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DEAREST DIANA

earest Diana,

You thought you entered a marriage. Instead, you entered a centuries old lie. How could you have known? You were a prepped and prodded, illusion prone adolescent with tremendous hopes and an innocent heart. Your husband refused to give up the mistress. From day one he broke the marriage covenant and shamelessly used you as a sacrificial breeder and birth machine. After the obscene wedding farce, you were forbidden to live your truth or speak your mind. The ridiculously over the top wedding dress instantly gave it away. It was so obviously their dress and it completely wore you down and blotted you out. No wonder you felt like a lamb led to the slaughter.

George VI had been made to stutter and you, for a while, wound up virtually autistic. A sick and dissociated environment tends to draw out healthy people's reactions of sickness and dissociation and being made a dupe is dangerous for everybody's health. You were discrete and adapted to royal pathology. You took on responsibility that did not belong to you, just like our friend Marvin Gaye before you. You carried the unfelt, unacknowledged shame of the shameless Windsors and choose to hurt yourself by way of bulimia. Your husband watched a young girl drown, pushed her down every time she tried to come up for air, and then coldly walked away.

Wisely you went outside the unsympathetic environment and sought help. The more you escaped the suffocating hypocrisy, the more you began to bloom, the more beloved you became, the more your envious husband and his envious spin squad dragged you into a petty, mean spirited power struggle. The prince—the pretender, the betrayer, and the creator of the problem—deemed you a problem, and used mass media lackeys to do his dirty skunk work, without any regard for the feelings of your children. I have witnessed hundreds of couples rise above immaturity and reactivity. They became mindful, responsible, and effective in their marriage. Yet your husband merely revived Charles I and engaged in some more character assassination.

Charles Windsor shot himself in the foot and lost all credibility. Never mind his friendship with child procurers and child sex abusers, never mind his status as royal arms dealer to Saudi brothers in arms who finance perpetual war in the Middle East, never mind the many other secret, dark shenanigans. Why would anyone revere this calculated trickster?

You believed you became part of a family. Instead, you had entered a centuries old malignant cult. For more than a thousand years, British royal children in line to the throne had been born from loveless sex. They were raised by unfeeling guardians in a closed system of illogical thinking that demanded excessive admiration of the idea of divine monarchy and blind obedience to a perfect, superior, absolute monarch.

The children were indoctrinated according to hidden royal agendas and secret royal practices and stripped of identity, selfhood, and choice. They were systematically kept dependent and were exposed to physical, emotional, spiritual and/or sexual abuse. Anyone who objected was threatened with ostracism, if not death.¹Through your mere being you exposed the true colors of the members of the malignant cult. Your inner and outer beauty made them look nasty and mediocre, your honesty and authenticity highlighted their lies and duplicity, your natural love for your sons showed them cold as ice, your natural love for the people made them look disabled and irrelevant, your brave campaigning for peace and against landmines made them look like the war-profiteers and eugenicists they are. The contrast between you and the cult was at once terrifying and enraging for the cult members. When you could no longer be possessed, demeaned, or corrupted, you had to be destroyed.

The controlling agent in this Brunswick-Hanover-Saxe-Coburg-Gotha dynasty is primitive fight-flight reactivity and elimination, never reconciliation and win-win outcome. British royals refuse, in the words of Martin Luther King, to rise from the dark depths of prejudice, inequality and racism—monologue—to the majestic heights of understanding and brotherhood—dialogue. All they did was show more of the same reptilian colors. Clearly it was much easier for them to keep cowering in the old brain and find salvation in exorcising their inner civil war onto others.

On the very same morning your sons William and Harry were told their Mommy had died, they were forced to go to church as if nothing had happened. The boys' family demanded that the undoubtedly devastated children act as if they had not incurred an unspeakable loss. In their shattering hour the family honored ritual and ignored the boys' needs. There was no mourning in the church. No one mentioned Mommy. No tears were shed. It was bizarre and it showed how

profoundly false royal relationships are. Instead of allowing the children to mourn in private for as long as they needed, they were forced to go on public display and walk past the sea of flowers honoring you at the gate of Kensington Palace. They could not burst into tears, wail, withdraw, or do whatever children do after the loss of their mother. Again it showed how profoundly exploitative royal relationships are. Your young boys were treated as objects to suit the needs of the monarchy, not as human children. The show must go on, the tightly fitted mask is never allowed to slip.

*"...any alteration to the royal routine produces the same effect on the family as sunlight on a vampire."*²

You, dearest Diana, would be the first to know.

As human beings it is our ultimate purpose to become fully human. "To be called human beings we must be living authentically as human beings"³

*"For one human being to love another human being: that is perhaps the most difficult task that has been entrusted to us, the ultimate task, the final test and proof, the work for which all other work is merely preparation."*⁴

It did not matter that they wore tiaras or had fancy titles. The Windsors failed the young impressionable girl, failed your two motherless boys, failed the final test and proof called love, failed humanity. Why would anyone revere this dynasty of calculated tricksters?

You, dearest Diana, did way more than just your best. You bravely, brilliantly, and majestically rose above monarchy. You served humanity and the human part in us.

Tyrants will go as far and wide as the people allow them to go. Every tyrant has a willful or gullible enabler; every malignant cult has a network of willful and gullible colluders. You said stop. You exposed the deadly dangers of being made into a dupe. You stopped playing the royal game. You showed the power of speaking out and speaking truth. You did not allow the dynasty to dictate your reality. You took your mind back. You took your life back. You recovered against all odds.

You touched people and went on your knees in front of a wheelchair-bound blind man. You allowed him to touch you. You knew from the depth of your being that the allegiance needs to be with true self, love, and dialogue. Only then do we fulfill our unique destiny.

I am so very sorry you died for the sins of the malignant cult and its willing hostages in the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and all other territories of the ongoing British Empire who seek comfort in pathological belonging. Like the Gay family they love and obey the tyrant in the face of child sacrifice and like the Gay family they too deny, minimize, and rationalize the impact of the pathology of the tyrant and teach their children not to question, submit to violence, and commit violence.

In their gutless dependency and lack of sober and rational reasoning, hostages of the malignant cult fail to realize that they voluntarily fork over millions to protect the British royals and their royal palaces while they are not protected themselves. They too shamelessly hand out the license to kill. If only you could have found protection and safety in mindful, aware numbers.

Thank you, dearest Diana for your profound show and tell.

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- 1 Besides writing from professional experience with cult members, I closely followed the definition of cult from *Recovery From Cults*, Edited by Michael D. Landone, 3–5.
 - 2 Andrew Morton, *Theirs Is The Kingdom: The Wealth of the British Royal Family*, 22
 - 3 Frederick Franck, *To be Human Against All Odds*, 178
 - 4 Rainer Maria Rilke, *Letters to a Young Poet*, 68