



**Granby National  
Collective Service**  
August 15th, 1989

Gracious Spirit, creator of life, carrier of hope, make your presence known among us. Enable us to be brave in our remembering, honest in our sorrow, and open in love and compassion to each other. Help us to seek not so much answers to our questions, but, rather, the patience to mourn and grieve. Enable us to remember with joy the lives of those we have loved. Send us your peace.

Amen

#### Order of Service

9:00am	<b>Processional of the Collective Coffin</b>	<i>Carried by Friends and Brave Volunteers</i>
9:05am	<b>A Moment of Silence or a Moment of Prayer</b>	<i>Lead by Reverend H. Kaplan</i>
9:10am	<b>Eulogy</b>	<i>Delivered by Russel Chamberlain</i>
9:20am	<b>Who We Are</b>	<i>Live Reading by Alexander Pierson</i>
9:35am	<b>The Morning Of</b>	<i>Live Reading by Olivia Moser</i>
9:55am	<b>Closing Comments</b>	<i>By Russel Chamberlain</i>

The Service will be followed by a luncheon that will close at 1:45pm. Thank you for your attendance and may God bless us all.



### The Morning Of | A Word on What Was Done To Us

Olivia Moser

I had taken my time that morning in tending to the usual suspects of month's end. People I hadn't seen in a few weeks came down from the upper floors to talk to me. On that day I was more thankful for their help than annoyed by their demands. There was an understanding in the building that day. An understanding that we were all one person. Requests and demands were just communication and reprimands were nothing more than a nervous system teaching itself. No one was traitorous to the culture because what we had done to the other we had already done to ourselves.

I couldn't sleep the night prior; my neck was tense. I couldn't relax my legs after mulching and performing an arduous investigation into my crawlspace to investigate what critters were scratching at the corners of my vents. That night I walked between the laptop on my dining room table and the splintering rail on my front porch. At around 3:15 I got in my car and pulled into a Sheetz. The steering wheel was cold and when I took my hands off it to rub my temples I couldn't feel my blood running through my arms and head like I normally could when it got this chilly.

I'd known the manager of this Sheetz since high school. The place was empty and, according to her, had been since midnight. She invited me into dry storage to share the stir fry she'd made last night. We sat on crates. She sipped on coffee and I indulged in a watery diet soda. Once settled, she spoke first. "Do you remember me donating some time to the old professionals in San Francisco that wanted to prove Pacific Superhighway's unlawful data collection?"

"Sure," I said.

"Well," she put her fork down for a moment, "Last month I started having problems with black SUVs following my husband to work and following me pretty much everywhere." She took another bite of her stir fry and moved her coffee a little closer, preparing for another sip in the next minute or so. "It was this month that my car got totaled because one of them ran a red to T bone me."

I stayed silent so she could finish her story quickly. It was common that when I'd visit she'd have something in the chamber she'd been hoping to tell me. It was always best to just let her finish. She preferred analysis over conversation, story time was only a transfer of information.

"The people I was working with kept me on their email list and I had stopped reading until one day they sent out a message about harassment. I thought something more uh," she used her hands to crumple an invisible paper ball, "internal had happened, like one person in the org was following another home." This time she let her limp right hand move in a circle to tell me this was conjecture. "It turns out that they'd had the same issues I'd had. SUVs everywhere, always, but sometimes things would get as bad as people going onto their property. One lady described a man coming up to her at a Panera Bread and wiping a kitchen knife across her arm. Didn't even cut her, just ran the blunt end over her." She placed a hand over her forehead, "The entire email was this massive account of incidents that had been privately reported to org management and released to everyone so no one would believe they were alone in what was happening to them. One guy was walking around Santa Monica and had his forearm cut open with a kitchen knife. Never caught the guy who did it, 'Disappeared almost immediately,' he said."



My friend put her stir fry down. We agreed that Pacific Superhighway was responsible for the harassment. It had become clear to her as it became clear to them that they had contracted professional stalkers of some kind.

I comforted her and offered to ask our head of security, Daniel Womack, about sending some of our private security team to watch her and her husband's house until things calmed down. I would never get the chance to ask him.

It's not just Pacific. Our work with the FBI has revealed we are under attack from Coronado, MaxTide, CCNS, and DeLatorre-Pike. As of August 12th, each is being formally investigated and we have been assured that all individuals who do not fully cooperate will be detained. Many in this room have experienced harassment just like what my friend described. What she experienced and what we have experienced have become an industry standard. I have been present for far too many of your loved one's funerals. Key personnel involved in our Consumer Data branch have gone missing, had their loved ones go missing, and in some instances have been poisoned. When I left the Sheetz it was 5:00am. I went home and prepared myself for the final day of month end, leaving around 7:00 and getting to the office at 7:40. Half of the building was already there and the other half arrived in the next hour. I'd never seen our Keurig so in demand. I began the day by finishing off the last report I had due. I remember feeling confident that morning. I remember feeling sure of my own ability and the abilities of everyone around me. Not a single pair of hands remained still. I worked my way to the offices on higher levels through the stairwell. A stranger caught my eye. We slowed down and faced each other on the landing tread.

"Do you feel it?" He asked me.

I had to think. I knew I could but I didn't know what.

He spoke again, "We've been watching billions of them for over a decade. Every day I came here I felt invisible until this morning. I can feel them all. Billions of eyes seeing us for the first time. When I got here I felt seen. Like everyone knew I was here." He looked to the floor.

"I feel it." I told him. "I think everyone else can too."

"We're about to become a known quantity," he whispered.

### How We Remember Those Lost

Anna Padgett



















