

Updated June 09, 2010



Betty Pelc  
Facilitator of Ralph Nowak

This document, evidence, testimonial, is an attachment, along with the information in the document “Last Appeal to the People” has been sent to Buffalo Federal Bureau of investigation, hand delivered to the Buffalo News, Channel seven, channel four. Handed to the honorable Judge Louis P. Violanti of Lackawanna, while under the verbal affirmation to the tell the truth before a court session, 2010 May 20<sup>th</sup>. Other documents also handed to the honorable Judge, while in court session 2010 May 20th, are the series title “End of Our Constitution” and “Vision to Save America”.

While in Florida, when my mom was in the hospital, me and my three sisters had a family conversation, at the front of a coffee shop near the hospital. Mom just a few days ago been admitted to the hospital for her stroke. I was asked by Betty and her husband how much, I think my parent's estate may be worth. I didn't want to over estimate it's worth, due some years ago, while browsing on the Internet in the car, I showed my parents, the prices of islands are worth in the vicinity of Canada. Islands in this region of Canada, seemed not worth as much, as one may presume, especially if it was in the states would be worth considerable more. I figured my parents let the island dilapidate some, due to over extending themselves. Also the restate market had collapsed, from the havoc of 2008. Their properties, if sold at the exact time march 2009, would be worth considerable less. An example Betty's home which they bought for 800,000, had been up for sale for sometime, wouldn't sell for 550,000. Her husband's airplane wouldn't sell either. And it may have been this time or afterwards, can't remember, they had their secondary house up for sale, that eventually sold at cost, or perhaps less what they had put in the house. Everything of value, Betty and her husband, was for sale. I said, perhaps 900,000 , thinking at the time at it's lowest, not wanting to over price it, but may be worth much more. Also I didn't know how much perhaps cash my parents had, and assumed my older sister's house, would be given to her, as was promise through the years to her. Betty and her husband seemed as if more inclined to find my Dad's estate worth considerable more, by their immediate words and some bodily language shown. I had ask Betty's husband, how is the business doing, he said, a joking answer, to the effect, that made me think that it was teetering, can go either way, go under, or survive. Best I recall, he said, I would hand the keys to the lawyers. We were all very concerned about insurance to cover mom's heath care. My younger sister Nancy had much experience in the area, she informed us of the likely scenario how the expenses would be paid, by the insurance companies. Gave me and my oldest sister Mary, confidence they had sufficient insurance, which in time was shown to be sufficient. However Betty and her husband kept harping as if to worry about the insurance, trying as

if to make us worried. They wanted our dad to get a lawyer immediately. The other sisters and me, said it's too early, to be thinking on an lawyer, but eventually would have to be done, due to most all the accounts and properties were in my mom's name and one banking account in my youngest sister, Betty Pelc's name.

I shall go on to tell of insinuations, especially leading up to and afterwards of my mom's stroke. That Betty's behavior may be questioned, or with some careful observation, her wanting to have my parent's island, can at least perhaps reveal Betty's behavior was odd, perhaps only careless, perhaps even calculating, the best percentage in getting the island, over my mom's health? I will let the reader decide by the evidence. I recently heard the price Betty wanted to pay for the island at first was 100,000 then raised to 250,000, before my mom's stroke. At the time me and my other two sisters heard of mom thinking of selling the island to Betty, we had mixed thoughts, worried Betty would just pick it up cheap, clean it up, put some money in it, and sell it at the highest amount, making some quick money. Not long ago, my mom rented one of their buildings to Betty and her husband. They eventually persuaded my Mom, to end the rental to a longtime tenant, that rented about 60 percent of the other connected part of the building, that paid on time, and at a good price. Then a rather short time later, Betty and her husband moved out of the entire building. My parents ended up selling the building. I said to my mom, even if Betty kept the island, none of us get along with Betty, we would never be invited to the island.

Some examples, my mom was clinging to life in intensive care, on a breathing tube, in a coma, with pneumonia, paralyzed on the right side of her body, on a respirator, the nurses every hour or so, had to suction the fluid out of my mom's lungs, for days the family beside her. I observed Betty came into the intensive care room, I didn't notice her sanitizing her hands. She took the old iv bandages off my mom's arm and started to rub on top of her puncture wounds, seemingly trying to soothe mom. Immediately, I felt perhaps that was nice, then it struck me, being I was watching out, not the slightest mistake be made, being she was in such a critical state. I had told Betty for months over the phone to limit direct contact with her. I didn't say anything at the moment. This period of time was when the swine flu was in the news. Deeply worried for months of a virus or infection past on to her, would take mom over the edge. By this time in her critical situation, was even more on my mind, worried.

At Betty's house, during the evening Betty and her husband talked to my dad in another room, off the living room. They said things concerning the insurance and getting a lawyer, which I noticed rattled my Dad. I tried to calm his fears some, not to worry about insurance. I said, we had a discussion and Nancy seemed very up on the situation concerning insurance and as for lawyers, it's not the time, but will need to be done.

In the morning, I said to Betty, not to take the the iv bandage off and rub her on the sores, she is clinging to life. A virus or infection, could take her over the edge. (I posed a question to my constant friend Edward Voltz (20 years my senior), a hospital pastoral care, counselor. If he was to enter a intensive care room and removed the IV bandages and rubbed their wounds, what would happen? He said, the doctors would go nuts. He said he would no longer be a pastoral care worker in that hospital). Betty flew into a rage, and yelled, you disrespected me in my home, and I will do as I please with mom. I realized my mom's life is at stake and had to take a stand. Thinking at this moment, if I didn't listen to my youngest sister earnest pleading not to come help my parents before, perhaps mom's stroke would have been much less severe or even not had a stroke. Being I could of notice something, help my dad in deciding the best path to follow, after weighing all the variables, as to the very dangerous possible outcome, if stopping the blood thinners, the potential of a stroke which I had warned my mom on the phone, before her stroke. Thinking my mom's body after about four months of continue being weakened by problem after problem, she didn't have any more strength in her to fight off, even the slightest new problem. I had to stand up to my youngest sister, I said, you will not do that again. I will talk to the doctors if you plan on doing it again. She said she was trained as a nurse and knows more than me. Thinking lately, I was trained, license as a home health care aid, in my early twenties. I took care of mentally handicapped, and the elderly in their homes, for a brief time until I returned to do lawn care full time. She said get out of her house.

I said "you can have your money loving house".

My dad pleaded not to argue with her. I said, she will not do it again, I will talk to the doctors. My dad voluntarily left with me, and stayed with me for three weeks in a motel room, visiting mom everyday at the hospital. My youngest sister Betty hasn't called my younger sister Nancy on the phone, since this event in Betty's house. Betty never apologized to me.

What began before the stroke, my parents some months previous were visiting a rental house of Betty, in Virginia. Betty placed my parents in the upstairs bedroom. My mom not knowing the layout of the house, when using the bathroom, accidentally walk over the ledge of top of the stairs, fell down them. I was told there was much blood, and her face was black in blue. In a few days without taking her to the hospital, due mostly to my Dad's fear of hospitals and a previous error in the hospital, left a normal young relative family member in a vegetative state, they drove her to the Florida house to recuperate. At the time I was determine to drive down to help. Betty persuaded with earnestness me multiple times on the phone, I would be in the way, if I was to come down and help my dad and mom. I briefly wondered if Betty was keeping me away from mom, for other purposes, but didn't want to think such thoughts. I gave her the benefit of the doubt.

I remember the previous two years, I had enjoyed being by my parents even more, going to building stores, just to be around them, because I figured they weren't going to be around much longer. Even though I was dismayed within, they didn't live a healthy lifestyle, but a couch potato life and argued over meaningless projects, instead of finding answers and preparing, filling their minds in reading the bible. Even so, I wanted to enjoy even the smallest things in life with them, waiting in the car patiently, walking with mom through the stores, eating out with them when ever, even if at a fast food restaurant multiple times. A few years earlier I had tried to persuade my parents, that Dad needs to stop his projects, and mom eat more healthy, lose weight, go for walks together. They didn't listen. One day driving home, about three miles from home, I tried to encourage my dad to read the bible some, he said, the bible is just a book written by people, not from God, as if not inspired by God. He said, it very argumentatively, I tried for a few seconds to explain what inspired means. Then let it rest, being my mom said, Ralph, disagreeing with my dad, but both still wouldn't read the bible. When arrived home, that night in my bed I prayed for them and shed tears, became worried God is long suffering the many years with my parents, but will eventually hold people accountable, and may pour out his judgment, in various ways. I prayed even more that God would not harm my parents, that God would be merciful, that they would become saved. I prayed that even if God had sometime to happen, it may be used to help them find God. I prayed not my will but your will be done Father.

After about a month, her condition worsen, she couldn't breath well, they called 911. They treated her at the hospital, she had fluid on a lung. She was giving some blood thinners and oxygen. She was sent home to recuperate. After a brief time they brought her back to the hospital to have her lung drained, first for a few days they stop the blood thinners, for the operation. She was sent home, she done better, then they wanted a second time to drain the lung. Again stop the blood thinners. She came home from the hospital. I had ask Betty to get mom a life alert system for her, she didn't listen. While my dad was out grocery shopping, mom home alone she had a stroke in the bathroom, and laid on the floor for an unknown time. If my sister Betty didn't persuade me with earnestness not to come down and help out, perhaps my mom's stroke wouldn't of been as severe, being someone would have been around her 24/7 could of called 911 immediately for her timely care. Perhaps even if I was there, I could of heard everything the doctors were saying, in which my dad's hard of hearing, he sometimes only hears parts at times, using half the information to make decisions. Also due to some bad experiences with the health industry, my dad has some justifiable fears and unjustifiable fears. With another voice and eyes, I could of helped him sort through, what are justifiable fears and unjustifiable fears, can be very beneficial to sort through all the possibilities, consequences, when timely decisions have to be made. One slight error in judgment, can have dire consequences.

When my mom came through, with severe brain damage, her left side paralyzed, couldn't speak, couldn't role over herself, breathing through a tube in her throat, I was dismayed by Betty bringing mom, the gossip magazines from the supermarket and turning Desperate house wives on the TV. Outside of her room, I asked my dad to stop Betty from doing this. He was apathetic to my concerns. I tried my best to persuade him and then let it rest.

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](http://Christjustified.com)

Copyright © 2003-2010 All Rights Reserved