



This story was over 60-years in the making. As a result of what I have learned, 10's of hundreds of lives have been improved by their own standards. But the one question I could not answer was...

"What is Love?"

It took decades to be shown that I was asking the wrong question. Eventually I got violent enough to force The only One Who could answer out of hiding. I was desperate for Truth but nowhere near ready for what the Answer would require.



From an uneventful upscale cul-de-sac in the mountains above San Diego, my daughter and I were torn by Peter Henry Zindler, my supposed husband and pastor of 30+ years, and trafficked by his global network to the Middle East and at the highest levers of power in Washington, D.C.

I'm Adelaide and I have laid out this book over a life span. From my earliest memories Part I surveys the homeland and takes you to where my expertise was sought as an outsider by child psychiatrists, pharmacists, schools, etc.

Part II Detecting the real need reveals how writing our own narrative forced corporate America to applaud me and my newborn. It was while nursing her at corporate meetings and events that God labeled us His original Genpreneurs (a parent or grandparent who coworks alongside their child(ren)). And that's exactly what we are going to explore together inside Genpreneur by

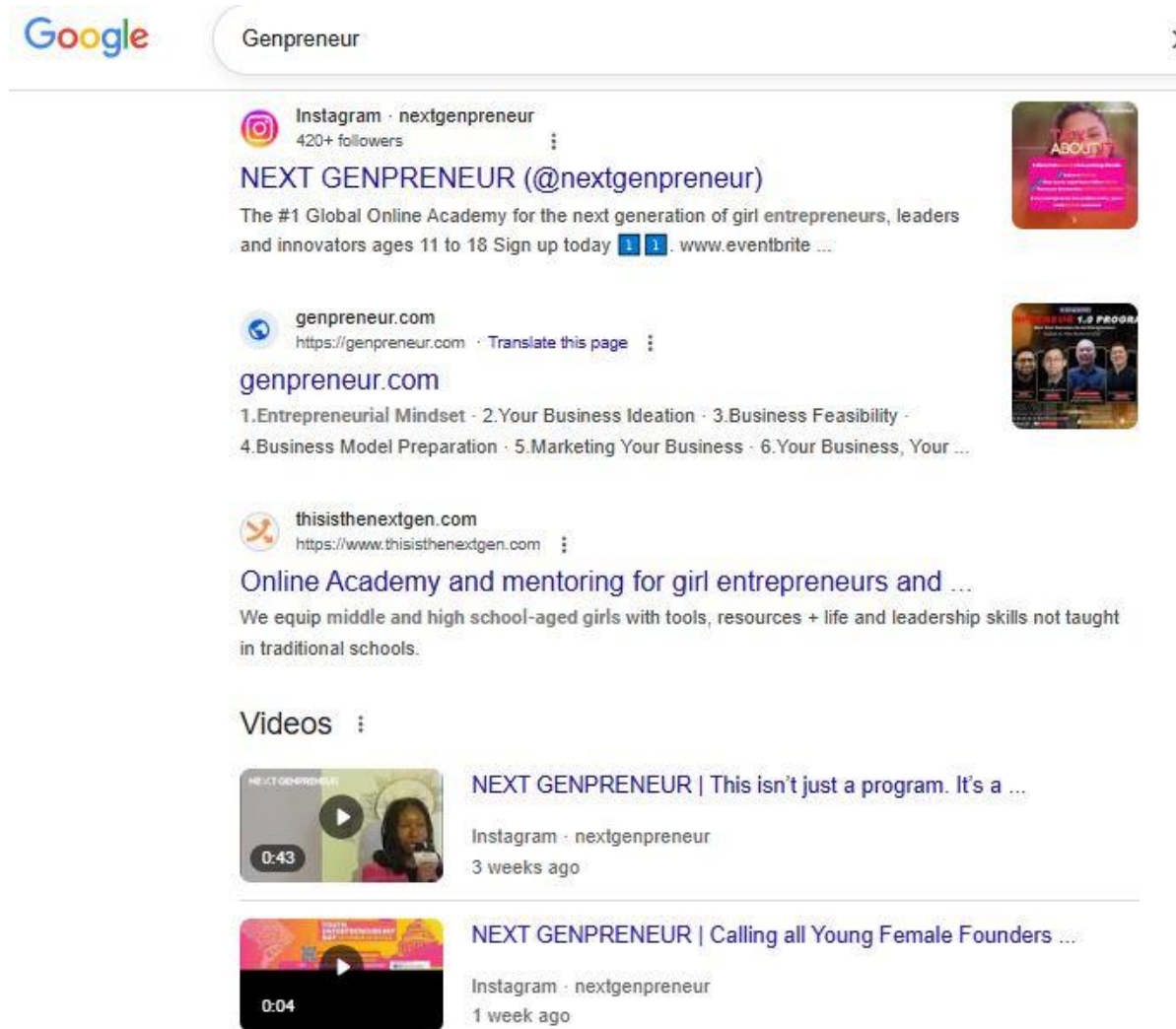
Design. I'm going to show you HOW to step into your role as a Genpreneur your way. You will be equipped to align both your roles as a parent who also operates a business or works in corporate America. I'll introduce you to the EXACT Systems and processes I've been testing and perfecting for over 30-yrs, to help others like me achieve their goals too.

Then in Part III Navigating thru heavy traffick you'll see that the same law makers we installed in all 3 branches of government, not only helped him trafficked us, they partner with our enemies at home and abroad. While they distract you with what they do to replace us, they are removing 10's of millions of



our children using illegal court orders all over the United States. And dared to try it on my daughter and I. Ooh! I'm tellin!

With Peter the pedophile determined that we would have no property to return to, homelessness marked our lives for over a decade. His network even stole the term Genpreneur accruing wealth and influence off my inheritance from God to this day, because they were that sure we would never be returning to America.



I captured that image in July, 2025. I began to believe all the lies I was reading in court documents about me being mentally unstable, an unfit mother, absconding with my child from Bahrain, engaging in parental alienation... when he bought our one-way tickets ya! I started questioning my sanity until I saw my term wrongfully listed at the trademark office by a lawyer from his network who won't answer my calls.



Yet, by obeying the Holy Spirit my daughter and I became inseparable proving my point. #CoWkSavesAChild.

Finally, Part IV Destroying the false dragon provides a firsthand account of my international perspective on why America is the exception, seeing no place on the planet where foreigners from every continent risk it ALL to call home. In traveling outside the U.S. I could easily identify very distinct defining features from Mexico and Africa to the Middle East. But in the U.S. a tapestry envelops our makeup as a family in a blend of color patterns that only God Himself can imagine.



The San Diego Union Tribune's satellite slandered my character at Peter the pedophile's request. While I was invited into this photo with my baby girl full of soap bubbles, I didn't learn what they published until the paper was released. I was clueless.

If you have cried about how to respond to family destabilization patterns being forced on us worldwide, Relocate Mom removes the scales revealing the secret to winning over unimaginable assaults by extinguishing the fire inside. For those who play full out inside **Genpreneur By Design** I am committed to your family and your industry celebrating you.

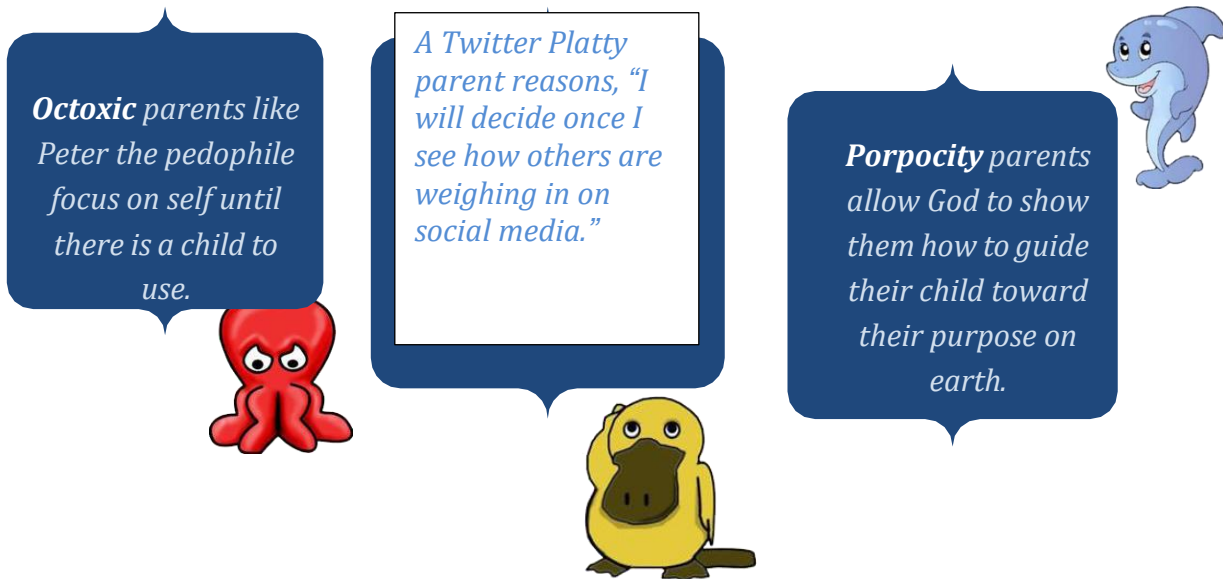
Relocate Mom will show you how unity creates an atmosphere for miracles. They surround me. I just might be God's favorite. I invite you to follow along in the final leg of our journey out of their grip into our own estate and freedom. Many ask why we've been homeless so long. Well, the global child trafficking network is behind most of where you invest your money so they are flush with our wealth and wield that weapon against us.



As I write this Peter the pedophile has threatened my daughter unless she gives him access to her again for back-to-school this fall. Despite him being in his 70's and denying her an education all her life, she is 20-yrs old and a junior in college making straight A's. How? I'm the mother I wanted to have. We coworked on the streets, sleeping on floors, in shelter after shelter...Despite it ALL God's had my back so I could have hers!

If I had known then what I do today my children would still own the family estate, because even my youngest would understand the basics of passive wealth creation. But not to worry. While helping others our holdings are also being restored.

At 40, I got expelled from one of America's most prestigious networks for having a baby, and I got mad! It forced me to think through what attending meetings with her would mean. I asked The Holy Spirit what we should call ourselves and He labeled us His original **Genpreneurs** (*a parent or grandparent who co-works alongside their child*). Though this is one of my favorite subjects, my daughter tells me it isn't where I need to begin. She says it will make more sense to start with life before she came along. So, allow me to introduce 3 quirky characters that helped my clients, creatures that I call **Parent Aqua Alters**. I imagined them when she was a newborn.



They were born out of my need to put distance between experts and the negative labels they use on preschoolers. Relocate Mom puts tools in the hands of Genpreneurs to restore parent-child interaction to a place of dignity. Out of their unity American ingenuity also gets elevated. So, they are thrilled to make your acquaintance.



An *Octoxic* parent believes, “Children who are uncontrolled should be medicated. And of course, parents are unqualified! That’s what the government is for!”

A *Twitter Platty* parent thinks, “I will decide once I see how others are weighing in on social media.”

**Porpocity** parents unify. “Let’s take childhood off the endangered list. “In place of demeaning language like autism, **frizzamyer** (a term I repurposed) is an age- appropriate, need signaling behavior, enabling a **Genpreneur** to target what disrupts. Instead of attacking childhood, our focus is on who dares to interfere with their purpose!

In the 1950’s when psychiatrists first started labeling normal, energetic children as “hyperactive” ... lucrative... same classification as cocaine... ballooned 2,800%... equivalent rise in prescription rates for children... decades of infiltration in homes... recreation...schools...pharmacy lobbyists pushed the govt to provide \$400 per ADHD child [ with no evidence] ... youngest labeled for [being a child] ...

Citizens Commission on Human Rights



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As far back as I can recall, on Sunday after church Papa would position himself in the living room on the long couch covered in plastic, filling their modest home with the sound of crinkling as he sat down to read the paper. Adjacent to him my grandmother would likely be reading her Bible, eating raw onion or shellin pees, her chair to his left with a lamp between them. Soon the most impactful ritual would take place.

He'd read with such deliberation, carefully enunciating each syllable like savoring a fine wine. Every once in a while, my grandmother would stop what she was doing to say some of the sounds along with him. It was a moving and tender moment in their relationship, and I was the one privileged to share their sacred space. The experience of seeing their intimacy so gentle stirred in me a passion to become a lifelong learner.

Not one time did they lecture me on the importance of reading or writing. As a small child hearing how cherished the spoken word was by a compassionate couple, made me hungry to claim Papa and Mommy's compelling gift for myself. They always told me, *"Lil Adlai, you can do anything you put your mind to!"* They believed in me. So, by the time I was 5-years old I had taught myself to read and then recite all the states and capitols in alphabetical order.

What I did not know then was that Papa dropped out of school in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade because his mother had passed away, and his father was murdered by jealous Whites, who then stole his family's extensive wealth in the early 1900's. It was then that he rose to the challenge of being the new guardian of the family. Though he was nowhere near the oldest, his siblings had long recognized his God-given authority. And they were right, because somehow, he found a way to put them all through college and into real estate ownership, in an era when both were rites of passage. Sacrificing his education in the process, as a retired senior citizen he was finally taking up his studies again. After they graduated to Heaven without knowing how to protect assets, all theirs fell into the hands of strangers.

But the legacy I cherish includes hilarious stories, like the one my grandmother told of her time working as a maid for the rich White people, the upper crust. You know? The choice piece of pie.

On her first day with one family, she was tasked with cooking and setting their table. As night fell and they gathered, she placed a ceramic pitcher before them with something inside that glistened, though otherwise quite unfamiliar. Then finding the smooth refreshment appealing, they didn't ask questions. *"Them White folk poured it into glasses and drank it like water. Wit al they high-minded ways of doing thangs, who was I to tell 'em it wadn't nothin but po' fok gravy?"* You should have seen the 2 of us bustin' up laughing! I felt her spirit sitting next to me many times in college listening to professors who seemed just as dense.



# PART I



## Adelaide surveys the homeland



# BULLYING: ROUND 1

If an unfriendly foreign power had attempted to impose on America the mediocre education performance that exists today, we might well have viewed it as an act of war.

1981 Task Force Report, A Nation at Risk, Submitted to President Ronald Reagan

That report warned us of the scholastic hammer that has been pounding away at American's Judeo-Christian foundation for generations. While research identified Black students taking the brunt of the losses, from the looks of things our land and legacy as a nation are now stumbling under the burden of a sinister assault proving that even an imaginary tool can take a tole eventually.



I spent my son's childhood socializing him to the point that he drowned in super-sized classrooms of gifted and talented students, where the teachers were ill-equipped to sustain the level of mental stimulation he required. As a teen mother I didn't have a clue what to do, because I had been socialized too, where self-loathing and boredom resulted in destructive behavior. Designed to give no indication of his experience with school or how his character and beliefs were being reshaped by it, I only knew how he was doing when the report card came home. Not thinking to ask how life felt from his perspective, there was no way to be there for him when he needed me most. As the youngest mom at parent-teacher conferences, even as an adult I looked like an adolescent, so the administration didn't take me seriously. Signing up to volunteer in his classroom staff kept sending me to run their personal errands. At his classroom desk job being dictated to by strange women full-time, imagine how little I knew about the life my firstborn lived.

Relying on a teacher's subjective grades to confirm my child's value without first approving hers, was an indictment on me as his mom, accounting for part of my quilt and functional depression. Animals in the foster care system we call the zoo, often loose the capacity to nurture, abandoning their species to all those adorable little nurseries the same way we do at every stage from infancy to our elderly. Now in my 60's hindsight is 2020. Where I did succeed was in exercising my protective instincts when it came to the written word.



Each year drag with it another back-to-school season and a mountain of enrollment paperwork. By the time my son entered high school, complicated legal documents had become standard, or so I thought. Not expecting to find much I took the stack home to study just for the fun of it. Prepared to be bored by mundane language as usual, the tiniest print screamed out. We reserve the right to... 'Was I reading what I thought I was?'

With my signature they could take my child off campus at any time without asking or bothering to inform me before or afterwards? What could occur that I wouldn't need to know? So loud, it seemed the sirens going off in my soul could have been heard for miles. When I came to my senses I turned the paperwork in unsigned. With children piled desk deep for profit, surely they wouldn't miss one little signature. After all, just how powerful could my endorsement be?



I walked into the administrator's office unassumingly and submitted the paperwork. For some reason the clerk took extra time flipping through the thick stack. It was like she had read my mind, and kindly handed me a pen to do the "write" thing. I gently let her know that I would be more than willing to sign an addendum as soon as they drafted one I could approve. With the legally binding contract as written I declined. She asked me to wait just a minute and returned to invite me to follow her. I was led into one of the tiniest closet-sized offices I'd ever seen. Soon the counselor showed up to explain how enrollment worked as if I was from another planet. As part of a national system of Octoxic parenting, she let me know that it was simply a formality of the district and that it really didn't mean anything. That was one of the tactics Muslims in the Middle East used while trying to force me to convert to islam. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

School officials said they just needed to comply with the rule and having my signature meant they were doing their job, to which I replied, 'That's great! In requiring that addendum first, I am doing mine.' Frustrated, she also asked me to wait, which I was good at after being in more than one DMV line.

I have since learned the importance of reading the fine print and consulting a lawyer before signing any contract. I was not used to thinking in those terms back then, so here's what happened next.

I kid you not. They packed me, the school principal, the secretary, the counselor and what seemed like the County of San Diego in that closet. That mob took turns at everything from persuasion and intimidation to attempted bullying. Poor little ol me. Up to that point I had no idea of my importance or my authority as an American mom. Living overseas I understand why there is a war against our right to choose. The U.S. is the only place left where we still have a choice, if we value it enough to keep it.



How about you? What brings you to where you are as a parent? Are you and your most vulnerable thrilled with the choices you are making in their behalf, and for yourself?

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If not, what specifically distracts you from engaging the Genpreneur by your design?

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What would position you well to achieve your lifestyle goals if every action and choice you made came into alignment with what you know is best for your loved ones and for you?

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Listening with the appearance of deep outward concern, inside I was cracking up laughing that they would take so much staff time and money away from hundreds of other families for this. It must have gone on for some 20-minutes, without me yelling or entering into a nefarious contract, when suddenly the room fell silent. With the look of a defeated puppy the principal finally said,

*We'll just let this go. You do not have to sign since you are so convinced.*

Back in the spiritual holster went my trusty dragon slayer. A day of mother's work well done.

In June 1999, my son graduated from that high school, without them drafting an addendum or obtaining my signature.

If I can stand down a local high school by myself, imagine what we will do as Genpreneurs who are aligned. If only my personal life had been as easy to read.



# PSYCHIATRIC UNIT

In the early 2000's my fragile beliefs began unraveling. My aunt called one afternoon urging me to get from San Diego to my mother's home in Los Angeles ASAP! Mother had just been signed into a psychiatric hospital. Mysteriously, she was found trapped behind her bed with a lot of bruises, was incoherent, and I needed to handle it. A hiking buddy who did in-home physical therapy insisted on going with me.

I pulled into the parking lot of a drab building in a preview of what was inside. It looked like a scene straight out of Hauben and Goldman's movie, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* where everyone seemed to fit in nowhere on earth except with each other. One guy who looked like Lurch from the TV show *The Addams Family* stared into outer space. A couple of others paced the floor speaking in unusual languages for their nationality, while a hand full were at a counter receiving meds barely noticing me. Those people had real issues. I was out of place so of course my mother had to be. Why were they having me wait for her in a room with the most severely disturbed? Or was it me? I kept looking around for someone to help me find her. Then as if in slow motion and horror I began to make out a somewhat familiar image despite her being right in front of me the whole time.

It wasn't a person I knew at all. Separate from the glazed over eyes that came with being drugged, something inside her was babbling, with a deranged look on its face. I'd never seen her medicated before or even in a clinical setting. I hadn't connected why I was coaching in the field of pediatric soul disruption, especially since I didn't initiate it. And this was foreign on so many levels. She didn't seem to recognize me either. *Was I in a bizarre nightmare yet wide awake? Could I have lived my childhood with this person, yet have no idea who they were? What part of mother and me was ever true?* As silent tears streamed down my face, staff took their own jabs at me. Through accusing eyes they seemed to question why I wasn't also one of their charges, when a nurse said, *"You're supposed to be her only child and you didn't know?"*

