

June 9, 2010



2010 Lackawanna, New York

1984 Spring Part 3

A year had gone by, since last seeing the girl from the skating rinks. In the spring of 1984, I was four-wheeling at night on some sand dunes with a friend. I drove in my used CJ7 Golden Eagle Jeep through some shallow water, what was then a lower part in the terrain adjacent along the road. Then making a U-turn up over some rail road tracks, onto the road and notice some girls we passed. About five were standing alone by an old free standing dark iron stairs about 10-12 ft high, stopped in mid air, along the rail road tracks adjacent to the road. We drove over to them, my friend ask if they like a ride. The girl nearest the vehicle, said they were waiting for their boyfriends, who left them there. I looked more carefully, and notice the girl in the background closest to the stairs, she was either sitting on them or standing nearest to them. She was the girl from the skating rinks. One of the girls was her older sister nearest the vehicle. I drove off fast, I was upset seeing her of all places there. I remember bringing her there once, along with another friend of mine, when previously seeing each other. We had walked out on the heaps of ice along the shore. On top of the ice, remembered her stumping with her heel on the ice. Seeing her that night and the dark stairs near her worried me, but also felt relieved. I may have another chance to call her later to be with her. As years went by, I wondered about those stairs leading up into the air, then stopped. Perhaps a dark stairway, leading to nothing or I hope perhaps a sort of hidden stairway to heaven, reminding me of the Led Zeppelin song. Also reading years later about a Jacob's ladder to heaven, in the bible.

About Woodlawn beach, it was abandon, adjacent to the closed Bethlehem steel plant along the

shoreline. The beach was rumored to be used by homosexuals in the summer. I always worried perhaps if she heard of this rumor; it may have given her some wrong thoughts about me. Especially when I confessed later to her about my past, not telling her it was my older brother when very young. I was told by much older people, that long ago there use to be dance hall at the beach and amusement rides, it was the place to be when a teenager. The old timers told me they use to catch sturgeon from the beach shore at night. The large sturgeon were so large, would pull whatever the fishing line was tied, into the lake. They said a bumper of a car and trees, but I remember thinking, sounded like old fish stories. Also many telling me, especially my grandmother, numerous blue pike were caught from small boats out on the water with lanterns. They used drop lines, filling the bottom of the boats. They said, the blue pike was the perfect size, best fish to eat. Blue pike they say are extinct now. Every once in a while there's a story of perhaps a blue pike being caught. Some say it's not a true blue pike, they are extinct.

My friend in the jeep with me, about ten years later, I was told, he got supposedly involved in some heavy drugs. His girlfriend that I heard he was seeing, I remembered as very beautiful, part American Indian. One night he supposedly had an argument with his girlfriend, and shot himself in the head in the basement. I remember him as always a friendly, very cheerful person, enjoyed fishing, the youngest of many older brothers. He wasn't interested in God as I became more interested.

A few weeks went by, I called her on the phone, we started seeing each other again. Early on she had hurt her knee, her leg was in a cast. She explained while with her girlfriends running through a field, she stepped in a hole. So for a time, I would help her enter the vehicle, we drove around. We listen to mostly the group, Journey, I liked very much. Reminded me of us being apart and then reuniting. We listen some to Fleetwood Mac. Driving through an intersection, towards the bridge, I had written our names on the foundation. I looked across to her and said "I want to be like you". Thinking I admired her carefree spontaneity and sense qualities of strength in her. She said to me, "you're intelligent". I was happy she gave me a compliment.

She invited me to her home, while she was doing some painting inside her mom's house. I picked up the paint brush and helped her paint the stashes of the window planes of the back door, or it might have been a window beside the door. The color was a slight light lime green or perhaps slight light blue. She showed me the other down stair rooms of the house. I thought was a very nice comfortable house in a rather new sub division. At the bottom of the stair case, I ask her if I can see her bedroom. I wanted to see how she designed her bedroom, a clue to perhaps if we became married how she may design, if she perhaps had anything about us in her room and to know more about her. She said she didn't want her mom upset. I agreed within, I didn't want her mom upset either. We sat on the couch. She said her legs were fat. I thought within they were perfect, so beautiful. I sense her close presence. I don't remember if I had said, how I thought about her legs. I remember always amazed seeing her in her faded blue jeans, sweat pants at times and when younger on the rope swing over the water. Her legs were like sculpted works of art, to me. She showed me her baby pictures of herself. Very soon, she seemed as if wanted me to go home, I went home.

At some point seeing her again, a discussion about both concerts came up. The concert at the beach house, when I couldn't speak to her, due to the police officer. Then the concert when I kissed the blond hair girl, after we broke up. The first concert, she said she sang a song on the stage. I told her I really wanted to talk to her, but again not telling her what I wanted to say to her. When the second concert came up, she mention she had went to it. Immediately made me wonder if she saw me with the blond hair girl. I didn't say anything, it wasn't mention again.

Another day, I called if she like to go to a concert, she was hesitant. I encourage her, she decided yes. The concert was at a large NHL arena, Buffalo Memorial Auditorium. Neil Young and the Scorpions were playing. I enjoyed some of their love songs very much. Neil young for his songs, "Heart of Gold", and "Like a hurricane". I remember another song, may have been "sugar mountain", I played it while in the hull of the boat, when we were younger, when she came with us on vacation. She said to me, she liked it at the time. Once when younger, she was on the phone with my sister, I was playing a song of Bruce Springsteen, she commented she liked the song, through my sister on the phone. The Scorpions for their love ballad, "Still loving you". We left her house, sitting

across from me in the jeep. I notice she looked very beautiful this night particularly. She had almost no make up on or perhaps more natural colors and a watermelon color tank muscle shirt. She looked very beautiful, wonderful. I could see more of her true natural beauty that I loved. There were some other things I notice about her, seeing her from the side. She seemed a little more endowed. Her face was slightly more flat then I perceived earlier. Her back had a very slight curve to it. Sensing she was maturing. Reminded me of my mom's back some. Made me worry, thinking we perhaps marry someone like our moms. She may be overly tough at times. Then a thought came to me , I wondered if we had never seen each other when younger, if we first met at this age. Would I of been so in love with her? I thought perhaps not. I figured my love was deeper seeing her grow, how I through the years I was so amazed, how beautiful God made her in my eyes. That it made me feel no matter how she developed, I had feelings, that made me feel complete, when by her. I figured these feelings would sustain me, that I loved her no matter how she developed.

She and I were both maturing, changing some, me cutting my hair shorter and shorter. I decided within I won't drink anymore, not that I drank much, but wanted to be my very best toward her. She was wearing less and less make up or perhaps more natural colors. She seemed a little warmer towards me. She had her hair cut very short. I thought she had very natural curly brown hair, but then looking at the picture of her on the rope swing, her hair don't look that curly. Even so, I imagine not easy to manage if long. She once told me she wished she had long straight hair. She was worried they cut it to short. I encourage her to cut it even shorter, thinking she was beautiful even with short hair. I also feared with longer hair, I guess other men wouldn't leave her alone. Years after, I regretted suggested to her to cut it shorter, even though she wasn't around anymore. In reading the bible, it said, long hair is a woman's glory. I wanted her to be all the woman she could be, would be so beautiful to my eyes. There was something else that was beautiful to me, was her voice from the very beginning. How I found her simply talking, was always like the best sounding music to my ears. As if my ears wanted to hear her speaking, no matter. Which also made it hard at times talking to her. This is what bothers me the most to this day not hearing her voice.

At the arena we saw my brother with his girlfriend, made me worried. My girl went to the girl's room and recognized her older sister's voice in the stall and talked to her. She said to me, "strange for being such a large place, hearing her sister's voice". Made me little more worried she may go with her older sister, she didn't. We both sat down and smoke some marijuana. I notice an older man seemingly in his 30's sitting immediately in front of us. She noticed and gestured making me notice him again. During the concert my mind began to wander thinking about the older man. He was wearing a white T-shirt, was all alone slightly overweight. His movements showed he really enjoyed the music. The arena went darker and all the lights were at the stage. My mind wondered she may want me to notice him. If I didn't shape up, I will be just like him, all alone. I began to think perhaps I will become all alone, as he is later in life. She may leave me soon? I started to see my world the outside edges of my view were darkening even more then the dimming lights. Looking as through a tunnel at the stage. I was aware my brother was somewhere in the audience on the other side of my girlfriend, towards the direction of the stage. He distressed me even at a distance, thinking about his ways. I began to think what if I would hurt her, as my brother, my worst fear for a few seconds. It terrified me greatly. I made myself snapped out of it quick. I was upset, I allowed such thinking to enter my mind, even for a second. Thinking it had much to do with the marijuana being paranoid. Many times before had this effect of becoming deeply worried and realized it also had to do with my brother. He being around close by, made me think about his ways, very worried. How my mind worked, sometimes wandering, questioning, what if, searching for answers. If I wasn't careful at times, it would wander into things, I didn't want it too. I would stop myself thinking. I told myself I will stop smoking marijuana. This the last time I smoke marijuana. I hope she would follow my lead. When the band Scorpions played their love ballad "Still loving you" everyone in the audience lit their lighters in the dark. Remembered among the thousands of points of light, seeing her holding her Bic lighter lit. The flame above her, made me hoped there is true love between us. Recalled once we drove by a restaurant, called John's Faming Heart. In the same building behind it was the old roller skating rink, where I had skated when young. I looked at the sign,

which had a large flame and heart. She also looked the same direction. I wondered how I felt about her for a long time. If she could sense my love for her?

We both made our confirmation in the Catholic Church together. She came to mine, and I went to hers. While at mine, in the rain, my godfather left without us. We walked to my old school behind the church, to ask for a ride. We walked down the sidewalk behind the large sycamore tree. I have this strong sense that I may of spontaneously kissed her there and hugged her, but I can't say for certain. Some time ago the school and very large sycamore tree was taken down for a parking lot. We received a ride from a woman classmate to my house and then drove the jeep to have dinner at the Big Apple restaurant, with my parents and relatives. It was the first time I seen her in a dress, she said it was her mom's dress. She looked very beautiful. The dress was on one side light blue and on the other side soft white. I like seeing her in a dress.

At her confirmation, I smelled marijuana in the bathroom. It seemed strange in a church. She mentioned some of the young members smoked it in the bathroom. After the ceremonies, she seemed caught up with some of the excitement with her friends in the church. Her mom seemed displeased that she wasn't giving me as much attention. When I first seen her mom, I thought my girl will still be lovely to my eyes when older. We went outside and walked in the parking lot, noticing an old 50's blue and white car, restored, drove in the parking lot. I told her I liked the car. She said she drove in one before with an older man. Making me somewhat worried. She said, she would like a black Trans am car. Made me worried some more. The girl I left at the eternal flame, her old boyfriend had a black Trans Am, supposedly paid for it, with the money, in losing his leg to a train. Made me wonder how I also could of lost my leg to a train.

After the confirmation, we drove to her home. We stopped at a store. She ask me to buy some cigarettes for her. I didn't want too. I had especially a hard time pronouncing the name "Marlboro" because of the "r" letters. I hoped she would stop smoking. I had heard a few years before her dad had died of cancer. I feared I would lose her to cancer when she became older. I said to her, I will give you the money, but you have to buy the cigarettes. She looked at me with eyes slightly wide open, she seemed angered for a short moment. I began to drive her home, and started to feel guilty for trying to motivate her to stop smoking. I felt I had not much right if I couldn't overcome very hard challenges in my life, I attempted but failed. Thinking, I need to be a good example to her, this may be a good time to talk to her about my past sins. I been waiting for the right time. We just came from church, perhaps it will motivate her.

It was a very short distance to her house. I hurried preparing my mind what I may say to her. I turned down a street lined with houses on both sides. I pulled over on the right side of the street, across from some seemingly empty house lots on the opposite side. I worried someone may overhear us speaking, being my jeep had a tarp covering. Noticed a small tree had bare branches, on the center lawn of the house on her side. Thought it may buffer just a little sound if any, so as to have some privacy. Today remembered it was the about the spot when noticing how beautiful she is to me. Without the make up or more natural colors, when taking her to the concert. I thought she may become upset, angry with me, when I told her. She may want to leave the vehicle to be alone. I thought she only had to walk some down the street we were on, then would be her street. She could arrive safely home. I wouldn't have to worry for her safety. When I parked she immediately insisted she wanted to go home. Her body position seemed tensed pressed against her door. I was worried she may get angry and leave my vehicle before I said a word. Thought how can I bare trying to walk along her side, trying to talk with her, if she wanted to be alone? I couldn't do that I thought, respecting her wishes. So I tried to hurry myself to think. I was upset that I may lose again a chance of talking to her. I was trying to find the right time to talk to her, determined not to let it slip on by. As it had before when the policeman told me, we couldn't park. I tried to come up with something to say to her. Wondered, how was I to say my brother molested me. The thought of my brother, immediately made my mind wonder, what would my older brother do in such a situation? I immediately had a thought, of a man griped her blond hair, pulling her in a field. I stopped myself thinking, it horrified me. I became very worried, it had to do with my brother, however, I made a mental stop in my mind from the concert experience to never allow even hint of anything to enter my mind. That even thoughts can be

dangerous. My brother's girlfriends had blond hair. I would sense he was violent at times with them. I don't remember if an event of him being arrested had occurred yet. I had heard he was arrested for violence toward his girlfriend on a street I hanged around with my friends, that smoked pot everywhere. Which I had seen or visualized the house being it was so familiar an area to me. Being very upset when had thought about what my brother had done. I was in no shape to think how to talk to her about the past. I figured I better just drive her home. I lost the chance of talking to her again. Not realizing she may of also been anxious to receive some gifts at her home, from her mom.

While writing these events down, my brother's old girlfriend called me on the phone, now 2005. I haven't heard from her since a short time after my brother's death in 1987. She tells me how much she misses him, and says she bought a vault next to him in the cemetery. She asked me how my thoughts were about him. I told her I wasn't very close to him. She reminds me that my brother harmed her. She said supposedly to the point she couldn't bare children. As for the truthfulness to the degree he harmed her, I'm not the one to determine this, but found it interesting received the call after so many years. Especially, while writing these events down. I wonder at times my older brother had harmed me and the girl at the skating rinks. Where we didn't have children. Perhaps she still didn't have children, but I been told different.

While in her house she showed me a gift from her mother. A light blue cream color leather jacket. She had previous showed me some jackets at the store she wanted. When she also showed me some radio's. I think she was perhaps hinting to me, she wanted a radio. I worried, thinking I shouldn't get her one too soon, because of some of the song's lyrics, I felt weren't good. I thought perhaps later to buy her a radio. Her leather jacket made me think of the movie Grease. That some how she was trying to be like me, perhaps. She noticed my eyes looked very tired, worn out. She asked her mom if my eyes looked tired. Her mom said they do. I was upset deeply and worried what had happen on the way to her house, we went outside. I immediately broke down in tears, held her in the driveway, overwhelmed by everything that had happened. She asks what was wrong. I couldn't speak to her why, it happened so fast. It was much too complicated to communicate it to her, without scaring her. The fear of ever hurting her, just made my mind want to go blank of my thoughts of the incident. Not able to remember everything, it was to overwhelming. If I tried telling her only a few parts, it would be misunderstood. I drove home unable to stop the tears falling from my eyes, thinking I again failed to talk to her about my past and now it's even worst. This would be the last time I would see her face to face holding her in my arms. Except for one glimpse of her in later years, when she was 22 years old at court. She was 16 years old, I was 18 years old.

John Jerome Nowak

John Jerome Nowak
356 P.O. Box
Lackawanna, NY, 14218

Thank you for your time and consideration
My personal website Christjustified.com Copyright © 2003-2010 All Rights Reserved