

## Bridge One Heart Speaking to Me

I became very interested in a young Irish Catholic girl, perhaps some German. I first noticed her when walking, she sat alone about eye level on top of the bleachers, at the ice skating rinks. She seemed still, quiet, slightly small, unique her form, her appearance was slightly darker. I sense she may of been aware of me, perhaps, seeing me outside the corner of her eye. I seem to have remembered I may of glanced back at her again when I walked away, liking what I seen. Next time I seen her, she was with my sister. I stood on an wide double steps stair case, mid level about five feet above, over looking the snack area and skating rink, where they came around the corner below (I recently went to the same skating rinks, and notice, they change the position of the steps and enclose the snack area and the front immediate entrance of the ice rinks). This time she was carefree, seemingly dancing, joyful. I notice her slightly dark green corduroy jacket buttoned up. I sense she was not yet matured but the way she moved was graceful, strong, refined and beautiful all at the same time. As if I could sense her body beneath her clothes. Right then, instantly I heard my heart, as if speaking freely the words naturally to me "if there was a girl I would want to marry, I'm seeing her". I never remember my heart speak about a girl to me, like this before.

Another time at the ice skating rinks, I looked up at the top of the same stairs and notice a slim, long blond hair girl looked down at me. I notice her earlier she seemed interested in me. I wasn't interested in her, even though she was a nice looking girl. My heart was with the other girl. Made me wonder some, why it was the last time I seen her and perhaps the other girl, I notice as seemingly dancing, may of not been interested in me.

The last school day of six grade, during recess, I sat down with my back against the large old sycamore tree, facing toward the open grass area. I was distress over another girl similar age as me, she had blond hair, very smart, lovely. The same girl I had observed in the somewhat narrow walkway, wearing a navy blue jacket. I knew her for three years at school since third grade, remembered I notice her on the back of the bus.



Third Grade Class Picture

I recently found out she was going to another school next year. Thinking, I would not see her again. I had recently called her house; the first time I called a girl to ask to go see a movie. Her mom answered, she allowed me to speak to her. I asked her, "would you like to go to a movie with me", she said "no". Just before I called on her, I wondered, since I was molested by my brother, I worried if I was to interested in her at an earlier age. I figured even if I wasn't molested, it was natural for me to be interested in her, and be ok for me to call on her. Thinking while I sat against the sycamore tree, how was I able to see her, since she had said "no". Perhaps my reputation affected the girl from school or her mom. Perhaps me being a trouble

maker, more carefree, a kind of ring leader at school perhaps hurt my hope with her. (That same year we had a young Irish male teacher, unusual for we mostly had older nuns. His appearance reminded me of the cartoon king, at burger king. One day he became so angry at me, he held me by my upper body or perhaps was my neck against the chalk board of the classroom. I sense my feet or the back of my feet off the floor. He may of pretended to punch me beside my head, hitting the chalkboard with his fist. I watch his face turned beat red inches from my face, then he released me.) Or perhaps she was just afraid and her mom being catholic was very strict, didn't think she should date until she is older or she may of not been interested in me. With no justification to try any further to get in touch with her, I wondered what will I do now? I wondered perhaps God has someone else for me that I may think of as special. I then remembered the girl at the ice skating rinks, and remembered how my heart spoke to me, when seeing her as seemingly dancing in front of me, joyful. I was worried though, the girl at the ice skating rinks was two years younger than me. I thought she was perhaps too young for me to be thinking of her, she's so young not even twelve. I then wondered why older men tend to be with younger women? I thought it is obvious they were more youthfully desirable, but also I thought men older can be wiser and protect a younger woman. Thinking, I would be justified to love the younger girl, to protect her and watch over her. I would do my best to love her, as I would want to be loved.

Another time 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 past 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. 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.

The girl at the skating rinks became my sister's close friend. While standing at the entrance of the skating rinks, I found out she would be sleeping over. I became upset within, thinking it would be more difficult finding out if she liked me, that we perhaps could become boyfriend and girlfriend. Crossed my mind briefly if perhaps it was a sign she loved me, she came over for the weekend. I told myself not to think on it less I convince myself of something that may be false.

I notice the girl from the skating rinks, her older brother had a friend, that I seen at the ice skating

rinks. It seemed from observing she may like him some. I notice he wore a winter nylon blue, large check pattern, filled with perhaps down feathers. I decided to buy a slightly darker green similar jacket, check pattern, thinking perhaps she will sense the same feelings toward me, seeing the similar jacket but some green like her jacket, on me.

Another time at the skating rinks (this may of happen before she began to sleep over, I wonder at times), the girl was having pictures taken of herself and my sister. She had me hold her in the air, across my arms for a picture of us. This made me think the way she had me cradle her, she may like me, like we were just married entering the door of our new home. Another day at the skating rinks she was above the ice rink, on an overlook where people would gather to watch the hockey games. The girl sat in her older sister's boyfriend's lap, while her sister was down below near the ice. I stood on the other side of the wall behind them glimpsing at what was occurring. The girl was trying to make her older sister jealous, in a seemingly fun way imagining her sister's boyfriend and herself, were boyfriend and girlfriend. I wondered she may be trying to get the two together, but instead may be only hurting the relationship. (This immediately made me think of my youth, when I was much younger say around seven years old. How I done something similar with a young couple that I may of separated them. I recall behind our house, the other side of the end of the alley road, a driveway beside the house, went to a small garage, to the right side was a path going down through a field about 200 feet to a street. The left side of the path, in the center of the field was a large lone limestone rock, about 4 feet wide and about three feet high. I was sitting on the street curb, curve corner, with the girl and her girlfriend. She seemed very lovely and recalling her boyfriend handsome, a friend of my brother, they seemed to be a nice match. I sense being attractive to her, sensing somewhat jealous of them being together. I'm not sure what exactly I said to the girl. I recall, best my ability to remember, saying something crude. I made it up to impress them, perhaps hearing things from others, then as if her boyfriend said it towards her, behind her back. The two girls seemed very interested in what I had to say. I sensed as time went by, it may of discourage her with her seemingly boyfriend.) My eyes watered, the thing the girl at the skating rinks was doing. That she was playing with someone's feelings, heart, she don't realize the harm she may be doing to others and me. Perhaps her sister's boyfriend may even find her more to his liking, be interested in her, thinking he wasn't to much older, could perhaps go after her.

I began to think about why perhaps I couldn't be closer to the girl at the skating rinks, she being so carefree, joyful, besides me wanting to protect and watch over her. I couldn't be carefree around her, due some to having a speech impediment. Not able to say words with the letter "r" well, many had made fun of me, I was embarrassed. I had to be careful with the words I selected when talking, for some words I couldn't pronounce well. Then because of my older brother, who had molested me when younger. How I felt perhaps it harmed me. My passion having an intensity for her, had an additional intensity for being with a woman. In someway to rid myself of thoughts with my brother. If I got close to her to fast, I may want more of her and pass the boundaries easily, offending her. I wondered if I should tell her I was molested. Thinking we weren't even girlfriend and boyfriend for her to be told. Wondered, if we were girlfriend and boyfriend even at that time, I didn't think she could understand my pain, sorrow. I wondered how it would affect her. I sense she was to young to trouble her with such worries, to tell her, but someday I would have to tell her. This made my eyes water more. I thought perhaps maybe she knows I'm watching, she seen me outside the corner of her eye. Somehow she wanted me to be jealous to want her more. I already wanted her so much. I thought my mind was perhaps playing tricks on me now, imagining her trying to make me jealous. Thinking she perhaps didn't even know I was near the wall, behind her. I walked away unable to control my eyes watering.



I do recall the same age about seven years old, at the same curb, the end of the path, facing the street, to the path's left about 10 feet there was an emergency telephone pole. Painted red, with an emergency fire alarm box. I nailed toads to the emergency telephone pole, by their feet. Another time in the very shallow pond beginning from behind the telephone pole going further to the left, I was catching toads with the older children and some teenagers. The younger brother of the girl's boyfriend, from the furthest left, the end of the pond, took a five gallon white plastic pale of fifty toads, ran away with them. (About him, sometime around four to six years old is my best guess, he was a year or more older then me, seeing him once partially naked in a tent in front of the house next door. Which began in me some curiosity, nothing occurred. Around eight years old, at my dad's business, we both were playing inside the truck crane, in the confined area, where the mechanical parts were housed of the crane.



(The truck crane was painted like the American flag by my parents, red, white and blue with white stars for in later years the upcoming bicentennial 1976. Kawon is Nowak spelled backwards.) With curiosity from seeing him partially naked, a thought came to me to pretend my hand was stuck, where he was on the other side of the mechanical parts of the crane, wondering if he would have me touch him. He seemed

concern my hand was stuck and then some silence. I wondered what his thoughts may of been "is his hand stuck, it don't look like it's stuck, is he pretending". Thinking he wouldn't touch me, sensing that there was something in him, that his past, natural caution wouldn't allow it to happen. Made me feel awkward and slightly ashamed, I pulled my hand back to me. This was the only time anything had occurred that I was curious with a male friend.) My older brother, ran after him, I watched from near the top of the alley, my older brother closer to him and saw him tossed the toads over the bridge, above the railroad tracks. I wondered why he did such an awful thing to them? I don't remember thinking it was awful to nail toads to the emergency telephone pole. Perhaps I nailed the toads after the throwing of the toads over the bridge, I don't recall. Behind the telephone pole, slightly above the shallow pond, to the left, a depression in the ground about three feet deep, two older teenagers, offered me something. Was perhaps money, candy or a cigarette lighter and cigarettes, perhaps all three, if I was to touch their private area. I looked at them, one seemed to be in his early teens, (the same person that was under the back stairs of my Italian friend's home, that had said something, making me weary of him) the other perhaps late teens, early twenties. I never seen the older one in the neighborhood before, and noticed he wasn't groomed. When he exposed himself, I didn't touch, I left them.

At night I was walking on the grass, beside the sidewalk, towards the end of the narrow path in the field, frighten being it was dark. Looking toward my right, the other side of the street, a fence of individual steel post, each about two feet high, with a single chain from one to another. Along with some very prickly bushes. I quickly glanced about 15 feet behind the telephone (I had nailed toads) and seen what appeared to be a white narrow post about three feet high, startling me. I turned my head away and then looked again, and didn't see the white post. I became very scared, thinking I must of imagined the white post. I ran up the narrow path, slightly looking from the corner of my eye, afraid I may see something again, determined to stay on the narrow path, hurrying home. I figured I may of focus so much on the narrow steel fence post across the street, sensing something with a chain connecting them, that I may of in my mind transferred them across behind the telephone pole, I had nailed toads. Some years later a teacher from school said something about sin, it's like hanging a board on a tree, pounding a nail in the board for every sin you committed, and try to stop sinning, so you pound less nails.

On the same path in the winter time we would sled down the hill. It had two small inclines, the one at the top was about seven feet high, steeper, compared to the incline toward the bottom about five feet high was more gentler. When the snow was packed down just right by the other children, lying on my steel runner sled, sometimes others on my back, I sled down the top incline and the more gentler incline and reach the street curb. Sometimes would reach the curb on the other side of the street, thinking I had a very successful sled run.

The small garage at the top of the path belong to a somewhat husky elderly Italian lady, she spoke very little English. On the left side of the garage was a canopy of trestle grapes above a brick walkway, a tree in the center going up through the trestle grapes, and then the walkway leading about ten feet, to a fig tree and large garden about 70 feet deep by 40 feet wide. She fed herself mainly by the garden. There was a small pear tree in the middle of the garden, two small peach trees near the end corners, willow trees trunks about six feet high, at each corner, one between them. She cut the willow branches every year, used the branches as a type of rope to tie things. In her garden she had lines of heaved up dirt, for the plants, and planks of wood along side them. One day I awoke, heard a commotion outside, beside Mr. Fenny's house, someone had enter the older ladies garden and began to wreck it. From what I could tell, perhaps some of my brother's friends were in the garden eating of it, wrecking it and throwing tomatoes. I saw them hold one of culprits, next store they caught. On the right edge of her garden was another willow tree and an apple tree. In the fall she would dig a large hole the length of the fig tree about 10 feet long and 4 feet wide, about 2 feet deep, piles of dirt from the hole along the edges, making it seem deeper. I watch with others, while my older brother used my dad's chain come along, to help pull the fig tree down into the hole, and covered it with the dirt, so the fig tree will survive the long cold winter.

When about six to seven years old, I was riding home on my banana seat red bicycle, from buying

sometime. Can't remember exactly what it was, may have been firecrackers, candy, or candy cigarettes, something I wasn't suppose to have. I seen the elderly Italian woman walking. Riding pass her on the sidewalk, while holding the handle bar, the small paper bag, drop from my hand, directly in front of her. I stopped about 12 feet ahead of her, where the sidewalk had a little incline about a foot high and looked behind me. I seen her bending over and picking up the paper bag, looking inside. Thinking how is it the bag dropped out of my hand directly in front of her, where she can stop in her place and so easily bend over and pick it up? Wondered briefly, if God had something to do with it. She may of told my mom later, perhaps getting me in some trouble, but I don't recall. When some years later she past away, my parents bought her house and the house she owned next store to ours, which had old peach trees in the back yard. She received rent and dried the peaches, pears, apples and figs in her small garage, on top of an old seemingly faded light blue car. In later years, I planted a small garden, where her garden was planted, and raised a pet domestic rabbit behind the small wooden shelters, behind the garage. My pet rabbit, I was weary of holding, would bite me from time to time. Two youngsters or perhaps teenagers came up from the railroad tracks and stole the rabbit. Someone informed me they knew where my rabbit can be found. I went to the house, and received my rabbit back. One day I went to see my rabbit, and my rabbit was gone. Not knowing what came of my rabbit, worried something terrible may of happen.

The girl from the skating rinks, came with us, on vacation. A friend of my parents was driving to my parents cottage at night. My sister, the girl from the skating rinks, and I were sitting in the back of the car. She fell asleep with her head leaning on my sister's shoulder. I wondered should I try to hold her hand, thinking I shouldn't while she was sleeping. Then wondered if I could move her head to lean on my shoulder, it may be fine. I gently moved her head to lean on my shoulder. Hope she would think of me. She awoke sometime later, sensing she was gathering where she was, when she looked at me. I closed my eyes, pretending to be asleep. The next day, on the front porch of the cottage, I found myself without my effort with her side by side, alone in front of my dad. My dad said to me, "she would be a nice girlfriend, John". I was immediately upset within what my father had said, because I wanted her to know I already thought she would be a nice girlfriend. Wanted her to know if anything was ever going to happen between us it was from my heart. I thought she needed to know for sure it would be from my heart, now she may have doubts as time goes by, if my love for her was genuine or because my dad said she would be a nice girlfriend. She seemed distant the rest of the vacation. I worried my dad made her distant. I carried on with my usual activities, fishing. I tried a few times to see what she was doing with my sister. Her and my sister listened to a cassette of Billy Joe. I listen to mostly Neil Young among other groups.

Toward the end of the vacation at night we had a camp fire, close to the water. I wanted to be close to her while she was sleeping on her side, facing the fire. I went over and laid on my side behind her close, but not touching her. She turned her head and looked at me while I quickly pretended to be asleep. My eyes barely open watch her turned back, staying where she laid facing the fire. I moved a little closer, I could feel the coldness on my back, the slight warmth from being a few inches apart and perhaps her thinking of me. I imagined her so warm as the heat of the fire was reflecting off her black turtle neck shirt. How much I wanted to embrace her. I laid awake beside her the rest of the night until first light, not touching her.

One day at our regular house, my father and I had an argument, started a scuffle. I was outside of the back hall to our house, my dad was standing in the doorway. The girl from the ice skating rinks was with my sister, were further behind my Dad in the hall. When I realized she was near by, behind my dad, I became distress. I didn't want her to see me pushed around by my dad, perhaps me showing tears. Extra energy dwell up in me, pushing my dad back into the hall, they quickly went into the kitchen. I then push my dad into, across the kitchen while from the corner of my eye, I watch her and my sister walked quickly into the living room. I pushed my Dad into some closet doors breaking them. Behind the doors a few inches was a washing machine and dryer.

Another time, I wondered, what my sister and her talked about at times? My curiosity overcame me. I tried to run a microphone to my sister's bedroom, using a old style cassette recorder. It didn't worked.

Then I tried putting the cassette player under my sister's bed, to record them, that didn't work. I gave up, the guilt became too much for me.

The court had me remove two short paragraphs, one of which was here, shame on the court. Unethical wrongdoings of tyrant FEDERAL JUDGE KOVACHEVICH with her major conflicts of interest to smear me.

Mr. Nowak wrote in Doc 114 p.26: the Judge's easily discernible lack of common sense, extremely poor judgment, not aware at the time to Mr. Nowak the degree of the judge's bias. Mr. Nowak arrives at the conclusion Federal Judge Kovachevich majorly conflicted, is described by her religious leader bishop blog **“she is extremely pious”, “proudly Catholic”, “attending daily Mass”, “has a special dedication to Blessed Mother”, “visited most of the Marian Shines (hundreds) around the world”, “had recently spent time in France at the Shrine of Our Lady of LaSalette”, “donor of a shine” and “spearheading the Tampa Bay area Red Mass”** had disabled her ability to make sound and wise judgments. Which cause Federal Judge Kovachevich to be inclined to want to smear Mr. Nowak, his part religious website **“Christjustified.com”** and part religious book **“Jesus Marriage Proclamation”** being it makes many claims against the Catholic church for it not being in harmony with the scriptures, describes it as an abomination, persuades people to leave the Catholic church and questions idol worship in statutes and images.

At school again standing on the grass further away from the large sycamore tree, I looked toward the large gray foundation stones of the school. Entered the thought in my mind my love for the girl at the skating rinks, to watch over, protect her, to always do the right thing, was emotionally draining, hurting me, perhaps separating her from me. Also I began to wonder if I loved her more than God. God wouldn't be pleased if I put her above him.

Another day, in the pool behind our house, were some young men around my age from the neighborhood. One in particular, perhaps a year older than me, was holding onto the edge of the pool. The same spot his younger brother held on, who I may have saved in the pool. He began rooting the girl from the skating rinks and my sister to do splits off the diving board. They were grading their splits, who can make the widest. I watch them, thinking they were grading more than splits. I wondered if she wanted me to notice others interested in her.

As time went by she turned 12 years old, I became worried other men would notice her, win her affection, and try to take advantage of her. I wanted her to know that I cared very much about her, if she cared about me, that she would hopefully wait. For I also felt guilty she was my sister's best girlfriend, what would my sister think. Would my sister's feelings be hurt? Her best girlfriend who came to visit her so often was visiting perhaps because of me. Would the girl feel guilty to show she liked me?

At the age of around 14, I went to her at night from my bedroom while she slept in my sister's room. She was directly across from the end of my bed. I had moved my bed some time before, to be directly across from her. I wanted to be close to her, to know I cared very much for her. I wanted to be carefree, somehow like her, spontaneous. I told myself, I would figure out what to do when by her. I lay to the right of

her, she was wearing a one piece light blue skirt type night flannel, down to her knees, laying flat down. Smelling the fragrance of her shampoo in her hair, her own natural smell, and slightly masked by smoke from cigarettes troubled me some but still overtook my senses. I immediately remembered during vacation, she was on the rope swing over the water.



Girl from the skating rinks

She had a white T shirt to cover her bathing suit, the upper back of her legs were exposed. I notice they were so shapely, beautiful. I was told later, she had been an Irish folk dancer when younger. Her upper hind legs covered with a skirt type night flannel, were to much for me. I felt a strong desire, passion. I gently glided my hand on top of her skirt type night flannel covering her upper back legs. The very moment I reach her buttocks, she instantly turned and looked at me in the dark. Instantly, I pulled my hand away and said her beautiful name, it's me John. She turned sideways in a fetal position her back toward me. I then thought I must think of something fast. To just let her know I cared so deeply about her, what to do? I didn't want to offend her. I wondered what she was thinking, she was startled, scared. Thinking perhaps she doesn't care for me or had resisted me perhaps as she should as her mom would want. She didn't say a word. I wondered perhaps she does have passion for me, she was perhaps meant for me by God. She would somehow sense it in her if we were meant for each other. If I was to entice her somehow though, even if her mom wouldn't want her to, she may respond. Perhaps passionate for me, wondering if our passions for each other was mutual. Wondering how much passion she would have for me? I really wanted to know, I needed to know. Thinking, this longing to know may cause me to want to hold her close. If she let me cleave to her, embrace her, if she seemed to resist me again as she may think she should, I may really then want try to entice her further and see the full amount of passion she may have for me, then what?

At that moment, I had a very bright picture flash in my mind of her in a bright white wedding dress and an older woman's face angry looking at her. I gathered it was my mind hurrying making a visual very fast of my hopes, and my fears of all my thoughts of her and God. That if right then we could not control our passions for one another or sometime in the near future. The bright white wedding dress meant we would be married as naturally God made us. I created in a young man, and she created in a young women. With passion, desire burning for each other cleaving to her, enjoining in one flesh (sexual intercourse). I would be obligated to God to remain by her side for a lifetime. And that the older women's angry face would be her mom, which I concluded, may try to make her think if we were united it was horrible. Telling her

daughter it was nothing but sex, a kind of one night stand, telling her to put it behind her, a sin against God, separating us. Perceiving her mom was of a more well off area, in which they lived.

Thinking, I wanted her to be in a bright white wedding dress, a lifetime marriage with her. I didn't want her to be alienated from me. I did not want to lose her this way. I did not want to win her by having her to struggle with her mom. I may not win, and lose her forever. Fearing God, I thought this culture is not what God intended. It was instead a segment of time, even if whomever the majority follow it's ways, God would hold me and them accountable. If we were joined together in flesh by him and I allowed the culture to separate us. To deceive me and especially her to think either of us could marry another, which would be living in adultery. I sense I wouldn't have the strength to fight for her, from a dishonorable position of taking advantage of her. I sense she may be offended if I went further, and stay away from me forever or if she truly loved me, she may allow me. I thought perhaps I may take either path, but since I was older and the man, I had to be stronger.

So I thought again what I might do to just let her know I cared so deeply for her, my reason for being there that night. I wanted to know so much if she had mutual feelings for me, but it was best I just show her somehow I loved her. Not to remain as to entice her, even if still not knowing she loved me. I reasoned to softly blow into her ear, thinking she would perhaps sense my soul, if perhaps God had it from the beginning we were meant for each other. I wrote with my figure tip, letters on her back slowly each word while at the same time whispering sincerely with my entire being to her, "I LOVE YOU". I wondered she may of giving me a sign by allowing me to write and say all the words, without moving the slightest or perhaps she was only afraid. Immediately, I left her without waiting for her response. Committed, not to return while she slept. That perhaps someday we may date and marry, I may see her in a bright white wedding dress.

When everyone was asleep at night, I would put on my winter cloths and open the back door to the house, as silently as I could, feeling within as if leaving her presence in my sister's bedroom. A brief second, a thought entered my mind, she may enter my bedroom. Thinking if she does, it's best not to be there, because of my thoughts I had when beside her. I would take my bow and arrows across the alley to the first of two houses, above the railroad tracks, to hunt wild rabbit, that came up from between the dark stone wall, the opposite side of the railroad tacks. I stood under the branch less side of a large pine tree, a natural cave like shelter beside the house. Being absolutely still, looking over the slight crest, seeing the open expanse above the railroad tracks, the bridge and the street lights. I would sense the solitude and serenity of the cold late night, the snow flakes falling silently, the snow covering the ground, enlighten by the city lights. Sensing the great contrast, as if I was then beside the silhouette of her laying on her side, facing me, partially visualizing her through the darkness, the faint light upon her from the outside street light in front of our house, her soothing constant warmth. I recall taking aim at a wild rabbit under the branches of the small pine tree on the crest. I released the arrow, seeing it go through the rabbit, then thinking perhaps it went slightly below, the rabbit ran away. I became worried for the rabbit may suffer, I couldn't find the arrow under the snow, to tell if it may of went through the rabbit. Remembering when young, in the spring behind the same house, one particular year I came home from school and observed the large cherry trees had blossom, amazing me, and then later they were full of bunches of cherries. Next store to the elderly ladies garden.

On a snowy night, the girl from the skating rinks left with my sister to see supposedly some boyfriends. I tried to find them, I was standing on some higher ground, liken to a perch about 20 feet high, behind some apartments. Another place where we would sled a few times. Looking slightly down towards the back of a department store, about 125 yards away. I heard some people in the distance laughing, wondered if it was them. I felt horrible, I needed to know where she was, having to spy trying to find her. I was so miserable my feelings overwhelmed me. I figured it would have been better to of stayed home and be sad, then to try to spy to see what she was doing. So I went home and lay on my bed, and worked on a class project from school, a yarn mat. I couldn't help but shed tears over the situation. Then she and my sister open the door to my bedroom, and notice my tears. They left me alone. Then the girl came into my

room alone. She sat on the edge of my bed, and looked at me without saying a word, then she left. I figured she cared or even perhaps loved me. Perhaps even wanted me to be with her entered my mind, but I couldn't go to her at night to be by her side, as I did before. My fears of all my thoughts I had when I did, wouldn't allow me. I was distress, but feeling slightly better she came to me alone, for a brief few seconds.

Short time later, a 16-17 year old girl became interested in me. I may of first seen a glance of her near the front of the house. She a girlfriend of the younger sister of my childhood Italian friend. Then I seen them with my sister in my bedroom, or perhaps this was the first time. I came into my bedroom, they were sitting. At first I thought the girl was someone else, another one of my sister's girlfriends who was younger, that looked somewhat similar. Which I wasn't interested in, that lived on the next street over. So I just was myself, talking to them all. I stepped on the chair between the girl's legs where she was sitting to get something off a shelf above her, like I knew them all. Then I looked more carefully in the dim light and realized she was someone else, and taller then the girl I had mistaken her for. Wondering she seen me so carefree, if I knew she was a stranger I would of restrained myself. I sense she may of became more attracted to my unintentional seemingly boldness. I notice she was attractive. Then another night, we were down the street at the shack in the field. Standing outside we kissed, she holding me very tight to herself. So tightly our bodies below, that I perceive on her mind was much more she wanted. However my mind immediately thought about the girl I loved, and all the things I thought when beside her, missing her. I longed for her, snapped me back to my senses. I couldn't go any further then kiss her and left her, not wanting to see her again. Slightly upset that I had kiss her.

A short time later my parents left for the weekend. I found out the girl I loved and my sister invited some boyfriends from the girl's area over. I was beside myself; I began to drink some old whiskey, in a type of decorative display bottle, that had before sit on display on a self in the kitchen. I took it from my parents closet, trying to stop restraining myself, to amuse her. Sitting on the back of a chair in the kitchen, I fell backwards. The back of my head hit the corner of the ceramic counter top, cracking a piece off. Laying on the floor, I notice she may of smiled. She sensing perhaps I was fine, looking down at me. Then a short time later unexpectedly the 16-17 year old girl that was interested in me, also came over with my sister's other girlfriend. Fearing me, perhaps the girl at the skating rinks, knew of the older girl's interest in me. That she even found out she kissed me somehow. Next thing I remember is me, my sister and the girl from the skating rinks was in my bedroom. Which was my sisters old bedroom and part of my old bedroom, remodeled, joined together making one larger bedroom for me and my older brother (who left home by this time). My sister left the room to her bedroom. The girl from the skating rinks, stayed behind remained sitting in the chair near my bedroom door. She leaned over, watched my sister went to her bedroom. I remembered recently the same spot, when before was my sister's bedroom door, I seen in a dream the suppose angels of bright energy slightly flowing out and the center of them dark, moving about where she was sitting. I loved her so much, I thought perhaps she was shy with her boy friend downstairs, or perhaps she just didn't know who to love. Perhaps she did care, loved me. I feared, being drunk, I wanted to be with her even more intensely. If I wasn't careful, if perhaps she loved me and I tried to be closer to her, I would perhaps not be able to control my passion for her. I thought about her boyfriend downstairs, that perhaps he couldn't love her as much as I do, but thinking I may be wrong.

I tried to think what to do or say, wondered if there is another option, perhaps from God. Then I saw the replica flint lock pistol beside me laying, that would hang on the wall downstairs. I would play with when I was a child.



### 1964 Xmas, Two Guns

Grandma (Mom's side), Brother, Grandma (Dad's side) Granddad (Dad's side), Older Sister, Mom, me about two months conceived, developing



It was a replica perhaps used in Hollywood, I imagine at the time because it was engraved on its side HY Hunter, Hollywood, Buccaneer model, made in Germany. It looked very real, but knowing by my careful observation when I was younger, the little bored hole on the side from the flint mechanism to the chamber had a steal plug pressed, sealing off the bored hole.

It couldn't fire, even if there was gun powder. I picked up the replica flint lock pistol and in a fun pretending way, pointed at her sitting in the chair near the door. I said, I'm going to shoot you. Thinking I couldn't trust myself by her I was drunk. I would likely try to take advantage of her, and in some way sense a thought, I hope beyond hope it would warn her somehow of her boyfriend down stairs would also likely try to take advantage of her. If she had sex with him, she may be married to him for a lifetime in God's eyes, and we could never be together. She looked at me very angrily and left my bedroom. The rest of the night, I stayed upstairs in my bedroom. The older girl was downstairs, I didn't want to be with her. Also I feared if the girl I loved, if seen me with her even for moment, if she cared for me, she may lose hope of us and allow her boyfriend to take advantage of her. I thought it wouldn't be right, trying to make the girl I love, jealous with the other older girl, would perhaps backfire. That was the last time I saw the older girl, and the next morning would be the last time for some years I would see the girl I loved.

I awoke the next morning, and went to my sister's room. I looked across diagonally the room and seen in my sister's bed the girl I loved. She was sleeping, beside her boyfriend with his long black hair and black leather jacket. She was slightly sideways, her head slightly higher, closer to the top of the bed. He

was to the right of her, with their feet toward the side of the bed overhanging pointing toward me. As if where they fell, didn't move but were just napping. I noticed her clothes were on and her belt was also still on. She would wear sometimes a double leather belt and a gold chain belt. I always wonder previously what her double belt meant. I wondered and thought perhaps they just were resting and nothing happened. I saw my sister on the floor lying on a sprawled out blanket, with her bra and underwear on. Immediately I felt seeing my sister, it's just a matter of time he will try to take advantage of her. I was very upset about everything that had happen, my feelings of grief overwhelmed me. I went to my bedroom, passing the bathroom. The girl's boyfriend's friend who also was over, who I imagined had laid beside my sister was in the bathroom. Thinking perhaps noticing, hearing me pass in the hall. I entered my bedroom and close the door and lay on my bed. I was so upset and the grief unbearable, wondering how can I think such things of trying to direct her mind. If I should go in there again, and do something perhaps get angry at her and my sister. I wondered more about the situation, thinking perhaps if God just had it happen this way. I prayed to God saying, if the girl I love is not meant for me, is meant for someone else if it is your will, let it be. I prayed it several times, and finally I felt some relief. A peaceful feeling overcame the great overwhelming emotional stress in my body, that it was in God's hands. Telling myself, I had to accept she may be not mine, but perhaps meant for another man. I prayed to God he would watch over her, protect her and the same for the others.

Later we all put our jackets on and went outside. It was one of those beautiful mornings when the white snow clings onto everything, bringing some needed joy to my eyes. We went behind our house to the alley, leading to the main road. It would be the last time in the coming years I would see her. I stood on top a snow covered incline, next to the side entrance of a big white house, facing the back driveway. Where I had visualized my parents and brother floating, behind the house. She was slightly angled in front of me, observing her demeanor. She was unusually very quiet and still. I figured it may be the last time I see her and wondering what she may be thinking. I tried to hold a picture of her beautiful face in my mind. Behind her some old bare lilac stalks and to the right of her, three steps down to the alley. Made me think today, she may of notice behind me the very large silver maple tree in the front of the house, with the fresh fallen snow clinging to its branches. The others were throwing snow balls at the passing buses, from the alley.

After she stop visiting, I thought she left a shirt of hers. It seemed to be hers, being about her size, having a gold strip through it, having a beautiful fragrance, perfume. I slept with it for a while. Then thought it wasn't mine, I should give it to my sister. My sister said, it was my older sisters shirt, oops.

In the coming years I struggled doubting, and asking my self hundreds of times, the things I believe about when marriage occurs, are they true? Who am I to measure other people by them? In that time period, I became more and more in despair.

Another girl lived behind my house, on the street at the end of the path. She resembled some in appearances the girl at the skating rinks. She a little older then me, her body more mature then the girl from the skating rinks. She seemed to liked me, she had broken up with her older boyfriend. Who I remembered was in the eight grade when I was in six grade, then graduated moved on to another school. Being he was older, I was slightly concern if they may have had already done it. Me and her would be playful with each other. One day in front of neighbor's house, remembering how playful we were becoming. I went in the house and retrieve a type of candy. When again we were playful on the ground, she may of been either laying on top of me, or sitting on top of me, with her legs on each side of me. Her face looking down at me, about a foot from my face. I asked if she like a kiss? I don't recall she answered, because immediately I gave her a Heresy's chocolate kiss from my hand. She seemed slightly amused. Another day, I recall I and the older brother of the younger brother, I may of saved in the pool, were sitting on the front cement steps, to her front door of her house. I began to talk and describe some imaginary thoughts of her bed and bed post. Not intending I was ever in her bedroom, but that I visualized her somewhat swinging around her bed post. I said it, as if both enticing and feeling unpleasant, wondering her bed may already been made with her older boyfriend, by God. A short time later, I heard she may of heard what I said, through her front window or I wondered if the person who sat beside me on the cement steps, may of told her. She didn't

have any more interest in me.

Eighth grade at school, me and a male friend, were in the bathroom. He a distant, perhaps close cousin of the girl that I was earlier interested in, that left our school in six grade. It was through him I had asked, received her phone number, so I could call on her. While using the bathroom, he was beside me also doing the same. I had notice a part of my friends anatomy, compared his to mine. I became slightly concern for myself, then thinking it wasn't really a concern. I decided to humor myself and him, by saying a joke similar to on TV, like Johnny Carson. I pretended to be a woman and said something indirectly about a man's anatomy. He started to laugh very loud, and continued to laugh walking up the stairs. I began to think others may ask why he was laughing, he may tell others what I had said, may be taken the wrong way. He laughed all the way to the third level of the building. Our teacher a very old nun in her eighties, noticed him laughing in the hallway, she ask him why he was laughing? He told her what I had said. She looked at me not saying a word. I wondered what she was thinking and thought it was a bad decision of me making such a joke. Which reminds me, the last day of six grade, after sitting against the sycamore tree. When arriving home, I looked at my coat, and realized it was slightly different. Thinking I may accidentally taken the girl's coat, I like since third grade, mistaken it for mine. The coat was universal for boys and girls, was an outer nylon shell, with a thin cottoned inner lining, having a collar and two pockets, like a light rain coat. I called my friend and told him I may of taken his cousin's coat by accident. Soon another girl student came to my house, saying it was hers, and she is a distant relative of the girl. I thought to myself, I didn't know she had so many distant relatives in class. Wondered, crossing my mind, perhaps she might of made it up, it was her coat, seeing I was interested in the girl, and her mom perhaps didn't want me to be thinking about her. Then I remembered seeing her wearing her coat at school, which was similar. So I discarded that idea. Then worried perhaps what they may of told her mom about me, may of not helped.

In ninth grade, another school, a girl who had a face like an angel, blue eyes, natural blond hair parted to the side, little past the shoulder. She was seemingly very sincere to me. I would see her in the morning when she entered the school. She would walk down the hallway and I would try to be leaning against the lockers, waiting to see her walk by me. She was if not the prettiest girl at high school, the second prettiest. One day at school, I thought about the girl at the skating rinks, wondered should I perhaps turn to the girl with the face like an angel. In class, while sitting, I began to imagine both of them were standing out in the school parking lot. The girl at the skating rinks was slightly taller, imagined her body through her cloths was framed more sturdy, stronger in a refine, slight natural athletic way. Thinking perhaps my body may of been framed similar to hers. I hoped we were a mutual match. Thinking we seemed very different in other ways. The girl with the face like angel, her body was framed slightly more delicate, fragile, but also very beautiful. I sense with the girl from the skating rinks, our bodies seemed more a match in height and framed. I thought for other reasons, I should continue to wait and see what happens. One night the girl with the face like an angel and a few of her girlfriends visited where I hanged out at a shack in a field. Everyone left and I stayed behind. After a while I decided to leave and opened the door. In front of me in the dark, the girl with a face like an angel, was all alone. Her beautiful face inches from my face, looking at me. She may of said she forgotten something. I was startled and thinking I'm was still waiting on the girl from the skating rinks. I walked around her leaving her there all alone in the dark. I felt very distress because I thought she was a really nice person, and beautiful but thinking I can't be in love with two girls that are beautiful and with beautiful voices. I said to myself, my mind and heart couldn't take it. I had to try waiting longer and see what happens with the girl I loved from the skating rinks.

I had push away some beautiful girls. I loved one particular girl which I pointed a replica flintlock pistol at her and pretended to shoot her. I found myself in a terrible situation. As further time went by, I became deeper in despair. At my parents place in Canada, on vacation again, my sister brought a distant relative about the same age. They were in the tent, where the previous year my sister and girl from the skating rinks also slept, under some pine trees. While with them in the tent, they began to do something strange, to know the future. Each of them were taking turns, one lay down facing up, while the other sitting on the ground above their head. I rather not say further what they done. Then she asked the other,

questions about the future. While the distant relative was lying down face up, with the covers over her, I tried to reach under the covers for her breast. Afterwards, she then said, "I felt someone touching me". I kept silent, feeling slightly ashamed being especially she was my distant relative. When my sister was lying down, and the distant cousin asked questions. I ask who will I marry? She said, the name of the girl at the skating rinks. She then said, we would have two children, and said, a girl's name. I told myself, I shouldn't ever think on such things, that only God truly knows, if he even allows me to marry and it's against God what we were doing.

Three more girls cross my path, one showed up at my bus stop for school. She was very beautiful, long brunette hair, beautiful eyes, her body was more matured. Having all the right soft curves, another I could love if not already in love. She was staying at her aunt's house, switch from another school. She came over to my house through my sister. One night I found myself in my sister's room, hanging out with them. Then I was on my sister's bed, she was fully clothed in her dark designer blue jeans. I tried to touch her body under the blanket, through her blue jeans. Knowing she was very lovely, beautiful. However, I still felt I was in love with the girl from the skating rinks, trying to hold on. So I didn't show any signs to her of genuine love, affection for her, just wanting to feel her body through her cloths. I felt a sense of uneasiness, wondering how I may be perceived by her, as if perverted. I think she was smart and realized my intent wasn't true love or she just wasn't ever interested in me. She left soon after, not seeing her anymore around. Then another girl who was my sister's friend from a few streets over, she seemed somewhat wild, unhealthy thin. One night she was laying on my sister's bed, me beside her, hanging out with them. She only had her underwear and bra on, very enticing. I thought of perhaps touching her, but I wasn't interested in her. I wondered for a moment if she had any good qualities besides her body that didn't appeal to me. I didn't want to discard her just because of her body. It frighten me being that it may have been so easy to of taken advantage of her, and how my passion for a woman could take over me.

Then another night, recently meeting up with a friend's older brother, I knew from school. I went with him one night to a roller skating rink looking for girls. He hooked me up with a girl that was not what I envision someone I could love. Just not my type. She seemed a very nice girl, but not really having the genuine passion for her. We went to my parent's other house next store, that was in the process of being totally renovated, by me, my brother and dad. He and his girl went in the right empty bedroom and laid on the bare floor, leaving us alone. I felt in an awkward position, as if expected by them all to be with the girl. I didn't want her to feel unwanted, me and the other girl went in the left empty bedroom on the bare floor, laid on my black leather jacket. We made out together, she letting me go to second base. When I didn't have the needed passion for her. If I wanted more of her, it seemed it may have been easy, but I didn't.

After this, I pictured myself, in my black leather jacket. Soon will find my self high, smoking marijuana or very drunk. With the additional passion to be with a woman because I was molested by my brother and naturally being a young man desiring a woman more and more. I will be overcome with a woman and easily go all the way. I feared if another girl came to me, soon I may not be able to resist. This struck fear in me, that I wanted a way to sustain me, to hold on, protect me from this occurring. If I became one flesh with a woman, it would make me married in God's eyes. Perhaps with a girl I may have very little genuine passion for her. On top of that I could never be with the girl I loved.

I deceived myself to do evil to do good. I thought to myself perhaps my sister could sustain me some. Since it was because of my brother, I am in this situation, no one would know. That I should keep it in the family. I thought even if it was with another girl, I would still be in the wrong. I wouldn't love her, would only be using her. Harming her to prolong my wait and my greatest fear perhaps will occur, losing control. Making love to a woman that I may never have genuine love for the rest of my life. I decided with my sister, I may be sustained, perhaps heal me some from my brother molesting me. Sensing I may had a greater passion to be with a woman, then the usual passion naturally. I went to her when she slept downstairs, on the couch. Another night I went to her bedroom. At her bedroom door immediately my mind remembered a picture of seeing the girl at the skating rinks and her boyfriend in my sister's bed. I sense by now she might of gone all the way with him, it's been a long time. I began to think there was no hope, a sense of

hopelessness, anger, evaded my mind of seeing a picture in my mind of her in my sister's bed with her boyfriend. Thinking what's the sense in restraining myself from going further with my sister. The hopelessness, anger in me blocked out the thoughts in me to restrain myself. However, I couldn't take my sister's virginity from her. Thinking I wouldn't want to steal this from her husband. Remembering what my brother did to me, tempted me, I done to my sister. This was the last time I went to her, very ashamed.

My parents were out working late at night as usual. I became upset and angered at my parents, that they were forever working so much.

My parents were child abusers, they abused their two sons for many years, me in particular from seven years old in their many projects and businesses in industry, forced us through violence, intimidation to work, in dangerous conditions. In an extraordinary set of circumstances, at 16 years old, I wondered to myself, while in deep despair from the many years of child abuse by my parents, and missing the girl at the skating rinks I loved very much, I allowed my mind to follow a train of thought, a mental exercise of thinking very deeply, as if not caring, as my parents to see where it may lead, to try to understand myself better. I found the answer quickly. I then quickly snapped out of the zone effect I was in of inquisitive thinking. One of the most important lessons for young people, how to deal with anger, when your parents harm you, and anyone else that harms you. That later when I began reading the bible, was as if highlighted in the bible stories and by Jesus teaching about anger, not caring, how to not follow such a path. In retelling this incident, using the most mildest language, for the public well being of others, to learn a valuable biblical supported lesson

Note added 8/31/2012 Judge Elizabeth A. Kovachevich on 7-16-2012 ordered me in court to remove, where I only threaded lightly wrote enough information, to explain what occurred, so people won't think the worst occurred. The incident at 16 years old was unintentional.

Shame on Federal judge Elizabeth A. Kovachevich I wonder how much more violation of the 1st amendment, the Judge will commit, to cover up her major conflicts of interest. Florida Judge

Elizabeth A. Kovachevich using her court in an underlying indirect religious and political persecution of petitioner Mr. John Jerome Nowak's religious and political website "Christjustified.com" and his religious and political book "Jesus Marriage Proclamation".

Fact the judge didn't acknowledge her major conflicts of interests with defendant's website and in his book and/or at least offer to recuse herself.

**"...she is extremely pious, attending daily Mass", "...has visited most of the Marian Shrines around the world (hundreds),... "Proudly catholic...", Director of the Catholic guild for judges and lawyers, "...spearheading the Bay Area's Red Mass efforts...", ...overlapping political and religious theme. "...promote Vatican policies."**

Found the judge had a major conflict of interest with particularly the main theme of Mr. Nowak's book "Jesus Marriage Proclamation".

"Federal Judge Elizabeth Kovachevich major conflicts of interest, to continue her long ago statement to go untarnished, has denied justice.

Recently found the judge made a long ago statement calling coed dormitories "taxpayers' warehouses". The approval received, she claims, made her think of being a Judge.

(originally published in Tampa bay life in 1989)

Elizabeth Kovachevich **never dreamed of becoming a judge.** "after a successful private law

practice in St. Petersburg and a term with the Florida board of regents -- during which she gained notoriety for **calling coed dormitories "taxpayers' whorehouses"** -- friends started whispering the words "**Judge Kovachevich" in her ear. "I thought, well, they feel I have something to offer," she recalls.**

Judge Kovachevich's admission in a news article is that she owes much of her existence and legacy for forty years as a Judge to her old statement calling coed dormitories "taxpayers' whorehouses".

I offered an ebook I written since 2003 in the first whole column on the website as it developed through the years for free being it's time sensitive information is important for people's lives. I dedicated myself to writing for the public interest and the public well being. The ebook is about for the most part lost marriage principles that came to me at 12 years old standing alone by a large sycamore tree. When I had pondered upon when does a marriage actually occur and how long marriage last? I researched the bible since I was 18 years old, to see if what I thought at twelve years old, could be confirmed.

My ebook's main theme happens to make a documented claim from the bible that there are many couples throughout all time, when became one flesh (\*mutual consented sexual intercourse occurs, the simplest scenario as two – virgins – male and female\*), when met the criteria\* they definitely had entered marriage. That would also include at dormitories. The Biblical historical concept "one flesh\*" goes back 6,000 years is evident in Genesis, Moses' civil law and again by Jesus' proclamation, teaching that it's a marriage. Note: I use the most simplest scenario, for ease of understanding, where it involves both non virgins. There is learning curve to discern, that depending on sexual history for non virgins, would determine if there is a marriage. Which would be much to difficult in this short section to cover, also not sufficiently relevant to the matter in front of us but is found in my many writings on the subject.

**Fact:** When throughout biblical times and afterwards when "one flesh\*", mutual consented sexual intercourse, occurred with a young virgin woman, unknown to others had became known, Moses forced marriage recognition for civil order and peace.

I see in the judge's Catholic priest indoctrination statement "taxpayers' whorehouses", her reasoning behind her statement, as an arch enemy of the marriage principles. Meaning, I had already discerned this in Catholic priest and their adherents, when I was 12 years old, then a Catholic, standing by an old large sycamore tree in a play yard Catholic school, thinking to myself on marriages principles.

A 12 year old boy's thinking on marriage principles when marriage begins, is in conflict with a seventy five year old Federal Judge, who became a judge 40 years ago based on her statement "taxpayers' whorehouses" alluding to her understanding as marriage begins.

The seventy five year old judge has a vested interest that her statement forty years ago and her legacy as a judge in her understanding of marriage begins, goes untarnished. Which is in conflict with the main theme of my ebook which contains "marriage principles". For the judge to then sit and judge with her particular distinct history, happening to be opposite of the main theme of my ebook on my website or anything associated with my website, it would be a major conflict of interest for the judge.

Simply I tarnish the judge's old statement "taxpayers' whorehouses" which happens to be the catalyst to her being a judge. In effect I tarnish her 40 years on the bench. Which leaves the door wide open for the judge to prejudice me in all matters.

Even so, to clarify I am not saying her old statement "taxpayers' whorehouses" is wrong in total, what I'm contending is her statement is presenting only one side of the view, according to her Catholic priest indoctrination, and in that she doesn't state the other side which is the moment that "one flesh\*" marriages actually begins. If she had thought that there were actual marriages occurring, being very important, she would of pointed this out, she didn't. This shows evidence that the biblical historical concept "one flesh\*" wasn't in her mind when she said her statement many years ago. What I'm trying to say is that it leaves her old statement tarnished by me especially if what I propose in my ebook receives notoriety and especially acceptance among the American people. A major conflict of interest in her.

Also the Judge is Catholic where my website and particularly my ebook, in it's beginning, has anti Catholic/papist statements is another – major conflict of interest in her. Which leaves the door wide open for the Catholic judge to prejudice me in all matters.

A comparison would be as if the Pope had a trial of Martin Luther at Rome. Many would speculate Martin Luther would have been burned at the stake and his ashes thrown in the river to terrorize the people from speaking up and reading the bible. Instead Martin Luther was protected by unbiased people and had court in Germany where he was able to persuade the king. His life was spared and protected.

I conclude Judge ELIZABETH A. Kovachevich, while fully aware of her – major conflicts of

interest – withheld making them known so that the case may pass without detection; she hadn't recused herself therefore it is evident that she is Judicially unethical. Federal Judge Elizabeth Kovachevich disqualifies herself as a judge in this lawsuit.

The Judge kept secret major conflicts of interest which is a judicially unethical behavior, this basis alone clearly the court proceedings must be ruled a mistrial.”

Proper ethical behavior is for judges to reveal their major conflicts of interest to show good faith of being cognizant of providing a proper adequate appearance of fairness, transparency for the purpose of being unbiased to both sides of the lawsuit proceedings, without it being reasonably questioned. **Code of Conduct of United States Judges CANON 3 (c) 1 (a) Doc. 149. Motion For Vacate....**

Where the judge sabotaged the petitioner's only real chance of a fair trial while living in a basement, without a lawyer 1200 miles from court, **distance strip the petitioner of necessary inexpensive subpoena powers, striped of having character witnesses also due to distance**, and added hardship of great distance while already greatly fatigued with extremely complicated incidents and circumstances of a case involving civil and criminal law while figuratively speaking severely handicapped the petitioner with the alien world of a federal court and all it's convoluted tedious rules, procedures and the extreme complications of this case.

In Doc 99 Mr, Nowak wrote and filed on the day of the non jury trial for damages on July 16, 2012:

The incident is describing the Defendant hitting rock bottom, **A MAJOR EVENT OF CHANGE IN THE DEFENDANT'S LIFE AND autobiography/STORY. If the Defendant left out the event in his auto biography would be incomplete, missing one of the most important parts and lesson, that the Defendant had learned and wants others to learn. A PIVOTAL EVENT in shaping of the Defendant in his AUTO BIOGRAPHY, A HUMAN/PUBLIC INTEREST STORY.** A lesson two years later amplified when found in reading the bible Jesus' had warned of anger, where it leads.

Matthew 5:22 King James Version (KJV) 22 But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.

That I sense when read the scripture, I was on the right track. However the incident I was in at 16 years old was unintentional, from inquisitive thinking trying to figure out myself better to be a better person towards others, particularly understanding the effects of great child abuse on me by my parents, a cousin and my older brother.

Thinking back, after reading the bible in later years, I found myself in the similar situation as Moses, King David, and Apostle Paul walked down the wrong path of evil, the false thinking of doing an evil to do good in the case of my middle sister. They both ended with sin, to the depth of murdering. Moses killed an Egyptian soldier for mistreating a brethren Hebrew.

10 And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she called his name Moses, and said, Because I drew him out of the water. 11 And it came to pass in those days, when Moses was grown up, that he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens: and he saw an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew, one of his brethren. 12 And he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he smote the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand. 13 And he went out the second day, and, behold, two men of the Hebrews were striving together: and he said to him that did the wrong, Wherefore smitest thou thy fellow? 14 And he said, Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? Thinkest thou to kill me, as thou killedst the Egyptian? And Moses feared, and said, Surely the thing is known. 15 Now when Pharaoh heard this thing, he sought to slay Moses. But Moses fled from the face of Pharaoh, and dwelt in the land of Midian: and he sat down by a well.

King David thinking no one would know, had a woman's husband put in the front line of battle so he be killed. So by law he could marry his beautiful wife, and hide that he had a child with her. Jehovah sent Nathan unto David to rebuke him.

*2 Samuel 12:1* And Jehovah sent Nathan unto David. And he came unto him, and said unto him, There were two men in one city; the one rich, and the other poor. 2 The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds; 3 but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb, which he had bought and nourished up: and it grew up together with him, and with his children; it did eat of his own morsel, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter. 4 And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him, but took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come to him. 5 And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man; and he said to Nathan, As Jehovah liveth, the man that hath done this is worthy to die: 6 and he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity. 7 And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man. Thus saith Jehovah, the God of Israel, I anointed thee king over Israel, and I delivered thee out of the hand of Saul; 8 and I gave thee thy master's house, and thy master's wives into thy bosom, and gave thee the house of Israel and of Judah; and if that had been too little, I would have added unto thee such and such things. 9 Wherefore hast thou despised the word of Jehovah, to do that which is evil in his sight? thou hast smitten Uriah the Hittite with the sword, and hast taken his wife to be thy wife, and hast slain him with the sword of the children of Ammon. 10 Now therefore the sword shall never depart from thy house, because thou hast despised me, and hast taken the wife of Uriah the Hittite to be thy wife. 11 Thus saith Jehovah, Behold, I will raise up evil against thee out of thine own house; and I will take thy wives before thine eyes, and give them unto thy neighbor, and he shall lie with thy wives in the sight of this sun. 12 For thou didst it secretly: but I will do this thing before all Israel, and before the sun. 13 And David said unto Nathan, I have sinned against Jehovah. And Nathan said unto David, Jehovah also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die. 14 Howbeit, because by this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of Jehovah to blaspheme, the child also that is born unto thee shall surely die.

Apostle Paul murdered Christians thinking he was doing the will of God.

*Acts 22:1* Brethren and fathers, hear ye the defence which I now make unto you. 2 And when they heard that he spake unto them in the Hebrew language, they were the more quiet: and he saith, 3 I am a Jew, born in Tarsus of Cilicia, but brought up in this city, at the feet of Gamaliel, instructed according to the strict manner of the law of our fathers, being zealous for God, even as ye all are this day: 4 and I persecuted this Way (Christians) unto the death, binding and delivering into prisons both men and women. 5 As also the high priest doth bear me witness, and all the estate of

the elders: from whom also I received letters unto the brethren, and journeyed to Damascus to bring them also that were there unto Jerusalem in bonds to be punished. 6 And it came to pass, that, as I made my journey, and drew nigh unto Damascus, about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about me. 7 And I fell unto the ground, and heard a voice saying unto me, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? 8 And I answered, Who art thou, Lord? And he said unto me, I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest. 9 And they that were with me beheld indeed the light, but they heard not the voice of him that spake to me. 10 And I said, What shall I do, Lord? And the Lord said unto me, Arise, and go into Damascus; and there it shall be told thee of all things which are appointed for thee to do. 11 And when I could not see for the glory of that light, being led by the hand of them that were with me I came into Damascus. 12 And one Ananias, a devout man according to the law, well reported of by all the Jews that dwelt there, 13 came unto me, and standing by me said unto me, Brother Saul, receive thy sight. And in that very hour I looked up on him. 14 And he said, The God of our fathers hath appointed thee to know his will, and to see the Righteous One, and to hear a voice from his mouth. 15 For thou shalt be a witness for him unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard. 16 And now why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on his name.

Soon Moses, King David and Paul realized their shame, evil they done, that it couldn't be hidden.

Sometime later a girl kept walking up my street, while I sat in front of my house. She looked pretty, also her body somewhat similar to the girl at the skating rinks. I finally went across the street and spoke to her. She came to my home. She told me she lived alone with her dad a few streets over. She came upstairs into my bedroom. She sat on the side of my bed. I thought perhaps she wanted me, but afraid being I may go all the way with her since she was on my bed. I loved the girl from the skating rinks. I didn't do anything, just took her back downstairs and didn't see her walking up the street anymore. About two years later while working delivering pizza, she came in the restaurant. Found out she had a baby with another person about my age, who smoked pot, that worked at the restaurant. The last time I saw her.

Again at my dad's steel warehouse, my parents told me over the phone to work. I wouldn't anymore. My brother came after me in the warehouse and tried to force me to work. We struggled with each other for a long time, both ending up outside on the ground, turning dark. He tried to keep me from getting out of his hold. I sense, my brother being five years older, still was slightly stronger.

At school, I was sitting in the back of the bus going home. A fellow student around my age, into sports, was sitting in front of me, his window was open. It was raining outside, water was splashing from his window onto me. I said to him from my seat, that I was getting wet. He ignored me. He had previously picked on me. I stood up, went beside his seat, and told him again that water was splashing on me, to close the window. He didn't do anything. Then I started to sense my eyes started to water some. Thinking either I'm going to take a stand or live with his picking on me. I wailed on him with my fist, not caring what I hit for a few seconds. The school had dismiss me from school for a few days. I spoke to the counselor and told him what had occurred, except didn't tell him that I sensed my eyes watering. They had me return to school. The student never picked on me again.

Me and my parents had an argument, throwing me out of the house in the winter. When I left the house, I walked along the side and seen through the window, my parents sitting on the couch watching TV. With my bare fist, I punch through one of the outer glass plains of the storm window, cutting my hand, bleed, to try to get their attention (the glass at the time was individual panes, today it's two large panes of glass, with dividers in between). I lived for two weeks in my friend's shack, about 6 by 8 foot, with a drum type fire stove, in the field down the street, attending school.

At another friend's house we were playing cards at night. Another student from school was also playing cards. During the game, something occurred as if he was angry at me. All I remember was sensing my eyes were beginning to water, then making a fight gesture toward him. The others said, take it outside, which I agreed. While walking through the doorway into the hallway, the other student suckered punched me from slightly behind. Ended up outside fighting over the front white hood of a car. I received a bloody nose, from the sucker punch. I wondered what had really initiated the fight, through the years. I

remembered seeing at the time, the younger sister of my friend, noticing she looked very lovely, in her pajamas sitting on the center stairs, watching the other people in the house. I wonder if she had anything to do with the matter through the years. If perhaps the student who sucker punched me, had an interest in her or perhaps it was for some other reason.

My radio was stolen from my truck. My friend told me another student had stolen it. While at school in the parking lot, I saw the student drive up. I pulled my vehicle in front of his, stopped his car and got out. I can't remember the words that were said. I started to hit him, and then stopped. Nothing occurred at school about the incident, that I remembered. I really don't know if he had stolen the radio, I wondered at times. A student who witnessed the event, said to me later, that it was like watching a movie. I think I may have seen the student that I hit, in later years and apologized to him or perhaps to his girlfriend.

John Jerome Nowak

Thank you for your time and consideration

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