

1991
Me and My Parents had it out

In 1991, me and my parents had it out, and went to court. The judge ruled in my favor, and had my parents take better care of their children. It may have been somewhat minimal his care, the last 19 years, but I felt it was sufficient. Few months before my mom had the stroke, I told her, they done better toward their children, to encourage her, they had made improvements in their character. Even so today, thinking back, my parents never apologized to their children, the great harm they done. When I done a wrong in my life, I turned from doing the wrong, evil, sin again, and made certain I went to the one I wronged and apologized.

In 1991, my mom became very angry. She wanted to take over some space in a garage; of the old Italian lady's house my parents had bought, that had lived behind us. I used the single car garage to store my lawn equipment. A garage I had to replace much of the roof was barely standing. The concrete floor was broken up and the back wall was pushed out about a foot. A crack between some of the block, seeing the light from the outside.



Almost ready to collapse. It was my one and only small place, a collapsing old garage and I wasn't ready to let it go. When my parents own a large warehouse, buildings, an Island, houses, boats. I figured, my parents were not caring, as to have me totally out of their lives. That they wanted me perhaps be like some who get angry at their parents and leave them for years. Perhaps never talking to them. The bitter hostility becomes an endless battle. Such as my dad with his dad. Me not being married, no one to love me and not the type to be angry would be a difficult time. I stop cutting the lawns, but was worried my older sister and her husband would salvage what would be left of my customers. As they done once before.

They kick me outside of their house, as they done other times while growing up. I slept in my neighbor constant friend's pop up tent trailer, he was selling in front of his house.

I remembered Jesus' words, zeal for your household will consume thee. There are four accounts, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John take the time to record when Jesus took a whip and overturns the money changers tables. Chased them out of his father's household, the temple.

John 2:12 After this he went down to Capernaum, he, and his mother, and [his] brethren, and his disciples; and there they abode not many days. 13 And the passover of the Jews was at hand, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem. 14 *And he found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting: 15 and he made a scourge of cords, and cast all out of the temple, both the sheep and the oxen; and he poured out the changers' money, and overthrew their tables; 16 and to them that sold the doves he said, Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house of merchandise. 17 His disciples remembered that it was written, Zeal for thy house shall eat me up.*

I decided, I needed to make myself destitute. So my parents and I would have to face the issue once and for all. My older sister and husband couldn't salvage my costumers, they had done once before. Which would make me lose the particular effect on my parents, pressure and time. I would rather sacrifice my truck, equipment and have grief for a time, for exchange of having loving caring parents for the rest of my life.

In a calm manor, legally, I used a sledge hammer and hammered my newer blue Nissan, hard body, pathfinder, pickup truck. The engine's carburetor, sides of the truck, windows, and head lights. I sledge hammer my lawn equipment, in the small garage.

Next, I wrote the paper about how my parents been treating their children. Additionally behind it, much pressure from them the last several years, for changing my religion. Many times especially in the winter, my parents were hostile towards me. Previously they made their children work excessively in their soap company. Me and my brother in their steel warehouse, up high on overhead cranes. Remodeling their houses from very early ages.

They kept promising they were working excessively and us excessively, so we will have something when we get older. I sense their real God was money and work. They treasured themselves houses and more work. The bible was a closed book to them.

I had written down and given to the neighbors and judge in 1991:

April, 1991

Dear Mom and Dad,

Both of you have not accepted your moral obligations toward your children and neighbor. I am holding you partial accountable for my brother's death.

Many times you have tried to make us break the law. Two weeks before Eddie Died, Dad tried to convince him to drive illegally over weight. Dad also agreed Eddie should punch Mr. Evans in the face our neighbor.

I remember when we had to work the weekends and week days on the assembly line for your soap company. I also worked on the house next store to ours. Many times I could not play with my friends.

Because I did not like to work Dad came into the house and put a hammer through the T.V., when I was watching with my friend and then made me go to work on the house next store, I was 13 years old.

You broke child labor laws making us work many hours a day in dangerous places in your steel warehouse and on over head cranes. Eddie once broke down crying to me because you made him work so much. We were 7,8,9,10,11,12,13,14,15 years old.

You called us every name you could think of. Threatening to kick us out of the house. And times you have.

I remember when I was loading trucks with coils of steel at your warehouse. When I realized they were putting to much weight on the trucks, I refused to load them. Both of you tried to make me load them. I refused.

I remember when Eddie was working with dad on the house, next door and dad through a hammer at him.

I remember when Dad was working on the house, crawled down the ladder from the top. He drove his truck down the street chasing a man on a motorcycle. Dad got out of the truck and tried to punch him, he missed and broke his ankle. His reason for punching him was Dad was afraid of his children getting hurt. Because he was driving fast and loud.

I remember when my dad would kick me so hard in the back end, I would lose my coordination and stumble

dazed.

I remember when Eddie ask me if I would like some chicken wings he bought me some. After we left for work, he was in an accident with his vehicle. When we returned you attacked me and kicked me. Even if I did ask him to buy me some you would still be wrong.

I remember when dad attacked me again. Dad got on top of me and started punching me saying he was going to kill me. He took a glass astray and smashed over my head cutting my thumb which served a nerve leaving my thumb without feeling (temporary). I also remember when you once came after me with a knife (mom persuaded him to put the knife down in the kitchen).

I remember when dad beat up Nancy saying he was going to kill her. Jumping on her punching her. I tried to stop dad from hitting her by stepping between them.

I remember when Mary had a fit of rage and began hitting me. Who went to jail? I did for three weeks because you said I was violent.

I remember when Eddie got on top of me and started punching me in the face saying he is going to kill me. I did not fight back, I did not defend myself until with my arms over my face until he said he is going to kill me. I had to call for help for dad to get him off of me. This happen three months before he died.

You were not fit parents. You neglected your responsibilities toward your children. Many times when we were younger you would say we were made to work so we would have something when we were older.

I am 25 years old, in the last seven years you haven't use your money to buy me anything. My brother is dead what did you buy him?

What you buy Mary she is living on welfare going to you.

What did you buy, Nancy, a car for her wedding that had 75,000 miles on it. Which she had to trade it in for another.

The family owns an island, six houses, three large buildings, four power boats. If everything was totaled up there would be a million dollars possibly more.

When I was younger maybe fourteen you said to me. "what ever we do, no matter right or wrong, we are always right". Did I agree with you, no. I still do not. You became angry with me.

Where were you all those years. You did not spend time with your children. It was wasted on excessive work. You never took time to find out the individual needs, gentleness, kindness, patience of your children. Instead everything, money was and is more important.

Do you have a conscious for there is a right and wrong.

So when I said you are greedy and selfish. You laugh and say kick him out of the house.

What should I think and feel? Should I hate you. I say no, for my conscious says to me it is wrong.

Should I hide my feelings of low self-esteem and years of neglect. I say no, for there is no happiness with these feelings.

These feelings need to be made clear, understandable. This is why I took a hammer and destroyed my lawn equipment and truck to get your attention of you abusing your children.

Tell me dad who is crazy, a dad that throws a hammer at his son, beats his children up and say he going to kill them.

Or a son who would give up his business and put himself through the humiliation of trying to get his parents to see who they really are.

Before I destroyed my truck I gave you a choice to stop me. Mom tried. Dad you refused to accept responsibility.

You said, go ahead I will just call the police and say you are crazy.

Will you continue to try to intimidate your children and neighbor with your violence, financial and haughtiness?

Your tyranny is not questionable to a thorough comprehension.

I remember when you said to me when I was younger. "all children are good for is work"

Mom

Your son, John

After distributing the paper to the neighbors, at night I sat on the public sidewalk in front of their house, shirtless, in a rain storm. This so my parents will know they have a responsibility they are neglecting. The entire neighbor hood will see. There may have been some earlier lightening and thunder. The people across, down the street, up on a front porch on the second level during a party began shouting humiliation down at me, about 150 yards away. A police car drove up, the police man from inside the car talked some to me. He parked across the street from me and watched me for an hour or so. I just kept sitting, trying to stay true to my beliefs in the rain. The police officer said, " I will have to arrest you". I said politely "**if you think you should, you can arrest me**". He drove me around the corner to the exit of the alley and said, "**you could leave the car**". I insisted in a friendly encouraging manor to continue with the arrest, take me to jail. He then proceeded to the jail, where I stayed overnight. I seen the judge, I explained to him the situation and perhaps I gave him the paper at this time. I can't really remember, or perhaps it was later, but he did receive the paper. He let me out of jail.

I hired a lawyer. Consulted with an older friend of mine, the neighbor, I knew since I was a child. A constant friend who lived in the big white house and my minister from one of the several churches I attended. The lawyer I had, happen that he had to leave his practice with the law in the coming months, seemed to be the only one available. In court, he told the judge Norman F. WALAWENDER of Lackawanna, NY, I was a vibrant self employed citizen of the community. The judge decided to have a state psychologist to see me. I ask the judge if I may speak, he said, "You could speak". I said to the judge "**they will not be fair, however, I will in good faith obey your order; even knowing they will not be fair.**"

Sometime later, I was driven downtown by my lawyer's lady secretary to meet with the two state psychologists, an older man and younger woman. During the meeting with the two psychologists, they ask me some questions. I explained to them the situation some and one psychologist a lady asks about the church I attend. I explained to them it's not like what they see so much on TV. They are a calm relax people, non-denominational, going back hundreds of years in our nation, trying to obey the bible.

After the meeting I saw the judge again in court. The judge said, in words to the effect, the psychologists, didn't give me a much favorable opinion, suggest bipolar (additional information the recent Judge didn't receive, interesting in 1991, a year or so later I heard on the airways, how psychologist, had if Jesus lived today, would use their terminology, from the recently government created vernacular, label Jesus to be bipolar. When I heard this made me think what happen to me, and wondered, having various thoughts). I ask again if I may speak, I reminded the judge, I said, "**I went to meet with the psychologists in good faith, knowing that they wouldn't be fair.**"

The Judge ruled. After writing this down a few times, thinking very carefully. What I truly remember is all my demands were met. I was satisfied with the judges words. Did the judge urge, charge my parents, to meet these demands. I can't say for certain, I have no other memory of specific words, only immediate joy, satisfaction. I assumed all these years that the judge had either urge to some degree gently or authoritatively. There may have been some meetings privately with my parents and the Judge in the side room. My parents, paid for the repairs and started being more supportive, caring of me. My parents had visited the church I attended, at least once, I would have to guess, by the gentle urging of the judge as a friend. So as I hoped, at least they wouldn't have all kinds of strange ideas what it is like.

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