly in the air. Open the bunker door and the looting would begin. Neil could smell it a mile away.

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Nelu and Yunus then took off for a few days to set up an operational base in Semarang as the access to the bunker was easier from there rather than coming via a dangerous winding road through the mountains from Yogyakarta.

But before Nelu left Neil gave him a masterful tongue lashing, telling him in front of Yunus and all present that Neil ***“was the only one in-charge and the only one making decisions, plus no one could enter the bunker without Neil using the scepters... no one!”*** It was a good show of **“Who’s Boss.”**

A few days later Nelu returned to Yogyakarta to pick-up Neil and Thomas for the drive to Semarang. They packed full Nelu’s SUV and headed off on the most terrifying trip Thomas had ever experienced!

The road from Yogyakarta to Semarang was designed by a snake and rollercoaster engineer plastered on the side of steep ravines and jungles that crowded the way from both sides. Add to that was heavy truck traffic going both ways and cars trying to pass everything in sight.

Top that off with Nelu being a Demolition Derby driver passing on grassy narrow left shoulders one minute and then on the right just missing a head-on collision with another derby contender. It was a white knuckle gasp almost all the way. Fortunately Thomas went before he went and thus avoided brown shorts at the finish line.

In Semarang, Nelu deposited Neil and Thomas at the Resort Balemong, a rather unique hotel being a mix of traditional and modern chalets and a large manicured compound with meandering paths and lots of greenery.

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The welcoming lobby, guest relations officers and traditional chalet

Neil liked this hotel and even talked about purchasing it as one of the Amanah Offices for that region. It was a comfortable stay and welcome relief from the drive.

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With everyone checked in, it was now time to implement the Plan to the next phase. So, morning comes and Neil goes looking for Nelu. He knocks on Nelu's room door. No answer. Neil then goes to the Reception and asked for someone to open Nelu's door. Again, no Nelu and his bed had not been slept in though Neil had paid for the room. Drama building.

Neil then asked Thomas to call Nelu to find out where he was. Nelu replied that he was at the bunker site sending breakfast to the workers (with money that Neil provided) and that he would come in two hours. Of course, more than three hours pass and still no Nelu.

Thomas calls again and this time Nelu says that he has to pick up his wife who was out shopping. Neil blows a gasket with that as he has not been giving him money to just do as he pleased! Nelu got another tongue lashing from Neil.

At about six in the evening Nelu finally shows up with an ugly sour face, dumps Neil's camera and tripod on a table together with a few other of Neil's belongings that had been in his car, and without uttering a word, gets in his car and drives off. That was an award winning performance!

Thomas not being privy to the Plan, just sat there blinking. Neil carried on grumbling. Meanwhile, Nelu went to the site, told everyone that the deal was OFF and then drove home with his wife without speaking to Neil again.

That left Neil and Thomas stranded without a driver, so Neil decided that they should now go to his old stomping ground in Jakarta for a bit of fun and celebration.

He called another old friend who was able to rent a SUV and bring a friend to co-drive for the night drives from Jakarta to Semarang and then back to Jakarta.

This was a much more enjoyable trip as most of the way was via a modern four-lane divided highway toll road. By early morning they arrived safe and thoroughly worn from the long drive and into warm welcoming beds at the Fraser Residency.

Neil was in the mood to celebrate! He was in familiar surroundings in shopping malls and restaurants and wanted Thomas to see them all as he would most likely have to show new Amanah Team members around town soon enough.

It was a bit of a comedy though as Neil would be bubbling over about being the new Amanah to young salesclerks who spoke little English, much less knew anything about old Indonesian history.

So poor ole Thomas was left translating Neil's tales, explaining history and financial basics to stupefied youngsters who knew nuts, but who were thoroughly entertained by Neil's animated exuberance.

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After a few days of feasting and shopping celebrations, Neil decided to add another sidetrack to the PLAN. He said that he wanted to return to Cikabumi and the Grand Inna Beach Resort for a couple of days, so he calls Jo to rent a car and packed everything in for another midnight jaunt.

If Neil ever asks you to take this midnight trip... just say "NO". The road to Bogor is a new highway that lulls you into believing things will be just fine, but after Bogor is the "Devil's Domain" all the way to the South coast.

Cinch up your seatbelt real tight, white knuckle whatever you can grab a hold of, and brace your legs as this is the Midnight Rollercoaster Ride of your life! If you ever thought that the road from Yogyakarta was a fright. Well, this one was a masochist's horror delight!

Even though the max speed was only 30 mph for three hours, but even that was too fast when you crest a turn into a 50 foot drop with a right angle turn at the bottom followed by popping around a corner to be face-to-face with a lit up lorry on a narrow road with no shoulders except for jungle trees and ravines. Holy Sputter Pants Batman!

Needless to say, they somehow reached the hotel and ground that was no longer moving beneath their feet. Neil will tell you that Jo had to pry Thomas's fingers from claspings the back seat, but that is not true. It did take him 5-minutes to free his foot jammed between the door strut and the front seat though. And releasing his seatbelt did release a lot of wind.

The trio were just happy to head for bed, oblivious and uncaring that they would be doing this again but in reverse in a few nights time.

The reason Neil wanted to come to the Grand Inna was not for a holiday, but to set another trap and blocking move as part of the PLAN.

In the nearby mountains was Magicman's bunker, thus Neil wanted to let people know that the area was already secured and the bunker assets were being removed. This was a bluff but the message would be recorded as a video update on his websites.

So the next day Neil, Thomas and Jo grabbed the camera gear and drove to the trailhead. Jo was a bit nervous about this hike as he had already heard the stories about white cobras, giant pythons, tigers and wild monkeys, and he really didn't like wandering through a jungle.

Thus just before "the big snake log" Jo hinted that "*this would be a good place to do the shoot.*" He really didn't want to go much further.

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BTC bc1qe8w82vrr2u5fk4gwrddax477xh8may5e05xd6d

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The video was shot in a single take with Neil performing center stage, creating a convincing story about the progress being made in clearing the bunker with the help of the Indonesian Army and more tall tales.

The video ended with a shot of a lone monkey sitting on a rock watching the trio. Fortunately it started to rain, which allowed Jo the excuse he needed to pack-up and quickly retreat back down the trail.

On the short walk along the road back to the car with Jo in the lead, Jo called out, ***“Neil. Do you smell that!?”***

Neil and Thomas then walked into a cloud of the most beautiful fragrance imaginable. It came virtually out of nowhere! Someone was watching and welcoming the Amanah.

Back at the hotel the trio went up to Neil’s suite to stow the gear, when Jo again calls out from the open hallway, ***“Neil. Come quick! You have to see this!”*** And after a minute another, ***“Neil! Come now!”***

Neil and Thomas came out of the room and looked down from the 6th floor to see more than **300 monkeys** everywhere! They were in the trees, on the power line, on the hotel roof, all over the ground... **and THEY WERE ALL LOOKING UP AT NEIL!**

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BTC bc1qe8w82vrr2u5fk4gwrddax477xh8may5e05xd6d

USDT TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN

Thomas chided Neil to say something as he was obviously a “**Monkey’s Uncle**” so Neil addressed his crowd of followers in a humble speech, thanking them for coming and telling them that he would be coming back to see them again someday soon. With that the horde of Neil’s adoring friends slowly disappeared back into the jungle.

The Hotel

This was another supernatural event and confirmation of Neil being the Amanah. It was also a monkey and Jinn “Thank you” ceremony for Neil previously releasing them from their long imprisonment in the bunker.

This was a spiritual show of gratitude and respect, and Neil graciously returned the honor as being his as well.

The next day accomplished the second reason for coming to the Grand Inna.

This was a surveying mission as Neil wanted to possibly convert the hotel into his first major “Free” BRT Computer Healing Center in Indonesia.

So the day was spent snooping around the property with Thomas snapping pictures of everything. Thomas had over 50-years experience in construction and interior design so he was collecting data that would be used in later reports and renovation plans.

The hill climb was a walk in the park by comparison to the Hells Canyon road so construction and infrastructure plans are now being discussed for up-grading road access to this beautiful beach resort area and the site of one of our first free health clinics using our healing computers and other advanced technologies.

Donations via cryptocurrency can be made to the following coordinates:

BTC bc1qe8w82vrr2u5fk4gwrddax477xh8may5e05xd6d

USDT TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN



So, as you can see beside the sea, plans are well underway between Neil and Jo sipping green coconuts. Coming soon a great place to get healthy again. How about joining us?

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USDT TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN

That evening Master Gourmet Chef Neil Keenan pulled out bags of ingredients and announced that he was making ***“American Chili con Carney with Beans”*** (just the meal needed from Hell’s Kitchen before the midnight ride through Hell’s Canyons!)

Thomas stole a big pot from the hotel kitchen and the mess in the small suite pantry came alive with chopping, cutting, searing, sweating and swearing.

Gradually the pot filled with meat, beans, onions, garlic, peppers and an assortment of secret spices. Thomas, who also cooks a traditional Mexican chili, made the mistake of asking ***“where’s the oregano and cumin?”*** That got him banned from the kitchen as there is only ONE CHEF and that was Neil.

Happily the chili turned out delicious enough for second helpings all around and enough left over for the hotel kitchen staff to enjoy.

After dinner was packing and checkout. The hired SUV showed up late at night and all the bags and gear were stuffed in including the big box with the Amanah Agreement on top of everything (and that would slide forward with each hard braking and conk Jo or Thomas in the head all the way down that winding road).

And it was another whoop-deedoo fright drive to Bogor, then some sleep on the highway to Jakarta for a crack of dawn return to the Fraser Residence and some blissful sleep.

As there were only a few days left before visas expired, Neil and Thomas spent them at Immigration trying to sort out what to do about Neil’s little missing paper.

Without that, Neil would be fined for over-staying even though as the Amanah he should have been given either an exemption or an Indonesian Diplomatic Passport.

Immigration officials really didn’t know what to do so they fell back on the fact that he came in on a 30-day visa which could not be extended so he would have to leave and pay a fine.

Thomas flew back to Malaysia on Monday and Neil booked his flight back home on Tuesday.

He tried his luck with Airport Immigration again and was stonewalled, but at least they acknowledge that he was the Amanah, but he still had to pay a whopping “cash” fine.

Two problems arose at this time. Firstly, he was short of cash and secondly his stomach rumblings gave way. Getting funds was not a problem as this could be wired to him, but that meant waiting a few more days in a hotel and getting fined even more. That was do-able, so he booked into a nearby airport hotel for a few days to sort out his finances.

The second problem of purging began a few days before, but by the time he checked into the airport hotel his condition had become acute. He was sick... real sick. He was running a

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USDT `TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN`

fever and consuming water and electrolytes by the bottleful, but whatever went in... almost immediately came flushing out.

This feisty old man just wanted to tough it out. He refused to see a doctor. Thomas was ready to fly back to help, but he said “No”. Even the hotel staff were concerned. He thought that he had been poisoned again and just needed to flush it out of his system.

That was perhaps only partially true. Remember that Neil had just gone through a major spiritual initiation in which his physical body underwent serious changes in frequencies.

Whenever someone experiences such an up-grade, the body needs to slough off old energies and go through a cleansing and rest period. Neil’s Indonesian spirit guides more than likely prevented him from leaving until this purge was sufficiently completed.

So for two weeks Neil was on a high liquid diet. He lost 25 pounds and spent the time only between bed and bathroom. It was a tough experience, so when his funding finally arrived, he re-booked his flight, paid his fines, and flew back home. Of course it was a shitty flight as he was in competition for the restroom with another bloke who had the same problem. One out, one in all the way.

Neil was met at the airport by paramedics and doctors who stopped him up enough for him to get home where his personal doctors managed to stop the flow within a week.

Neil had made it home safely, but he was weak and it would take months to gain back some weight and be fit enough to do battle again in Indonesia. Amanah duties would just have to wait.

Postscript to Part 3:

As you can now understand the **FOOTSTEPS OF THE AMANAH** is an incredible journey, somewhat real, somewhat magical... always interesting.

His tripping among the potholes all along the Yellow Brick Road would surely stagger a lesser man, but Neil Keenan has tap danced on the toes of the Elite Cabal and waltzed through a serious initiation.

He now has earned and deserves to be called **THE AMANAH**. And this amazing Road has yet to come to an end.

There are more twists and turns, more boogiemens in the bushes and monkeys in the jungle, so read on to Part 4 and hop on for another bumpy ride.

Donations via cryptocurrency can be made to the following coordinates:

BTC bc1qe8w82vrr2u5fk4gwrddax477xh8may5e05xd6d

USDT TRWDXRtesHxjKz7gJp8TL6ZNc8fFH9y6vN