

Gordon Kahl was killed in a massive assault on Ginter's farmhouse in Lawrence County, Arkansas, on June 4, 1983. The events described below are from a typed statement by Kahl, probably written on the day of the described events, February 14, 1983.

I, GORDON KAHL, a Christian Patriot, and in consideration of the events which have taken place within the last few hours, and knowing to what-lengths the enemies of Christ, (whom I consider my enemies) will go to separate my spirit from it's body, wish to put down on paper a record of the events which have just taken place, so that the world will know what happened.

I feel that the awesome power which will be unleashed, to silence forever, my testimony, will, if not checked by the power of my God, who is the God of Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob, will cut short my time to leave to the world, these happenings. Therefore, I'm going to make this record, and leave it in the hands of those who I know will bring it to light, even though I may in the meantime be extinguished.

While urgency, or human weakness, tells me to run, my spirit says write, so this I am going to do. And if my God continues to protect me, I shall write first, and flee from the hands of my enemies later.

We had just finished our meeting in Medina, concerning how we could best implement the proceedings of the Third Continental Congress, which was to restore the power and prestige of the U.S. Constitution up to and including the 10 Articles of the Bill of Rights, and put our nation back under Christian Common Law, which is another way of saying God's Law, as laid down by the inspiration of God, thru His prophets and preserved for us in the Scriptures, when word was received from someone whose identity I am not able to give, that we were to be ambushed on our return to our homes.

I realize now that we did not take this warning as seriously as we should have. The reason for this was because it has happened so many times before, when nothing happened. I see now that the many false alarms were to cause us to lower our guard.

As we pondered what to do, someone suggested that we take two cars instead of one. Consequently, I went with Dave Brewer, and my son Yorie, Scotty Paul, my wife Jean, and Vernon Wagner, went in our station wagon. At this time none of us really expected any trouble, but just to be on the safe side, my son Yorie, myself, and Scotty prepared to defend ourselves, in the event that an attack upon us, should take place.

As we came over one of the hills just north of Medina, I saw on the top of the next hill what looked like two cars parked on it. About this time they turned on their red lights, and I knew the attack was under way.

We were just coming to an approach and I told Dave to pull in on it and stop. Our other car pulled in just beyond us and stopped, also. I looked back in time to see another vehicle coming from behind with it's red light on. I picked up my Mini-14, and I got out and got myself and my weapon ready as the vehicle coming from behind skidded to a stop about 20 feet away. The doors flew open on it and the two men who were in the front seat aimed their guns at us. My son Yorie had jumped out of the other car and had ran over to a high-line pole. The two cars which we had seen ahead of us, pulled up and stopped behind us.

A man got out of the vehicle which had come from behind us, and ran out into the ditch on the east side of the road. During this time there was a lot of screaming and hollering going on but nothing else, so it appeared to be an impasse.

About this time a shot rang out and the driver of the car who I believe at this time must have been supposedly in command, turned around and stood up so he was looking at his man in the east ditch, and toward the cars which had come from the north and yelled "Who fired, who fired?" The other man who was with him, echoed his question.

At the time the shot rang out I heard Yorie cry out "I'm hit, I'm hit" I took my eyes off the two men who were yelling "Who fired", and looked over at Yorie. He was still standing, but I could tell he was in pain from the way he stood. About this time, another shot rang out, and I heard Yorie cry out again. I looked over and saw that he was hit again and laying on the ground. I looked back toward the two men and saw the one in the passenger side aim at me and I was sure then that they felt the situation was no longer under their control, and the only thing to do was kill us all.

Before he was able to fire, I loosed a round at the door behind which he was standing, and while I don't think I hit him, I caused him to duck down behind the door.

I looked around again toward Yorie, and saw Scotty Paul running over toward him. I turned my head again in time to see the driver of the vehicle which had followed us raise up from behind the door and aim his gun at Scotty. I moved my gun over and fired at him before he could shoot. I didn't hit him either, the bullet striking somewhere near the lower left hand corner of the windshield. He ducked down behind the dash so I could only see his head. About this time the other man raised up and aimed at me again. I shot again striking the door and causing him to duck. This happened several times, with the two men alternating, and my shots causing them to duck each time before they could aim and fire. I don't know how many times I fired, until the man on the passenger side fell, and I was able to tell he was out of the fight. The driver must have seen this as he moved his gun from Scotty's direction toward me.

I fired several more shots at him each time he raised up to shoot at me. I finally realized this could keep up 'til my 30 round clip was empty. My bullets appeared to be ricocheting off the windshield and door post. I ran around toward the side of the vehicle, firing at the door as I went to keep him down until I got around far enough to get a clear shot at him, at which time I know he was out of the fight also.

I ran back where I could see the third man from this north-bound vehicle just in time to see him raise up to shoot at Scotty, who had ran over to Yorie. Before he was able to pull the trigger I fired and he fell to the ground. At this time I saw the man who was behind. the front end of the green Mercury, raise up and aim at, Scotty. He saw me swing my gun in his direction, and he ducked down behind his car. I could see his feet or legs beneath the car, and I fired, striking him and putting him out of the fight.

I ran over to the man in the east ditch, thinking he might still be in fighting condition. When I got nearly to him, he raised up his head and said "Don't shoot me again, I'm all done". He had his hand on his shotgun so I took that and his pistol which was in his holster and threw them in the back seat of the green Mercury. I didn't see the man who had been behind the Mercury, and who I thought I'd hit in the leg, so I don't know where he'd gone to.

A pickup had pulled up behind the north-bound vehicle, but I didn't notice anyone in it or around it and I assume it was the pickup we saw on the top of the first hill as we came out of Medina, and which I believe belonged to the city, but as to who was driving it, I have no knowledge.

Scotty tells me he saw one and possibly two men run out into the trees and hide, but I have no way of knowing who they were.

I think from the reports I've heard on the radio which was in the Mercury, that the car which came from behind, was the one the Marshals were in. If this is so, they weren't the ones who fired the first shots. The two men who were in the front seat were both looking in the direction of the green Mercury when they were shouting, "Who fired?"

Yorie's .45 auto which he had in his shoulder holster had either a rifle or pistol bullet imbedded in the clip, shattering the grips on both sides. Had he not been wearing it he would have been killed instantly.

Whether this was the first or the second shot that was fired at him I don't know, One was buckshot and the other was either a rifle or a high-powered pistol from the way the bullet looks.

I didn't see it, but it sounded as though Yorie's gun fired after he was hit. I think probably his finger tightened on the trigger when he was hit, but I know neither he nor Scotty fired before this, and whether either of them fired afterwards, I don't know. I know that if they did, they didn't hit anyone, as I knew when I hit each one of them, myself.

I saw a man in the clinic when we took Yorie in, who I think must have been the man in the pickup, who pulled up behind what I think was the marshals' vehicle. He had blood on his face and I think he was probably hit either by a bullet or bullets which glanced off the marshals' vehicle when I was firing at them. I didn't see him, and I know I didn't shoot at him, and I know neither Yorie nor Scotty shot at him.

Vernon Wagner was unarmed, so I know he didn't shoot at anyone and Dave Brower didn't shoot at anyone either. My wife had nothing to do with it, other than the fact that she had rode along with us, so she could visit with a couple of the other ladies who were coming to the meeting.

I want the world to know that I take no pleasure in the death or injury of any of these people, anymore than I felt when I was forced to bring to an end, the fighter pilots lives who forced the issue during WW II. When you come under attack by anyone, it becomes a matter of survival. I was forced. to kill an American P-51 pilot one day over Burma, when he mistook us for Japs. I let him

shoot first, but he missed and I didn't. I felt bad, but I knew I had no choice.

I would have liked nothing other to be left alone, so I could enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, which our Forefathers willed to us, this was not to be, after I discovered that our nation had fallen into the hands of an alien people, who are referred to us as a nation within the other nations. As one of our Founding Fathers stated, "They are vampires, and vampires cannot live on vampires, they must live on Christians". He tried to get a provision written into the U.S. Constitution that would have prevented Jews living inside the U.S. He warned his brethren that if this was not done their children would curse them in their graves, and that within 200 years, their people (the Jews) would be setting in their counting houses rubbing their hands, while our people would be slaving in the fields to support them. This has happened exactly as was predicted.

These enemies of Christ have taken their Jewish Communist Manifesto, and incorporated it into the Statutory laws of our country, and threw our Constitution and our Christian Common Law (which is nothing other than the Laws of God as set forth in the Scriptures), into the garbage can.

We are a conquered and occupied nation; conquered and occupied by the Jews, and their hundreds or maybe thousands of front organizations doing their un-Godly work. They have two objectives in their goal of ruling the world. Destroy Christianity and the White race. Neither can be accomplished by itself, they stand or fall together.

We are engaged in a struggle to the death between the people of the Kingdom of God, and the Kingdom of Satan. It started long ago, and is now best described as a struggle between Jacob & Esau.

I would like to write more but the Spirit says this must suffice for now. Should the hand of Elijah's God continue over me, and protect me, I shall someday see this once great nation swept clean of Christ's enemies, and restored to its former greatness. If it should be the will of our Father, and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that it is to be, there will be no way Ahab's god and his people can stand before us. Mystery Babylon with all its greatness, will be destroyed. Take heart, my fellow Christian Americans, God has said that there will be a great shaking in the land of Israel. That started this evening. Let each of you who says that the Lord Jesus Christ, is your personal Savior, sell his garment and buy a sword, if you don't already have one, and bring his enemies before Him and slay them.

If you've been paying tithes to the Synagogue of Satan, under the 2nd plank of the Communist Manifesto to finance your own destruction, stop right now, and tell Satan's tithing collectors, as I did many years ago, "Never again will I give aid and comfort to the enemies of Christ". To those of you who were engaged in the ambush and attack on us and were spared, thank God you have a chance to remove your support for the Anti-Christ's who rule our nation.

To those of you who have been supporting the Edicts and Commands of the Great Whore – Stop now and come out of her, as her time is getting short and when the hour of her judgment comes, that you be not judged with her.

I must cease now, and move on. If it should be the will of the Father that I have more to do for him, He will protect me, and no devise whatever that is used against me will succeed. To my wife Joan, who has been with me for so long, I know this will be a hard and painful experience; however, remember the prophecy will be fulfilled, and you have now been a witness to some of it. Remember I love you as much today as I did when I first saw you more than 50 years ago. Put your trust in God, and whether I live or die, He will be with you to end of your days.

To my son Yorie and my dear friend Scotty -- you both displayed the qualities of first rate Soldiers of Jesus Christ. May God bless all of you.

I must now depart -- I have no idea where I'm going, but after some more prayer, I will go where the Lord leads me, and either live to carry on the fight, or die if that be the case, and for the present at least, I bid you all good-bye.

Gordon Kahl, Christian Patriot