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and messenger of God. by Stephen Kimber



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September 06, 2007

The prophet in Clayton Park

Bill Deagle MD, ABFP, CCFP, AAPM, CIME, AAAAM, ACOEM, AAEM claims to know things they don't want you to know about 9/11, the Oklahoma City bombing and Columbine school shootings, to name but a few world-shaking events. So what's he doing in Halifax?

by **Stephen Kimber**

After practising medicine for years in Denver—where he still faces a wrongful death lawsuit—and claiming connections to 9/11, the Oklahoma City bombing, Columbine school shootings and all manner of high-level government secrets, Bill Deagle moved back home to Nova Scotia. Now this Larry King of conspiracy lives in suburban Halifax, with a daily two-hour internet radio broadcast and explicit orders from God to get the truth out there.



photo Moon Hee Nam ([click for larger version](#))

On the morning of September 11, 2001, a family doctor named Bill Deagle was driving his two older sons—Matthew, 16, and Stephen, 14—to Chatfield, their charter high school in Littleton, Colorado, a couple of miles from their home, when he heard the first confused, confusing, stuttering reports on the radio. *A plane has crashed into New York's World Trade Center! No, two planes!*

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Passenger jets! Fires! Chaos! Rescues! Jumpers! The Pentagon! More planes... missing planes!... And then, finally, at one minute before 8am Mountain Time, he listened as the shocked-and-awed radio newscaster told his even more startled listeners that the trade centre's south tower had suddenly, inexplicably collapsed in on itself in a whoosh of smoke and dust from pulverized stone, steel, glass, desks, paper and people.

It was not inexplicable to Bill Deagle.

"I knew right away," he would say later. "*They did it.*" His rage that day was directed not, as you might expect, at the men who'd commandeered the planes and turned them into jet-fueled weapons of mass destruction. Deagle knew the terrorists (if indeed they really were terrorists) were mere dupes, diversions in the grander—far grander—cosmic scheme of it all.

Bill Deagle *knew*. He knew because—more than six months earlier—*they* had told him almost exactly what was going to happen.

September 11 was one—but only one—of many world-changing, cataclysmic catastrophes that rearranged Bill Deagle's world, too, transforming him from a seemingly ordinary Nova Scotia-raised and schooled, Colorado-based medical doctor into the Larry King of the global conspiracy celebrity circuit, the host of his own internet radio talk show and a featured speaker at major George-Bush-did-it, 9/11, New-World-Disorder conferences and conventions.

Given his status in that world, it is perhaps not surprising that he has his detractors too; there have even been videos produced and a book written specifically to denounce him.

What is, in fact, much more surprising is that his holy mission—to save the world from the "real enemy"—has brought him back here to Halifax to live and work.

But we're getting ahead of our story. How did Bill Deagle really know in advance what was going to happen on the morning of September 11, 2001?

On March 1, 2001, Deagle was attending an infectious diseases and bioterrorism conference at the Adams Mark Hotel in downtown Denver. There, he met Jay Reddington, a former colleague at the VA Hospital and the University of Colorado. The two men had worked together on a number of government terrorism simulations designed to test how major American cities would respond to a real attack. One of them, 2001's Operation Top Off, had even featured simulations of a bioweapons attack on Denver, along with a chemical weapons attack on Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and a "radiological event" targeted at Washington. In every case, the people who were supposed

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to identify the threats and deal with them—hospital personnel, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, the Office of Emergency Preparedness—had failed miserably.

In the smug run-up to 9/11, America was extremely vulnerable, but most Americans were blissfully ignorant of the threat.

Not Bill Deagle. That's why, when he encountered Reddington outside the conference room that day, Deagle began to badger him with questions about exactly what was being done to prepare for an attack. What Deagle calls their "lively tennis game of questions soon became invited private lunch," and Deagle found himself sitting opposite some of the key players in the pre-9/11 battle against terrorism, including senior officials from the FBI and the Centers for Disease Control.

As they lingered over lunch at "a private table for speakers, a sufficient distance from others," an FBI official—"sensing that I was one of the boys, having worked on these sensitive government simulations"—leaned closer to Deagle and confided, "There is, according to our war game simulations and current intelligence, a 95 percent likelihood of a major devastating attack on a city in the northeast within 24 months. It will kill from between 50,000 to 500,000 individuals, and bring about immediate institution of martial law in America and a national implantable ID."

Stunned, Deagle pressed him to repeat the claim, which he did—twice more—and for details about what he really knew. The FBI man talked blandly about the likelihood of an anthrax release, the detonation of a dirty nuclear bomb, even the use of airplanes as weapons. As he talked he became even more specific. The city would be New York. And the chance of it happening was not, as he'd initially suggested, 95 percent—it was 100 percent.

The more the FBI man talked the more Deagle began to realize what he really meant. Finally, the veins in his neck popping in anger and frustration, the words finally spilled out of his mouth. "You are either going to let this happen—or cause it, aren't you!" Deagle almost shouted.

Realizing belatedly that he wasn't sharing gossip with one of the "inner circle," the FBI man turned pale. He and the others hurriedly excused themselves to return to their conference sessions.

But Bill Deagle now knew.

None of that made the news on the morning of September 11th any easier to take. "The unfolding disaster," he would say later, "hit me like a prizefighter's right to my left temple."

A real estate advertisement featuring a yellow circular graphic with the text "THIS WEEK'S HOT DIG" and a photo of a house. Below the photo, the text reads: "LOCATION 4 Fairbanks", "BEST FEATURES Million Dollar Harbour view, substantially renovated, currently two flats but could easily be converted back to a grand family home with the best view in town!", "PRICE \$339,000", and "CONTACT Rosie Porter roslep.ca".

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Deagle, in fact, knew even more than the FBI man had told him. He also knew exactly how they'd brought down the buildings. Not with planes—that would have been impossible—but with tiny micro-nuclear bombs carefully pre-placed in the walls of the towers all the way down to bedrock.

Just like in Oklahoma City.

Bill Deagle knew about Oklahoma City because he'd been there too. Not *there* on April 19, 1995, when Timothy McVeigh supposedly blew up a Ryder truck filled with ammonium nitrate fertilizer outside the Murrah building, but there two months later at the Center for Occupational Medicine at St. Francis Hospital in Colorado. Deagle, who says he was an occupational health specialist working with the military, was testing five military forensic bomb experts from Ft. Carson for chemical exposure. They'd all worked at the bomb site after the blast.

One of the men—who "looked really frightened, acting like he wanted to tell me something"—finally blurted out the truth. "He told me they'd removed two softball-sized micro-chip nukes as well as... C-4 pineapples [a type of plastic explosive] and many C-4 placer charges systematically put throughout the building." According to the soldier, special FBI units had placed the devices in the building before the explosion as yet another prelude to—and pretext for—declaring martial law. McVeigh was a decoy.

The soldier told Deagle he had to tell somebody "but feared he would be killed if this ever leaked out."

When the military did somehow eventually discover his indiscretion, the soldier—whom Deagle will not identify—was court-martialed, and Deagle himself threatened.

Deagle, however, says he warned his military interrogators he had a "hidden vault of information" he wouldn't hesitate to make public "if anyone tried to harm me or my family." In the end, he says, they cut him a \$35,000 cheque, gave him a letter of reference and shoved him out the hospital door in hopes it would buy his silence. It didn't.

"I remember telling them even if they killed me, I wasn't going quietly," Deagle recalled later. "'If you come within 500 miles of me or my family with any of your operatives, me or my buddies will take you out,'" he says he warned them, adding: "And I meant it."

Thanks to his own many contacts within the military, Deagle says he's continued to discover even more and more cataclysmic schemes *they've*

hatched to...well, not to put too fine a point on it, control the world.

In February 2002, for example, while teaching at another bioterrorism conference in St. Louis, Deagle says he spent three days "with Delta Force and Special Ops guys, all of them saying that our own government was in control and pulling the strings of terrorism. They warned me that the next event was going to be a radiological event involving six major cities, including Chicago, Denver, Atlanta, Seattle, Boston and San Diego."

Coincidentally, Deagle says he also treated a government worker who'd become ill while working inside massive, city-sized government tunnels and underground facilities in Colorado and Mexico. According to Deagle, there are more than 4,000 of these clandestine underground cities worldwide, including in and around 132 US cities. His patient, he says, "told me about things going on there, literally involving people from *out of this world*."

That surprising revelation was probably less surprising to Dr. Deagle than it might have been to you or me. That's because, as Deagle explained it during a recent speech in Vancouver, "I was called, not only as a doctor and a scientist—but also as a prophet." He has claimed he is, in fact, one of the two end-of-days prophetic witnesses identified in Revelations 11:3—"And I will give power to my two witnesses, and they will prophesy 1,260 days, clothed in sackcloth..."

Being a prophet, he has said, is "a gift that was given to me for this moment."

The story of that gift begins on Saturday, April 24, 1999, when an angelic visitor first appeared while Deagle was praying. "I prayed in tongues privately and, as always, heard the immediate translation in English of the audible voice of God," Deagle wrote of the experience. "God said, "If you are obedient and seek wisdom in prayer tonight, I will reveal to you a great revelation. Go to your vitamin cabinet and take two specific nutrient capsules and pray until you are sound asleep, and I will send forth the angel Gabriel from the Throne Room to show you what you must tell My People!!" (Strange as it might seem, those "specific" nutrient capsules may have been significant. Read on...)

Gabriel then whisked Deagle off to Kosovo where he not only saw the devastation that war had brought there but also the inside of a "baroque ornate room with high ceilings and chandeliers" where Yugoslav president Slobidan Milosevic was arguing with a Russian diplomat. Before Deagle could settle in for the discussion, Gabriel hustled him off to a basement room at the White House where Bill Clinton and his advisors were gloating

over the success of their effort to demonize Milosevic.

Then, with barely a breath, Bill and Gabe were standing on "a cobbled street in a quaint German city" watching a parade of soldiers wearing blue hats who were marching, Nazi-like, past a reviewing stand while a crowd chanted, "Hail the United Nations World Armed Forces!!"



Bill Deagle.

That, Gabriel confided, was what Kosovo was really all about: another step in the creation of a new world order... *The New World Order... The New World Disorder...*

It wasn't Gabriel's only nocturnal visit to Bill's bedside. On another occasion, Deagle says Gabriel took him inside a secret facility within the North American Air Defence Command base in the Cheyenne Mountains of Colorado. "I told him that I had been in the NORAD facility before and wondered why he was taking me there," the world-wise Deagle explained later. But Gabriel told him this was a new, even more super-secret complex and showed him a "white, bubble-shaped button" labeled "Neutron Fuse."

"What do you think will happen when this system is activated and the president of the United States gives the order to push the white button?" Gabriel asked.

"I don't know," Bill reasonably answered.

Pushing the button, Gabriel explained, will trigger the shutdown of all communications on earth—except for a select few devices controlled by *them*. That will be the beginning, Gabriel declared, of "the Great Falling Away."

But why was Gabriel telling him all this, Bill Deagle not surprisingly wondered?

So Gabe told him. Bill Deagle had been chosen to pass the message on to "the people of our Lord Jesus." After hearing Deagle, "personally and in cell churches, [the chosen] will have fled to places of refuge," Gabriel explained.

Bill Deagle was to save the world. But from what?

Three months later, in the middle of a conversation with one of his more earthly sources at Lockheed Martin, Gabriel whooshed in again, taking Deagle off "in the spirit" one more time. "I will show you preparations, which are now

ready to begin," Gabriel said. " *They* are making final preparations for the Time of Terror."

This then was the Big Reveal. Project Omega!

Deep in the bowels of Colorado, Gabriel explained, *they* had created Project Omega to command and control "all the evil plans of the Evil One, Satan, to destroy the Holy People." Forget the so-called terrorists, Bush's axis of evil, Bush himself, Cheney, even the American empire as we know it. The real enemy is Satan, and the chain of command up to the top of Project Omega is a long and twisting one that scales through and past the secret American government, Hillary "Rotten" Clinton, the royal family, the pope, the "Luciferian" Catholic church, the Rothschilds, the "non-human" higher levels of masonry above 180 all the way up to the Pindar, the leader of the Illuminati, the Lizard King.

Deagle confided to attendees at a recent conference in California that, on three different occasions, the Pindar has actually tried to recruit him to become his understudy and run the earth on behalf of the evil doers. "But I chose light over darkness," he explained.

Bill Deagle had been given the gift. He'd been chosen to take the message to the Holy People.

Deagle soon became a featured speakers for an American cataclysmic end-time organization called the Prophecy Club, and even wrote a book, *Clay and Iron: Answers to the Endtime Puzzle (Vol I)* .

No wonder the American government tapped his phone. No wonder *they* wanted to do him harm.

Which is why, according to one internet news report, Bill Deagle "moved to Canada for his own safety..."

"Something really bad is going to happen in America," Deagle himself confided, "and that is why I moved my family to Canada."

Which is how it came to pass that Dr. William Richard Deagle MD, ABFP, CCFP, AAPM, CIME, AAAAM, ACOEM, AAEM¹—not to forget prophet—has come to be living on a cul de sac in the heart of Clayton Park in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

But that, of course, is only part of the story.

Although William Deagle, Jr., was born in Detroit on February 15, 1952, his

first stay in the US was a brief one, likely no more than a month, but long enough for a green card. Deagle mostly grew up in Dartmouth, the oldest of five children of William Deagle, Sr., a jeweller-turned-plumber, and his wife Lorraine, a devout Roman Catholic of Lebanese ancestry.

Bill has claimed that one reason for his "superior intelligence" is that his mother's smoking during pregnancy, which probably resulted in his low birth-weight—just over five pounds—had the happy side effect of increasing his neural pathways and thus his intelligence. He's also told people his first experience with other-worldly creatures occurred on Dartmouth's shores when he was visited by aliens who were following him because of his superior intellect.

During the early '70s, Bill, Jr., studied biology and chemistry at Dalhousie University, where he claims to have been a charter member of Greenpeace. After graduating with his science degree in 1973, Deagle enrolled in Dal's medical school.

A year later, he says the CIA first came calling, attempting to entice him to take a year off from his medical studies so he could work on his PhD in virology in Uganda, where he would have been involved in a secret project to create the AIDS virus. He says he turned them down.

He claims that wasn't the only time recruiters would seek him out. After graduating with his MD in 1977, Deagle says UCLA's Wadsworth veteran's hospital in California invited him to go there to do research into the causes of multiple sclerosis, which his first wife, Denise, already suffered from.

For some reason, Deagle's medical school colleagues don't recall the campus being overrun by recruiters during their years there—especially not from the CIA. Nor do they think Deagle would have been the first candidate such high-level intelligence agencies would have come looking for.

"I always wondered how he passed each year," one of them told me, but admitted, "if asked on what basis I state this, I cannot be more specific." But another former student concurred, adding his clearest memory of Deagle was that "he used these coloured pens to mark up his textbooks—one colour for important, another for less, another for not at all. His books were just covered in colours—like a child's colouring book."

No one I talked to remembered an alleged incident from those days that Deagle has mentioned in his speeches. In 1975, Deagle claims his psychiatry professor brought in a special guest speaker, Dr. Ewan Cameron, to speak to the class. Though Cameron's work probably wasn't well known at the time, he is now, of course, infamous as the psychiatrist the CIA hired to conduct "mind-

control" experiments using LSD and electro-convulsive treatments on unwitting subjects during the '50s and '60s at Montreal's Allan Memorial Institute.

No one I talked to at the medical school remembers Cameron's visit, which isn't surprising. According to the official record, Cameron died in an accident in 1967—eight years before his talk at Dalhousie.

"Supposedly died," is the way Deagle puts it.

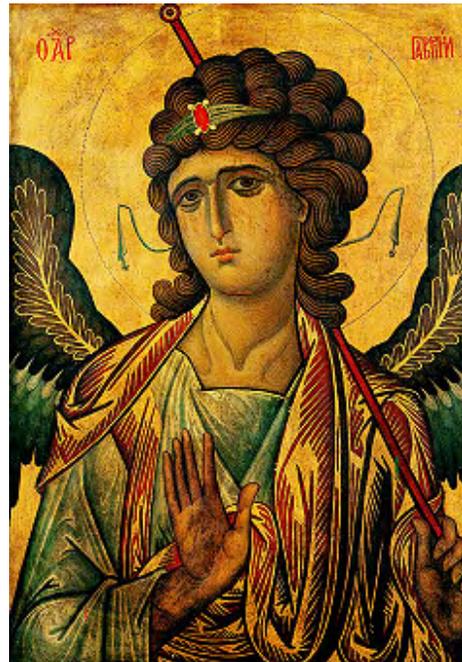
Deagle's trail between his graduation from med school in 1977 and obtaining his licence to practise in Colorado 17 years later is murky. According to Nova Scotia's College of Physicians and Surgeons, he was licensed to practise in Nova Scotia from 1987 to 1995, and several people report that he had a practice in Enfield at one point. I was told he interned in Vancouver, and that he also practised medicine in Calgary.

It was in Calgary in the early 1980s where he met his second wife, Michelle Fiander. Both were married to other people at the time.²

Michelle was born in Louisbourg, Nova Scotia, one of three children of a local fisherman and his emotionally troubled wife. Michelle has told friends her mother, a sophisticated woman with a master's degree who was unhappy in a fishing village, was institutionalized on a number of occasions. Michelle attended Acadia University where she met her first husband and then, somehow or another, ended up in Calgary, where she met Bill.

Acquaintances suggest it was Michelle rather than Bill who instigated what one calls their "strange religion shopping." After they met, says one, Bill, who didn't seem especially religious and was "just a simple working MD out in Calgary... at an amazing speed... was pulled into one extremist church after another."

They were "pretty much everything and anything," notes another of their church-jumping, which included one stint in a Mormon offshoot, "though



The angel Gabriel.

sometimes only for a few months at a time."

Deagle's incidental (if bizarre) emergence as a public figure in the netherworld of conspiracy and intrigue appears to have begun after they moved to Denver in the mid-'90s. More specifically, it can be traced back to April 20, 1999, the day Dylan Klebold and Eric Harris, two troubled teens from the Colorado town where Deagle lived, opened fire, killing 12 of their fellow Columbine High School students and a teacher, and wounding 23 others.

Deagle, who says he was the local fire department's doctor at the time, claims to have been one of the first emergency personnel on the scene. But when he, the battalion chief and a ladder man tried to enter the building to help the wounded, Deagle says a Jefferson County sheriff's officer stood in their way. "If you go in," the cop warned them, "we'll shoot you."

Deagle would probably dismiss suggestions the officers might have simply been trying to keep the emergency personnel from getting trapped in what was still a free-fire zone.

"Did you know there were 26 federal and state agencies at Columbine?" Deagle has said by way of the real explanation. "There were BATF [Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms personnel] in the building." He claims he later personally interviewed three students from the school who told them the BATF "were shooting children. There were Denver SWAT teams inside the building at the time of the shooting that didn't engage them."

In the months after the shootings, however, Deagle initially became known, not for his conspiratorial take on what had really happened inside the school,³ but for the fact Bill Deagle was 16-year-old Mark Taylor's family doctor.

Taylor, one of the first students wounded in the attack, had been shot seven times and was not expected to live. "I'm looking at a dead man," Deagle remembers Mark's surgeon telling him before the boy was wheeled into the operating room that day.

But Taylor did survive. And he quickly became a symbol of the good that could come from such a tragedy, thanks to faith. "God's plan for me," the boy told the *Rocky Mountain News*, "is for me to speak to people against violence."

Mark and his mother—and, perhaps strangely, their doctor—soon became fixtures at public events where Mark talked about what had happened to him, his mother Donna offered her motherly perspective and Bill Deagle showed slides of the boy's X-rays and talked about his miraculous recovery. There were plans for a national tour to "promote Christian values," and Mark and

his doctor began collaborating on a book so Mark could "get my story out. People are looking for hope."

The book never did get written. Taylor's mother would later break off relations with Deagle, complaining "he tried to control me and my son. It got deeper and deeper. It was insane," says Donna Taylor. She began to believe Deagle was "nuts."

Once, when she and the Deagles flew off to Los Angeles to do a seminar, she claims the Deagles asked her daughter to stay at their place and look after the Deagle's four children. If she needed money to feed the children, the girl claims Deagle told her, she could take what she needed from a drawer in the bedroom. The daughter told her mother later that she saw more than \$200,000 in cash in hundred-dollar bills in the drawer. By the time Taylor cut off contact with the doctor, she says Deagle had begun talking about how the government was implanting chips in unsuspecting victims—"he even showed them to us." She was also concerned about the number of medications he was prescribing to her son.

Taylor isn't the only person to question Dr. Deagle's drug prescribing habits. KUSA, a Denver television station, looked into complaints from the family of one of Deagle's patients, a woman named Debra Darnell who died while in Deagle's care. Over the course of one nine-month period, the station reported, Deagle had written 102 different prescriptions for the woman.⁴

On March 11, 2004, the Colorado State Medical Board temporarily suspended his medical licence after investigating three separate incidents in which Deagle had allegedly over-prescribed a pharmacopia of drugs.⁵ The coroner's report ruled that one patient's death was "accidental" but concluded it had happened as the result of "respiratory depressive effects of the combination of drugs revealed by toxicology analysis." A second patient had to be hospitalized for a week "for withdrawal from medications," while the third ended up in a hospital emergency room "incoherent and unable to remember what had happened to him."

Although he has since added his troubles with the medical board to the larger conspiracy against him, Deagle initially told the *Rocky Mountain News* he was a victim of insurance and drug companies—the pharmaceutical companies boost their prices to the point where "insurers do everything they can to persuade doctors not to prescribe very many pain medications."

Despite the fact that some of his patients supported him—"I would be in extreme pain, a basket case, without Dr. Deagle," one woman told the newspaper—the medical board only finally agreed to let him continue

practising medicine if there was a mentor in place to monitor his prescribing habits.

And the family of another of his patients has filed a still-in-progress wrongful death suit against Deagle.

That may have prompted Deagle's decision to return home to Nova Scotia three years ago. Or it may have been, as he has suggested, the fact that *they* were out to get him.

Whatever the case, Deagle, his wife and their four children now call Clayton Park home.

Perhaps it's because Bill Deagle's candy store of conspiratorial causes—right, left, medical, political, environmental, ethereal, logical, loony—taps into some 21st century zeitgeist. Or perhaps (and more likely) it's because his uncanny ability to at least claim to have been in the middle of cataclysmic events such as 9/11, the Oklahoma City bombing *and* Columbine gives him a certain cachet among those who believe there must be logically illogical, irrationally rational explanations for what's happening in the world around us.

Perhaps the reasons matter less than the reality that William Deagle has become a "player" in the global world of conspiracy. If you plug the words "Deagle" and "conspiracy" into Google, for example, you come up with 160,000 hits in .14 seconds.

The twin towers of Deagle's own mini-empire focus on two seemingly separate but strangely interconnected websites—the CLAYandIRON Ministry, "commissioned by the Most High God & to bring the truth of the end of this Secular Age and prepare His People spiritually and physically for the Times of Jacob's Troubles," and Nutrimedicals Inc., a site that sells a typically prosaic assortment of vitamins and pills to combat everything from overeating, to aging, to erectile dysfunction—along with such less likely products as a \$129.95 three-day, one-person survival kit in case of "chemical, biological, radiological, nuclear and natural disasters."

What brings the two together is Deagle's daily two-hour weekday afternoon show on the Genesis Communication Network, a US-based internet radio station that features many of the big names in global conspiracy. From a makeshift studio in his Halifax home, Deagle takes—very—occasional calls from listeners, ramblingly reinterprets current news events to fit his own perspective and somehow manages to mingle conspiracy theories with plugs for his nutritional supplements.

GCN's website describes him as a pro-life physician-whistleblower who has

experienced first-hand the operations of globalist plans of above-government agencies New World Disorder.⁶

Bill Deagle is now an in-demand "expert" at international gatherings of conspiracy buffs. He was a featured speaker recently at the Los Angeles-based Granada Forum, "a research center for all types of subject matters that cannot be talked about in the mainstream media," and was on the list of well-known conspiratists at June's "Vancouver 9/11 Truth Conference."

Ironically, Deagle isn't a very compelling speaker. On video—at least the ones I've watched—Deagle comes across as a stubby, middle-aged man with a droopy moustache, bushy brows and a speaking style that can be excruciatingly, university-lecture dull—even when what he is saying is anything but.

Consider the following, delivered straight-faced and without inflection, to listeners at the Granada Forum: "All roads do lead to Rome," he said, appearing to read from the text on his laptop computer screen. "All kings and rulers are subject to the Jesuit general, the black Pope. Zionism is just an apostate arm of the Bablyonian Talmudic Satanism, subject to the Vatican. Spiritual dark lords of blood and sexual sacrifice are identical with IFEs—Identified Fiendish Entities. And they exist. In the astral plane. And the physical..."

He admits he's "a little long-winded"—the online video of his Granada speech clocked in at two hours and 18 minutes—and he occasionally has very un-prophet-like problems with his Powerpoint presentations.

So why does anyone listen? Deagle seems to succeed, at least in part, by making listeners believe he is smarter than them.

"I was supposed to go into nuclear physics at MIT," he confides at one talk, just after boasting about his "near photographic memory." "Instead, I did honours biochemistry. I completed my PhD research project in five months at age 20. I didn't finish my thesis because I went into medicine." He pauses to let that sink in. "I'm not exactly stupid," he says.

He also claims, of course, to have been a member of what he calls "the inner circle," a claim some of those in the conspiracy world who interview him are quick to pick up on. Alex Jones, who hosts another popular internet radio all-conspiracy-all-the-time program, introduced Deagle on his show as a man who had "worked for the government at every level...So much of his bio is classified..."

Deagle plays on the power of that mystery, claiming American Special Ops buddies and contacts in high places who tell him things unknown even to the most plugged in. "Senators on the armed forces committee," he boasted to Jones's listeners, "don't know what I know."

What he knows, however, may be less than he claims. It's difficult to fact-check all of his claims—and probably pointless too, since Deagle would almost certainly argue that his role was too classified for anyone to admit to. But consider just one claim with a local connection.

In his speech at the Granada Forum, Deagle claimed his brother-in-law is the "executive assistant to our premier in Nova Scotia, where I live right now." That much is true...well, more or less. Michelle's brother, Wayne Fiander, is a former Tory candidate and current special advisor to premier Rodney MacDonald. Deagle went on to claim that Fiander and "his best friend, Barry, a senior planner for the Canadian government," had been involved in a secret study that showed that if Washington ever declared a "code red," the highest level terror alert, the resulting shutdown of transportation and other vital infrastructure would lead to the deaths of "half the population of North America."

When I emailed Fiander to ask him about his brother-in-law's claim, he sent me a terse reply: "I have no knowledge of this."

Perhaps not surprisingly, Bill Deagle has his share of detractors and debunkers.

"Screwloosechange"—a website set up to expose "the lies, distortions and myths" in *Loose Change*, a 9/11 conspiracy documentary—describes Deagle as a "fruit loop." Even within the mainstream conspiracy movement—and, post Iraqi-weapons-of-mass-destruction, there's nothing particularly "out there," of course, about questioning whether the American government is really telling the whole truth about 9/11, or anything else—many worry that Deagle's never-ending web-spiral of ever greater conspiracies is undermining their legitimate questions, and some even wonder if Deagle himself is part of a misinformation conspiracy to discredit *them*.

Even at the fringes of the movement, Deagle is often seen as beyond the fringe. He's been the subject of one book (*Deadly Medicine of Dr. Bill Deagle*) and a number of videos (including *Why Should You Care What Dr. Bill Deagle Says*).

Deagle knows there are people who not only don't agree with him, but who are also out to get him, and not just verbally. He claims he isn't worried. "I'm not afraid to die tonight," he announced to those attending his Granada Forum

speech last December. "I'm totally fearless."

So why won't he talk to me?

"Dear Dr. Deagle," I began a blandly inoffensive email to him on January 27, 2007. "I'm a feature writer for The Coast, a Halifax-based alternative news weekly, and I'm interested in doing a story about you—your ministry and radio show, your views on the state of the world, and your Nutrimedical business...I'm curious to know more about you, your career and what brought you back to Halifax at this time."

I sent the email by way of his wife, Michelle, who was then a Royal LePage real estate agent. She passed it on to him, with the one-word comment—"Interesting"—and he responded a day or so later (he really does include his entire alphabet soup of ostensible professional credentials as part of his email address) with a request that I give him a call. I did, and we spoke briefly, and pleasantly enough, on the telephone. Deagle asked me to send him copies of some of the stuff I'd written, and then we'd talk again.

I did.

And...nothing. He didn't get back to me. So I emailed him again a week later. And then at the end of February. Nothing. At the end of June, I emailed him one more time, telling him I was going ahead with this story and offering him another chance to be interviewed for it.

He never replied.

In the end, the information in this story has been gathered from a variety of other sources: internet websites—Deagle's own and others—audio interviews with him, videos of his presentations to various groups, documents from his legal troubles with the medical board in Colorado, property records, newspaper reports and interviews with a number of people who've known him.

The story is as complete as I can make what, in the end, still adds up to an incomplete picture of the man. Which is too bad. He is—to say the least—a fascinating character, and there are all sorts of questions I would have liked to ask him, beginning with the obvious: Is Bill Deagle for real?

If it is a scam, what's in it for him? Is there major money to be made in the conspiracy business? In the online videos I watched, Deagle does hawk his DVDs and makes relatively low-key pitches for "sugar daddies" to help him get his now internet-only show on Sirius satellite radio, but none of it seems designed—or likely—to generate the wads of cash Donna Taylor's daughter once suggested she saw in his drawer.

Speaking of cash, where does he get his now that he no longer practises medicine?

On June 1, 2007, the Colorado state board of medical examiners got a court order revoking his licence to practise there. In its complaint, the board cited six cases in which Deagle had over-prescribed medications, including one case in which Deagle prescribed a month's worth of Oxycotin to a patient, and then, less than a week later, wrote another prescription for the same patient for another month's worth of the drug. During the course of the year-long hearing in the complaints, Deagle dropped his lawyer, represented himself, and eventually refused to participate in what he described as a "witch hunt," issuing instead what the court called "qualified threats against counsel for the [medical] board," and began each of his email messages with the statement: "OFFICIAL NOTICE of reporting of corrupt acts, attempted extortion, deprivation of Rights under color of law, mail fraud, and deprivation of the intangible Right of honest services, and Violation of Oath of Office."

The Nova Scotia College of Physicians says he doesn't have a current licence to practise here either.

His four-bedroom Clayton Park house is assessed at \$412,600, but real estate records show his wife Michelle—to whom he gave power of attorney—took out a \$294,375 mortgage when she bought the property in May 2003.

(Intriguingly, that is almost a full year before the Colorado medical board first slapped restrictions on his licence. Paula Woodward, the reporter at 9News in Denver who broke the story of Deagle's prescribing habits, tells me the station began its investigation of Deagle two years before its spring 2004 stories aired. Since she would have talked to the medical board a number of times during her research, it's probable Deagle would have been aware he was under a cloud long before the actual suspension. And then, of course, there is the wrongful death suit, which is still hanging over him. Whatever the cause, it seems Michelle and the three youngest children relocated to Halifax a year before Bill. I'd like to ask the Deagles more about the timing of their move back to Nova Scotia, but it doesn't seem likely I'll get the chance.)

Speaking of Michelle—who is still listed on their CLAYandIRON ministry home page as one of the Servants of the Most High God—what is her role in all of this? Some suggest she is the real *eminence gris* behind Bill's transformation from boring family doctor to God's chosen servant. She seems to have recently given up the Halifax real estate business that was their only other visible means of support. The website that used to tout her property listings is now home to the still-under-construction site of Michelle Deagle, chief financial officer of Nutrimedical, Inc. Strangely, the fax number for the

company is in the 902 area code, while Nutrimedical's office address is listed as being in a Denver suburb.

Nutrimedical's products—most of which come from other supplement makers—carry the sheen of Dr. Deagle's personal recommendations based on his long "experience with the use of nutritional supplementation integrated with allopathic medicine." Deagle, in fact, helpfully includes a complete listing of all his initialed credentials twice in the first two paragraphs of Nutrimedical's "about" page. Still, perhaps mindful of his ongoing troubles with Colorado's medical board, he carefully notes that his selling of the supplements online "is not be construed as an online consult or anything other than educational materials.... One-on-one consultations," he adds, "must be in person, by appointment only with Dr. William R. Deagle MD's Colorado clinic."

Which raises another question. What Colorado clinic? Is William Richard Deagle really in Halifax? Or Colorado? Or...?

Bill Deagle isn't answering. At least not me. Maybe I've now become *they*, too.

Stephen Kimber, The Coast's senior features writer, isn't sure who's really responsible for 9/11 but he's quite sure the angel Gabriel wasn't involved. At least not directly.

FOOTNOTES:

1. In case you need to know, ABFP stands for American Board of Family Practice, CCFP for Certificant of the College of Family Practice of Canada, AAPM for American Academy of Pain Management, CIME for Certified Independent Medical Examiner (American Board of Independent Medical Examiners), AAAAM for American Academy of Anti-Aging Medicine, ACOEM for American College of Occupational and Environmental Medicine, and AAEM is the American Academy of Environmental Medicine. Now you know.
2. Deagle's first wife has since died.
3. In case you're wondering, Columbine too seems to be part of the great master plan, but that only became clearer later.
4. Those prescriptions included 24 for pain (2,072 doses), three for sleep (66 doses), seven for depression (294 doses) and 12 for anxiety (821 doses).
5. Including Oxycotin, Oxy IR, Actiq, Xanax, Klonopin, Paxil, Bextra and Soma.

6. Deagle's own website is even more effusive if not much more grammatical: "As a pro-life messianic Christian physician, I expose the evils of abortion and genetically engineered designer babies, euthanasia on-demand, trans-human gene enhancement cyborg technology, RFID National and Global ID, Scalar Mind Control, GMO genetically modified and irradiated foods, toxins of Mercury and Fluoride, Depleted Uranium DNA Landmines, planned American Hiroshimas, NeoCon Iranian WWII, World Trade Organization Codex Alimentarius, Illegal Immigration, End of the Age eschatology, classified above-government technologies, DUMB1 Deep Underground Military Bases One, Scalar Sacred Geometric Vortex Technologies, Zero Point Energy, SDI Strategic Defense Initiative 'Star Wars', ET . Doctrines of Devils, apostasy in the church and the coming One World False Church and the weaponized Avian Flu Pandemic from a Biblical, scientific-logical and prophetic viewpoints..." Phew. And that doesn't even include what he has called the molecular holocaust of Aspartame.

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