

# *AS IN THE DAYS OF NOAH*



Part 4

# YAHUAH'S OASIS

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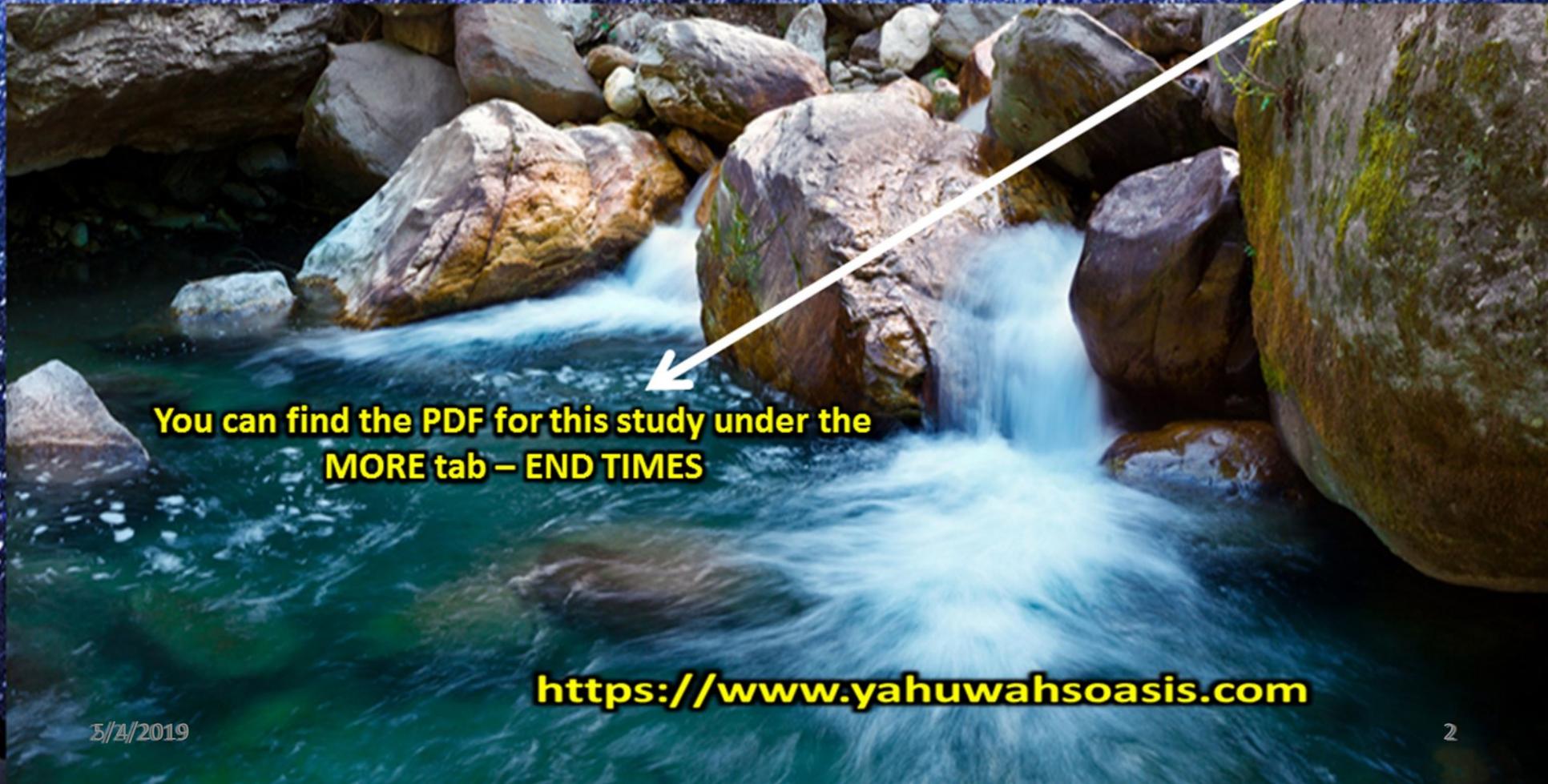
PRAISE MUSIC

APPOINTED TIMES (FEASTS)

THE COVENANT

GENESIS

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**You can find the PDF for this study under the  
MORE tab – END TIMES**

**<https://www.yahuwahsoasis.com>**



## Yahuah's Chokmah PRO

Joined 4 years ago | United States

Chokmah is Hebrew for wisdom and all praise to Yahuah for leading us in our quest for that.

 Yahuah's Oasis

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2/08/2019  
5/4/2019

We continue with  
**DISAPPEARANCES!**

## Walloomsac Inn in Bennington, VT



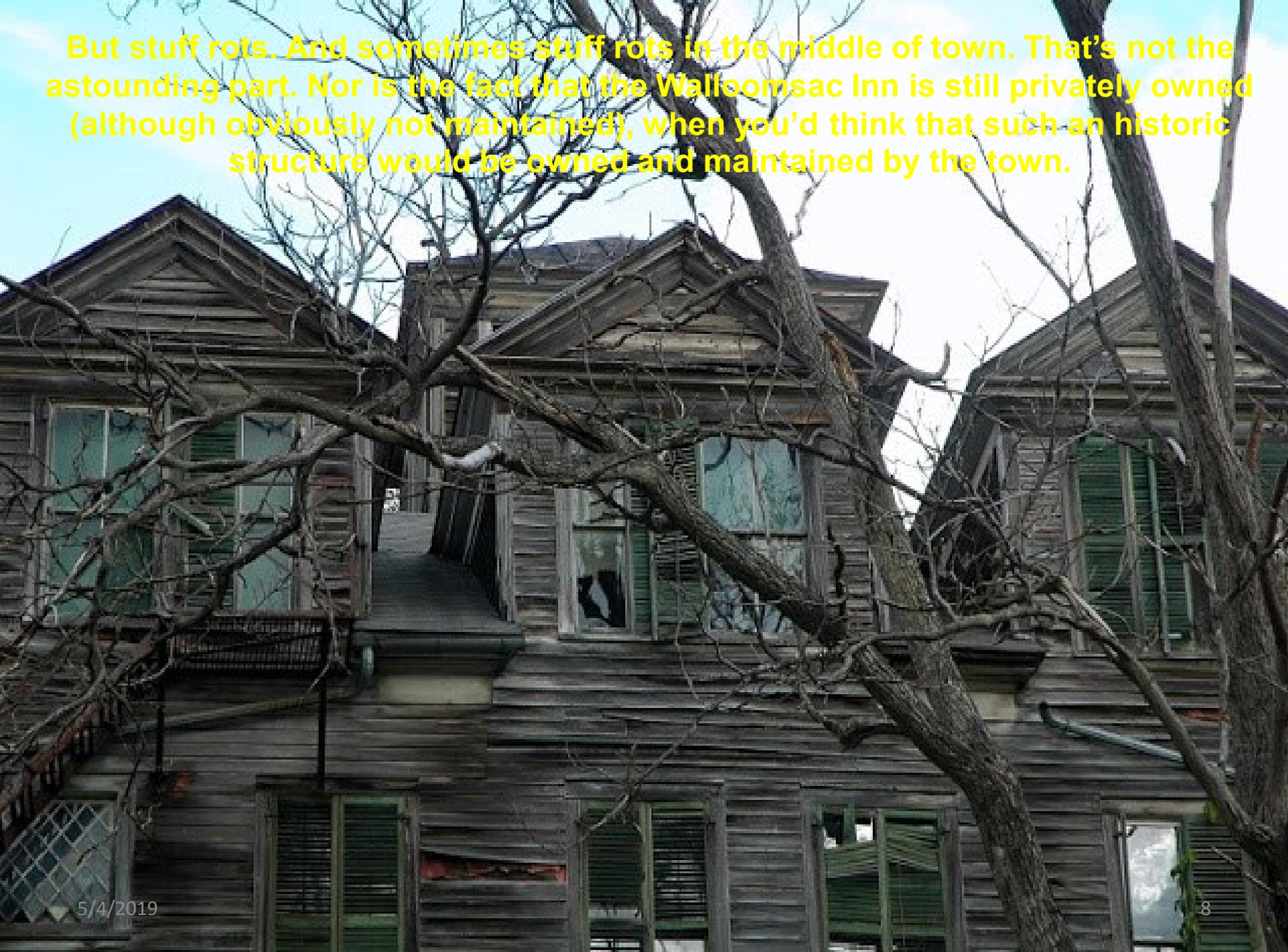
<http://www.oddthingsiveseen.com/2012/09/stopping-by-haunted-house-walloomsac-inn.html>



The idyllic white church is located at 1 Monument Circle, but directly across the circle, a mere couple dozen or so steps away, is this massive, decay-gray building that was once the Walloomsac Inn. The edifice is three stories of cracked windows, crooked shutters, and rotting boards, making the close arrangement of the two buildings the architectural equivalent of an angel on one shoulder and a devil on the other.

The inn was built in 1771 by a Captain Elijah Dewey, who was the son of one of the ministers at the Old First Church. From there, it got passed through a few families where it was added onto and given its current name. The last owner was Walter Berry, who bought it in 1891. They say presidents have stayed at the inn; the ones most often cited being Rutherford B. Hayes and William Henry Harrison, as well as Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, who stayed there before they were presidents.

**But stuff rots. And sometimes stuff rots in the middle of town. That's not the astounding part. Nor is the fact that the Walloomsac Inn is still privately owned (although obviously not maintained), when you'd think that such an historic structure would be owned and maintained by the town.**



**But here's the kicker. People live there. Cannibals, I assume. Or at least the characters from that *Home* episode of *The X-Files*. Walking by, we saw a few fresh plants and a nice blue birdhouse adorning the porch. From what I've read online, the ones who still live there are the descendants of Walter Berry himself.**



REWARD, \$5,000.00  
IF FOUND ALIVE

# MISSING PERSON

REWARD, \$2,000.00  
IF FOUND DEAD



Specimen of Handwriting  
and Printing

*Paula Jean Weiden*  
*Bennington College*  
*Bennington*  
*Vt.*

*79 - 12 Jan 10 NPM*

*I COULD MAKE IT DEAD  
FOR 79-12 - JAN 10 NPM  
CND ATTORNEY WHO WENT*



PAULA JEAN WEIDEN



Paula Jean Weiden, 15 yrs., 5'2", 122 lbs., blond hair, long bob, blue eyes, fair complexion with much color, features regular, nose slightly "turned up", cleft in chin. Grayish scar on left knee, vaccination mark right thigh, small scar above left eye under eyebrow. Walks with a long springy step, has erect carriage. Athletic type.

DENTAL CHART ON BACK OF CIRCULAR

Paula Jean Weiden, Brookdale Road, Stamford, Conn., a student at Bennington College, Bennington, Vermont, disappeared from college on the afternoon of December 1, 1946. When last seen she was wearing a red parka jacket with fur trimmed hood, blue jeans, white sneakers with heavy white soles sized Top-Sider, size 6 1/2 or 7, and a small gold Elgin ladies' wrist watch with narrow black band. This watch has repairer's marking, 1000 ED, scratched on the inside of back case. This girl likes skating, bicycling, hiking, camping, swimming, square dancing and playing the guitar. She is an art student interested in water colors, oils, pencil and charcoal sketching, and has assisted a mural painter and done illustrations (black and white). She has also done waitress work.

REWARD, LIVING OR DEAD, \$5,000.00 IF FOUND ALIVE, \$2,000.00 IF FOUND DEAD, \$5,000.00 reward for information leading to the whereabouts of Paula Jean Weiden and resulting in her being found alive. \$2,000.00 reward for information leading to the whereabouts of Paula Jean Weiden and resulting in the identification of her body. Reward expires July 1, 1947.

Please forward any information to girl's father, Mr. W. Archibald Weiden, Brookdale Road, Stamford, Connecticut.



**Between 1920 and 1950, Bennington, Vermont was the site of several completely**

5/4/2019

**unexplained disappearances:**

<https://www.freaklore.com/vermonts-bennington-triangle>

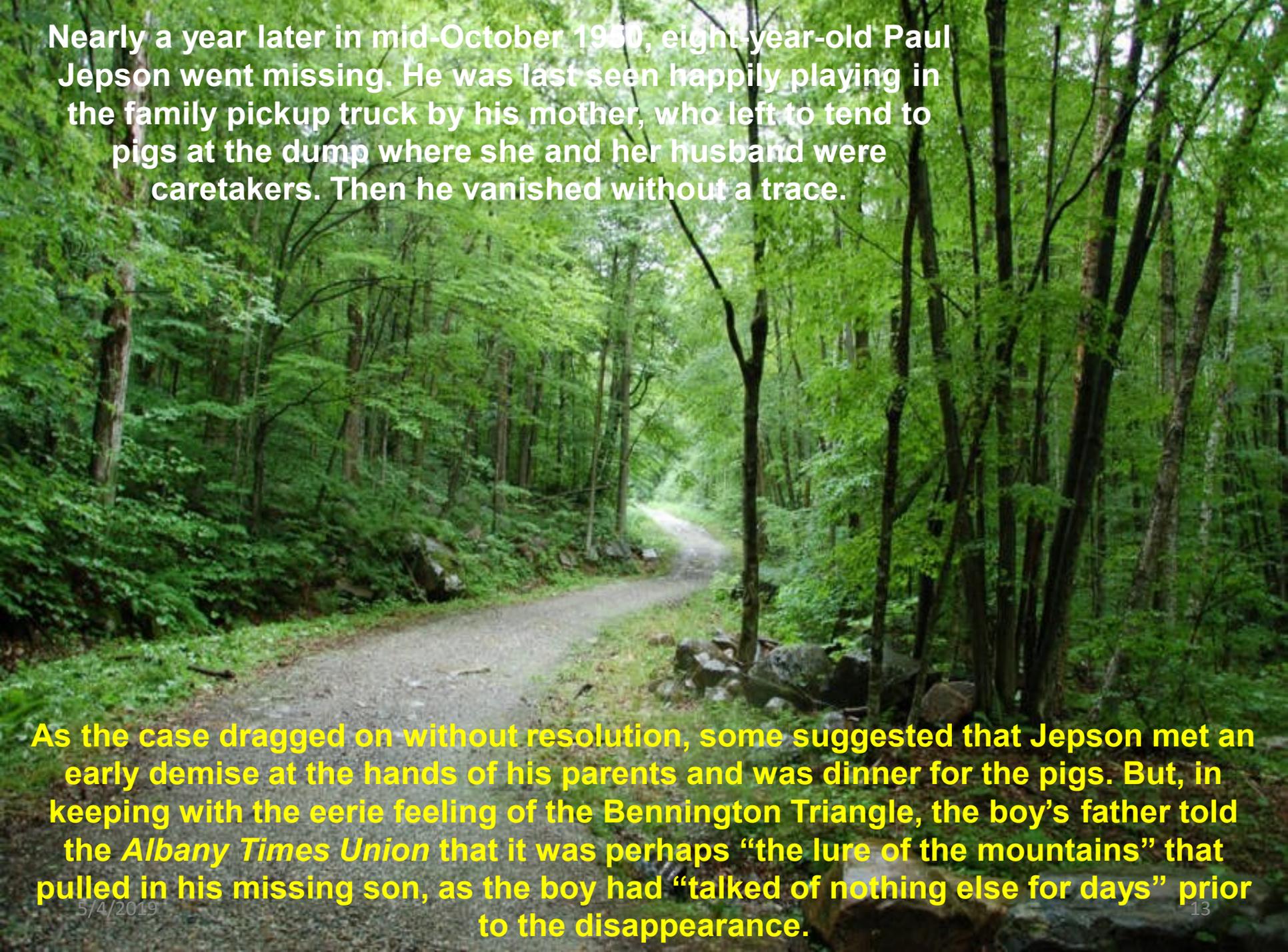


On December 1, 1949, Mr. Tetford vanished from a crowded bus. Tetford was on his way home to Bennington from a trip to St. Albans, Vermont. Tetford, an ex-soldier who lived in the Soldier's Home in Bennington, was sitting on the bus with 14 other passengers. They all testified to seeing him there, sleeping in his seat. When the bus reached its destination, however, Tetford was gone, although his belongings were still on the luggage rack and a bus timetable lay open on his empty seat. Tetford has never returned or been found.

NO. 12 VERMONT STATE SOLDIERS' HOME, BENNINGTON, VT.

On December 1, 1946, an 18-year-old student named *Paula Welden* vanished while taking a walk. Welden was walking along the *Long Trail into Glastonbury Mountain*. She was seen by a middle-aged couple that was strolling about 100 yards behind her. They lost sight of her when she followed the trail around a rocky outcropping, but when they rounded the outcropping themselves, she was nowhere to be seen. Welden has not been seen nor heard from since.





Nearly a year later in mid-October 1950, eight-year-old Paul Jepson went missing. He was last seen happily playing in the family pickup truck by his mother, who left to tend to pigs at the dump where she and her husband were caretakers. Then he vanished without a trace.

As the case dragged on without resolution, some suggested that Jepson met an early demise at the hands of his parents and was dinner for the pigs. But, in keeping with the eerie feeling of the Bennington Triangle, the boy's father told the *Albany Times Union* that it was perhaps "the lure of the mountains" that pulled in his missing son, as the boy had "talked of nothing else for days" prior to the disappearance.

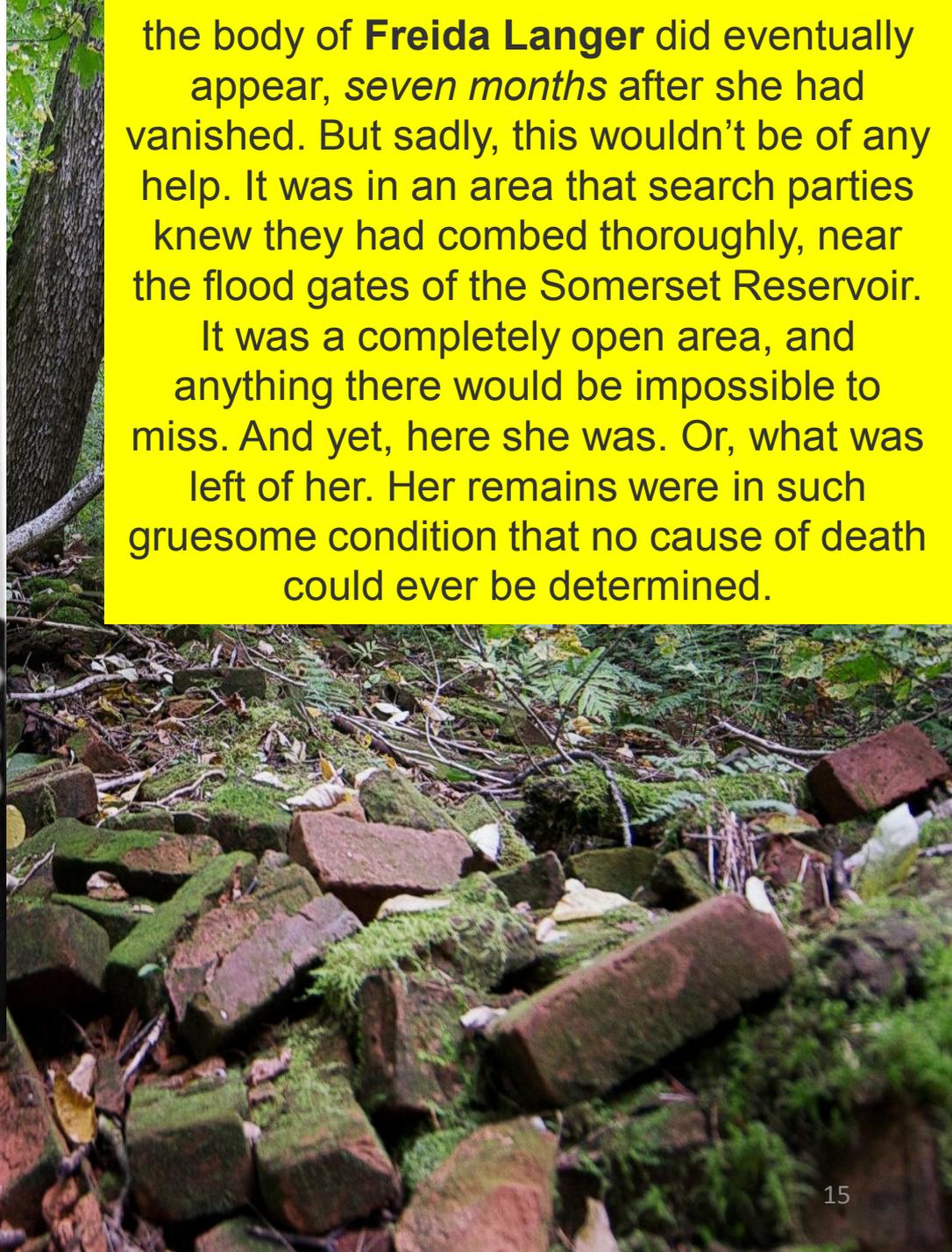
## The Vanished Town of Glastenbury and The Bennington Triangle

Only about two weeks later, 53-year-old Frieda Langer, an experienced hiker and survivalist familiar with the area, went missing on the Somerset area of the Long Trail bordering east Glastenbury.

After hiking a brief half-mile with her cousin Herbert Eisner, Langer fell into a stream and set back to their camp to change her clothes, where her husband was resting with a hurt knee. But neither her husband nor her cousin ever saw her again.



the body of **Freida Langer** did eventually appear, *seven months* after she had vanished. But sadly, this wouldn't be of any help. It was in an area that search parties knew they had combed thoroughly, near the flood gates of the Somerset Reservoir. It was a completely open area, and anything there would be impossible to miss. And yet, here she was. Or, what was left of her. Her remains were in such gruesome condition that no cause of death could ever be determined.



<https://obscurevermont.com/the-vanished-town-of-glastenbury-and-the-bennington-triangle/>

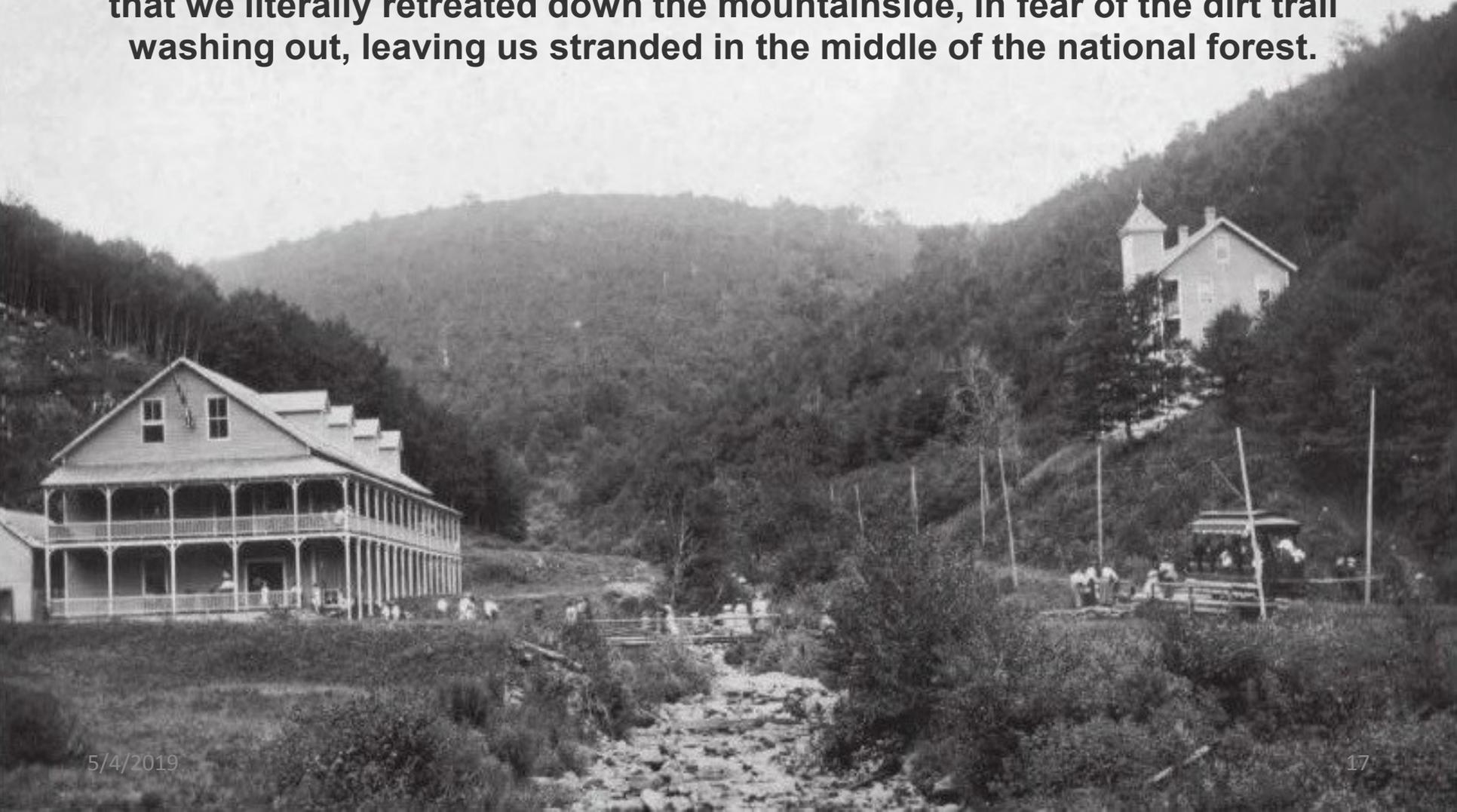


5/4/2019

★ *Designed by TownMapsUSA.com*

My first act of familiarizing myself with Glastenbury was to make the trip down to that curious place on the map called Fayville. Myself and a few friends departed in his pickup truck and drove up the bumpy forest road into a strange clearing in the middle of the hills. Here, underneath summer humidity, we found old cellar holes almost entirely hidden by tall grasses, beneath the shade of gnarled apple trees. At the bottoms, under layers of decaying leaves and dirt were iron bands, old horseshoes, and other various relics that hinted at human habitation once being way up here. It now made sense, Fayville was a long abandoned village that still appeared on maps.

**As we were wondering around, the once sunny July afternoon became dark and cloudy, as a gusty wind picked up and tangled the long grasses. And it came fast, so fast that none of us were aware of a change in weather until things got dangerous. We were suddenly at the mercy of a freak ferocious thunderstorm that seemed to emanate out of nowhere, and became so violent that we literally retreated down the mountainside, in fear of the dirt trail washing out, leaving us stranded in the middle of the national forest.**



But when we got back down to the flats in Shaftsbury, it was sunny and dry. To make things far stranger, gas station attendants in Arlington were baffled that a thunderstorm – especially one of that magnitude – had passed through the area without them noticing it. Freak storms are common in New England, it's by no means a rare phenomena here, but the conditions were just right to make this a head scratcher. I still have no explanation to this day.

5/4/2019



There are a [series of inexplicable cairns](#) scattered around the mountain, and no one is quite sure why they exist. There are theories to why they are there. Farmers built them long ago while clearing their pastures, or several passing hikers on the Long Trail built them, to act as beacons in bad weather. But nothing adds up. The cairns were built in high elevations where farming never took place, and most of them are located miles away from the long trail in heavily forested areas. So what are they? The work of the Bennington Monster? Perhaps playful hikers built them wanting to add another Glastenbury mystery? For now, these giant piles of stones offer no explanations.





HOME OF THE FREE  
Washington Mutual CHECKING.

HOME OF THE FREE  
Washington Mutual ONLINE BILL PAY.

HOME OF THE FREE  
Washington Mutual SMILES.

In 1975, a man named Jackson Wright was driving with his wife from New Jersey to New York City. This required them to travel through the Lincoln Tunnel. According to Wright, who was driving, once through the tunnel he pulled the car over to wipe the windshield of condensation? His wife Martha volunteered to clean off the back window so they could more readily resume their trip. When Wright turned around, his wife was gone. He neither heard nor saw anything unusual take place, and a subsequent investigation could find no evidence of foul play. Martha Wright had just disappeared.



**The mysterious standing stones of Stonehenge in England was the site of an amazing disappearance in August, 1971.**

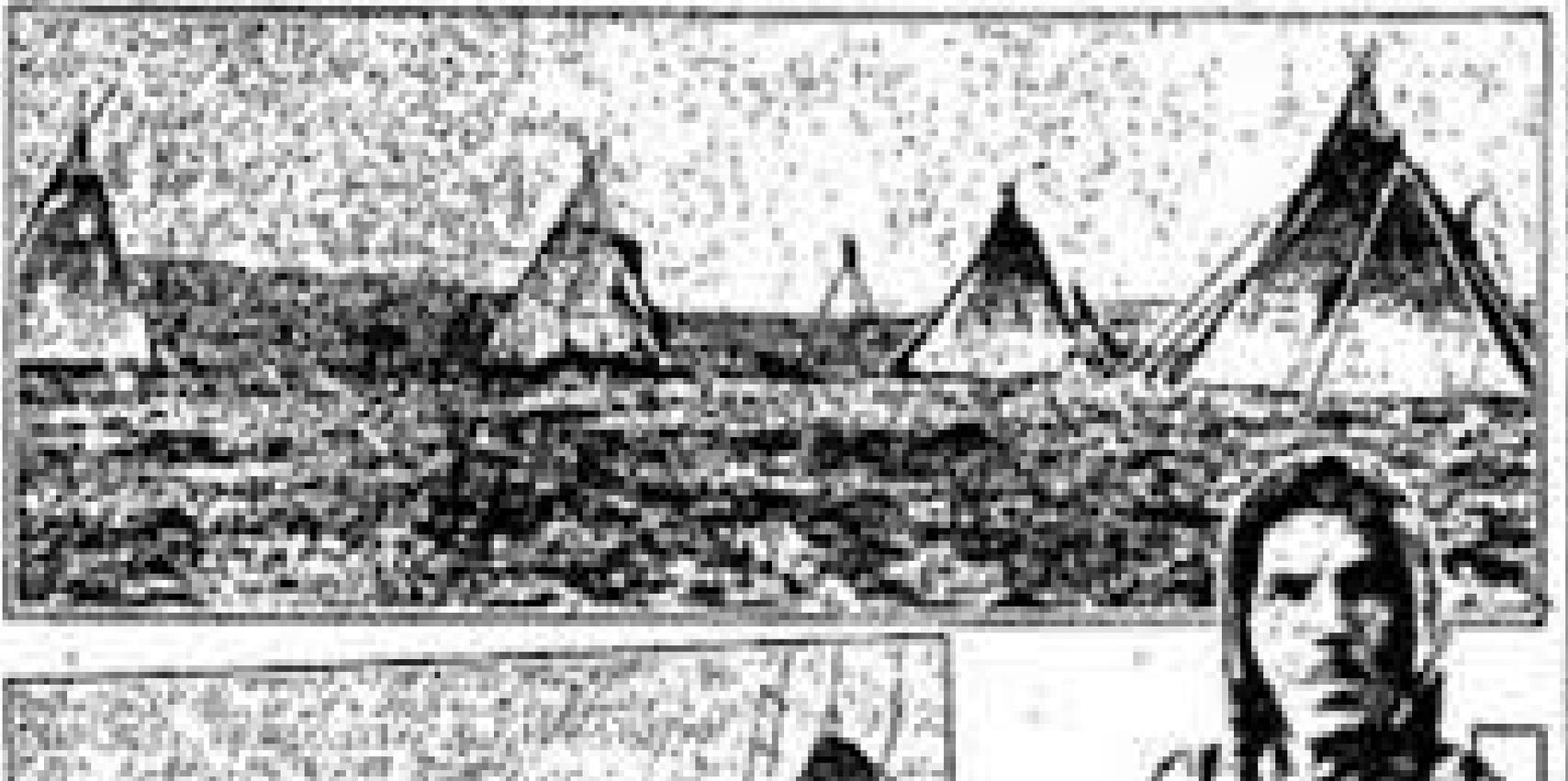
**At this time Stonehenge was not yet protected from the public, and on this particular night, a group of "hippies" decided to pitch tents in the center of the circle and spend the night.**

**Their campout was abruptly interrupted at about 2 a.m. by a severe thunder storm that quickly blew in over Salisbury Plain. Bright bolts of lightning crashed down on the area, striking area trees and even the standing stones themselves.**

Two witnesses, a farmer and a policeman, said that the stones of the ancient monument lit up with an eerie blue light that was so intense that they had to avert their eyes. They heard screams from the campers and the two witnesses rushed to the scene expecting to find injured - or even dead - campers. To their surprise, they found no one. All that remained within the circle of stones were several smoldering tent pegs and the drowned remains of a campfire. The hippies themselves were gone without a trace.



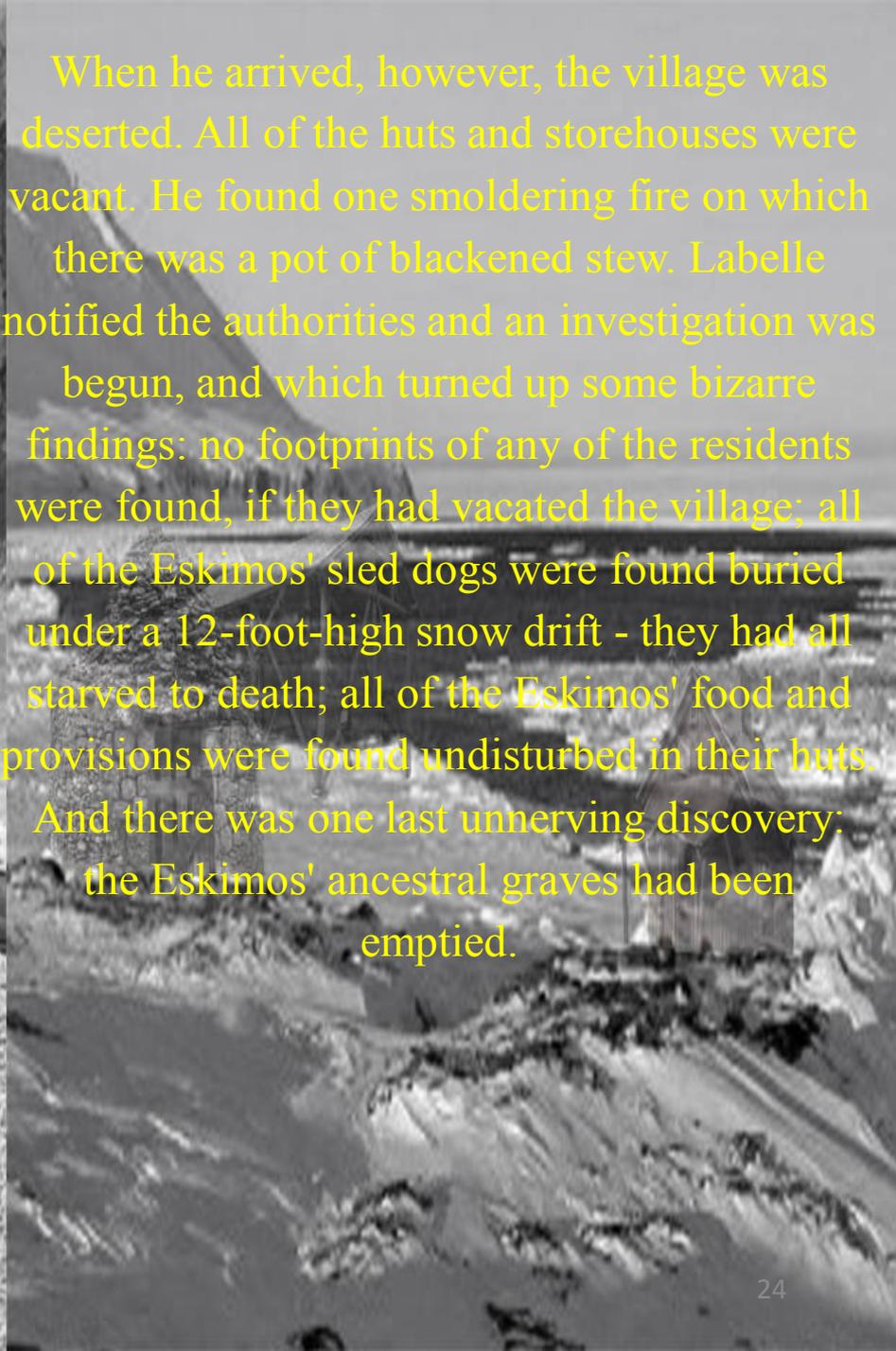
# VANISHED ESKIMO TRIBE GIVES NORTH MYSTERY STRANGER THAN FICTION



An individual that vanishes is one thing, but how about an entire village of 2,000 men, women and children? In November, 1930, a fur trapper named Joe Labelle made his way on snow shoes to an Eskimo village on the shores of Lake Anjikuni in northern Canada. Labelle was familiar with the village, which he knew as a thriving fishing community of about 2,000 residents



When he arrived, however, the village was deserted. All of the huts and storehouses were vacant. He found one smoldering fire on which there was a pot of blackened stew. Labelle notified the authorities and an investigation was begun, and which turned up some bizarre findings: no footprints of any of the residents were found, if they had vacated the village; all of the Eskimos' sled dogs were found buried under a 12-foot-high snow drift - they had all starved to death; all of the Eskimos' food and provisions were found undisturbed in their huts. And there was one last unnerving discovery: the Eskimos' ancestral graves had been emptied.



<http://theunexplainedmysteries.com/Lake-Angikuni-Mystery.html>

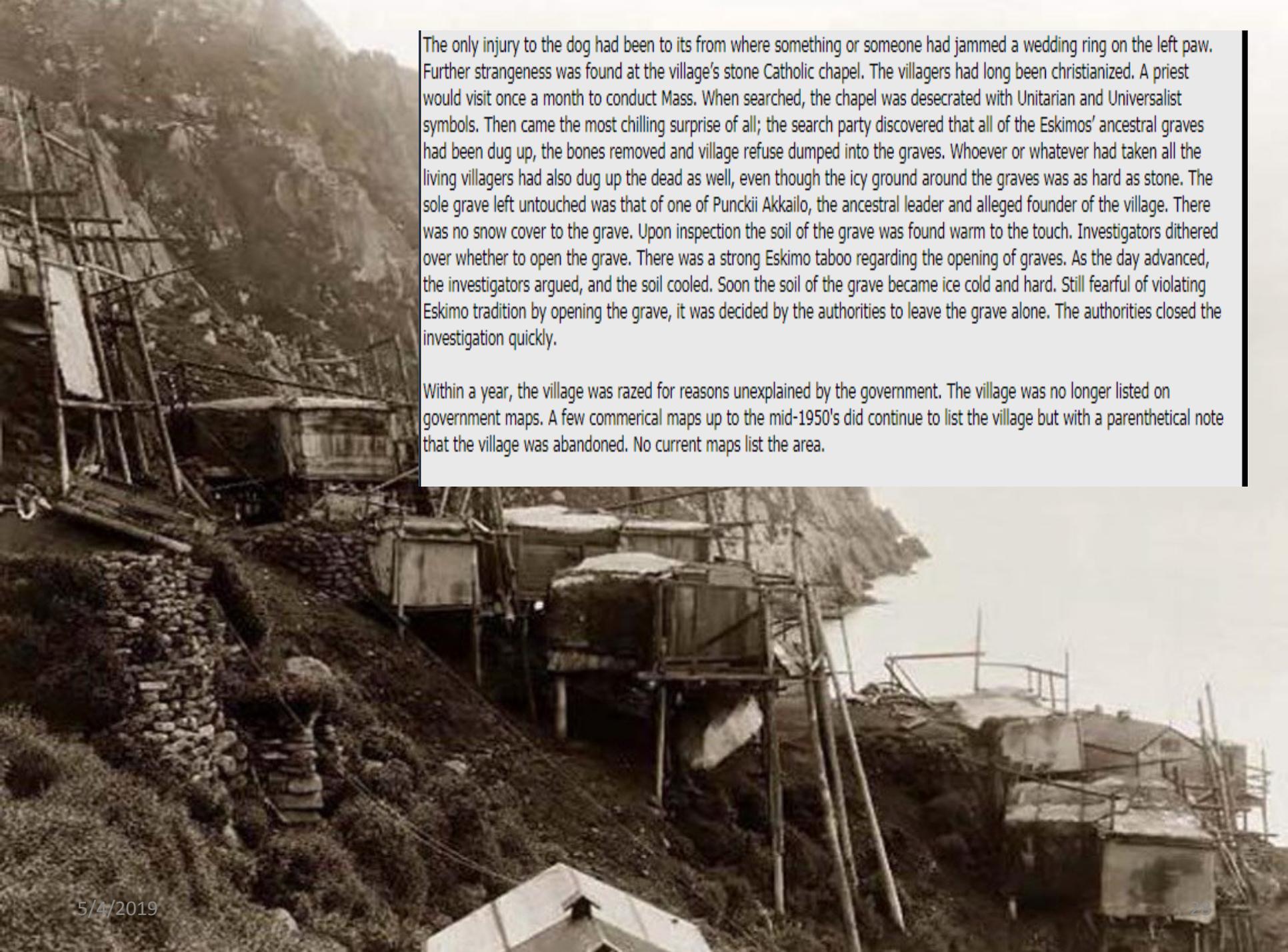
After completing a second thorough search of the village, there was only one last place for LaBelle to check: a large cement-block fish storehouse located a few miles outside of the village on the northern lake shore. The owner of the storehouse was a sixty-eight aged year old Fran McKenzie. A retired colonel with a flair for the inventive profanity, MacKenzie lived in a ramshackle wooden shack attached to the storehouse, nicknamed the Mack Shack. Mackenzie had been partially crippled from both arthritis and from a auto accident in the military, and so he did not venture far. If anyone could be expected to be around it would be MacKenzie. Further, the Mack Shack was the village gathering stop, where the villagers came to gossip, trade and be bemused subjects of MacKenzie's constant stream of profanity-peppered invective. When on prior visits Labelle could not find his friends in the village, he usually came across some of them at Mack's Shack, sitting back in one of the numerous armchairs, enjoying a laugh and a smoke, or even a taste of the acidic confection which MacKenzie brewed in a decades old still. With hopes of finding Mackenzie and his friends at the Mack Shack, Labelle set out, but not before leaving a written message alerting anyone who might come after him of his presence and of his findings.

The Mack Shack gave few clues. MacKenzie's still was dismantled and the glass bottles which held some of the now evaporated brew were broken on the floor. The wooden chairs which Mackenzie set out for his customers were all missing. Labelle found Mackenzie's whale bone and wood crutch was lying in pieces against the open door to his shack. Finally, Mackenzie's diary was located. The diary was under his pillow and open to the date of the day before. But there was no entry. The entries for the weeks before indicated that there had been some strange lights seen in the sky. McKenzie, a brass and tacks man, made no speculation to the cause or meaning of these lights. The rest of the diary notations pertained to routine business matters, including a blow by blow account of a fist fight he had engaged in when collecting a debt. Such a fight was not unusual for MacKenzie. Despite his ailments and disability, he still had quick reflexes in his upper extremities. For a debtor foolish enough to come within MacKenzie's arm length, his pearl hard knuckles could still crush human jaw bone. Except for the dissembled still, broken bottles and missing chairs, the rest of the Mack Shack was in its usual notorious disorder.





In the end, none of the villagers were found. However, the search party did unearth some rather strange findings. These findings are recorded in Savarvio's five part article on the occurrence published in the NorthWest Journal in January 1931. Among the strange findings were the following. All the sleigh dogs belonging to the Eskimos were found wandering the surrounding area, and all were in surprisingly good condition and seemingly well fed. After an extensive hunt, another dog was found alive wandering near the Mack Shack. It had a man's cologne sprinkled on its front coat. Its black lips were haphazardly covered in a woman's red lipstick, and there was a woman's necklace around its thick neck. Its hindquarters was covered in a woman's undergarment. Labelle recognized it as Mack's beloved dog, Juno, an eight year old Husky. Closer inspection revealed that someone had pierced the dog's ears as if preparing them for ear rings.



The only injury to the dog had been to its paw from where something or someone had jammed a wedding ring on the left paw. Further strangeness was found at the village's stone Catholic chapel. The villagers had long been christianized. A priest would visit once a month to conduct Mass. When searched, the chapel was desecrated with Unitarian and Universalist symbols. Then came the most chilling surprise of all; the search party discovered that all of the Eskimos' ancestral graves had been dug up, the bones removed and village refuse dumped into the graves. Whoever or whatever had taken all the living villagers had also dug up the dead as well, even though the icy ground around the graves was as hard as stone. The sole grave left untouched was that of one of Punkii Akkailo, the ancestral leader and alleged founder of the village. There was no snow cover to the grave. Upon inspection the soil of the grave was found warm to the touch. Investigators dithered over whether to open the grave. There was a strong Eskimo taboo regarding the opening of graves. As the day advanced, the investigators argued, and the soil cooled. Soon the soil of the grave became ice cold and hard. Still fearful of violating Eskimo tradition by opening the grave, it was decided by the authorities to leave the grave alone. The authorities closed the investigation quickly.

Within a year, the village was razed for reasons unexplained by the government. The village was no longer listed on government maps. A few commercial maps up to the mid-1950's did continue to list the village but with a parenthetical note that the village was abandoned. No current maps list the area.

One can find many examples of these types of vanishings, so the question would be – “where did they go”? Are there in fact doors that by accident are opened causing people to disappear? We know that shatan will use every means necessary to destroy us who believe in Yahuah and turn those who don't into “his” slaves, which again leads one to realize that the path to Yahuah is extremely “narrow”, but the road to “evil” is wide causing navigation without Yahuah impossible.

Most people are fascinated by the supernatural and all the trappings, giving it a credence either as a form of a new-age religion or mystery school religions and never showing the evil that is involved. The thing about shatan is there is NO ‘free-will’, as the Eagles said in “Hotel California”, you can check it but you can never leave...that is unless you find Yahuah!!!

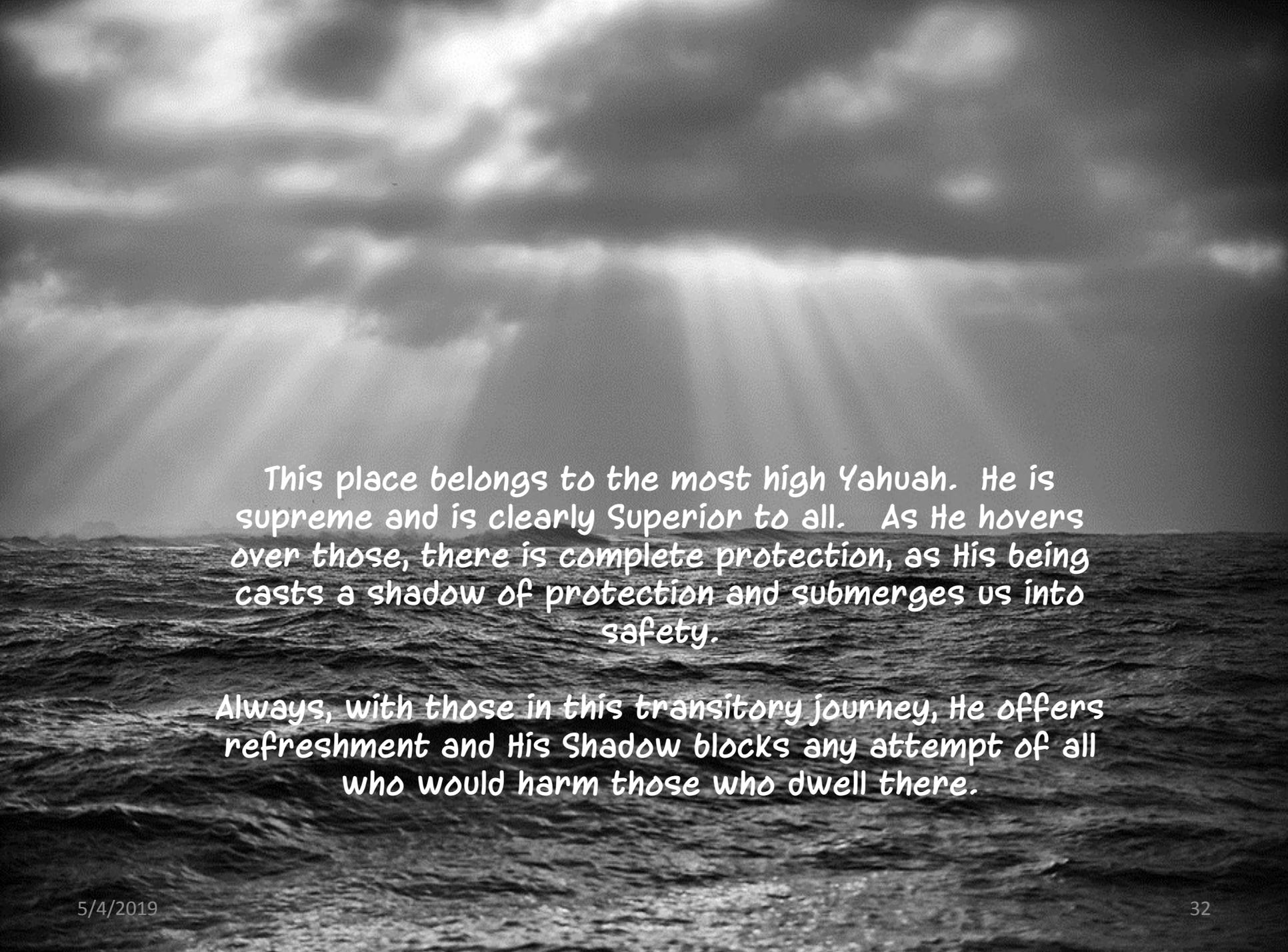
2 Kings 17:17

וַיַּעֲבִירוּ אֶת־בְּנֵיהֶם וְאֶת־בָּנוֹתֵיהֶם בָּאֵשׁ וַיַּעֲבִירוּ אֶת־בְּנֵיהֶם וְאֶת־בָּנוֹתֵיהֶם בָּאֵשׁ, they practiced divination and read omens, and they sold themselves to do evil in the eyes of Yahweh to provoke him. | LEB

They made their sons, descendants, offspring and their daughters, women, maidens pass, lead, through the fire, they practiced divination, to seek an omen, determine the future or hidden knowledge through signs, omens and supernatural power, by the position of the stars; speaking with dead spirits; examining animal parts or potsherds; using a specially marked stick, pebble or shard thrown down for making decisions based on pagan views of chance, and they sold, surrendered, betrayed themselves to do, manufacture, make, cause and sold one's self to evil, wickedness, corruption and harm in the eyes of Yahuah to provoke, anger, distress, disturb, offend and grieve Him.

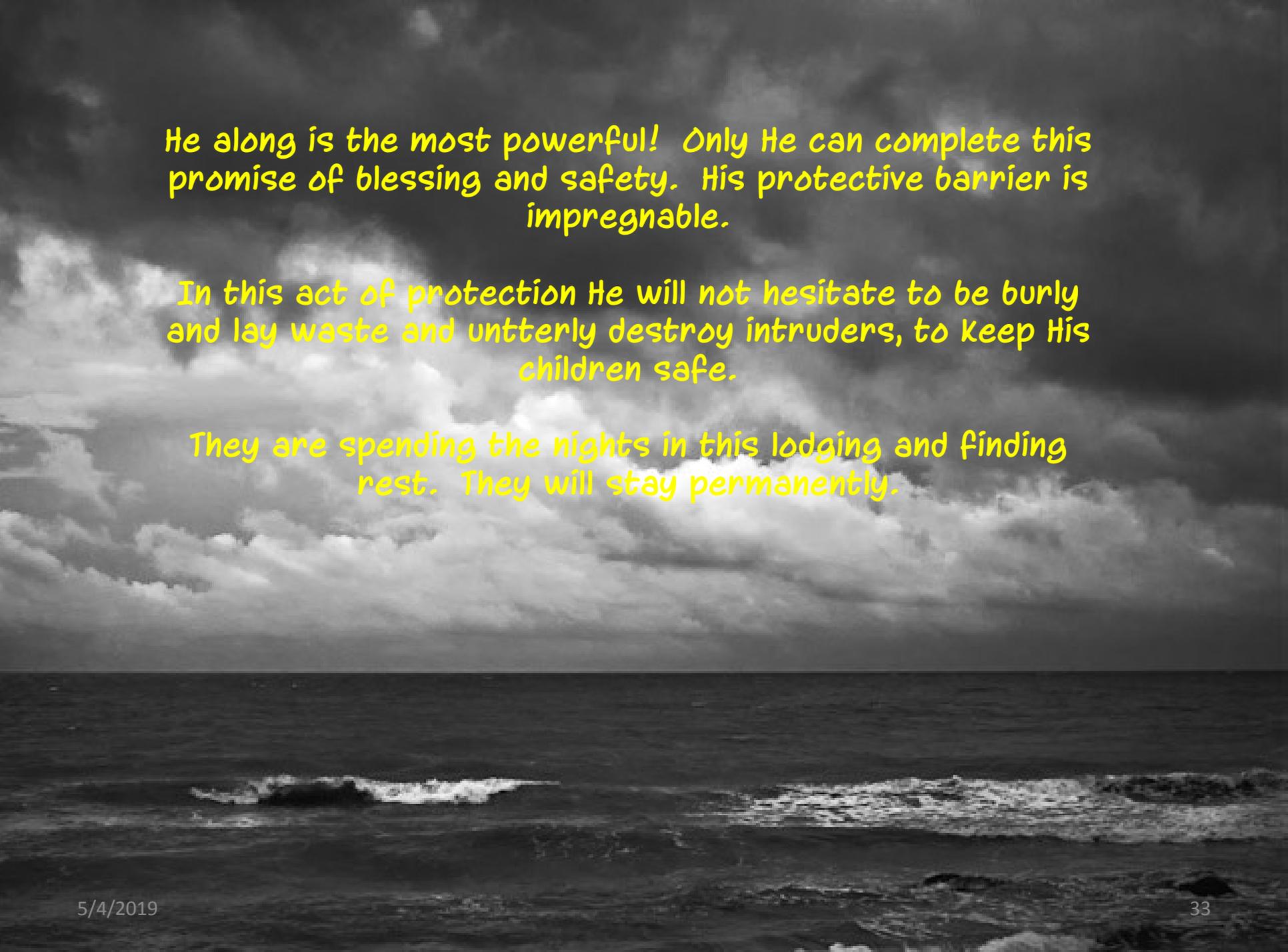
Psalm 91: 1-2

The ones who settle in and remain, establishing a home and returning often with the sense of a faithful married relationship, will endure in the secret hiding place that offers protection and shelter from danger. It is a covering, carefully hiding those. It is an act of cleverness that conceals Yah's children ~ an end purpose from those who are dangerous.



This place belongs to the most high Yahuah. He is supreme and is clearly Superior to all. As He hovers over those, there is complete protection, as His being casts a shadow of protection and submerges us into safety.

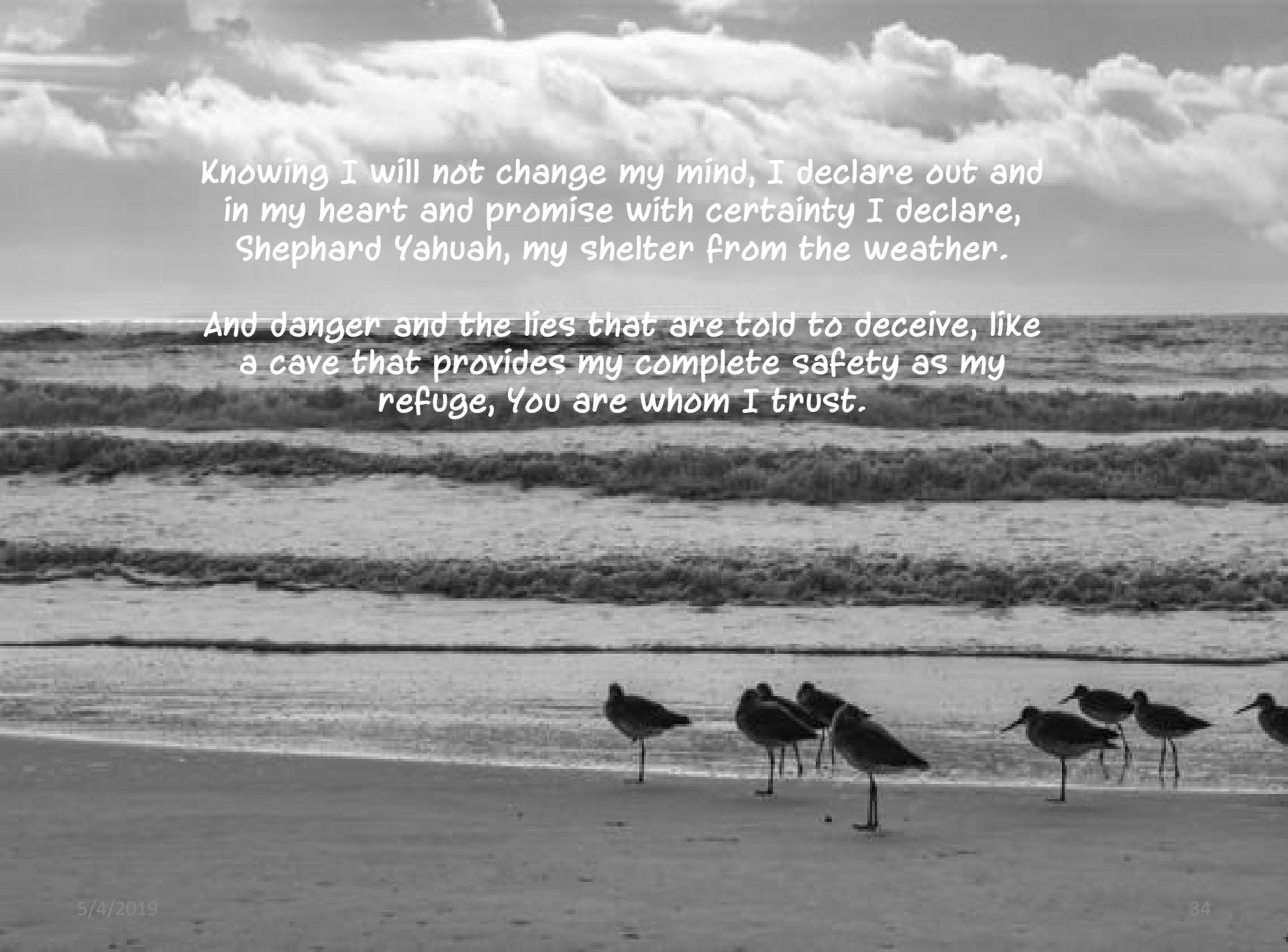
Always, with those in this transitory journey, He offers refreshment and His Shadow blocks any attempt of all who would harm those who dwell there.



He alone is the most powerful! Only He can complete this promise of blessing and safety. His protective barrier is impregnable.

In this act of protection He will not hesitate to be burly and lay waste and utterly destroy intruders, to keep His children safe.

They are spending the nights in this lodging and finding rest. They will stay permanently.

A black and white photograph of a beach scene. The sky is filled with large, fluffy clouds. The ocean waves are breaking onto a sandy beach. In the foreground, several birds, likely shorebirds, are standing on the sand. The text is overlaid on the upper portion of the image.

Knowing I will not change my mind, I declare out and  
in my heart and promise with certainty I declare,  
Shepherd Yahuah, my shelter from the weather.

And danger and the lies that are told to deceive, like  
a cave that provides my complete safety as my  
refuge, You are whom I trust.

*Indeed my mountain stronghold. Those that would prey are caught in nets and never reach me. You have reserved this mountain of rock fortress for hiding as well as for a defensive position.*

*Wherever it may be, it is a position that is so high that it is inaccessible except to those that dwell there.*





*My Almighty Everlasting Shepherd Yahuah. Because of what You do, it is only You and Your plan that I can be confident in, trust and rely.*

*You inspire confidence!*

*Your plans fill my being with complete safety and security. I alone, and without You, I am vulnerable and would be easy prey. You give me assurance!*



Stay tuned for Part 5  
When we go to Florida  
and something called the  
Coral Castle!

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