

My Experience at the Trump Rally On January 6, 2021

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Trump supporters are just regular people who work and run all the different businesses in this country, raise their kids and protect their homes. People came to the rally from every state of the union. People on the train or at the rally would be talking to each other and I thought they were long-time friends, then one would ask the other, "where are you from?" The other person answered "I'm from such-and-such state." Then the first person said, "Oh, we're neighbors; I'm from so-and-so state, right beside you." From every state from Hawaii to Florida – all peacefully gathered in love for country, God, and President Trump.

When I got on the shuttle from my hotel to Dulles airport at 5:00 am (to catch the bus to Metrorail), a middle-aged lady on the shuttle right away asked if I was going to the Trump rally. I said "yes". She said, "Oh, good. Can I go with you? I'm all alone." I said, "OK, I'm going to meet my church group if that's OK with you." She said she was somewhat afraid of traveling alone and was really relieved to meet someone else going to the rally.

While waiting for the bus at Dulles Airport, she told me that she kept feeling that she had to come to the rally, even though she was afraid of what might happen. Her friend told her that God would guide her each step of the way, so she came on faith. She was from Nebraska and started driving east and got as far as St. Louis, but because of the rain, fog and snow she decided to fly from there.

We met another man while waiting at the airport who had arrived the night before and had passed the whole night in the airport waiting to go to the rally in the morning. He said none of his family, parents, siblings understand him. They all think he's crazy for supporting Trump and coming to the rally. He's not religious, but talked of following his gut feelings about what he felt was right.



Pro Trump Rally in Washington DC, January 6, 2021

On the Metro train we joined more than a dozen people – all MAGA people. There was a Chinese man in the group, too, who spoke of the evil of communism. Another man was from southern California. People who were strangers would just strike up a conversation as if they were long-time friends. It really surprised me how connected people felt to each other for sharing the same love for America and concern for its future. The group of us got off at the Smithsonian Metro Station. I bought a MAGA flag and pole from the first vendor I met outside the station.

It was dawn and already people had congregated around the Washington Monument. When I stopped to check my cell phone map to find the Ellipse, I got separated from the others. I kept walking to the general direction I thought was correct to the fountain on 16th street, which was the meeting place indicated by

the 2nd King. The crowd was getting so thick I could not move anymore.

Finally, around 7:00 am, I noticed that there was a line of people that doubled back and forth that led to the entrance to the grounds of the main stage where President Trump would be speaking. I got in line, soon I saw the 2nd King, the Inspector General and Rod of Iron riders ahead of me in the line. I was amazed because not too much earlier I had been thinking that I don't need to panic because the spirit world will lead me to find the Sanctuarians, if it were God's will.

I followed behind them for a while; I had to leave my backpack and flag pole in a pile outside the security check point because they weren't allowed inside. There I got separated from the King's group.



Pro Trump Rally in Washington DC, January 6, 2021

People kept piling into the grounds until around noon when President Trump came and began speaking. There were hundreds of thousands of people still outside filling up the entire area up to the Washington Monument. It was cold and windy. Even in the cold people were cheering and glad to see the president. After a while I decided to leave because my feet were getting numb from the cold. I walked back towards the Washington Monument.

Around 1:00 pm, I started walking along Constitution Ave. with the crowd heading to the capitol where the next event was scheduled. Once at the capitol building, I saw the flags of Japan and the Rod of Iron of Sanctuarians over to the right. I headed over there to support them. The 2nd King was speaking into a microphone.

People were jubilant, celebrating their freedom, but were also upset when news came out that Pence had decided not to reject the false electors.

The crowd kept advancing toward the Capitol building until we went over a low stone wall. Some men reached the top of the bleachers on the left, then the right. The capitol police lined up like riot police with shields and tried to push the crowd. The patriots pushed back on the police line.

People were saying "This is our house," (meaning the Capitol building). They were saying to the police, "Why are you against us?"

The police shot tear-gas canisters at us. The wind was strong enough that it quickly blew the gas away. Then one canister, about the size of a shot-gun shell, hit me on the chest. It had a flame that scorched my jacket slightly and fell to my feet spewing white smoke. I quickly turned away and closed my eyes, but it also stung to breathe. Opening my eyes to get away, my eyes burned and tears flowed. A lot of people stumbled to the right to get away. I thought, "I have to get away from here. I didn't come to participate in a riot. I need to get back to Panama tomorrow."

Then I saw men, women, elderly people sitting down beside the wall with red eyes in tears. They were ordinary people, not rioters or violent people. Others in the crowd moved forward to replace the people who escaped the tear-gas. I thought, "I can't just run away. Where is the 2nd King? I should think about him, not just my own safety." My eyes cleared up after about 10 minutes.

I looked around and saw the ROI flag had retreated somewhat, so I went to join them. People were mad

and kept pushing forward toward the Capitol building. They cheered as some people got further and further up onto the stairs and apparently into the building. There were capitol police in bright yellow who were also in tears. Later, they came out with gas masks on, but just stood around because the crowd had completely filled the whole area.

When the tear gas came again and people were running back, the Inspector General and wife were there. He was saying "Don't run, don't panic. Keep calm. Don't run, keep calm." Trying to keep people from panicking. So, I repeated what he said. I thought it was good. He also said to those who were with him that they should stay with their group and headed to where the Sanctuarian flags were. I followed them.

Later, I saw others climbing the stairs of the bleachers on the left side, so I followed them up the stairs. Some people were coming down as I went up. A man came down saying he is a construction worker and that it was dangerous because there were too many people on the scaffolding. I thought I shouldn't worry, but be there to support the King. If the scaffolding collapsed from so many people, it would be tragic, but that would be a good way to die as an offering.

I heard that the King was encouraging us to leave, so we turned back and wound our way back down the stairs we had come up. When at the bottom, they regrouped in the grassy area, with J team and K team and ROI riders coming together. I felt like leaving, but I didn't want to just walk away without saying goodbye.

I thought of the 2 small gifts I had with me, which my wife wanted me to give to her friends at Sanctuary. Finally, I saw her friend's son and asked him whether he could take some gifts from my wife for his mother and another sister. He graciously agreed.

I still had two bags of coffee from Panama, which I wanted to give to the J team. I had earlier greeted the tech brother whom I remembered from the King's Report. (He had then shown me a photo he took of a man with a broken sign that said "Speaker of the House Pelosi" that the man took from inside the congress hall.) I gave the coffee to the tech brother who said he would give them to the J and K teams.

With that, my mission was accomplished and I headed back to the Metrorail station to get back to my hotel. It was around 4:00 pm and people were heading back. On the bus, the 6 or so other passengers started talking about the rally and foreseeing a violent 2nd revolution coming.

Back at the hotel room, I really felt full spiritually from all the experiences of the day, meeting Sanctuarrians and participating with patriots protesting the corruption and abuse by politicians and the stealing of the election.

Thank you, God and True Father, for your protection today and guiding me to meet the Sanctuary team. During the day, my wife had sent me a message stating "support, protect, facilitate." I agreed with that and took it as my mission choosing not to feel defeated, but rather to take it as training and opportunity to repent.

January 7, 2021 on the return trip to Panama

At the airport this morning as we were in line for security clearance, the lady in front of me had a rolled-up Trump flag. I thanked her for her support for President Trump. She had a Spanish accent and gave me a positive response. The lady behind me heard us and started ranting against the corrupt government, stolen election, Hillary Clinton and her crimes in Arkansas, etc. She was a large woman and was getting loud. I agreed with her totally and was impressed she was unafraid of what people might think of her outburst. I told her, let's keep our calm and we moved on in the line.

People are mad and want action. May God guide us through this coming revolution to remove evil and preserve our republic.

Best wishes,

David Kanagy