April 2014: A Summary of Peaceful Expression - 5 days on, 2 days off, 5 days on...

I was going to use this moment to fully explain my time of peaceful expression, but as I sat down to write, the words just haven’t flowed, so I’m going to follow my intuition and finish by saying this:

I wanted to approach my time in Westminster by taking peaceful expression down to its most basic level, because at that level no one could ever question your right to be there and if they did then the truth of the State we are living in would be completely revealed.

I also felt that there are a lot of good people out there (including myself) who don’t want to be an activist or be part of a political movement, but simply want to represent themselves against the awfulness that is occurring in our world, and that they may feel that they would “get into trouble” if they did so.

It was the best I thought I could do for the memory of Brian.

And so I wanted to show, especially to that majority, that you don’t have to be part of a group or a movement, you don’t have to shout or accept being shouted at, you don’t have to provoke or accept being provoked and you don’t have to intimidate or accept being intimidated.

All you have to do is be yourself... because being is enough.

Human being.

Lee D. Miller

As I sat in the Square, an Indian gentleman approached me and said
“You’ll never achieve anything like this. You need to be part of a group. You need to be organised.”
“No, I dont” I replied “If everyone follows their heart then consciousness will organise everything.”
A Summary of Peaceful Expression

Brian Haw spent ten years of his life in Parliament Square, and how he did it is beyond me. It is beyond me physically, it is beyond me spiritually and it is beyond me emotionally. It is probably beyond me because something like that is not my path, but it was Brian's and he showed what an exceptional human being he was by following it. Every day, for ten years, he reminded the politicians of the consequences of their actions (or in-actions) and, no matter what anyone says, that was a very important role to play. Someone had to do it and Brian had the strength, the courage and the resilience to do so.

He spoke for many of us, when many of us did not speak, he stood for many of us, when many of us did not stand and he represented many of us, when many of us cared not enough to represent ourselves. He is not a man that should ever be forgotten and his message should live on.

"Stop Killing Our Kids"... and everyone else for that matter.

Brian confronted the evil that exists in this world the best way he knew how and what I discovered (while I was sitting peacefully in the Square) was that I was confronting the same evil the best way I knew how. Apart from Remembering Brian, I didn't know what the exact reason was (for me being there) when I began, but during the second week the reason for my purpose came to me. I just had to show that if you are peaceful, and you do not disturb anyone else's peace, then no-one has the right to deny you access to Parliament Square (in order for you to freely express yourself) and that if they did then it would be THEY who were breaking the law - Common Law.

I also realised why Parliament Square is so important. It is an absolute symbol of our freedom (or the lack of it) and whatever occurs there reflects back upon us and all of our society. I know that there are many decent people who have never felt the urge (or had the courage) to truly express themselves, because they thought that they might get into trouble or thought "what's the point?", and it was to them that I wished to show something; that there is nothing to fear and the only point is - how much you care.

Brian cared, and so do I... and that's ultimately why I have done what I have done. I had to do something (however small or however large) because doing nothing was not an option.

Thus far (in my updates) I have dealt with the challenges that you may encounter from the "authorities" (if you choose to freely express yourself in Parliament Square), but it is also important that I inform you about the other things you may face. The remaining challenge comes from people who (I think) are referred to as "trolls" or "agent provocateurs". They are basically people who seem to take a keen interest in you, but tend to force their conversation upon you and appear to guide it as if they have an agenda to follow. Their behaviour is not natural, in anyway, and so they are easily identified. Sometimes they are friendly and attempt to befriend you, but at other times they are aggressive and attempt to threaten you.

Each individual always appears to focus on one aspect of what you are expressing and they tend to speak much truth about it, although sometimes in a very "zany" kind of way. I think they do this to discover how much truth you know or to see how you react upon hearing the truth (if you wasn't already aware it), as the reality of what is actually going on in this world is very difficult for most people to believe at the present time. At other times, it appears that they are trying to get you to commit to an unlawful opinion, but if you are a lawful person just keep speaking your truth.

They also attempt to dissuade you from freely expressing yourself by either gentle suggestive persuasion or downright intimidation. Some of these individuals will try to draw you into a confrontation by attempting to "press any button's" they think you may have. The key is to not react to anything they say and to stay true to yourself. If you feel ok speaking to them, please do, but if you do not then just kindly say to them "Excuse me, I came here to be peaceful and you're disturbing me. Could you please leave me in peace?"

If they refuse, then just move away yourself and wish them a good day. If they then follow you, just walk over to the gates of Parliament and tell a Police Constable what is happening and ask them to monitor the situation. They will usually disappear after that.
Because there were many aspects to my display of self-expression I had to contend with several of these kind of people, but in the main they were non-threatening and only two crossed my line enough for me to have to move away (and only one out of those two forced me to inform a Police Constable about their behaviour). Who is co-ordinating them? That is the question.

On the positive side, most people were a pleasure to talk with and the ones that disagreed with what I said, on my display, just turned their nose up at me and walked on (and I have no problem with that). In all 11 people asked to sign my petition, but many more gave words of support. It was good to meet people who knew of Brian, but I was amazed at just how many didn’t realise that he had passed away and some even asked me if I was him!

What was fantastic though, was to inform a lot of youngsters (from all over the world) about who he was and what he did. One day a little girl walked by with her Mum and I heard her ask “Mummy, who’s Brian?”

And that is what re-membering is all about, because I feel that just through the simple act of "re-membering Brian" then his message will never be lost or forgotten, and the people that need to hear the message will continue to be reminded of it. And that re-minding can take place without the need for people to necessarily campaign or to protest, or to shout or to scream, but just by simply being in peace and re-membering.

The only road to peace is peace itself, and we are all in this together.

Our thoughts make a difference.

"Peace, Love, Justice... for All"

I remember Brian.

Lee D. Miller

“We want peace, we want love, we want justice for all... we want to end this madness.”

Brian Haw
A Summary of Peaceful Expression - 1st April to 5th April, 2013

First of all, I wish to make it clear that I am not protesting or campaigning about anything during my time in Westminster. I am merely remembering Brian and peacefully expressing myself. I am perfectly respectful, perfectly approachable and perfectly Common Law abiding. I never take drugs, have refrained from imbibing alcohol and I only speak to people if they speak to me or if I observe that they are showing an interest in my display of self-expression. And, just like when I was on my pilgrimage, I pitch my tent in the evening, pack it away in the morning and carry my personal belongings with me during the day.

I arrived at Westminster on Easter Monday, at 7pm, and proceeded to spend two hours in Parliament Square before I left to relocate and pitch my tent in the designated area across the road from Downing St..

At the beginning of that two hour period an "armed response" police patrol car stopped by me and three "Armed" Police Constables got out to approach me. They inquired about the reason for my presence and I was happy to explain about my pilgrimage, the reason for it and what I was doing because I was pleased to engage in a civilised dialogue with representatives of the British Police Force about it. They were all very affable, confirmed that I was breaking no law and explained that they would have to fill in a form because they had spoken to me. I explained that that was quite alright, but that I was an Englishman, who was causing no harm and creating no mischief, and the only question that I was prepared to answer was that of my name - which was written on my display anyhow.

A Constable confirmed that that was quite alright too and said "to be fair, you didn't have to even give your name if I didn't want to". He did then ask for my date of birth, but I declined as I didn't see that it was relevant and he proceeded to record our encounter in his notebook (offering me a copy of what was written for my records). I thanked the Constable for the offer, but declined to accept the slip as I saw it had no relevance. The Constables then said that it was fine what I was doing, wished me luck with it and peacefully departed.

Within minutes another Police Constable stopped me (as I quietly walked up and down, along the pavement) to ask the same set of questions. He appeared to come from the Houses of Parliament, but seeing as I had just been asked these questions by representatives of the British Police Constabulary (and had already explained myself) I felt that this was somewhat of a liberty being taken and, because of that, I was moderately curt to the gentleman in question. I briefly explained my pilgrimage (and why I was there) and then simply said that "I am an Englishman, who is freely expressing himself, and my name is just there" as I pointed to my portable display. I then said "I choose to walk on". The Constable offered no protest and left me in peace.

Within a score of minutes, another couple of Police Constables approached me (this time from the Metropolitan Police) and asked me the same set of questions. I remonstrated that I have already explained myself to other Police Constables and I saw no reason for this repetitive questioning. The Constables then explained that I had been asked questions by different parts of the Police and they were only fulfilling their obligation for the Metropolitan Police. I accepted their explanation and the encounter proceeded along the same lines of that of the "armed response" unit (with the Constables, once again, informing me that I was doing nothing wrong and wishing me well).

After realising (then) that the different branches of the Police Force didn't appear to be directly communicating with each other, I felt like I may have been a touch disrespectful to the Police Constable - who approached me from the House's of Parliament - and so I immediately went over to the gates (of Parliament) to offer an apology if it was required. The Constable in question was not there at the time, and so I explained the situation, to the Constable attending the gate, and asked that my apologies be forwarded to the Constable if I had caused any personal offence. I hope that this sentiment was justly delivered.

At 9pm I began to collect my personal belongings, in order to proceed to Whitehall, when a Westminster City Council van stopped by me and two council employees approached me asking how long I was
intending on staying in Parliament Square. It was clear that I was just about to leave, so I was happy to inform them that I was heading to the area opposite Downing St. and I gave them a card (with my pilgrimage contacts upon it). I asked them to visit the website upon it (so that they could see for themselves what this was about) and I continued on my way. The gentlemen concerned said thank you and bid me a good evening.

Once I had pitched my tent in Whitehall, another armed response unit approached me and again asked me the same questions. I questioned why this was necessary (as I'd already explained who I was to another unit) and the Constable explained that because I had moved location (and was now outside Downing St.) they had to follow protocol again. I gave the same responses as previously and the Constables confirmed that I was being lawful and there was no problem. He recorded the encounter in his notebook and I declined to take a copy. They then left in peace.

Within a short while a Police Constable from outside Downing St. approached me and exactly the same process ensued. Once done, I was left in peace for the night.

At 7.50am the next morning, I was woken by a couple of Police Constables (from the Metropolitan Police) who asked about my wellbeing and then asked if they could take my date of birth so that they could do a check on me. I explained that I was not breaking any laws and was a perfectly common law-abiding person and so I didn't feel that was necessary. The Police Constables said that was fine and asked how long I intended to do this for. I explained that I didn't honestly know, but only for as long as my heart told me that I should. They both smiled, wished me a good day (and I them) and left me in peace.

At approximately 9.30pm that evening, I had just cooked my dinner and was beginning to eat it, when four armed response Police Constables approached me while I was sitting in/by my tent. They stood in a line before me (side by side) and one Constable had a camera. He began to ask the same questions I'd been asked the previous evening and I immediately informed him that I was eating my dinner and that I was not prepared to answer any of their questions at the present time (because I felt it was an inappropriate time for them to ask) but would once I had finished my dinner.

The Constables continued to stand in a line and watch over me. The Constable with the camera then said that he needed to take a photo of me and did so as I ate. I immediately stood up (quite appalled) and positioned my chair so that I now sat with my back to them. Quietly sat and finished my cooked dinner, then turned to speak with them... but they had departed. I saw their van across the road and so I immediately went over to the van in order to express my displeasure at their conduct. I asked the driver (of the van) if the Constables who approached me were on it and he confirmed my presumption. I asked to speak with the Constables concerned and they obliged by vacating the van in order to do so.

The lead Constable (with the camera) then approached me and I expressed that I thought his conduct was completely inappropriate, and uncalled for, and that he had behaved in a very ungentlemanly fashion by taking a photo of me while I ate. He explained that he had every right to take a photo of me and if I was in this public place I should expect it. I replied that I had no issue with my picture being taken, only that 1) I saw no justification in taking my picture at all considering there are CCTV cameras all along the street and that I was sure there had already been pictures taken of me from Parliament and while I was in Parliament square and B) The timing of the picture was both impolite and ungentlemanly.

The Police Constable then repeated that he was well within his rights to take a picture of me and I re-iterated that I had no problem with a picture being taken, and that I wasn't saying that he had broken the law, just that I thought the timing was extremely ungentlemanly and that I expected better conduct from a Police Constable.

To his credit, the Police Constable apologised but insisted that he had to take the picture at that time and that I had to appreciate that they hadn't the time to hang around and wait for me to finish my dinner. I expressed that I still thought that he could have taken it another time, but I accepted his apology (and explanation) and invited them to now take a look at my display. Two Constables then dually accepted the invitation and came across to view it, and I explained what it was about. They remained very distant, but
then left me in peace.

On Thursday the weather had become quite terrible (with sleet and snow) and so my arrival in Parliament Square was later than usual. Because of the wind I chose to sit by a wall and on the pedestrian area of the Square. As I sat there, peacefully drinking my cup of tea, a "Heritage Warden" approached and stood right over me. He immediately demanded to know what I was doing and I replied that it was none of his business, and that... it should be quite clear that I was sitting in peace and enjoying a cup of tea. He then pointed to my closed up portable display of self-expression and said "what's this then? Are you protesting? This is private property and I can have you removed if I want."

I then replied that "I am not protesting, I am sitting here peacefully drinking a cup of tea with my personal belongings... and this is not private land, Sir, this is England, and I am an Englishman, and this is my land and the land of every other English person. Leave me in peace... Be Gone!"

The "Heritage Warden" then declared that "No, this is private land, owned by the GLA, and if I want you removed I'll call the Police".

I then declared that "No, this is public land, owned by the English People and I have every right to be here. You are disturbing my peace, Sir, be gone... be gone... be gone" I had to say it three times because he refused to do so... but then, after a short period, he did before writing in his notebook and filming me on his video camera.

(As a personal note, I feel that the "Heritage Wardens" are consenting to act, on behalf of the GLA, in a manner befitting of a fascist state, and if Parliament Square is now considered private property, then it is property stolen from the English People and the English People have every right to take it back).

Shortly after this incident, the snow began to fall heavily and so I went to seek shelter in the doorway of St. Margarets Church, Westminster Abbey. I'd actually done another Pilgrimage from that point to St. Margarets Church, Barking Abbey (both Benedictine Abbey's) on 8th May, 2012. I checked the sign (by the doorway) and it informed me that the door would not be in use until 6.30pm. That being so I felt happy to take shelter there, as I have always taken shelter in Churches, at times and when I have been on long distance walks.

As I sat there, for around two hours while the poor weather passed, I noticed a couple of men in hi-vis tops across the square and in a top window of the Whitehall building. I had a sense that they were watching me (then they were joined by another man in dark clothing) and after a while they all disappeared. Five minutes after they had left, a security guard from Westminster Abbey approached me and asked if I had permission to sit where I was. I explained that I didn't realise that I needed permission to do so and he told me that I couldn't sit there.

I explained who I was, began to collect my things and then asked him if I could speak with the Canon in order to ask for permission to take shelter in the archway. The security guard told me that I'd have to go to the Office in order to do so and gave me directions to the gate where I could find it. I followed the directions and explained myself to another security guard who said that he didn't think I'd be allowed. I then gave the security guard a card about my pilgrimage and let him know that the former Arch Bishop of Canterbury (Lord Rowan Williams) was aware of it and that I had spoken to him on his last Easter Sunday at Canterbury Cathedral. I indicated that I just wished to have a yes or no answer. He then saw that I was genuine and allowed me to pass into the inner square and onto the Abbey Office.

Once in the office, I once again explained myself to the two lady receptionists and they both thought that I wouldn't be allowed. They too, saw that I was genuine and one of the ladies decided to contact the "Duty Canon" (?) in order to ask for me. She took one of my cards and went off to ask, but returned a short while later with a negative reply. I said that was fair enough, but that I thought it was important for me to ask and I thanked them for doing so. They bade me a good day and then, as an afterthought, said that I could always take shelter at Westminster Cathedral if I needed to. I thought that that was kind of them to say so and I went on my way.
Upon leaving the confines of Westminster Abbey, the weather had made a turn for the best and so I decided go back to pavement (opposite Parliament) and sit down there. Within minutes of me arriving, two Police Constables immediately approached me. One I had met previously and he said "I'm ever so sorry to disturb you Mr. Miller, but we've had a complaint and been told to come down and see if you're ok to be here". I replied "What? But I'm here lawfully, has a member of the public complained then?". He said "I don't honestly know who, I've just been told to come down here and check on you. I'm sorry, but just bare with me".

The Constable then went off to speak on his radio and then came back to speak to me. He said "Ok, you've always been very respectful to me Mr. Miller and I've told them that you're just here doing what you think is the right thing. I've told them that, as far as I'm concerned, you're not breaking any laws and there's no problem with you being here. Have a good day Mr. Miller" and with that, I bade them a good day too, and the Constables left me in peace.

On Friday afternoon, at 5pm, I left Parliament Square. During the week I had a number of conversations with Police Constables and they were mostly very friendly and accommodating.

On occasion I asked the question "So do you think that he (Tony Blair) will ever be arrested?". One Constable replied "Well maybe one day... but it's gonna take a very brave Copper to do it". Another replied "Well, if he's broken the law". I responded by saying "Well, he's actually broken many laws" to which I received no reply.

One particular Police Constable was also very kind to me throughout the week and continued to check on my well being. The last time I saw him he said "I knew Brian, and he was a very principled man, much like yourself. I admire what you're doing" and then he shook my hand.

I shall just leave this by saying that I have no idea how long I shall be doing this for... just as long as my heart tells me that I should... and that, thus far, during my experience over this past week, the Police Constables have upheld Common Law and my right to freely express myself. And that is to their credit.

Much love,

Lee D. Miller

Picture taken in the ruins of Barking Abbey after I completed my time in Westminster
A Summary of Peaceful Expression - 8th April to 12th April, 2013

Once again, I wish to make it clear that I have not been protesting or campaigning about anything during my time in Westminster. I have merely been remembering Brian and peacefully expressing myself. I have been perfectly respectful, perfectly approachable and perfectly Common Law abiding at all times. I never take drugs, have refrained from imbibing alcohol and have only spoken to people if they have spoken to me or if I have observed that they have shown an interest in my display of self-expression. And, I pitch my tent in the evening, pack it away in the morning and carry my personal belongings with me during the day.

I arrived at Westminster at 7pm, and proceeded to spend two hours in Parliament Square before I left to relocate and pitch my tent in the designated area across the road from Downing St..

No-one disturbed my peace during that 2 hour period and it was only when I reached the area in Whitehall (to pitch my tent) that two Police Constables (from Downing St.) approached me. One Constable asked if I had permission to do what I was doing and I replied that I was here last week and I told him that my name was Lee Miller. The other Constable then said "Oh, we were just ascertaining that it was you".

With that, they left me in peace and that was the only contact I had with any Police Constable throughout the entire week. No Constable questioned me, no Constable checked on my well-being and no Constable disturbed my peace in any way shape or form... and I did not disturb theirs.

The "Heritage Wardens", on the other hand, were another matter.

When I arrived in Parliament Square (on Monday evening) I immediately noticed that there was a change to their "warding". During the previous week, one "Heritage Warden" would come down to Parliament Square (from Trafalgar Square) every hour to film and record notes. Now there was a "Heritage Warden" permanently on duty there. The filming, and note taking, still took place on an hourly basis and they regularly rotated the Warden on duty.

Throughout the week I regularly witnessed "Heritage Wardens" reprimanding anyone who ventured onto the grass (of Parliament Square) and telling people that they were not permitted to be on there. On one occasion I witnessed a "Heritage Warden" reprimand a small group of people (holding a small and short protest) for standing on the edge of the grassed area and for putting a few of their banners upon the grass. I also witnessed a "Heritage Warden" stop a procession of Ghurkhas (and their families) as they walked peacefully around the edge the Square (on the paved area) on their way to Whitehall. The Ghurkhas were stopped for a period of around ten minutes and it looked (from the distance that I was away) that the "Heritage Warden" was checking some kind of paper work (although that is not something that I can be certain of).

What I am asserting, by informing you of this, is that the "Heritage Wardens" have wilfully and intentionally been restricting and impeding peoples right of free access to Parliament Square, and have been claiming (as I mentioned in my previous update) that it is Private Property. This is not acceptable to me and it is something that I challenge.

On Tuesday, I happened to put my bag on the edge of the grass on Parliament Square and a "Heritage Warden" immediately came over to tell me to remove it "It's fine where it is, Sir" I responded, to which he repeated his demand. I repeated "It's fine where it is" and then "Leave me in peace" to which the "Heritage Warden" quietly walked away... and left me in peace.

To be fair, I have actually had a dialogue with a number of "Heritage Wardens" this last week (and they have all been friendly when I spoke with them) and I have asked why they are doing the job that they are and following orders that infringe on peoples rights (or words to that effect each time). To a man (and to a woman) they all said that it's to pay the rent or to put food on the table or to support their families (this was also true of some of the Police Constables I had spoken with the previous week too).
They all then also said that they didn't see that it was a problem (what they were doing) or that they hadn't really thought about it. The question I then put to them was "So where will it end? How far will you be prepared to go in order to support your family?" and that "Don't you realise that by infringing on the rights of others you're actually infringing on the rights of yourself and your own family too".

Not all agreed, but some took the point. What was clear, though, was that the common denominator in their consenting to participate with the system was the fear that if they didn't they would not be able to support themselves or their families. That is probably true of most people at the present time, and so it's hard to hold it specifically against them, but I hope it changes... and soon.

One "Heritage Warden" approached me one day to ask why Brian meant so much to me. I looked at the picture of Brian I had on my display and I immediately answered "Because he had the strength to do the right thing, no matter what the consequences may have been to himself". I then pointed to the video camera he was holding and said "It's wrong what you're doing". He replied "Oh, it's ok. We're just recording what goes on here for the council". I replied "Yes... it's called spying". The "Heritage Warden" then paused for a couple of seconds as the penny appeared to drop. "Oh... you may have a point" he said, before quietly walking off.

On Friday a "Heritage Warden" approached me and said that she would like to take some pictures of my display. I said "By all means, feel free. Here's my card with the pilgrimage details on it if you like too". "Ah great" she said, and then "Is your name on it?" and I said "No". She then continued "Who are you? What's your name?" in a demanding kind of way. "That's none of your business" I replied "But my name's on the display if you look". "Ah come on, make it easy for me, what's your name?" she continued. "I don't have to tell you my name" I informed her, to which she retorted "You would if you were on my patch" (I was on the pavement which was part of Westminster City Council). "No I wouldn't" I stated. "Oh yes you would" she declared. "Er... no I wouldn't" I insisted, and then we ended with the pantomime theatrics and she walked on.

Later she returned and asked me (quite friendly) "Do you mind if I ask you why you're sitting that way around?" (Throughout my time in Parliament Square I'd been sitting with my back to Parliament and facing the Square. There were a few reasons for this, but the main one was the reason I was about to give) "Not at all" I replied, and then "Take a look that way (at Parliament) and now look that way (at the Square). What's more beautiful?" I asked rhetorically. "Ah, I see... but I still think Parliament is a beautiful building" she said. "I used to think that, but the more I look at it the more I realise how evil it is" I replied. "Oh, but that's just inside" she exclaimed. "No, even the building looks evil to me now... and what I mean by evil is anything that goes against life, because evil is "live" spelled backwards. There's a lot of hidden truths in our language you know" I continued "Do you know what Parliament actually means?" I asked. She looked at me intrigued and I told her. "The first part of the word is from the French "to speak" and the second part of the word is from the Latin "to lie" (mendacium). Speak lies is what it means... and it does exactly what it says on the tin! It's like the word "mortgage". Do you know what that means?" She replied "No". "It means "death pledge" in Latin" I said.

She looked intrigued and so I continued with my mini-lecture "As a Heritage Warden do you know what the heritage of this square is? Do you know what the symbolism of the buildings around it are?" I asked. "No" she replied again, and so I told her "The buildings surrounding the Square are symbolic of the Human Control System... to the left we have Westminster Abbey - religion, in front of us we have the Supreme Court - law, to the right we have the Treasury - money, and behind us we have Parliament - politics."

I continued "Westminster Abbey was originally a Benedictine Abbey (like Barking Abbey) and do you know who the Benedictines were?" I asked. "No" she replied, and so I explained "The Benedictines were an order of Christianity who were initiates into the knowledge of Earth energy. When I was writing my book I discovered that there's actually a straight line that runs from Barking Abbey, directly through the Tower of London, Southwark Cathedral and Westminster Abbey... and do you know where that line leads to?" I continued to ask. "No" she once again replied, and so I told her "It leads to Stonehenge and it's called the London - Stonehenge line. I've checked it out on maps as best I can and it all adds up. There's
more going on in this world than people realise.

Did you know that there's also a St. Margarets Church by Barking Abbey and the one by Westminster Abbey was built for the peasants to use, as the nobles didn't want them going into Westminster Abbey?" I said. She replied "No, but I love history. The only thing is it's all depends on who's writing it. You can read some things about Oliver Cromwell that make him out to be a great man, and then other's that make him out to be an awful one" she said. "Absolutely, I completely agree" I replied, and then she said "He committed genocide you know".

Judging by her accent I assumed that she was referring to Ireland, and the Irish people, and so I asked to confirm and she gave an affirmative response. This took me back somewhat, because this lady was (quite rightly) highlighting the historical genocide of her own people, yet it was this particular "Heritage Warden" who had done everything in her power to restrict Barbara Tucker's right to campaign against the genocide of the people in Iraq! I couldn't believe it, you couldn't make something like that up! What a crazy world we live in!

I subdued my astonishment at her comment and went onto speak about the Square itself. "Do you know that in 1999 the British Government (for some reason) gave the land in Parliament Square as a gift to the Queen (on behalf of the British People - as if she didn't have enough land already) but they said that they would retain a strip running right through the middle of the Square so that the Monarch could never deny the British People access to it and that somehow this land has now ended up in the hands of the GLA, and they are now preventing access when they please?" I said. She avoided the question and just said "It's important for us to keep people off of the grass. We're trying to protect it so that people can enjoy it in the summer. If you come back in the summer you'll be able to enjoy the grass and sit to enjoy the Square. It's a beautiful place in the summer and it's important that we protect it for people's enjoyment".

"What utter nonsense, I think it's more important to protect our liberty than it is to protect blades of grass" I declared. "Oh no, it's my job to protect the grass for people... it'll be wonderful here in the summer" she replied, as she began to wander off just as the rain began to fall. And right there, in that comment, "Heritage Warden No.22" divulged that she had absolutely no idea what England's (supposed) heritage was.

I'd already decided that I would have to challenge the "Heritage Wardens" (over my right to freely express myself in Parliament Square) before I left and this conversation had just confirmed the decision. And so, just before I was ready to depart, and just after "Heritage Warden No.22" had come back on duty (strangely enough), I walked three foot onto the grass, sat in my chair and placed my folded display on the grass as if it were a placard. And then I waited.

A few minutes later "Heritage Warden No.22" arrived and asked "Why are you doing this?" and I replied "Because what you're doing is wrong and I need to challenge it". She said "Will you get off the grass". I said "No". She said "I am giving you a directive - get off the grass". I said "I do not consent to your authority, I do not acknowledge your authority and I certainly do not stand under your authority. Leave me in peace". She then walked off while starting to speak on her radio.

I had decided that I wanted to speak to a Police Constable about the matter of my right of access to Parliament Square and so I went to ask her if she would kindly invite one to attend. She was still speaking on her radio when I asked and so I waited for her to finish. She then approached me and I said "May I just confirm that you are giving me a directive to get off the grass in Parliament Square" and she said "I am directing you to get off the grass in Parliament Square as you are contravening the bye-laws of the Square. Please leave the Square". I then said "I have heard your request and I'm saying is that I do not acknowledge your authority and I do not stand under it, but I would like to speak to a Police Constable about my right of access to Parliament Square. I just want to ask one question and I want to let you know that after I have asked that question - whatever the answer is - I shall be on my way in peace. I just want to find out from a Police Constable where the law stands, with them, on my right of access to Parliament Square." She then continued to repeat "You are in breach of the bye-laws..." to which I immediately interrupted by saying "No, I would like to speak to a Police Constable and would you kindly request for
one to attend... is that possible? Thank you."

She then started speaking again on her radio and i said "I need to challenge you on this. It's part of why I'm here Ma'am... to remember Brian and to find out exactly what's going on with regards to the law. I know that you've been really friendly with me today, and there's no issue there" and she said "My supervisor is coming to speak with you" and I replied "I prefer to speak with a Police Constable."

After a while she said "I am directing you to leave" and I said "No, you cannot direct me to leave" and she repeated "You are in breach of the bye-law" and I said "No, I am not in breach of any law. I am not creating any mischief and I am causing no harm."

Just then an English gentleman came over and said "I just want to find out what your story is" and I said "Oh, I did a Pilgrimage for Brian Haw, who was here for ten years of his life and past away two years ago. I'm just here remembering him and expressing myself, and I've been on that pavement for the past two weeks and the police said I'm not breaking any law, I've stayed outside Downing St. and I wasn't breaking any law, but the Heritage Wardens (who I believe are behaving in a fascist way) are trying to restrict my access to this land, and I think that as an Englishman I have every right to be here and express myself."

"Yeah, I make you right... people fought wars for that" he said. "Absolutely Sir, they did" I said (but thought to myself that unfortunately those wars were manipulated into being) and then "And the "Heritage Warden" has given me a directive to leave. I said to her that I do not consent to your authority, I do not acknowledge your authority and I do not stand under your authority, and I would like to speak to a Police Constable about my right of access to Parliament Square." The man then shook my hand and said "Good for you... thank you" before he then shouted out to the heritage warden "Leave him alone!"

Within five minutes the newly appointed Supervisor ("Heritage Warden No.19") came along to join the former Supervisor ("Heritage Warden No.22") and "No.19" asked "What you up to Lee?" and I answered "I'm sitting here peacefully expressing myself and I have been given a directive to leave, but I would like to speak to a Police Constable about the matter."

"There's no need for that... you're not breaking any bye-laws are you?" he said and I replied "No, I'm not breaking any laws" and he said "And you're not planning on camping here are you?" and I replied "No, absolutely not." And he said "So there's no problem then." I then asked "So you're saying it is ok for me to sit here and freely express myself with this placard?" and he replied "Yes... how long do you think that you'll be sitting there for?" and I said "That's it, I'm off... much credit to you Sir."

With that "No.19" shook my hand and said "It's been great to meet you. Good luck to you, Son" and went off to speak with the former supervisor "No.22". I collected my belongings and as I reached the road to cross out of the Square "No.19" joined me and we crossed the road together. As we said our goodbyes "No.19" said "It's been a pleasure" and I reciprocated the sentiment.

Much love,

Lee D. Miller