



3-5 Years old

When around three to five years old, I was at night, laying on the lower bunk bed in my sister's bedroom alone. I looked down the rectangular darkened room, near the entrance, and noticed two figures as people. They were outlines of bright energy slightly flowing out; the centers of them were dark. I became very scared. I climbed up the latter to the upper bunk bed, lay on my back and closed my eyes. Then I opened my eyes and saw brightly my older sister's face inches from my face, startling, scaring me. I closed them again, then opened them and saw the darkness of the room. I wondered they may have been angels, it felt very real. I said to myself, "must have been a dream, but God may be telling me something".

Another day in my sister's bedroom, I was lying on my side, on the upper bed. I observed across the room, on the wall a ceramic plaque of Jesus with a flaming fire heart and thorns. Beside on the same wall was a plastic cylinder for saving quarter coins. Behind the cylinder at different levels were drawings of what you could buy with the saved quarters. The top choice was a vacation, which seemed you would arrive fast at the amount of quarters needed to get to the top. I had hoped to have a flaming heart as Jesus, that reaching vacation was like reaching heaven. Perhaps I could reach there seemingly fast with the flaming heart.

One day I was in the kitchen and saw my younger sister on a tall stool chair, reaching in the fridge for the donuts. She was putting her finger in each doughnut, to see what flavor they were. Later in the day my parents had us children line up in the living room. I don't recall my younger sister in the line, perhaps she was too young. They demanded one of us to fess up. I tried to say I saw my younger sister put her finger in the doughnuts. I wondered if I had spoken up strong enough. My dad with his leather belt began hitting each one by one, chasing us around the living room, and up the stairs. I don't recall my younger sister being whipped with the belt, perhaps because she may have been very young. She never did fess up to putting her finger in the donuts, that I am aware of. I remember seeing the welts on my back from being hit at times with the belt.

At around six years old, I was in the neighbor's garage adjacent to the backyard of our house, playing with matches. When I came into the house, mom asked what I was doing, as if she knew what I was doing. I told her I was playing with matches. She told me to go to my bedroom. When my dad arrived home, my mom told

him what had happen. Neither one of them slapped me, where in other cases it would have been normal for them to do so. I began to think it's best to be honest, even if I had to go to my bedroom and suffer some.

After school I went inside a store and bought some good and plenty. When outside the store I notice I accidentally bought the wrong good and plenty, back liquorish. I went back in the store and tried to switch the black liquorish for the fruit flavored good and plenty. The store clerk saw me perhaps only taking the fruit flavored, not putting back the black liquorish. Accused me of stealing, took the fruit favored from me and had me leave the store. Outside the store I realized I paid for the good and plenty but not having any to show for it.

Around seven years old, I stole money from my mom's purse, buying from the store, candy, toys, fire crackers (from a house a mile away where my older brother bought them), cigarettes and collecting different types of cigarette lighters. Sometimes I used the firecrackers to blow up toads learned from the teenagers. I tried inhaling the smoke from the cigarettes, but sensing pain in my lungs, made me think my lungs were still developing. I wondered, if I continued to inhale, the pain may go away. Then thought perhaps God intended the pain in my young body, as an early warning. Decided I didn't want my lungs to get use to the cigarettes. At the playground, I hung out with some teenagers. They were playing spin the bottle in the midday under the poplar tree, beside the baseball diamond. I observed one of the male teenagers started to run away. The others caught him and held him to the ground. His sister came from behind him, pulled down her pants along with her underwear, and sat back on his face. The others let go of him, and said something, I'd rather not say. They laughed at him all the more. It made me worried, how people, sisters and bothers can so easily turn against each other. Telling myself, I better be very aware, cautious what I say around them. At the same spot under the tree, I used a cigarette lighter, melted a coffee can plastic lid. The melted plastic dripped onto, between my thumb and first finger. It stung, startled me. I was in pain, not wanting anyone to notice. I immediately removed the drip of plastic, tearing the top layer of skin, causing later a scar. Sensing my skin removed, the pain, I worried, I wasn't careful enough with my body. Playing with the firecrackers a street over, accidentally a blackjack firecracker was ignited while in my hand, stinging my hand. I thought playing with firecrackers, one could ignite one by accident easily. If it was larger, I could have lost a finger or more. Decided, best to stop playing with them, before I wanted to play with more powerful firecrackers.

A woman friend of my mom gave me a large children's picture Bible. I enjoyed looking at the many pictures. Her daughter was older by some years than me, very lovely with blond hair. One afternoon she was resting, either on the top bunk bed, or bottom bunk bed in my sister's bedroom. I was resting on the opposite bunk bed. At some moment we held hands on the wall side of the bunk beds. We swung our clutch hands back and forth, feeling the sensation as if my hand was floating.

I had two early childhood male friends, both two years older then me, lived on my street. One was Italian, flat-footed, claimed as the reason why he couldn't run as fast. The other was Irish, who moved into the neighborhood when I was eight years old. He was shorter then me but was strong and had very fast reflexes. I learned in later years if anyone tried fighting him, they were sorry. With his short but strong arms, with every punch you hit him, he would hit you wildly several times with force.



Apple Tree
Spring, April 2007

Around eight years old, during the summer, we were in the backyard of my Irish friend's house. There were some fruit trees, one particular an apple tree, was the best climbing tree in the neighborhood. Its trunk was about two to three feet high with large limbs going up into branches. The bark being soft and the openness between the branches made it easy to climb to the top. I and my two friends were having a contest of who could hang from the lower limb the longest. Soon we all had to go home for supper, but agreed we would return right after, to continue the competition. After supper, I decided to go the back way behind the houses, along the high wood fence. When I reach the end of the fence, it was my Irish friend's backyard. I stopped and watched from between the fence and at the time some tall old lilacs. My Italian friend was there with one of his younger sisters, holding the branch above him, but not actually hanging from it. When he seen my Irish friend coming out of his house, he lifted up his feet and began hanging and started to count large numbers. When my Irish friend came up to the tree, I came from behind them. I said words to the effect, what I saw. The Italian friend said he was hanging the whole time, and insisted it very persistently. So much so, I wondered if my eyes were fooling me with what I saw. Thinking they weren't, I figured there was no use trying to continue to persuade my Irish friend, because he couldn't tell really who was telling the truth. It was only my word against the others. About his two younger sisters, I don't recall which one was with him, by the apple tree. However his youngest sister, had some impact indirectly, previously and later in my life, explained later.

I and my two friends would play soldiers in the snow, as if we were in a battle, and fumbly bumbly football in the snow in the front yard of my Italian friend's house. Best was about a foot to two feet of snow, with high piles of shoveled snow along the edge from the driveway, sidewalk and the edge of the street from the snowplow truck. We would tackle the one that had the football, or try to cause him to fumble the ball. If tackled he had to toss the football up. Whoever gets it would run from one side of the front yard to the other side. The higher snow banks were used for momentum when running through the others. The game continued until we were all exhausted and whoever had the most times cross the yard won. While growing up, we played street hockey, tag football and tackle foot ball. I enjoyed football the most.

Behind my house, an alley, behind another house, is the the train tracks. I hop on the moving train. I realize it was speeding up, and decided I had to get off the train. Noticing it was narrow with loose railroad stones along the train tracks, and a parallel small shallow ditch with water and cattails. Thinking if I tried to run while holding onto the train, I would likely fall forward onto my face on the loose stones. I had to jump. I tried to make myself very aware where my feet were, so my feet wouldn't accidentally be extended under the train wheels. I jumped landing on my feet and then tumbled, coming to a halt on my back. Sensing my legs in the air pulled into me, but going forward as if slow motion toward the rolling wheels of the train. My legs froze still in the mid air. I decided to never hop a train again.

I made a friend with a Baptist, around my age. He lived near my dad's steel warehouse. One day I walked over to his house, when at the time there were piles of broken sidewalk for landfill. I walked between the broken pieces of sidewalk, their German Shepard attacked me, biting down on my arm. I cried immediately and the dog released my arm. I ran back to the warehouse from where I came.



My parents, two Sisters, me

When my dad's steel warehouse was opened, late into the night, I operated the two over head cranes at times, with a worker, or my Dad. At times running the crane itself, or handling the chains, folks, hooks, cables, and some some other various creations my dad made for lifting. Transferred loads of steel, from semi-truck to semi-truck, frames of trucks, large crates of vehicle parts, large coils of steel, bundles of steel bars, flat plates of steel, large steel rollers, pallets of materials, for crossing the Canadian and USA border. This before the semi trucks were allowed to drive through the border and continued on.

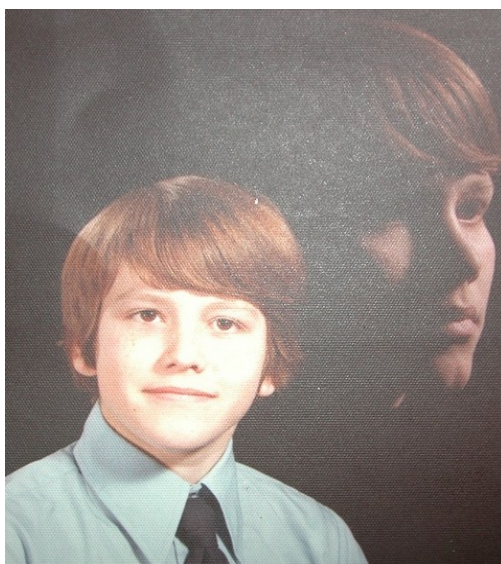
My Baptist friend had a large family, two older brothers and sisters. It seemed his father was never around, and perhaps then or later he left them, but not sure. I learned they studied the Bible, and went to church often, for many hours at a time. I was surprised, they stayed at church so long. I wondered how boring it might be, since the Catholic church being at mass for a half an hour, was not simulating. When I was in their home, they were doing a multiple choice religious study, I tried to answer some questions. Which I answered some, but when it spoke about Jesus as Lord, king, it stumped me some. It left me with some curiosity, of what were the actual words, said about and by Jesus in the Bible. I thought I shouldn't consider other so called Christian groups, I may be easily deceived, being to young not knowledgeable enough. Thinking perhaps when older

someday, I need to search and read the Bible. I invited my Baptist friend on vacation with my family. His mom didn't want him to go. She said, he was having some behavior problems. I begged her and my mom, to let him go. His mom allowed him. While at the rented cottage in Canada, my Baptist friend and I were standing near the dresser, he had his clothes beside him on the floor and my clothes were on top of the dresser. Some of my clothes, perhaps worn, had fallen off of the dresser on to his clothes or thinking perhaps when someone had cleaned, may have thrown the clothes to the side, on top of his clothes. Or perhaps I just thrown my clothes on his, but never recalled doing so. It wasn't intentional, so I didn't think much about it, not much concern. He became angry and punched me in my mouth, giving be a hairline crack in my front left tooth, killing the nerve in the tooth. My Mom became very upset with what he had done. We soon stopped being friends, at least close friends. As the years went by, I observe that the baptist brothers seemed they married very young, at least was my impression. Sensing their culture or perhaps religious upbringing, gave much support around early marriage. Which I sense was well of the Baptist. Thinking many in the world's culture discouraged youthful marriages in various ways.

In the living room of my Irish friend's house, he asked me a question. Words to the effect, that he heard, that I was with another male, as if an acquaintance or friend in the neighborhood, something sexual. I immediately said, I wasn't, with some persistence. Wondering who could have said something like that. I thought about an occurrence that happen in my dad's truck crane, but nothing had actually happened. I then thought of an event some years back, directly next door at my Italian friend's house. I remembered, a teenager, involved in the first event, then a time later involved in another event in a the depression in the field. The first event he was under a back porch of my Italian friend's house, when before the side back of the house was remodeled. Vaguely remembering something he said, then what I may have said, caused me to remember only to be weary. It had to do with something sexual, but not anything that had specifically ever occurred. Then I thought about my brother, what had happen, and wondered if I was being honest answering his question. I thought I was being honest to the question, he ask words to the effect, about a perhaps a male, as if an acquaintance or friend in the neighborhood, other than my brother. However my conscience still felt some holding back, and also since he had asked, the more worried and wishing nothing had occurred between me and my older brother.

Not sure the age I was, when my two friends and some other neighborhood kids were playing softball at a cemetery, where there was plenty of open grass area. The Italian friend started to pick on me because of my speech impediment. I decided to ignore it and pretend it didn't bother me. His picking on me, made me wonder about Jesus. Made me think perhaps I would be stronger for it, if I just take the humiliation and pain and not do anything. While he was picking on me, I wondered, he was a friend. I felt sorry for him. He was two years older then me and I could beat him at most sports. If I was him, I would be picking on me too. My Irish friend said "why don't you do something?" The Italian friend picked on me the whole game and after the game. My two friends in later years both entered the Marine Corps.

My younger sister had a pool party for her class. I was the lifeguard, best I recall at about 12 years old. One of her classmates about ten years old, when saw the pool, became excited. Without knowing how to swim, he ran off the diving board into the deeper end of the pool. It was about nine feet deep (before some years ago, my dad placed 2 feet of concrete on the bottom of the deep end, to make the pool less deep). I immediately jump in trying to grab him, to pull him to the side of the pool. He grabbed on to me and started to pull me under. Realizing I wasn't getting anywhere, I pushed him off. I then swam under him, grabbed his foot and ankle of his other foot for some control, pushing him upwards with my feet on the bottom of the pool. I kept him on the surface of the water, with my feet planted on the bottom of the pool, nudged him slowly to the edge of the pool. He grabbed on the edge of the pool, held himself out of the water. I wondered, if I had saved him, being there were other youngsters standing along the edge. I thought perhaps someone else would have thrown something out to him, saving him, but perhaps not.



1978
12 years old

When twelve years old, during lunch recess at school, I stood on the grass facing about 30 ft away from a very large old sycamore tree. The tree's trunk was about three to four feet in diameter. I recollected from observing the world, my older brother, and his friends were forever after the quest of having sexual relations. I began to visualize within my mind for a brief moment, right of the large tree, as if a youthful couple, floating about three feet in the air. I perceived both were a virgin, male and female, when had sexual intercourse unknowingly to others. Feeling at first discomfort, then immediately a sense of ease, comfort came over me, God had naturally joined them together. God had bound them in a lifetime marriage.

Then raced through my mind, thoughts of another person who isn't a virgin, due to had sexual intercourse with one or more that were already in their own lifetime marriages from having sexual intercourse unknowingly to others. The person who's no longer a virgin, can't be bound to someone who's already in a lifetime marriage, is free to take one who isn't in a lifetime marriage. For their own lifetime marriage. Perceiving lifetime marriages can't be dissolved by sex with another, but only by physical death.

I then imagined a man who left his lifetime marriage that was unknown to others, and takes another of someone's lifetime marriage. I sense discomfort that he is proud, God sees all things, will hold him accountable.

Next I perceived lifetime marriages, even when occurred unknown to others, when the male and female were equally virgins, has a lasting remembrance of given to each other their virginity. Supplies the greatest potential of devotion for each other for a lifetime, for the greatest potential of contentment, peace and tranquility for the largest number of people in the world.

In contrast, perceived the existing mentality in the world and in the Catholic church when particularly two virgins, male and female, had sexual intercourse unknown to others, if the relationship broke off, was regarded as either not a big deal by the world or called a sin (fornication), by the Catholic teaching. To conveniently leave each other, even in error thinking they're doing the will of God in leaving each other. Perceived the mentality of the world and the Catholic doctrine was the underlying reason for the great chaos happening in the world. I didn't linger on especially the latter visual, less I be tempted and fall into such situations. Made it the more difficult at times to recall them, and because it was part visual within and immediate perceiving, was besides difficult to ever express them.

I then looked toward the left side, immediately behind the sycamore tree, at the narrow sidewalk, beside a separate two story dark brick building, a convent for nuns. I pictured in my mind, a couple among others on the

narrow sidewalk in their marriages like my parents. Thinking, there were some differences between my parent's relationship lasting, compared to this generation's relationships failing.

Then I stood to the right of the large sycamore tree, where I imagined the couple was floating in a lifetime marriage by God. I looked toward a few feet, where the narrow sidewalk became broader, parallel up to the multiple steel closed emergency windowless doors, the back side of a smaller section of the school. I focused on the doors, where immediately inside, about ten feet, the door to the girl's bathroom and immediately to the left the door to the boy's bathroom. The emergency doors were forbidden to open to walk outside, only few dared to open. I sensed a strange feeling as if it was staged around me, perhaps by God, some kind of meaning to the doors, that were only to be open for emergencies. In later years the meaning came to me, that many lives, there sexual past, must be open, talked about to find if they are married in God's eyes, to someone in their past.

Another day, at night, I went behind my house, the end of an alley road, between the driveway and a house. I sat under a pine tree, listening to a song "I can survive" by Triumph, on my black boom box, cassette, radio. The song made me wonder about my parents and my brother. I pictured them in my mind, as behind me across the alley, another driveway as if they were floating in the air about two feet high. Moving in a row from the driveway, across the alley road, thinking how their ways were so distressful to me. I thought they were like on program, that it was beyond their ability to be any different. I thought perhaps if they were reprogrammed much earlier they would have been different. I walked across the alley road near the front of another small garage, that I had played with matches in. I stood on an incline of bare ground, where the owner, Mr. Fenny, a retired, very old Irish retired policemen had burn his papers from his house, in a 55 gallon barrel, before he pasted away. The barrel had some small two inch diameter holes punched in along the side bottom, for the air to enter the fire. My mind began to think on programming and entered my mind that I will program many people. My mind felt like a light went on. That perhaps everyone was on program like robots, perhaps they weren't even real in someway. Then entered my mind perhaps this is all for me, what I see and perceive was only meant for me. Everyone was only there for my benefit; perhaps everyone was fake. That's when I thought I went to far. That according to what I knew of God, I couldn't perceive it from what I seen of his character. When very young I would look at the pictures, in the children's picture bible and in movies. I sense the pain, sorrow in men and woman of God, in their trials and the seemingly lacked of programmed by God exhibited in his enemies. I reasoned, the stories in the bible are God's truth of what had occurred in history, then others are not fake. So I figured everyone was alive and going through their own trials, times of joy, are not fake, but there was truth behind, about programming. We don't have a free will, God is in control of everything and everyone.

Some words of the Apostle Paul wrote, especially on the subject of mercy, particularly election, "not of him that willth, nor of him that runneth but of God hat mercy". "A remnant will be saved". "Except the Lord of Sabbath had left us a seed, We had become as Sodom, and had been made like unto Gomorrah".

Romans 9:1 I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience bearing witness with me in the Holy Spirit, 2 that I have great sorrow and unceasing pain in my heart. 3 For I could wish that I myself were anathema from Christ for my brethren's sake, my kinsmen according to the flesh: 4 who are Israelites; whose is the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service [of God], and the promises; 5 whose are the fathers, and of whom is Christ as concerning the flesh, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen. 6 But [it is] not as though the word of God hath come to nought. For they are not all Israel, that are of Israel: 7 neither, because they are Abraham's seed, are they all children: but, In Isaac shall thy seed be called. 8 That is, it is not the children of the flesh that are children of God; but the children of the promise are reckoned for a seed. 9 For this is a word of promise, According to this season will I come, and Sarah shall have a son. 10 And not only so; but Rebecca also having conceived by one, [even] by our father Isaac-- 11 **for [the children] being not yet born, neither having done anything good or bad, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth, 12 it was said unto her, The elder shall serve the younger. 13 Even as it is written, Jacob I loved, but Esau I hated.** 14 What shall we say then? Is there unrighteousness with God? God forbid. 15 For he saith to Moses, **I will have mercy on whom I have mercy, and I will have**

compassion on whom I have compassion. 16 So then it is not of him that willeth (free will), nor of him that runneth (effort, meritorious works), but of God that hath mercy. 17 For the scripture saith unto Pharaoh, For this very purpose did I raise thee up, that I might show in thee my power, and that my name might be published abroad in all the earth. 18 **So then he hath mercy on whom he will, and whom he will be hardeneth.** 19 Thou wilt say then unto me, Why doth he still find fault? For who withstandeth his will? 20 Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why didst thou make me thus? 21 Or hath not the potter a right over the clay, from the same lump to make one part a vessel unto honor, and another unto dishonor? 22 What if God, willing to show his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much longsuffering vessels of wrath fitted unto destruction: 23 and that he might make known the riches of his glory upon vessels of mercy, which he afore prepared unto glory, 24 [even] us, whom he also called, not from the Jews only, but also from the Gentiles? 25 As he saith also in Hosea, I will call that my people, which was not my people; And her beloved, that was not beloved. 26 And it shall be, [that] in the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not my people, There shall they be called sons of the living God. 27 And Isaiah crieth concerning Israel, If the number of the children of Israel be as the sand of the sea, it is **the remnant that shall be saved:** 28 for the Lord will execute [his] word upon the earth, finishing it and cutting it short. 29 **And, as Isaiah hath said before, Except the Lord of Sabbath had left us a seed, We had become as Sodom, and had been made like unto Gomorrah.**

About Mr. Fenny, I remember when my mom had notice a ring around his lower leg, found out later he had a rubber band that was left on his leg, it had tighten slowly, becoming embedded in the flesh of his leg. He went to the hospital to have it removed.

When very young, behind Mr. Fenny's house, under the tall old apple tree, I help him pick up the green apples. Some of the apples were beginning to rot, thinking some of the good apples could of made some delicious apple pie. I took the basket of apples along the side of his house, on the narrow sidewalk to the front of his house, placing them at the end of the narrow walkway, beside the front steps. I assumed to be taken to the curb. Unexpectedly he gave me two shiny dimes, I was very happy, my first money I earned. I remember vaguely, Miss's Finny may of came outside and took some of the good apples from the basket on the steps, for apple pie. When he past away, I remember thinking, while lying on my younger sisters bed at night, he was the first person I felt close to. I will never see him again walking by the gray painted steps, his back side door, or walking in his back yard, making me shed tears.

On 4-2-2007 talking to my constant friend, he told me when growing up, he was close to Joe Fenny. Joe told him that when he first became a police officer, he saw an African American boy take something from a store and ran. Joe told him to stop, he didn't. Joe pulled out his gun from his hoister and shot toward him, and killed him. The way my constant friend said it, Joe never pulled out his gun from his hoister again (thinking perhaps he meant in haste using his gun, perhaps being indifferent, cold), regretting what he done for the about fifty years he was a police officer. My constant friend said. Joe lived to about 93 to 95 years old. Joe Fenny was Presbyterian, unusual for their were mostly Catholics in our city.

May 16, 2010

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Thank you for your time and consideration

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