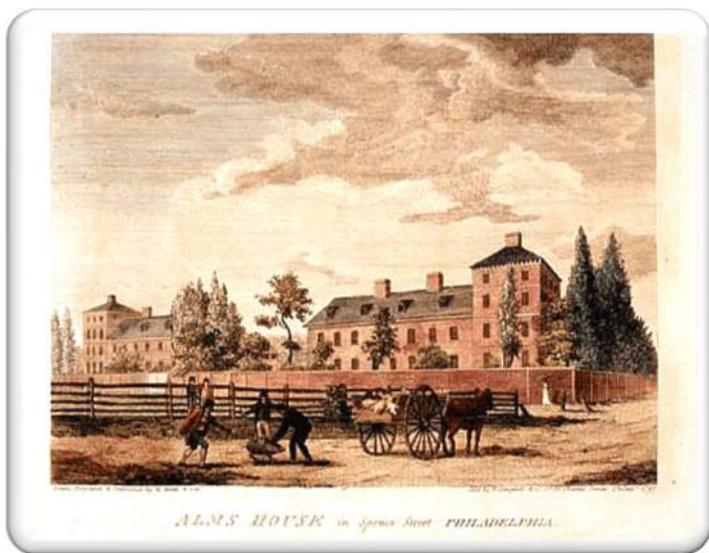


THE PAMPHLET

Volume 2 Issue 3

December 1st, 2021

Charity



Printed in the Highlands of Freedom

P.O. Box 351
Republic, Washington 99166
(833) 528-5558

Charity turns hope into providence. It feeds those who cannot obtain their own food and bandages wounds both physical and mental. Charity fuels the engine of success. When we give of our hearts, minds, time, and treasure to those things which we alone are compelled. We are investing in the future of our tribe of liberty.

Wade John Taylor

Contents

<i>A Diversity Revolution</i>	1
<i>Charitable Foundations</i>	2
<i>Maryland Macaroni</i>	6
<i>December 1777</i>	9
<i>From Servant to Heroine</i>	10
<i>True Service</i>	14
<i>Remember the Ladies</i>	17
<i>From the Editor</i>	18
<i>Patriot Resilience</i>	23
<i>American Cockery</i>	25

A Diversity Revolution

There has never been a one size fits all solution in our melting pot country. Christmas for our founding families in the thirteen diverse colonies was no different. A short study in our history will inform any modern reader that we have always been a diverse nation filled with cultural tribalism. The narrative that there has only been one oppressive culture against another does a disservice to the realities of humanity and our rich diversity.

Each Colony was indeed founded by a different people with different traditions and different heritage. The only usage of Christmas trees back then involved the Hessian mercenaries. We also know that groups of Dutch families gathered in New York to commemorate the death of St. Nicolas on the anniversary of his death on December 6th of 1773 and 1774. A few years later artists would start to depict him in a manner we would recognize. Not quite Santa but getting there.

You may be shocked to know that the hanging mistletoe tradition was often associated with drunken

dancing parties where activities devolved into not safe for work content. Christmas Gambols and Twelfth Night activities from the period were every bit as raunchy as the raves of today.

Celebrations of Christmas were outright outlawed in some areas as being too hedonistic. In other regions they were taboo and for some it was merely another day. The American Christmas we have today is a direct descendant of the collective of all our ancestry. It is not a sign of oppression or racism. It is a testimony of the diversity of our foundation.

Our Christmas speaks volumes to how the blended fabric of our American Experience can create happiness for our children and our families. We cannot let Those who want to do away with our Christmas succeed. They want to erase hundreds of years of progress and take us back to a new feudal and serf society.

~Wade John Taylor

Charitable Foundations

Last Christmas we talked about hope. This year we felt compelled to talk about the mechanism that turns hope into providence. That quality is Charity, and it can only come from the heart. People of liberty must needs be self-sufficient this is clear, yet they must tithes without angst to the betterment of society, on those things they feel compelled to support, if they seek to unlock a deeper appreciation for liberty. Mandates and the compulsion of a people to support others is not charity and in fact is robbery, yet far too often Charity is hijacked and succumbs to corruption of the original intent.

Consider that our Founding Fathers ensured that taxation was beyond the powers of the Federal Government. One of the few mechanisms the government had

to raise funds was through tariffs. Those tariffs also ensured that local industry was sufficient to support a good portion of community needs. Charity was an initial bedrock institution in our country.

In a natural state when a person saw another in need their initial instinct might be to help. But, as a government or institution mandates what it will do on behalf of the people, it enacts a burden on the people to cover their inefficient efforts, which usually doesn't amount to much. In fact, as people feel that they have already done their part, real needs are neglected as the conscience is stymied by taxation. Consider the words of Ebenezer Scrooge and his feelings about poor houses.

It is important to distinguish the difference between a self-sufficient people compared to a society where everything is readily at hand with little or no effort. The charity of the first class of people would consist of things to aid in increasing the poor's ability to lift themselves up. While the later society might hand out a gift card to a coffee shop.

We have covered in depth many of the ways that Colonial Americans were self-sufficient. There was an expectation and understanding that if you did not provide for you and your own you would die. People were much more inclined to do the right thing when the long arm of the tax man had not impoverished a people.



Before the sadistic philosophy of socialism reared its ugly head, societies and communities often took care of their own. English law required communities to care for their own poor, yet a sense of community and high moral standards provided a far better outcome than mandates and law. Family members often filled the gaps when hard times came.

The hearts of our ancestors are not all that different than ours today. There was a great desire to help those who were widowed,

injured, and unable to care for themselves by no fault. Those who were drunkards, slothful, or were unable to care for themselves due to the choices that they made were not as large of a priority in society.

As we were a very diverse thirteen colonies back then, different regions adopted the methods that reflected the traits of the colonies themselves. Most towns in Plymouth Colony kept a herd of cattle specifically for those in need. Families who lacked their own means could get milk and birth calves from the heard and provide substance and a future for the family. This charitable system gave way to poor farms and poor houses as governments institutionalized their charitable systems. They were little different than prison systems that housed the criminals of the day. They would generally remain in imprisonment until the families could work off the debt under abysmal conditions.

The alternate system to this was known as vendue. That system, provided for those who could not support themselves, would be auctioned off to the lowest bidder

and a stipend was paid in that amount for their support. In return those provided for were required to work for the person providing for their wellbeing.

Vendue evolved into what effectively became indentured servitude. There were many cases where those who were charged with the care of an individual did indeed help them grow into self sufficient citizens but stories of horror and abuse at the hands of another grew.

The Charity of churches and benevolent organizations grew to overcome the rudimentary system of welfare in government. For a time, the patchwork of regional clergy-community hybrid systems seemed to work. But corruption and government overreach ground the clergy system to dust. The 'all government all the time' system that is emerging, puts all of us in the poor farm or poor house. Government has seized upon our charitable hearts and is mandating compliance while masking it as charity.

Mandates of action destroy the natural mechanism of inspired deliverance that we know as charity. We are now told that

compliance to mandates is some service or charity to others.

Churches that resist have been shuttered in the name of public health, while a weak-minded people have strapped on suffocating masks of submission that are ineffective and doing nothing but spreading fear. We have been ordered to stay home, isolate, and don't touch one another in the interest of public health. All while tens of thousands are literally dying of loneliness and lack of compassion.

Looking through history and the attempts to provide compassion to those in need of charity, we find that the more complex a scheme is to take care of a person or family, the more harm is done.

Acts of kindness made from one heart to another ensured that all the effort given was received by the person intended. Where charity became institutionalized, a lesser amount of what was given produced benefit for the intended recipient.



charity. But as students of history, we know their propaganda is a mere enchantment to cause compliance and submission. Enough! It's time to liberate Christmas from tyranny!

The common sense and charity of our ancestors will prevail in our everyday lives. We discard the propaganda, and give to those who need, not to those that government approves of. We bake meals for neighbors and leave it on their doorstep. Giving a hundred-dollar tip for service or taking a homeless person out to dinner are our brave deeds. Perhaps we will buy a Santa sack of toys for kids.

We listen to our hearts and act on the thrill of charity. We sacrifice in giving simply because our heart says so. Charity is a yearlong endeavor.

Merry Christmas!

~Wade John Taylor

We live in an age where government has usurped the decision making of its citizens and uses uniformed armed thugs to suppress the people. The writings of Rand, Huxley, and Orwell are turning out to be fulfilled prophecy, not mere speculation.

Disease is the new religion. Masking and injecting yourself with viral bits and pieces on the orders of dishonest politicians is required. Yet, we need not comply to have joy. Corrupt pillars of power insist that suffocating yourself, isolating yourself, and getting injected with experimental serums is the new

Maryland Macaroni

We formed up in Baltimore under Mordecai Gist. His family was good stock and Gist himself had surveyed with George Washington on the American frontier. We figured that relationship would get us close to the action. Most of us were well off, educated, and well skilled in personal arms and horsemanship. We all knew that the cause of liberty would require selfless sacrifice.



Smallwood's Maryland Regimental Uniforms were more fancy than other units.

We decided on a name and called ourselves the Baltimore Independent Company. We trained with rifles with bayonets and got proficient with them. It turns out we were the only militia that could afford them. We were better equipped than most Colonial Regular Army units. Our proficiency improved as we trained and drilled as a unit. As it became apparent that Howe was most likely going to move on New York and the Continental Congress established a mobile reserve army they referred to as the Flying Camp. We were assigned to this new militia unit of 10,000 men from the Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland colonies. We were assigned the designation of the 1st Maryland Battalion. Most were ecstatic when we finally received orders to move north to support general Washington.

We made our way towards New York with the inclination of showing Washington what the men of Baltimore can do to those damnable Redcoats. They gave us the 5th Maryland Infantry designation. We were clearly the best dressed and most competent

unit in the bunch, and we called ourselves the Dandy 5th. Amongst the scragglier militias most just called us Maryland Macaroni's.

When we arrived in New York the whole region was tense. Colonel William Smallwood led our Maryland Battalion. Smallwood's Regiment had been placed under the command of General William Lord Stirling himself.

We had been roused early on August 27th, 1776, with the knowledge that practically the whole British Navy and Army were on their way. General Howes Army was complimented with the Hessian Mercenary Army, that the King had hired to shore up his Redcoats. His fleet was in tow and their decks were busy with activity. They were about to get a taste of Maryland lead.

A hasty officers meeting was called and that was when we learned that we were about ready to get a real trial by fire. Colonel William Smallwood was on his second day of Jury Duty in the court Martial of Herman Zedwitz and Captain Stone was kicking us

all in the rear to get our gear and get our troops.

I noticed that a friend of mine who had resigned his commission for a few months was back, had returned. He was in 1st Company under Captain John Hoskins Stone. Lieutenant Benjamin Chambers listened attentively at the briefing. I knew of his family as I had attended my sister's wedding in the Zion Reformed Church in Chambersburg. It was a fantastic affair where I learned about the charity of the Chambers family. Early in the towns history they had donated three plots of land for three churches in town. The only asking price was a single rose each year dedicated to their relatives. That tradition of rent carries on to this day. I silently wondered if we would ever return to those days of peace.

Ben was just like his father, ol' Colonel Chambers. He listened to the briefing studying the hastily drawn maps on the table. We had both served with Captain Stone before, but most of us would be gone, and he would be one of the few men in our unit that day that would make it through the day.

Lord Stirling ordered us to assemble with Haslet's Delaware battalion to be among the first to meet the British. We were joined by Colonel Atlee and his boys from Pennsylvania, Huntington's Connecticut Continentals, and the Pennsylvania riflemen of Kachlein.

General Howe was leading well over twenty thousand troops that were supported by a fleet large enough to carry and provision them. The 1st Maryland along with the 2nd, 3rd, 6th, and 9th were the only of our units that had made it from our Battalion in time to join the battle. We had a few other irregular attachments but, on that day, we were at a strength of 400 able bodied men.

Colonel Atlee held off the British while the rest of us formed up on what Lord Stirling called, "very advantageous ground". Stirling then quickly drew us up into a regular battle formation. We were along the wooded Heights of Guana, and we fired down upon General Grant's troops that were posted along the hedges of the orchard.

We spotted the Yagers from General Von Heister and opened fire. Cannon fire from both sides

erupted on impact. It seemed as if we were about to carry the field as the British lines were showing signs of buckling. A signal was spotted from behind us to the North.



Things quickly unraveled as we discovered that an entire British Column had passed undetected behind General Israel Putnam's line without anyone knowing about it and had arrived at Bedford. One moment we thought we had the best of them and the next we had an entire army behind us.

We had drilled for this moment since the early days in Baltimore. But we had not expected for things to fall into disarray so quickly. Within moments of the signal a massive British Army came out of nowhere from a route we never anticipated. We were immediately surrounded as the British enveloped us and combat broke

into the hand-to-hand desperation for life.



The Maryland 400 as they would go on to be known, lost more than half of their numbers holding the line so that the entire Continental Army could escape the British Trap. Only those that were able to swim across a salty march escaped death or capture. Two hundred and seventy-six would give their life for us.

~Wade John Taylor

December 1777

December of 1777 marked a year from the bold attack across the Delaware River. The Army had held its own throughout the year and the British commander General Howe tried one last time to defeat the American forces before the onset of winter.

On December 4th, 1777, General Howe led his Army out of Philadelphia to engage Washington. The following scrimmages were known as the Battle of White Marsh. They were the last major engagements of 1777.

On December 6th at Chestnut Hill in Pennsylvania, General Howe engaged the Patriot Militia and forced them to withdraw.

On December 7th in the major scrimmage at Edge Hill, the British make several probing attacks against Washington's fortified positions. Captain Allan McLane repulsed the Hessian bayonet charge and rescued General Joseph Reed from capture. Fighting eventually waned across the line and Howe declined to commit to a frontal

assault judging that the losses would be too great.

That night Howe withdrew his forces toward Bethlehem Pike. General Washington was disappointed that the British did not commit to a frontal attack.

On December 10th at Long Island, New York Colonel Webb led his regiment in a raid against the British. The British Warships in the area quickly broke up the attack. Web and his men were captured.

Back at Whitemarsh on the 11th Washington avoided a confrontation with General Cornwallis' troops by destroying the Matson's Ford Bridge across the Schuylkill River. Washington would go on to winter quarters at Valley Forge a week later.

On December 22nd, 1777, off the shores of Cuba the USS Comet commanded by Captain James Pyne engaged the HMS Daphne. The Comet was captured, the crew was pressed into service with the British Navy and Captain Pyne was sent to New York where he was imprisoned.

From Servant to Heroine



This is a story of a young girl who spent her life caring for other people. Her parents were Jonathan Sampson and Deborah Bradford. She was named after her mother when she was born on December 17th, 1760, in Plymouth Massachusetts. Living conditions were difficult for Deborah and her six other siblings especially after her father left. Deborah was five years old when he had abandoned his family. Deborah's mother had a hard time raising her children on her own

and couldn't handle it financially. So, she sent her three oldest children away.

Mother told me that I needed to be sent away to another family to live. I would have to work for them to earn my way. She had said "you didn't do anything wrong" but I felt I had. I said my farewells and went onto a new home. I was sent to live with Ruth Fuller. She was an elderly woman, but she was very active and didn't need my help. So instead, she taught me to read, write, even played games together and treated me like her own daughter. I'm very grateful for her and for her charity. She made it a little easier to leave my family. When I was eight, she passed away. I was then sold to widow Thatchers. She was eighty-six years old and couldn't do anything on her own. "I had felt I was taking care of a grown baby." I took care of her as well as the housework and other things. It was really draining living there and I felt I had always done something wrong. After a while later widow Thatcher was sent to live with her relatives. I was relieved when she was gone. My mother then arranged for me to be bonded out

in service to the Thomas Family until I came of age. I was brought to the Thomas's home where I was fed well and comfortably clothed. "The Thomas's had ten boys, I had to look after them until after they could go to school".

On December 25, 1776, Deborah was working with the younger boys and cleaning up their mess from Christmas dinner. She had heard that General Gorge Washington and his troops crossed over the Delaware river. She was so intrigued that they were risking their lives for her and everyone else. That's when she had known that's what she wanted to do. Finally, after thirteen years of being a servant Deborah was free. Thankfully Ms. Thomas got her a job in teaching at a school for a summer. She enjoyed teaching and watching the kids learn, but she knew it's not what she was meant to do. After the summer she became a traveling weaver. One of the houses where she had worked at, she found a wooden box of boy's clothes. She tried them on, and they fit perfectly. So, Deborah made a pair of pants and a couple of tops

in the pattern of the ones she tried on.

At the age of twenty Deborah Sampson enlisted in the army. After reading about the war and talking to those who had experience with it, she wanted to do her part for freedom. She knew that being a soldier was more challenging, but Deborah really wanted to help be a part of the effort. Joining was a decision of survival as well. The army would have to feed her, and she would have the things that were necessary to survive. Anything at this point would be better than being a servant. She was often pushed around and punished even when she didn't do anything wrong.

Joining the military was difficult for me considering it was “forbidden for women to be in the military.” But I had an advantage. I was five foot seven and I looked younger than I was. I chopped my long hair off and I named myself Robert Shurtleff. With a new look and a new name, I was ready to serve.

Deborah tried to enlist two different times, but she was rejected. On the third try, on May

20th, 1782, she was chosen for the Light Infantry Company of the 4th Massachusetts Regiment. She served under the command of Captain George Webb. Her unit had around fifty to sixty men. She had saw one of her cousins, Noah Alden, and he recognized her. But he knew the danger she would be in if she got caught so he kept her identity a secret.

It was comforting to have someone I knew in my unit. We fought in many skirmishes. But my first battle was on July 3rd, 1782, in Tarrytown New York. “I was shot with two musket balls in my thigh and a huge cut on my forehead from a bullet. I begged my fellow soldiers not to take me to a hospital saying that “they should leave me there and let me die and to move on without me” but, they took me anyway. I knew when I got there, they couldn't remove the ones in my thigh, or they would've found out I was a woman. I let them care for my head injury. Though when they left “I took a penknife, needle, bandages, and a cream they had put on the wound on my forehead.” Unnoticed I was able to escape the hospital. I was able

to find a lot of trees and bushes and hid myself. "I extracted one of the bullets out but, the other was too deep to be removed by myself." I got up and started to make my way back to my unit. My leg hurt so bad it felt like I got run over by a horse. "I traveled six miles on foot. I made it back around sundown." It's been a long day and I'm ready to rest.

Deborah's leg hasn't healed yet but it's now July 1st, 1783, about a year later. She was promoted to serve as a waiter to General John Patterson. This was easier on her leg, safer, and better living conditions than how she was used to living. After working for the General, she came down with malignant fever and had to be hospitalized.

"My doctor, Barnabas Binney, found out I was a woman, and he didn't tell anyone. He took me to his house where his wife and daughters took care of me until I was completely healed." When I was better Doctor Binney wrote a letter to General Gorge Washington and told him who I really was. Thus, on October 25th, 1783, General Washington honorably discharged me from the

Army. I had served in the military for eighteen months total. I finally felt that I did something for the people around me. Now it was time to move on.



Deborah met a wonderful farmer, Benjamin Gannett, they got married and had one son, two daughters, and adopted another girl. She loved her new family. Deborah was thankful for the people who helped her grow and taught her all she knew.

She felt like she belonged and had a wonderful life despite her challenges. She passed away at the age of sixty-eight on April 29th, 1827, of yellow fever. The town of Sharon, Massachusetts now memorializes Deborah Sampson with a street named after her, Sampson Street, and a statue in front of the public library.

Genevieve Marie Reed

True Service



I often wondered what motivated so many brave souls to march against the most powerful empire on the planet. As I have studied the brave men, women, and even children who participated in the struggle for independence, I find that often they were average everyday people who answered the call. But what was that call that caused average everyday people to give up their lives?

When my wife and I started The Pamphlet over a year ago, I had no idea where to find the answer to that question. Now, after in depth investigations into battles, soldiers, politicians, and average everyday people, I am beginning to understand the true motivation behind many of the brave who stood up for us.

I used to think that it was a collection of character traits in of

itself that motivated a person to stand or not stand for something. Certainly, how a person was raised has something to do with it in some cases, but there are those who come from nothing and make dramatic impacts to the cause of liberty. As I delved into this, I began to understand that the traits themselves were mere markers that had developed in support of the soul of the individual.

There are many in the populace that simply will not stand for themselves or others. I often find in these people that their value system evolves around the self. As hard as we may attempt to introduce knowledge and or traits to encourage the behavior of selflessness, it does not seem to take root in those with barren ground.

Great selfless parents are just as likely to raise a selfish child than not. A soul chooses the garments it prefers to wear. Sometimes a soul matures and casts off childish wants and needs for the greater good.

I was a rotten apple for a time. I started out in fertile ground but within a few years a drought came into my life, and I wandered the

wasteland for a while, feeding off of the other walking dead that wandered to me. Over time I became aware of my own condemnation. I had never been afraid of death but somehow, I had a sense that my soul was lost and in a short period made a dramatic course correction.



At the time I did not think it was remarkable, but now, as I stand on the hill and wave for others to follow, they move idly by in the shadow of the valley of death chewing their cud obliviously. How is it that I cannot communicate to so many that they are walking to their doom? How is it that I did not see?

I have discovered the answer in my ancestors. Those that stood for liberty and freedom were those who hid a moral absolute wall. They could not go along with the corruption any longer. They could not give in to the suppression of the basic human

right of agency. Those who stand on the side of the Lord always stand up for the agency of an individual. Their selfless acts are given through love and those that they touch blossom in their own efforts.

On the contrary there are many snakes in the grass of life. There are a greater portion of people who say they stand with you than do. Most people now days are posers and lack the backbone to stand for any position or take any hard road. But history tells the tell of those people as well.

After the revolutionary war many of those that took the safe road and refused to stand for liberty were exiled after the war and were not allowed to take part of the freedom that was reclaimed. The general feeling at first was to live and let live, but after so many people had lost so much the general feeling among many was that exile was appropriate for those who refused to support the cause.

So, is the safe bet to wait and see and do nothing?⁹ History is not kind to those who refuse to participate in the liberation of a people. The American experience was much kinder than

in other instances. Our timeline is filled with people who cleansed themselves of those who participated in the enslavement of a people by their own inaction.

The focus of this article is on those that provide true service to their community by sacrificing of their time, talents, and treasure. I have met some of those few pioneers out there. You can recognize them by their actions and not their words. Talk is cheap and they know it.

As you find them out there, get to know them. Glean all that you can from them while they are here. A shooting star often shines brightest before it is gone. Such was the case with many of our Founding Fathers that made huge contributions before departed the stage.

~Wade John Taylor

Remember the Ladies

Throughout my teens and twenties, I had two friends who repeatedly tried to get me to read Ayn Rand's epic work *Atlas Shrugged*. It wasn't until age 30 did I assume the enormous task of inhaling Rand's 1000+ pages. I read it twice and listened to the CD audio book. As my friends had warned, it spoke to the deepest recesses of my soul and fundamentally changed my life. Dagny Taggart became the heroine I never had growing up.

Many of Rand's quotes have guided me through life and resonate now more than ever. My favorite sits above my desk,

"I swear by my life, and my love of it, that I will never live for the sake of another man nor ask another man to live for mine."

Why do I bring up Ayn Rand? Because her words speak to the times we are in. She fervently opposed the principle that Man should exist for the sake of the State and that this belief was inherently evil. Today we have Klaus Schwab, Bill Gates, politicians, and even friends and neighbors pushing this philosophy.

"It is [their] aim to discourage all personal effort and to drive men into a hopeless, dispirited, gray herd of robots who have lost all personal ambition, who are easy to rule, willing to obey and willing to exist in selfless servitude to the State."

What is the antidote to this evil? According to Rand, we must reject altruist morality.

About Priorities

“What is the moral code of altruism? The basic principle of altruism is that man has no right to exist for his own sake, that service to others is the only justification of his existence, and that self-sacrifice is his highest moral duty, virtue and value.”

We are not animals to be sacrificed for the “greater good” of the tribe. We have a right to our life. No man holds a mortgage on our existence. Whether the narrative be “climate change” or “covid,” we must stand on our convictions, based on reason rather than emotion. Be strong my sweet friends. 2022 is going to be another challenging year, but if you need hope and inspiration #readaynrand.

Humbly yours,

Catey Greene



Considering that this time of year, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Years bring up thoughts of what we are grateful for this season. For me, it's covid. I'm certainly not saying that covid has been a joy ride. The last two years have tested my marriage, my relationship with my younger children, and childhood friendships. It's been rough, but it has forced to me to get very clear about the priorities in my life.

Covid has been a real test on my marriage. Trying to work, homeschool, and maintain a

home, all in a confined space, has been extremely difficult. My husband and I, raised in completely different cultures with differing views on child rearing, have struggled on many levels. It has forced us to open the floorboards and clean up the rot of our own past wounds.

Covid has forced me to get clear on what I want my children to learn and where my “line in the sand” is. As a previous public school employee, I understand both the importance of the institution of public education and how poor our current system currently is. Instead of focusing on the state’s expectations, I have become even more focused on culture, citizenship, and vocational skills. Today, with a group of other moms, I have the opportunity to re-imagine education in a way that reflects who we are and what we want for our children.

Due to differing views on masks and gene therapy, I have been forced to move past childhood friendships and embrace a new circle of female friends. The move has been coming for many years, but covid was the final nail in the coffin. Is it sad? Absolutely. I find

the whole thing ridiculous. But now I can be mentored and supported by an amazing group of older women who respect my decisions, even when they don’t agree.

I share these things not to focus on the struggles, but to show the blessing that comes with them. Each has given me the opportunity to grow or close a chapter of my life and move on. The key has been to embrace the change, no matter how painful, for this is a time of transition and initiation. Next year will be more of the same. My advice for 2022 is pretty simple: trust God, trust your intuition, and be thankful...especially for the fact we live in the Highlands.

Humbly yours as always,

Catey Greene

From the Editor

Do you trust the government? It is a simple yes or no question, but many will him haw around and restate the question to cover certain circumstances and conditions. Those are people who cannot come to terms with a simple absolute fact. We can never trust government!

Are you close enough to reliable neighbors who you can turn to, throw a bug out bag in the back of their truck and head out into the wilderness with them if you had to? Are you willing to take them in, knowing if they are going to help tend a garden, raise, and butcher livestock, and survive with what you have? If not, perhaps you think you are Rambo or you still trust the government.

I have noticed something over the past few years of being involved in trying to educate the world as to a more stable existence. There are many out there who say they are with us and claim to be willing to do something about their own situation and become part of something greater than themselves. They are full of crap.

Few take the time to go to a meeting to talk about what to do. I am starting to understand why. There exists in society, a group of individuals who all they want to do is go to meetings. They certainly talk about what seems to be important to resolve, yet when the rubber meets the road, they are only at the meetings to tell others what to do. They do not even know how to walk the walk. An action plan will be discussed some time later at a meeting in the future.

People of action are not welcome in many circles of the meeting elite. They make them look bad. We have covered quite a few traits that our Ancestors had that many lack today, yet we have not yet covered the similarities between those who are cowards today, and the Tories during the American Revolution.

It is hard to be reliable. Most times it just plain sucks. When I get a call for aid, I am almost always busy. Yet those who have called upon me know that I have left my bed, many nights to minister to the sick and afflicted in this valley. I give of my time willingly and only ask respect for

me and my family in return. Yet for some that is too much to ask.

Yet my wife and I continue to invite and extend a hand as that is what the Lord asks us to do. Many amazing people are stepping forward right now and grouping up for their own survival. Yet I must extend a cautionary warning to those who are carrying the load in these groups. Dead weight are just anchors that prevent you from setting sail.

There is an old parable about ten virgins who were all so very excited to go to a wedding. Five of the women were wise and five were foolish. The wise women brought extra oil for their lamps, just in case they needed it. The foolish women brought no extra oil.

The night wore on and the women fell asleep. Finally, the bridegroom came, and the women all got up in excitement and trimmed their lamps. The foolish women realized that they were out of oil. They begged of the wise women to give them of theirs, but the wise ones knew that if they gave of their own oil, they would not attend the feast. The bridegroom sent those who did

not bring oil, to go and obtain oil, yet when the foolish women returned, they knocked at the door and the bridegroom did not know them. That moment in time is now almost here.

We live in the time when we have only minutes figuratively speaking to obtain oil before the bridegroom comes. And due to Brokeback Brandon's inflation party, your oil will cost you quite a bit more than before the geriatric posterchild was wheeled into the oval office on life support. Pay no mind to those who have lamps yet obtain no oil. Our focus is instead on those who still might make the choice to obtain the extra oil they need to endure until he comes.

This is exactly why we dedicate a few hundred hours a month of our family time putting this pamphlet out to you. The topics we cover each month are the oil that we fill our lamps with as a supplement to our existing oil supply of pure Gospel and continual prayer. There is the occasional neighbor out there that does not care to indulge in that oil. We preach that only through agency and free will can one obtain oil. Liberty therefore must be fought for at all

costs. I have probably heard it somewhere “There is no greater cause to lay down your life for your friends”. I believe the Lord said that in the Book of John

Many of you are lonely right now and have not had the courage to group up into private assemblies of likeminded people. As was once said to me, “It is you, that they are waiting for to do something”. You were created for this time to be a doer and not a fence sitter. Your very life and that of your family depend on the decisions you make right now. That is true more now than it ever has been. Call a neighbor, tell them you are concerned about the way the world is going, and your interested in grouping up with neighbors to come up with a plan just in case government does not come through for you. But don’t think you are done there, that is just the first step.

The next thing you need to do is to figure out who is in your group to mooch off your oil. According to the parable about half won’t make it. Love them, encourage them to do their part, but ultimately it is not you who will have to close the door on them. I

certainly am not inclined to judge them; I am more concerned with stocking up on my own oil. Lusting after mine will do them no good.

This impending feeling of what is coming is getting stronger with each day. Perhaps the feeling will continue for decades until the bridegroom comes. I am not a gambling man and choose not to be foolish. I have been gathering oil for five years and no matter how much I gather, I keep gathering oil. I have no idea how much I will need.

I will endeavor to help all those willing to help themselves in the obtainment of the oil that eventually we must all independently obtain. I treat all as equal oil gatherers in the tribe that we are building. But at some point, even I hope to be beckoned inside, and I will take my lamp and my oil of many harvests, and move forward in the story.

This article is not about me though. It is about you. My family and I put this out every month for you. It really is that simple. The Lord has asked me to do this for you. He loves you and knows that this pamphlet

would find it's way into your hands.

It is not for me to tell you what to do. I simply provide the history of your ancestors and invite you to take on the qualities of those who were much wiser than us. Pray about it and ask him about it and he will tell you in your mind what he wants you to do. And you will know it is him who sent the message. It is up to you to find your courage to act and obtain that which you are compelled to find.

God Bless You! I hope to see you inside the wedding. I will keep pointing out the casks of oil along the way where you can top off.

~Wade John Taylor

Patriot Resilience

This month as we are talking about the quality of charity, I figured I would hand out some gift ideas to help others help themselves.

Our first recommendation on our survival gift list. Is for every lover of canned food storage.

The Mythical P-38 & P-51 Military Style Can Opener



One of the first things that the prepared minded will be doing is opening countless cans of stockpiled food, especially during the first few months of any type of long-term disaster scenario. Modern can openers are cheaply made and will quickly fail leaving a challenging situation to those who are hungry and sitting on a pile of toilet paper and canned beans but no opener. Enter the can opener

that many of us older veterans will be familiar with. The smaller P-38 can be had for a couple dollars online. The larger P-51 can be had for under ten dollars.

The Multitool



It used to be that a good quality Swiss Army knife was a must have for every scout or youth group camper out there. But when I was in the Infantry the gold standard was a genuine Leatherman multitool. A good quality one would cut through barbed wire, saw through a branch, open a can, tighten a screw, and file your fingernails when you were done working. Now days Gerber Gear makes some really good ones and the generic ones can be had for

anywhere from five dollars to a hundred dollars for the MacGyver fans that want a tool that can do just about everything.

Personal Water Filtration Device



It used to be that access to clean water was the most difficult thing to obtain during an emergency. Now days from Lifestraws to WakiWaki there is no shortage of options to provide enough safe drinking water to learn other methods of water purification. Budget options start around the ten-dollar range.

Fire Starter



The art of starting a fire has come a long way since the stone ages. There is no reason you should be left in the dark when the lights go out. A ferro rod or a good quality magnesium starter can be had for under fifteen dollars and are known as the flint and steel of our day. A few packs of Bic lighters and boxed matched bagged up seal a meal style are great emergency stand ins until you get the hang of lighting fires from sparks.

It may not seem like much, but if someone you care about has a set of simple tools like the ones I have listed here and some basic knowledge to use them, their odds of survival in any emergency dramatically increase. It may very well be the gift that saves their life.

American Cookery

This month I am going to switch it up a bit. We usually try to share an old recipe that would not require too many ingredients or steps to prepare and would be a useful recipe where ingredient availability might be limited.

We are still going to share a Historic recipe, but it has been adapted for modern times. George Washington's favorite meal at Christmas was the Yorkshire Christmas Pie served at his estate, Mount Vernon. This version was found on the Mount Vernon website. It was created by culinary historian Nancy Carter Crump and was first published in the book *Dining with the Washingtons*.

Ingredients

- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 3 teaspoons salt
- 2/3 cup lard or vegetable shortening
- 1/4 cup whole milk
- 1 whole turkey breast (about 4 pounds), skin on and boned
- 1 whole chicken (about 3 pounds), skin on and boned, or 4 chicken breasts (about 6 ounces each), skin on and boned

- Salt
- Ground black pepper
- 2 to 4 tablespoons vegetable oil
- 2 large carrots, peeled and diced
- 1 medium onion, peeled and diced
- 3 ribs celery , diced
- 1/2 teaspoon ground cloves
- 1/4 cup dry white wine
- 2 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley
- 2 tablespoons chopped fresh winter savory
- 2 tablespoons chopped fresh thyme
- About 1 pound thinly sliced bacon
- 1 large egg, lightly beaten
- 1 tablespoon unsalted butter
- 1 tablespoon all-purpose flour
- 2 cups chicken stock
- 2 sprigs fresh parsley
- 2 sprigs fresh thyme
- 4 leaves fresh sage

Directions

1. To make the pastry, sift the flour and salt into a large mixing bowl.
2. Melt the lard in the milk, bring to a boil, and pour into the flour. With a wooden spoon, mix together quickly to form a dough; it will be quite firm, somewhat like Play-Doh. Turn the dough out onto a lightly floured work surface, and knead until

smooth. Cover loosely with plastic wrap, and let it rest on the work surface at room temperature for 20 minutes.

3. To make the filling, season the turkey and chicken all over with salt and pepper. In a large sauté pan over medium-high heat, heat 2 tablespoons of the vegetable oil. Put the turkey breast in the pan, skin-side-down, and cook until browned. Remove from the pan, and set aside. Put the chicken in the hot pan, skin-side-down, and cook until browned. Remove from the pan, and set aside along with the turkey.
4. Reduce the heat, and add about 2 more tablespoons of the vegetable oil to the pan, if necessary. Add the carrots, onion, and celery, and cook for about 5 minutes until softened, stirring frequently to keep from browning. Season with salt and pepper, and stir in the cloves. Add the wine, stirring to deglaze (to

loosen the browned bits on the bottom of the pan), and simmer for about 5 minutes, until reduced by half. Transfer the vegetables to a bowl, and set aside to cool.

5. Preheat the oven to 400°F. Grease a 9-inch springform pan with vegetable shortening.
6. On a lightly floured work surface, roll two-thirds of the pastry into a circle about 1/4 inch thick. Line the greased pan with the pastry, allowing it to hang about 1/2 inch over the sides.
7. To assemble the pie, sprinkle the bottom and sides of the pastry with about one-third of the parsley, winter savory, and thyme. Line the bottom and sides of the pastry with about one-third of the bacon. Spread one-third of the vegetable mixture on top of the bacon.
8. Lay the turkey breast, skin-side-up, atop the vegetables. It may be necessary to trim the turkey to fit, using the trimmings to fill in any gaps. Cover the turkey with another one-third of the vegetable mixture, sprinkle on another one-third of the herbs, and cover with a thin, even layer of about another one-third of the bacon.
9. Arrange the chicken, skin-side up, on top of the bacon, again trimming to fit, if necessary. Cover the chicken with the final one-third of the vegetables, herbs, and a thin, even layer of bacon.
10. Roll out the final one-third of the dough on a lightly floured work surface to form a circle about 9 inches in diameter. Brush the 1/2-inch overhang with beaten egg, drape the pastry circle over the top of the filled pan, and fold the 1/2-inch overhang over the edges of the pastry circle to seal together. Cut out any dough scraps to create decorative toppings, such as leaves, stars, or trees.

Brush the top lightly with the beaten egg.

11. Set the pie on a baking sheet, and bake for 30 minutes. Cover loosely with aluminum foil, and continue baking for about another hour. Then, check the temperature every 10 minutes or so (piercing an instant-read thermometer through the crust and into the pie) until the internal temperature reaches 155°F. Remove from the oven, and set the pie on a wire rack to allow the temperature to rise to 165°F. Cool for 1 hour before carefully releasing it from the pan.
12. While the pie cools, make the gravy. Melt the butter in a small saucepan over medium heat. Whisk in the flour until incorporated to make a blond (light-colored) roux (thickening paste). Slowly whisk in the chicken stock and simmer for 2 to 3 minutes, until thickened. Remove from the heat, add the parsley, thyme, and sage, and allow

the herbs to steep for 15 minutes. The gravy can also be prepared ahead of time and reheated just before serving.

13. To serve, set the cooled pie on a platter. At the table, cut a small hole in the top of the crust, and carefully pour in the hot gravy. Slice into wedges.

Seven Years of Service to His Country



“Peter Salem”

This famous Massachusetts Minutemen who fought alongside general Warren at Bunker Hill among other battles.

You hold in your hands a labor of love. For over a year we have brought you the history of our nation. We have learned about little known people who rose to the occasion that was handed to them and became an essential ingredient to the movement of liberty.

We have contrasted the times of our Founding Fathers with that of the tyranny of today. We have shown the qualities of the character of those who came before us to help the populace to overcome and adapt to the corruption and tyranny of today.

One by one the patriots of the nation are waking up to a world in which they are the new gypsies. Every day a new headline of injustice against any who dare utilize their Natural Rights. But you were born for this moment. You have known for a while those things are not right and there has to be a better way.

We can show you the way of our founding fathers. We can show you that the answers to the problems of today can be found yesterday. This publication is for you, the free people of this world who rise to the occasion of liberty and light the lantern in the bell tower.

We are The Pamphlet

www.THEPAMPHLET.net

