

## **Lost, then Found!**

### ***How Elektrik Jerry Lost his Faith, then Found it to his Salvation***

#### **Introduction**

*Given the disaster which 50 years of “modernism” has been to the Holy Roman Catholic Faith, this sinner’s example resembles cases of millions of fellow Roman Catholics who fell away from the Faith sufficiently to merit long pondering, by clergy and laity alike. While certain conditions in the humble author’s life defy probability to a degree which compels consideration of the existence of the Deity, regardless of one’s station, these unique combinations and events serve as gifts from Our Lord, to this prodigal son, in order that he may better comprehend AND RELATE to you, my brothers and sisters in Christ, as well as the unfortunate ones living in the states of original sin and invincible ignorance, the deadly threat to our lives and souls, both as individuals and as the great Civilization which has arisen and endured by God’s grace, which modernism, combined with the diabolic forces outside the body of Holy Church continues to pose. Saint Michael the Archangel, be with us in battle! Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners NOW! The rest of you should as well, and God willing, this little autobiographical account will help direct your attention properly...*

*--Elektrik Jerry (Gerald Edward Patrick Morris) December 12, 2011 Anno Domini*

**The Great White Stampede, TRAMPLED!**: Being born during that transitional period between what american demographers call the “Baby Boom” generation and then the clearly distinct “Generation X” or “Slackerz” generation born say between 1970 through the early 1980s simply further accentuated the basic dual, divided and paradoxical nature of my life and circumstances. I recall watching the first man step on the moon, Life Magazine featuring on its cover a Vietnamese girl running screaming stark naked up a street toward their photojournalist who immortalized her, Martin Luther King, the Brown Berets, George Wallace, the Ku Klux Klan, Lyndon Baines Johnson and Richard Nixon all as real-time childhood events. The Revolution was immanent: Free Love! Rock On! Groovy-far-out-man-Peace Bro! She Love You yeah yeah yeah-I can’t-get-no-Sat-is-fact-shun... Such was the milieu of my tender years. I was born in St. Joseph’s Hospital, June, 1962 in Fort Worth, Texas, son of two young half-Irish Roman Catholic parents who spent their childhoods during WW2, then lived lives of unparalleled material wealth for the marginally educated. Like millions of other Roman Catholic american subjects, they were subjected to social pressures which would stampede them into american suburbia, all according to cruel, cynical plans best documented by [Dr. E. Michael Jones](#) in his [Slaughter of the Cities](#). No Roman Catholic dwelling in the United States of America today can afford to remain ignorant of the subject matter of that book!

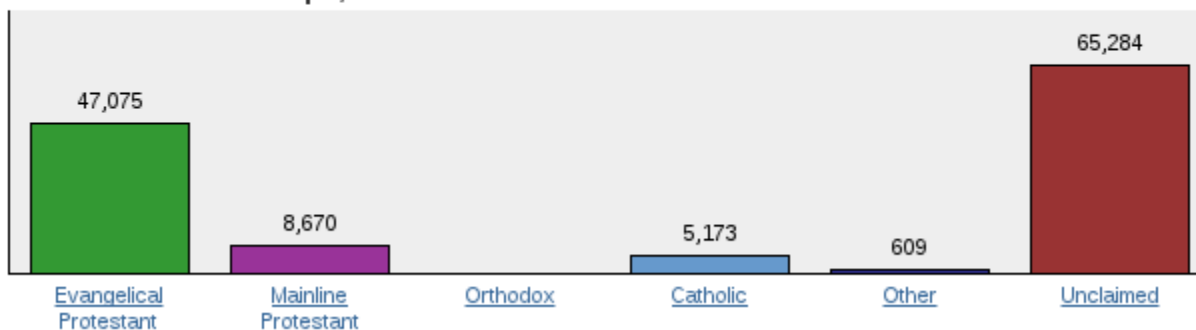
Even before the Novus Ordo coup in 1962, the american Church had drifted dangerously far away from the True Faith, under the relentless jewish-masonic pressure of “americanism”: the de facto mass religion of all anglophone North America. While Pope Leo XIII had written to James Cardinal Gibbons the Archbishop of Baltimore his *Testem Benevolentiae Nostrae*, in 1899, rightly condemning then how most of the american clergy had embraced and were espousing heretical (american-masonic) notions, these poisonous lies, actually far more toxic than the Pelagian heresy, carried on and shifted their antigen into the deadly “modernism” which has brought the Faith so close to dissolution! Suffice to say, neither of my parents, my father, a 9<sup>th</sup> grade dropout and ex-federal convict, my mother, with a high school diploma from Covington, La, had either the academic or theological tools to even comprehend what they and their children were being subjected to, let alone combat it! Worst of all, far from battling this deliberate attack on our Faith, both of my parents collaborated with it: my father wittingly, my mother through sheer Invincible Southern-Fried Ignorance at first, then later craven

american conformism.

In conformity with american “whiteness<sup>1</sup>”, the Morris Family moved to [Burleson, Tx](#) in May, 1967, just a month before my fifth birthday and the birth of my youngest sister, making a total of four children; two sons elder, two daughters the younger. With 5000 souls, 1967 Burleson, Tx had absolutely NO Catholic parish! The nearest parish, serving ALL the Faithful unfortunate/foolish enough to dwell in [Johnson County Texas](#), was [St. Joseph’s Parish](#) in Cleburne, Tx, approximately 16 miles southwest of Burleson, with a population then about 10,000. The entire county population at this time was about 45,000, out of which maybe 200 families were of the Faith. While the majority of parishioners then were white, it appears now that they must be Hispanic, which is wholly consistent with the utterly ruthless, relentless protestant-masonic war against the Faith waged in all of North Central Texas. Note the overall demographics of both county and the cities of Cleburne and Burleson Tx. While over 90% “white,” one can see that even as recently as 2000, just 5173 out of 126,811 souls

### Johnson County, Texas

Denominational Groups, 2000



or a mere 4.07% of the populace is of the Faith. Growing up there from 1967 was FAR worse, as can be seen in the table below:

<span>2000 Report</span> <span>1990 Report</span> <span>1980 Report</span> <span>1980-2000 Change</span> <span>1990-2000 Change</span>				
^ Religious Bodies	Theology	Congregations	Adherents	Adherence Rate <sup>†</sup>
Assemblies of God	Evangelical Protestant	10	1,290	19.1
Baptist Missionary Association of America	Evangelical Protestant	1	41	0.6
Catholic Church	Catholic	1	525	7.8
Christian Church (Disciples of Christ)	Mainline Protestant	2	434	6.4
Church of God (Cleveland, Tennessee)	Evangelical Protestant	4	671	9.9
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, The	Other Theology	1	317	4.7
Church of the Nazarene	Evangelical Protestant	2	108	1.6
Churches of Christ	Evangelical Protestant	15	3,530	52.2
Cumberland Presbyterian Church	Evangelical Protestant	1	174	2.6
Episcopal Church	Mainline Protestant	3	442	6.5
Lutheran Church--Missouri Synod	Evangelical Protestant	2	350	5.2
Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.)	Mainline Protestant	3	589	8.7
Seventh-day Adventist Church	Evangelical Protestant	8	3,765	55.7
Southern Baptist Convention	Evangelical Protestant	34	20,622	304.8
United Methodist Church, The	Mainline Protestant	18	5,927	87.6
<b>Totals (Unadjusted)<sup>‡</sup>:</b>		<b>105</b>	<b>38,785</b>	

There you have it! Out of 38,785 church-goers in 1980, a scarce 525, or 1.35% would admit to the True Faith of the Holy Roman Catholic Church! Sadly enough, by 1980, I no longer could be counted among those, though now you can begin to grasp ONE of the reasons WHY.

Mind you, even in what passes for “civilization” in north central Texas, the Fort Worth Dallas Metroplex being the urban center thereof, the Faith both numerically and qualitatively just barely survives. Observe how in 1980, a scant [7.1% of the populace of the Metroplex](#) counted as Faithful, ranking this urban area 178 out of the 263 counted by [A.R.D.A.](#). Such a milieu, which prioritizes football, alcoholism, firearms, adultery and money all as more estimable than serving God produced Robert Lee Morris, my father, who would be a major example and source of atheist inspiration in my life. Around the time just after my Confirmation, near the end of my 12<sup>th</sup> year, my father told me, “I don’t believe any of that bullshit at all. First, they send the priest, THEN the soldiers.” Given how between Mad Magazine and Homer, I had recently been exposed to both Classic Hellenic theology and jewish-american satire, Bobby Morris’ pronouncement on religion did MUCH to undermine the recent increase in my Faith which came of my Confirmation as Gerald Edward PATRICK Morris, Soldier of Christ in His Holy Roman Catholic Church. My mother never even heard such a blatant, frank admission from her husband, who labored to his death to keep her in an illusory existence which would have near fatal consequences to his sons after his sudden death at age 39 just 4 years after setting such a bad example to his eldest son. Yet had this been the only deleterious influence on my faith, it wouldn’t have amounted to more than a grain of sand to irritate the oyster into producing the pearl, so to speak. By NO means was my father’s “heathenism” to use his own favorite term for his worldview the most significant religious or ideological influence on young Gerald Edward Patrick Morris. For one thing, I was NOT my father’s favorite. My brother, who early on aped successfully Bobby Morris’ abusive, hypocritical and ungodly behavior, then later combined it with the rank, festering LOW church protestantism which is the predominant cult of Texas, using the fictitious character of “Archie Bunker” as an example to emulate in real life, was dear old dad’s favorite son.

I was momma’s fair-haired angel! And honestly, I really did try to be as good and angelic or rather, saintly, as I knew how to be for as long as my father lived. I DID Faithfully attend Mass when mom dragged us to the badly leavened 1970s modernist Mass at St. Anne’s in Burlson, after “Big B-town” finally had enough Faithful in and around it to merit it’s own parish. I liked reading the Baltimore Catechism, and preferred learning directly from that rather than attending once weekly evening Catechism classes taught by tired suburban white Catholic mothers to resentful, unwilling children who didn’t appreciate having “more skool” piled on top of the time spent in the secular, “public” indoctrination centers which did everything they could to DESTROY the Faith in any Catholic children so unfortunate as to be sent into these educational Molochs by ignorant, irresponsible american Catholic parents. In all truth, even as a pre-adolescent, the Lord already had blessed me with some gift of understanding beyond the Baltimore Catechism, which was resented by everyone in my family to various degrees, and FAR more deeply resented by the protestants and freemasons infesting the neighborhood of 412 S.W. Gregory st. I used to complain to mom about why I was forced to attend these public “skoolz” instead of a Catholic one, which I would have greatly preferred. Bobby Morris thought that money spent on Budweiser, bass boats, guns, motorcycles, gasoline, cars and all the rest of the worthless garbage Satan uses to fascinate his willing captive american fools rather than spend a penny on A DECENT EDUCATION FOR HIS GET! I have forgiven my poor ignorant father for this, knowing better now how bad Texas was and is, not to mention the diabolic forces which worked against him as a child, but this capacity for forgiving such gross selfish neglect TRULY is a God-given Grace!

My perceived Purpose for Being, by both progenitors, was to Make Good Grades which they could

show off to their moronic, ignorant friends, to Assume Parental Responsibility for the Younger Siblings, so that both of my younger sibling parents wouldn't have to do their job, and above all, LIVE TO FILL THE SHOES OF MY DEAD UNCLE NAMESAKE WHO CROAKED 10 DAYS BEFORE MY BIRTH! So I had a "saint" as a template which I was being hacked into conformance to, Procrustes style. My father's mother, generally resented by all the Morris Family, with me the least guilty of this, further provided the emotional "guidance" to walk in "Saint Uncle Jerry's" loafers. And for the most part, with his name, his books to read, his mother still alive on top of my own, his younger brother who was protected by Saint Uncle Jerry against "Evil Uncle Charlie," the eldest brother who resented Youngest Brat Bobby and made it felt, deservedly in my opinion, all doing their utmost to reward me for acting like a Saint, and punish me for acting like a child Texan, (except when they really were doing the opposite, and clearly rewarding my sibs for being child-Texans and punishing me for resenting it), I went along with being A Good Irish Catholic Son. In overwhelmingly vicious, No Nothing North Central Texas. Those of you somewhat familiar with that region by now might be getting a fuzzy picture of How it Was. Truly, I was a Suffering Little Christ indeed! With plenty of demons to pile it on too.

Speaking of demons, this is a good place to mention that there really were some of these messing with me as a little kid. When we first moved to Burleson, Tx, I sensed even as mom drove us up to where the house on 412 S.W.Gregory st would be, EVIL! I was, and still am, VERY SENSITIVE, which is one reason why I use dope to control pain, and thank the Lord and Our Mother that it's available! I was also quite sickly as a child, doubtless due to having to breathe my father's filthy tobacco smoke, as all children were expected to back then without complaint. This combination is one which demons just LOVE to use to really get at Little Ones, taking possession of them if they can. Thank God that the nightmares I was having so badly terrified me into stretching my congested little lungs to their absolute maximum before SCREAMING FOR MY LIFE as I would often awaken OUTSIDE MY BODY, usually floating above it by the ceiling, and seeing AWFUL LOOKING THINGS near me, which my childhood mind censored into "Smoky the Bear" for lack of ability to actually process just WHAT I was REALLY seeing. They would pull me out of my body, which is what would awaken me. They also would come out of the east wall of my bedroom, which was on the east edge of the house, to put in their appearance. My little brother, Chris, also would see them, though he saw them coming out of an old lamp our grandmother had given us on several occasions. He called them "The Humpies" and the "88-Ohs" when he got his diabolic visitations. They never terrified him though, a fact which later would show in all sorts of sinister ways.

Thank God and Holy Church for those little prayerbooks which they used to give all little Catechists! By my 7<sup>th</sup> year, I was able to read my prayers quite well, and Mom gave me first her, then later my dad's prayerbook, which was blessed, to place under my pillow. I learned the Lord's Prayer and Hail Mary right off as soon as I got dad's book, and banished those demons right out of my night, praise God! So you see, I KNEW there was PLENTY "behind the Veil" and never quite forgot this, though I would come to DENY it as a young A-DOLT. Other folks also noted my Gift, almost all of them except my Aunt Pat and great-Aunt Mildred being utterly malevolent. We'll get there in due course.

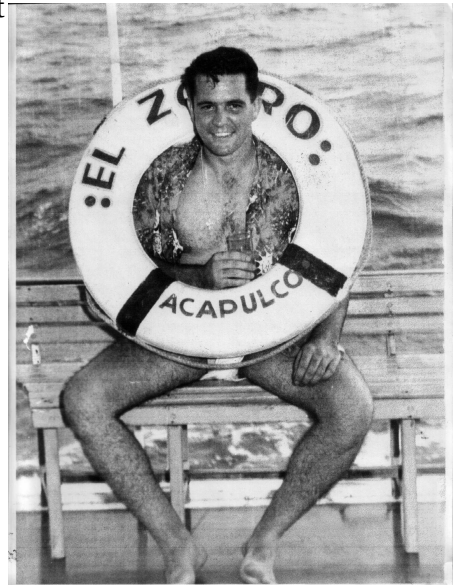
Because of my Gift, I was initially TERRIFIED of the demoniacally bent, unhappy soul who was to become the REAL paternal role model whom I would seek to emulate and adored through my adolescence, my Uncle Earl John Chatellier. Also called "Uncle Tarzan" by most of the young savages who were my mom's nieces and nephews, "Uncle Earl" acted as the Patriarchal Archetype for the Chatellier Family in Madisonville, La, where my mother was born and grew up. Like most of southern Louisiana, the Faith has considerably greater presence and influence in Madisonville than in Burleson, Tx. (Hell has more Faithful than Burleson, Tx for that matter.) Now I know that maternal uncles have

traditionally acted as paternal supplements among we Gaels, so this matter was rooted deeply in tradition, right down to the DNA. There is no mistaking that I resemble my Uncle more than my father, as can be seen in these pictures. Note the omnipresence of ethanolic libations. Both men were



*Earl Chatellier posing (left) with Jerry Morris after a successful gator hunt, August, 1982*

sots. Despite enormous effort perpetrated by sundry relatives, then masonic malefactors to make a sot of Elektrik Jerry, the Lord has protected him from that particular, hideous state, in part by making opiates available as a mercy for physical pain. In this, I resemble my junky maternal grandmother, who also slugged down her paregoric regularly, with aspirin and caffeine. I also am blessed with her hair color longevity, and a number of other traits.



*Robert Lee Morris, 1960, 1 year before marriage, Acapulco, deep sea fishing.*

Uncle Earl and Bobby Morris had much more in common even than fondness for booze and boon diversions like hunting and fishing. Both were 9<sup>th</sup> grade expellees from Catholic high schools, which had offered them their last chance at education after their antics had got them barred from the public indoctrination establishments. Both graduated from this to short prison sentences which served to keep them somewhat within the bounds of the law thereafter. Like my dad, Uncle Earl was a talented technologist who was hampered by his severe lack of education. Both of my father figures had prodigious personal arsenals, on the order of about 30 guns each. Uncle Earl likewise shared my father's contempt for the Church and Faith, but UNLIKE my father, he had gone so far as to get a bit of ideology: WHITE SUPREMACISM! Mind you, my father's whole motive for dragging his brood to Burlson, Tx, was to "save the kids from the niggers." and as one can see from the demographic data linked to earlier, this he certainly succeeded at. Ironically enough, his business, Morris Dental Laboratory, prospered in Fort Worth's most infamous "red light district" on E. Lancaster Ave., which abounded in all manner of "colorful characters" of the sort we see in Tucson only hanging around Midtown Liquor, or a few blocks of South Park or S 6<sup>th</sup> Avenues. This too would have an effect, more healthy than otherwise as we shall see!

Unlike the Morris Family, the Chatelliers lived over 25 mi from the nearest urban area, New Orleans, across lake Ponchartrain in far more isolated Madisonville. It was also far more INTEGRATED, despite the vigor of Bobby Shelton's United Klans of America, which was the Klan my Uncle Earl had been initiated into, courtesy of his Southern Baptist sow of a wife, my Aunt Sue. While Earl Chatellier doubtless was willing, it was his spouse who provided the encouragement and connections to get him initiated to this outer circle form of freemasonry. Thus, a man of Irish, Acadian French, (possibly crypto-jewish too!) and Sicilian ancestry joined this "brotherhood" purporting to uphold the supremacy of the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant! It couldn't, and didn't last a lifetime, thank God, but it lasted long enough to have maximal effect on myself. I thank the Lord that I saw Uncle Earl very accurately despite all his boon bullshit, namely, as a drunken ignorant buffoon hick not to be taken entirely seriously. So when he taught me the Klan Handshake, I DID NOT MAINTAIN THE DESIRED SECRECY, but rather made a joke of it. This would be seen by sundry evildoers as a disqualification

of myself from their filthy organizations, for which I DEEPLY THANK GOD TO MY LAST BREATH! DEO GRATIAS!

Uncle Earl, UNLIKE Bobby Morris wrote prodigiously, though like him in a crude block print style which was more legible when Uncle Earl was sober. I was a major “beneficiary” of these Epistles of Saint Earl, and at age 12, they served to inspire me to actually check out and read ALL the revolutionary authors I could find. Satan provided well in this regard too. The lesbian-spinster middle school librarian, Miss Turner had stocked Pauline G. Hughes Middle School library with Mao, Marx, Hitler, Sun Tzu, Samuel Griffith’s translations of Mao’s Notes on Guerrilla warfare and the stock WW2 and earlier histories too. In addition to Mein Kampf and The Little Red Book, the 2 most influential works to my 12-13 yr old mind, I learned of the San Patricio Battalion, which was like 104 octane racing gasoline on the fires of my hatred for my numerous protestant persecutors. Uncle Earl’s embrasure of protestantism was his worst sin in my book, despite all his “good intentions” and support. At least Dad’s simple heathenism was neutral. He despised the protties too, but just as much did he loathe the Church. I recall his cousin, Phil Fraunabarger attending my Confirmation, but not my dad, where I chose the name Patrick for what now should be an obvious reason. It was in discussion of prottie vs. Catholic that my dad admitted his practical atheism to me soon after that very Confirmation.

From this point, my 12<sup>th</sup> to 16<sup>th</sup> year, my Faith would steadily and rapidly crumble under the double example of both of my paternal role models combined with 1970s style secularism as taught in the public schools. My having a Klansman for a relative first drew obvious, specifically jewish attention against me, which pumped me into a higher quantum of “threat” than what I had been previously considered as. This resulted in yet more beatings, at the hands of older gangster types, none of which exactly endeared either jews or protestants to me. Despite Uncle Earl’s exhortations, and even my father’s contempt for zionoids, (Dad always referred to that region as PALESTINE, rightly telling me about how after WW2, jews grabbed turf there from the natives, just like america and white folks, but for dirty religious reasons which discredited them in his opinion.) I really didn’t know anything much about jews, as of course any such study is either considered “hate” or is so loaded in favor of them as to induce all-american judeophilic groveling. I wouldn’t bother paying much attention to jewry until my 25<sup>th</sup> yr., when a cabal of some plotted to blackball and if opportunity presented itself, maybe murder me. Then I started to learn about some very real persecutors and enemies. This didn’t make the Faith appear to me in a good light to me at that time, just as my tormentors designed.

Despite all the atheist pressure, I didn’t completely let my Faith go even when my father died suddenly on Memorial Day, 1978, at just 39 years of age. I had been warning him for the past year that he was begging for a heart attack, and when it came, I wasn’t surprised by that, but was still traumatized by the situation it left me in. Seeing your father into the ground despite your fervid prayers not to let it be so will try the Faith of almost anyone, and it made a big gouge in what already was a very small thing in my case. But all along, understand this: positive atheist influence NEVER amounted to more than a MINOR inducement to abandon the Faith. GIVING GOD A BAD NAME: IE. ubiquitous protestant hypocrisy combined with the weak tea of modernism were the REAL REASONS for my loss of Faith.

I was confirmed by Bishop John J. Cassada with Fr. Michael Irwin as rector of our brand new St. Anne’s Parish in Burleson, Tx, in 1975, near the end of my 12<sup>th</sup> year. Soon after that, we had visited on us a priest better suited to the weak, rotten state of the Faith among “Catholics” dwelling in Burleson, Tx: Fr. Leon Flusche. This fat, drunken, pot-puffing, long-haired, hippie priest has already made quite the reputation for himself at Holy Name Parish in Ft. Worth, where my paternal grandmother among many other widows may well have enjoyed entirely too much of this evil man’s “love” in the Confessional. My mom, who despised the Novus Ordo ordure, calling it “hootnanny church” was no

fan of Fr. Leon, or of hippies ever. In fact, she hated them so vehemently that it helped decide me markedly in favor of becoming one, once I began to see through her after my dad kicked the bucket. Be this as it was, Leon Flusche flushed the last remnants of the Morris Family Catholicism down the drain, even before he got caught for impregnating a divorced episcopalian “convert” to the Faith in the Confessional! But the bible-thumpers had left very little Faith to be flushed by 1980 in the Morris household. Mom stopped going to Mass after 1979, and hasn’t gone back yet. NONE of my younger siblings ever bothered to read their Baltimore Catechisms even before my father’s demise in 1978. Like her own foolish mother, my mom saw nothing wrong with her offspring mingling in the evil company of protestants, despite her specifically telling ME it WAS WRONG, when I was just 6 yrs old! In all truth, my mother’s telling me, “We are French Roman Catholics and NOT WHITE TRASH like those Baptists....” served well enough to instill in me at any rate some pride in being of our ancient, rich, civilized and above all TRUE Faith, despite the fact that she would lose all her own with the likes of Leon Flusche and all the active proselytizing protestant neighbors and such doing devil’s work on me, but far more on all of my younger sibs.

The neighbors all JUST HATED me, but they knew better than to try their stupid quack heretic bullshit with me. It NEVER has worked on me, and thank God, NEVER WILL! But it made an unbridgeable (by Man) chasm open between myself and the rest of them back in Texas. At this point, I don’t even miss my mom much, and never have cared whether my two sisters were even breathing, as a consequence of their eager embrasure of every lie and slander their protestant and masonic pals could feed into their tiny, filthy minds regarding myself. With monsters like Texas protestants worshipping “Gawd” and “Jayzuss” and thumping “Thuh Bahbuhl” is it any wonder that anything pertaining to the Lord would be seen by my grieving youthful and isolated self as JUST MONSTROUS EVIL AND HYPOCRISY?! Oh Satan was dancing with glee over my predicament by 1980, when Reagan came.

Many foolish american Catholics consider Reagan somehow a good thing for the Faith and Church. Such dangerous delusions make Satan’s job so much easier! While I had already seen the evil little tracts from Jack Chick during most of my adolescence in Burtleson Tx., these “evangelicals” became a serious, sometimes perhaps deadly menace to the Faithful once George H. W. Bush became Vice-President of the U.S., with an idiot Boss who would consider the kinds of crude Know-Nothingism



*Typical Romophobic filth of the sort which floods Burtleson, Tx. Chick Publications is a CIA front by the way.*