

*Created by  
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## *Are We Ready To Start Our Engines?*

*November 20, 2010*

*Hello my Dear Lord of Love and Peace,*

*Thank You! I knew You could get the waves moving back in the right direction. Sorry, I don't actually have a jet pack. I'd probably just end up in the water anyway, so you would have to bring Your boat. You can just pick me up on this side; it all looks the same after fourteen years of trying to hide. (Now everything is happening as in letters I first wrote.)*

*I know that probably wouldn't be exciting enough for someone of Your Fame. Sorry, I couldn't afford to go to the game. I'm waiting for my interests to reach ultimate gains. Maybe we can start Your New Legacy with a new name. Then I'll go to Central America to Costa Rica and fly on the zip lines again. The fun in the sun has finally begun. Let's bring some books and Eye Doctors for the children. How about some childcare facilities so the mummies can spend nights with the ones that they love.*

*Those Big Boys from my time have the right idea – franchising players. That's what I can be considered – a franchised player. For me I guess that would work out fair; if everyone would want to share. Imagine what it*

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could do to the games. Even if they only franchised for one game after the Superbowl it would test everyone's strength and performance. It would enhance the knowledge of each other's endurance. Just imagine – the ultimate players for the ultimate game that would lead to the greatest powers topping out faming their names.

Do You think that would work out better for me than getting married? @ Swami used to tell me it's useless for me to marry unless it's to a man that can protect my children and me. Just as it takes to a heart to heal, sometimes it takes the whole world to raise a child; along with a parent, village and country. Everyone knows it's not just about having fun; it's who takes up the responsibility and unconditionally loves. You are the protector of the land and the people; can You protect my children and me? How about those that may be Chinese and are of multiples of twins or more that were born this year or even five years ago? I can hear the crying of fear from their love and their souls. Can our Tunnels of Love move these children through, so that they can start a life anew? Maybe sometimes life is better if it's life on the other side.

I don't understand when they hacked in with their game finished slogan, why the attack on my computer until it's dead and gone. My Dear Friends, show the true color of Your Eyes. Send me a new computer, or four or five. Everyone knows I don't have rules that I follow, except one;

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hurting girl players like me is never allowed. No harm done is where my proposal begun. That's a rule that gives respect to all Mothers that has to be followed. We can wrestle around in the sky on the land and underground, but sooner or later it's still left up to me, so if I want to save children of multiples that are Chinese – let it be!

Maybe it's like it is with me, being left out and rammed endlessly. It may be the younger one that steps up to save the whole world from the self-mutilation of greed. It may be the one that's always pushed around, rammed and ran down, that learns from the multiple siblings' jealousy and rescues the world, lifts up everybody and sets all living entities free. Please don't let anything happen to these children born and corrupted by the world's duplicity. It's the way children are taught and raised that sets a model for the world to see.

My Dear Lord of Love and Peace, can You help these frightened souls be free? Can You grab hold and stop this corruption that is leading to all of our destruction. The its are back at the printers it seems; please save us all from that torturous team. That's one cargo to stop and leave in a blaze. Please give justice to all and give God's righteousness praise. Those presses should not have been put in operation again. That's where I don't like seeing anything spent, especially since we have dire needs for restrictions and containment. If this passes through there'll be no future

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children; then what shall we all have left to do. I am left only to humbly beg mercy from You.

After being sent a message to always try and grab hold the next message rings clear, but confusing to ear. Then a short hollowing tour and a Motherly wave still caught in my eye "It's not always nicer on the other side; Bye, Bye!" left me lamenting how hard to love so much, and how sad it would be to not be given the time to wave and say one's Good-Byes!

The first message is the one that led me to here and keeps me striding even though there's always great fear. Over-stricken with pain, bent down to the ground I realized there was nothing else left in life to gain. We've discovered the cures but greed as it conquered left jealousy with fears. I had to stand up; I could not hide; I had to at least try because the message was one that would lead to all of our final Good-Byes - if I die; everyone dies!

So, now as I sit thinking of dangers because of heightened currency, I think back at last year as we neared a new decade. I made more plans, protests and proposed and proposed - it's not just Detroit, it's the whole Earth we need to save! I looked at this new decade to come and collapsed to the ground into swirling convulsions; throwing a fit like a child that's been left with no Mother. Lying with my body parallel to the Earth; it

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was like I had never taken birth and my heart had been pulled out with a crane without any feeling of shame. I yelled and I screamed - I don't want to, I don't have to and I'm not going to! This was all in just thinking about the needed association and collaboration to get things worked out.

Now I think back and wonder if that's how it feels, for a child left lonely and lost from the endless love that usually serves them comfort and meals. I finally stood back up, but lost and confused. I didn't know who's who or who to turn to. All I knew as I took that first shaky step is that if I didn't at least try, the whole world and I would simply just die. . .

So now my promotions once again make monetary gain for all except me, originator of those plans. You can see why at eighteen an offering of a million was next to nothing because it's obvious three decades later I'm worth trillions. They can take all of my money and give it out free, but that was not my intentions for these struggling families or for me. We want to be included in progresses made. We don't need all of the hand outs when we've worked hard every day. This is all ours; not just theirs to gain false egos and PR. They have stolen from me all of my ideas; they have no right to prosper and give any away freely when they can't even honor respectfully. This honor is meant for us all to take hold!

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Too bad all of the money, the jewels and the gold, will be useless if we don't hurry and take hold. The child I conceived while living on the Temple Site is having dreams of what's to be and to hear it gives me much fright "running around trying to save frogs as they bloat and pop into the air". I never had told my children the truth of our home in the hills or of our land. I thought it was all in God's Hands. My children would never believe the connections we have. As we were ripped from our land it took most of the faith that we had. They would never listen to me if I tried to explain. No one wants to hear the sound of the current conditions or of the risk to future generations. No one wants to hear of how the greed and over currency will destroy all of our family jewels.

Even now this old house I live in is humming with voltage. It started not too long ago. It's one of their old promotions, to make any knower one with the current until it builds up and blows. Or perhaps I can hear the conditions of tunnels below. So many lives lost; now it's come down to me. I gave to everyone and helped in different ways equally. If this is what is chosen to be, then all will soon follow me. I tried to warn everybody of conditions as they are, will soon make our babies pop in sunlight, and for us, well. . . we might make it into the night. . . just long enough for one last breath and one last sight.

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*My Dearest Lord of Love and of Peace, You can save so many, but can You save me? The greed and fear has to end somewhere. I offered You all of value that I have. What else is it that You would like from me? I came up with a couple of really cool ideas today. Will I be allowed to live long enough to propose and put them into play? So many ways in which I need to be saved; it's a good thing Lord Siva took me down into those caves. He gave to me His best because He could see I was so distraught from worrying about the people's lives and the bees and their hives.*

*Yes, His best is some of the greatest technology and should be appreciated with gracious gratitude offered back, but gifts from the DemiGods are only temporary just as our life on this Earth. My gift of planting trees and trumpet lilies is from Motherly Love – the closest love to pure love of God. That is why it was given to me, because I would think of everybody. I forbid the use of the technology I proposed in my car, the OOLala, unless we combine and can save this world, but there is no use if we keep going too deep or too far. Too deep and too far must be defined and adjusted as conditions change, just like constitutions that are outdated due to time and circumstances and need be rearranged. Yes, the pole is our inner security, but even if four claim it they take the final risk consequently. The Pillars of Power must be planted to insure protection perpetually. Look at the names and think about that. Look again at the*

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names and now look away. Now look not at the names. See who/what is missing. Eventually the ones that claim will owe all to the names of what we don't see. Can four afford this? I propose this to be the ultimate idiocracy?

True honor must be given to those with true intentions. Otherwise it's just calendar days away as we watch our life's goals and species end. I was really hoping for reciprocation; I am depending on everyone for their participation. The gold is piled up; let's just take a backhoe and load up. Melt it down and spread it around. Put it on the domes and in everyone's teeth. There'll even be enough left over to bedeck our loved ones in jewels. What's the use of anything if it just sits unused? We all end up losing our true life's value.

I still have a little bit of faith. Here, I'll give it to You to make sure I'm also taken care of. It contains some lust and commotion, but is embedded with lots of true love. I'll give You my control if You can take hold. Otherwise, You may want to insist on franchising me. I've worked hard and do deserve credits and gains, but I also have requests that honor is reciprocated as in my original plans. It was due to the true determination and dedication that I saw that made me step up and give it my all. If one's ideas are just taken and used without giving credit and honoring true intentions, the results won't be the same and will be

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*temporary; eventually having no true gain and will lead us all to deathly pain.*

*Now everyone can see why when I first wrote with request that it is just better to say – okay Sala, fill out this quick form and we'll process it immediately, today. I thought I was just being a spoiled brat, imagine that. I had forgotten about what was planned for me in the past. I really did not remember that it was me assigned to the lively hood of the blast. What kind of fate do I have? Do You think I can last?*

*My persistency seems to never disappear, and now I have knowledge of the truth from the confusion left in my ears. Just think what life would be like without pollutant-free pure Russian Vodka. No one would ever make love, there would only be war. What's the use of money without love; we'd be better off poor. Please my Dear Lord of Love and Peace, plant pure fields of corn for our Friends and Folks we adore. I'm going to start calling You the Lord of More & More. Whenever I think of You I think of getting more and more.*

*I promised to rise above it all and be neutral. It's not always easy to do. I have decided to do it with my Auto Museum on Belle Isle. In fact, I've decided to have all different types of vehicles. That's one of my new promotions – to make Belle Isle a Vehicle Heaven for everyone. There*

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*will be a Sports Car Heaven, a Luxury Car Heaven, an Old Car Heaven, a Truck Heaven, an Old Truck Heaven, and of course we have to have the Wings of Heaven. This is more of what I think everyone would want. There are you all happy? I even gave in of my selected old truck museum and researched and gave way to everyone's desire. That's about it; I don't think I can rise any higher. Want to come visit my Vehicle Heaven. (Do I get to drive?)*

*I still don't have my car, so I can't drive to the games. Come pick me up with Your favorite form of transportation. It's all the same to me; part of God's creation. I was there when the lone star speedway first opened. I listened to the first engines that brought the first cars in. I listened to the engines as they started. I listened to the engines as they purred and as they roared. I listened to the engines as they loaded up and headed back down the road home.*

*One of the girls gave me some great advice. She told me it was always good to remember the players and drivers and to remember faces and names. So then after that at all the next races and great places, I went down to see the faces and meet the names. I shook hands and received hugs, love and knowledge first hand. They lifted me and carried me as we praised pride of our land. They taught me so well - first stop and listen!*

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*Listen!!! When we start our engines, we need to listen to them purr before we even try to make them roar.*

*Now it's time to get started and turn on the ignitions. One, two, three, start the engines! We can't reach finishing before our engines have purred. We have a lot of team work to perform to make a strong core before we can bring our engines back to a roar. When we reach old contacts we can't forget the ones during past decades that kept us all intact. Give thanks to those Captains, Lieutenants, and crews at sea. They steer the engines that are a lot of the answers to what will be.*

*It's time to get started! Is Everybody Ready? Start Your Engines! Wait!!! Where's my car. I need one first! Hey, don't forget me! I had to rise above it all and think neutrally. You all elect to choose the car that's appropriate for me. Remember I said as I first danced in with great demands and grace – I want to race!*

*Love You All Always*

*Lala*