

Bridge Six

Try to Open Up of My Love for Her

The summer of 1990, very dry; a drought was happening in the east. The reservoirs were drying up. Six years after we last seen each other, I had to try again and contact her, this time to try my best. Try to at least open up to her of my love for her, and what I found in reading, researching the bible. I thought perhaps God will never have her to be saved. Perhaps God may leave her in darkness all her life. That it wasn't dependent upon my will for her, but God's will for her. That the most I can do is just try my best, and accept what ever God's will is for her, in regards to her salvation and if anything God would want to further develop between us. I wondered what if she may love me but she couldn't accept being baptized (water immersed) for forgiveness of sins. Then I would find myself in a terrible situation, what would I do. I would have to decide if I should marry her or not, even if not baptized. This hunted me in the back of my mind. I didn't have much confidence I would be able to persuade her, thinking she would have so many preconceptions. I had to at least try my best. Through the years I was searching for God, wondering at times perhaps God would have someone else he wanted me to marry. No one showed up that I had the same feelings, as the girl from the skating rinks. There were also very few churches of Christ in the north east, to find a girlfriend. I use to at times think she would return, washing my car, sitting in it, thinking about her. I tried at times to be with her, within the limits I thought were afforded me. Now I had to attempt with all my best and hope to be with her. Thinking at the time, it says in the bible for a just man fall seven times, and rise up again: but the wicked shall fall into mischief.

Proverbs 24:15 Lay not wait, O wicked man, against the dwelling of the righteous; spoil not his resting place: 16 For a just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again: but the wicked shall fall into mischief.

A song came over the radio, that reminded me of her. I hope it was in someway her heart speaking to me. The song "Nothing Compares to you" by Sinead O'Connor. Another song that I like a few years later was from the wedding album by Duran Duran, "Ordinary world". I would listen to in my bedroom, laying on my bed, thinking about her.

I went to her house a late spring day; the temperature went to around 94 degrees. A strange happening for the area and knocked on the door. Her mom's friend answered the door. I was told she became a state trooper and moved. Telling me to leave any letters with her mom, and she will send them to her. When I found out she was a state trooper, it worried me, feeling a pain within. Now she sees with her eyes all the worst sights in society. As if more of her innocence is stolen. Made it more difficult reaching out to her, a feeling that even if we were together, I lost a part of her.

My older sister told me not to be hesitant with her, should be more bold. When I wrote some of the letters to her, I wrote some things about the past, writing not wanting her pity. I wanted her to love me. The best I recall I sent her the letter of the water front. Not receiving any reply. I wrote my longing love for her. I listen to my older sister to be bolder towards her and gave some caution to the wind. I wrote a love scene with her, describing her beauty, using things in nature, God created. As king Solomon had in his letter in the old testament of his love interest. On the letter I wrote her first name and my last name. Wondered if I should, thinking I shouldn't be afraid, thinking it's been my honest hope someday (perhaps I shouldn't of or written "My sincere hope someday"). Thinking it may also alert her that the contents of the letter had some passion in it. Longing to love her, perhaps she wouldn't want to open it. I hope it may attempt to offset my not saying my age and it was my brother molested me when I had confessed to her. I worried for years perhaps she thought I was homosexual, and didn't have passion for her. I always had much passion for her, wanting to marry her. I sense a sinking feeling that it was hopeless, that her mom may be overcome thinking the worst. I thought I was afraid of her mom for years. If it had to happen, well perhaps its best my hope dies here. If it's inevitable, best I face my worst fears. I became concern and called her mom rather

soon. Her mom's immediate response, not to contact her anymore. I guess her mom became alarmed or perhaps her too, thinking the worst. As though I may have thought I was already married to her or something else. I just hoped I would be someday, always my intentions. Or perhaps she just wasn't interested in me. I wondered if my sub conscious was playing a game, as if leading her mom, to say what she said. Was I prolonging something, that was against God? Was God leading me down this path, perhaps to do his will in some way. Was I prolonging the evadable? Her mom rejecting me. To side track her mom and go directly to her.

Few days later, during work, thinking on the situation over and over, I figured I had to hear from her. It may be my last chance of talking to her. I called the main branch of the state troopers, and said words to the effect, "There is a girl I know, a friend of mine recently became a state trooper. She moved to where she was stationed. Could you let me know the name of the station, so I could get in touch with her?" The State trooper gave me the name of the station, the phone number and town. I left at night. I drove to her. On the way there in the morning, I reached a long bridge. When half way over the bridge, realized I was close to where she was. Not sure exactly, once over the bridge. I figured once I crossed the bridge, there was no changing my mind. Committed not to turn around and go home. Imagine I would stop at a gas station to find out exactly where the state trooper barracks was located. I would be committed to trying to talk to her. Feared I may mess up again trying to explain my thoughts. I said to myself take one step at a time, do the best I can. Then I pictured in my mind, her behind some tall green hedges, and me on the opposite side walking. Surprising her on the other side. I figured the hedges representing as in the bible protection. I didn't want to surprise her. While crossing the bridge, I decided to turn around and return to the other side of the bridge I came from. To pull over to at least call her on the phone. I didn't want to be so surprising that I showed up unexpectedly. Perhaps I won't have to speak to her face to face, and return home. I wrote down a few of my thoughts. So I could remember, I wanted to talk to her about, in case it be the only chance of talking to her.

I called the state trooper barracks where she worked. I was told she didn't reach work yet. I asked when she may arrive to work. I waited and called, she hanged up on me the first try. I called again, asked her please don't hang up, and told her we needed to talk. She said "the things that happen between us we were just kids". Wondered first for a slight second, if perhaps shes angry at me. Trying to tell herself and me, there wasn't nothing really there, she seen in me . Perhaps she didn't see me truly loved her. Wondering is she saying she totally had no love for me, that she sees us as distant memories that mean nothing to her, or something else? I said, "I loved you", she said, " she didn't want her mom upset". She said, "her mom wasn't feeling good". I wondered if she was only afraid. Perhaps saying anything to get me to stop calling or was her mom in some way leading her. Thinking to myself since I wrote on her back, when children "I love you" I didn't want her mom upset, was my constant fear. I said, "I didn't want your mom upset". I asked, if she received my flowers I sent. She said, "they hurt her head". I wondered if it was as the bible said to love your enemies. It would heap burning coals on their head, their head will hurt. Or was it, I had only hurt her unnecessarily with the hope she may of loved me but really never had, would love me. I just kept trying to plead with her, we needed to talk. I said to her, "I am close by you, little lost". Immediately my mind thought oh no, perhaps I used the wrong words "little lost". My heart selected them, as if reaching out saying we both were little lost, we needed each other. I thought I may have used the wrong words "little lost" as if from her perspective I had to call only to get directions. Instead, I called so not to show up unexpectedly, and hopefully we could talk some. I was so heart broken, I was trying so hard, wondered if the seemingly sounded words "little lost" may of backfired. Not so much with her, but perhaps so, or perhaps if any other police were listening. She said, I needed to go back home. She pleaded with me to go home. I agreed with her plea. Then the money ran out of the phone. I said, I would call back, once I get more change. It took about 10 minutes to get more change for the phone. I called a third time, perceiving it be my last call, would be allowed actual speak to her. Without perhaps harassing her, encouraging her to try to call me at home.

Instead of her, the state trooper sergeant answered the phone. Immediately said "if you come down

here, we will arrest you". I tried to be polite, respectful, cooperative asked words to the effect, if we (meaning me and him) can talk or perhaps, I said, can I talk (meaning me and him in my mind). He said, "no, it was an emergency line." Which I thought was a very unprofessional procedure not allowing me to talk to him, at least briefly. Immediately, I sense in my mind of perhaps confusion. I wanted to briefly talk to him due to his threats to me. Not her, that I should have him retrace back to what I said. Correct him, but feeling intimidated, bullied with scorn and indifference. I wanted to briefly say words to the effect your threat isn't necessary. Please ask her for me, to call me at home, it is very important we talk. It was so fast, all I could do was politely react. Thinking if I began to say anything, he may misunderstand again. He will immediately hang up on me. He then ask, if I was coming down there? Thinking he wouldn't let me talk briefly, I answered his question politely. "I don't know." He then hung up on me. I thought perhaps I should call him back, but if I did then he would falsely accused me of further harassment. He may issue some arrest out on me, hanging up on me. I thought if I went home now, they would tell her that they saved her from me, by threats toward me. Leaving a stumbling block for her. I figured I had to be a man and talk to the sergeant face to face. Even if seemingly mere appearances I wasn't obeying her to go home, as if I was going there now to force her to speak to me. I immediately felt a painful feeling, thinking in my mind. Knowing I have to go against what I agreed with her, to go home. I had to face the sergeant; she would likely be upset with me. Even so if I had a chance of her ever calling me, I had to leave with honor, not dishonor in her mind. It was uncalled for him to threaten me he would arrest me, when I just agreed I would go home to her. He wouldn't let me talk to him for a moment to explain my intentions to go home, to leave a message to pass to her. To please call me it's important we talk. I thought he stole my reputation and honor, by not allowing me to respond. He might of thought it wasn't so meaningful. Imagine your in love since you were 12 years old, now your 24 years old, and you are in the situation of trying to plead with the person you love to talk. Then someone unjustly makes you out as dishonorable in their eyes. I figured the state of mind she was in, if I had a slight chance of her calling me, sometime soon or ever, she might be convince by the sergeant making me out to be dishonorable. That it was threats of arrest, that made me leave, combined with her mother's perhaps hindrance. She then wouldn't call me. The sergeant just stole my little hope I had to return home. The only choice was to go and face the sergeant. I would have to talk to him face to face.

I proceeded to drive over the bridge, the remainder of the distance to face the sergeant. I was fearful the state police wouldn't be lawful towards me, where on the other hand I had to be lawful. That is one of the tenants I learned of studying the bible, Christianity, to obey the government. God place them in authority over man.

Romans 13:1-6 1 Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. 2 Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation. 3 For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same: 4 For he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil. 5 Wherefore ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake. 6 For this cause pay ye tribute also: for they are God's ministers, attending continually upon this very thing.

Titus:1 Put them in mind to be in subjection to rulers, to authorities, to be obedient, to be ready unto every good work, 2 to speak evil of no man, not to be contentious, to be gentle, showing all meekness toward all men. 3 For we also once were foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful, hating one another. 4 But when the kindness of God our Saviour, and his love toward man, appeared, 5 not by works [done] in righteousness, which we did ourselves, but according to his mercy he saved us, through the washing (water baptism) of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Spirit, 6 which he poured out upon us richly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour; 7 that, being justified by his grace (unmeritorious provisions), we

might be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life. 8 Faithful is the saying, and concerning these things I desire that thou affirm confidently, to the end that they who have believed God may be careful to maintain good works. These things are good and profitable unto men:

Thinking I fear God more than man. They may only fear man. If they disobey the law, it's only disobeying man to them. May not be strong enough fear for them, to have self control. When I arrived thinking it may be the barracks, I parked across the street. Exhausted from driving and very tired from being up all night. I had to relax some first and gather my thoughts. Work up the courage what to say, before I went inside to face the sergeant. I was worried they may come out and immediately arrest me. No one came out. I went inside the barracks and made sure I asked for the sergeant, to face him only. I ask if the sergeant by name was there. They said he don't work here. I asked if perhaps it's another state trooper barracks. I asked if they could call them, to see if it's the right place. Thinking it be good this state troopers barracks also knows what's going on. It may make them realize others are watching, they may be more self controlled. They called, informing them I was at their place. After speaking to them, the trooper asked me, they wanted to know if I was coming down there? I decided to say as little as I could, afraid they may arrest me at this barracks. I said to them, "a man has to do, what a man has to do". I wanted to face the sergeant as a man of honor, not fearful and talk to him.

I left there to drive to the other barracks. I stopped at a gas station and ask for directions. I continued on my way, a state trooper started to follow me. I wondered and pulled over to an ice cream stand. The trooper pulled across the street behind a building. I thought it may be her, hiding seemingly in plain sight. The thought hiding in plain sight, reminded me of her mom was supposedly in theater. She was supposedly a background extra in the movie "Hide in Plain Sight" filmed in Buffalo, in 1980. (At the time I wasn't sure which movie, I thought it may have been a movie with George C. Scott. Recently I looked on the Internet, the movie I mistaken it for, is named "Hardcore". The movie is about a teenage girl who ran away. C. Scott plays her father, searching for her. When I thought about the George C Scott movie at the time, it made me cringe, seeing only a part of the movie, not ever the whole movie. Years later I found out some more about the actual movie "Hide in Plain Sight" played by the actor James Caan. Written on Yahoo "Based on a true story, this film is a statement of one man's fight against an oppressive government. A father's efforts to find his missing children are blocked by both the Mafia and the government after his ex-wife's new husband turns state's evidence"). When I seen the actual movie "hide in plain sight", I recall early in the movie a scene of where the main character worked. Supposedly at a large complex of buildings near the Niagara river. I had worked immediately behind the large complex with my dad, in some large buildings. During the time before and while seeing the girl at the skating rinks. One day working there, I left my dad. I went to a office type building on the back side of the property. It's windows were gone, and been left to the elements. I was inside, a small stone in my hand. I through the stone about twenty feet across the room, up at the eaves, at some pigeons. I hit one pigeon. I was amazed, I was accurate. The bird few out the window, at a fast rate. I ran outside and saw the bird climbing about 50 feet high, then slightly curving around, then descending. About 200 yards from me, above a road and railroad tracks, immediately behind the large complex of buildings in the movie, I saw a puff of feathers. The bird somersaulted and fell to the ground. I focus my eyes more, imagine the bird's wing, clipped an telephone line, above the railroad tracks. I was amazed what I saw. Today thinking on it, a verse comes to mind.

Matthew 10:28 And be not afraid of them that kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell. 29 *Are not two sparrows sold for a penny? and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father:* 30 but the very hairs of your head are all numbered. 31 Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows.

I figured not to be so conspicuous. I bought an ice cream cone. I had nothing to eat all night and was very tired. The ice cream cone would be a nice treat. It reminded me when I and she had bought ice cream cones on the side of the road. The state trooper stayed behind the building. I thought perhaps I should wait and see what happens, but I was worried if it was her. Thinking it is wrong of me to wait. I had to put her out of my mind. I wasn't coming there now to talk to her anymore, but to face the sergeant and go home. So as to keep my word to her in spirit (mental disposition) to go home.

I continued to drive, thinking I proven to myself, I asked only for the sergeant at the barracks, to face him only. I wouldn't wait to see if it was the girl at the skating rinks was behind the building. A few hundred yards away around the bend in the road, I immediately seen the trooper barracks. After the distraction, I sensed it would be only right to park in the barracks parking lot. Not to be afraid or ashamed to face the sergeant. Thinking the sergeant is not some king who sits on a throne that I can't dare to approach and speak to him, face to face officially. I parked in the state trooper barracks parking lot, and continued to finish eating my ice cream cone. I began to think again after being distracted seeing the state trooper follow me. What I may say to the man sergeant, trying to relax, think slowly what I wanted to say. My mind was very tired; having to approach the other state trooper barracks, emotionally picking myself up, then finding out it's the wrong place. I couldn't think as fast, being up all night over 30 hours.

An older woman state trooper came out, and asks, "**who are you?**" While having my ice cream cone, I said my name to her, "**John Nowak**". She asks, "**what are the orange ear muffs on the center of the seat used for?**" I told her, "**I used them for my riding lawnmower, the one lawnmower it's muffler is very loud. My ears would ring after a while cutting the larger lawns**". Thinking about them, I receive them free when I bought an echo weed trimmer. They have the word "echo" on their side. She said, "**you have to leave or else you will be arrested**". I thought perhaps I needed more time to think through once again what I wanted to say to the sergeant. So I ask, "**can I go across the street and park?**" Thinking, I could be off their property and have more time to remember what to say and then walk over and face the sergeant. She said "**no you will be arrested**". I then thought how I could be even more cooperative. Perhaps I should go into town and get a motel, to rest and think even more what I wanted to say to the sergeant. Perhaps I should get some rest. I was up for so long, it wouldn't be perhaps safe for me to drive anymore. I would have more time to remember what I wanted to say to the sergeant. I ask, "**can I go into town and get a motel?**" Then flashed in milliseconds in my mind visuals, as if perpendicular to a road, an entrance type parking lot, green hedges, about ten feet of green lawn, and a single story, color light green motel. Then seeing behind the motel having scorched grass by the sun and a few tall older growth branch less, high pine trees, small branches at the top. A troopers car, a view of their legs exiting their vehicle, coming up to the motel would arrest me. Then another picture of me standing in a doorway of a building at a intersection in a town, running though my mind no way of contacting her. The girl from the skating rinks, pulls out in her trooper car from a business driveway unexpectedly. Viewing her uniformed lower body exiting her trooper car. They would think wrongly I followed her and arrest me. Thinking this isn't my aim, I just wanted to speak to the sergeant and go home. She said "**no you will be arrested**". She said, "**she isn't here**". I said, "**she don't have to be here**". For in my mind I didn't come there to talk to the girl from the skating rinks, as of when on the phone I agreed to her to go home. I have always tried my best to obey her words, even going so far, as going even further then she may have intended. However this was perhaps the last chance, I wanted to face the man sergeant, for not allowing me to briefly respond to him. So she may not be told, persuading her, that I was a threat to her. Fearing it will close her up from someday calling me to talk to me. Afraid for her safety. I thought of trying to tell the woman trooper at the window what I wanted to say to the sergeant, but thought I needed to say it to the sergeant face to face. For he was in charge of the situation, so that I was certain he knows. I came there to talk to him only. My mind was so tired, I couldn't think fast. I never liked being forced to think fast especially being awake for so long. I rather be relax and think slowly, so I won't make a misstep, do something that would be wrong, against God, her, or the law. My mind began to go on a stand still, thinking I can't explain to the woman state trooper at the window. She may misunderstand and confuse things more. I wanted to finish my finale step, I set out to do. Face the sergeant, politely briefly respond to his misstep. His unprofessional procedure not allowing me a brief response to him. To say he is wrong to think I would force myself, against her will to see her. To ask him as I wanted to on the phone, to pass a message to her for me; to please call me at my home it's very important. Then I would go home.

The woman trooper went inside; I tried to relax, to remember what I wanted to say to the sergeant a third time. Emotionally picking myself up, to get the courage to face him, finishing my ice cream cone. A few

moments later the same woman trooper came back out and she said **“I’m going to arrest you”**. I said politely, **“if you think you should arrest me, you can arrest me”** to be cooperate and pleasant. I thought at least I could see the sergeant in the barracks. I could speak to him and explain why I was there. She put the hand cuffs on both of my hands extremely tight, which stopped my blood circulation. I’m not hundred percent certain, but I recollect it was the 4th of July, or the week of 4th of July. I immediately remembered what the local police done to me in 1984, tightening the handcuffs extremely tight. My wrist bleed, as if seemingly they hope I would complain, or better yet struggle. Threatening me with much bodily harm, causing me not to say a word at that time. Wondering if she imagined, I would complain out loud about the handcuffs being so tight. She took me in the barracks and placed me in room alone. Thinking she has to come back in the room soon, she knows the excessive tightening of the handcuffs has stopped my blood circulation. Sure enough, without me saying a word, she came back in the room and loosened them. Thinking perhaps there are other state troopers just waiting for me to complain, or something else, that they would lash out at me in an instant. As my brother done, losing complete self control, beat me, they would cause great bodily harm to me. She left me again and then a few moments later she brought me before the front counter. I wondered if I would see the sergeant. Another trooper a very large muscular built African American man came out into the room. As if on cue, as I thought troopers waiting behind the scenes. I thought about when my brother in an instant pushed me to the ground and began to beat me up. I used my hands to block the blows. I being handcuffed, if the larger, more muscular state trooper compared to my brother, pushed me to the floor, I may hit my head on something. I looked around, worried I would hit my head on something, didn’t seem much of anything. Gave me some relief. Then I wondered, I couldn’t block the blows if he stuck my face, perhaps using a baton. Where when my brother started to beat me, I was able to at least block the blows with my arms in front of my face. I wondered she had excessively tighten the handcuffs, already crossing the line of the law. Shows the lack of self control at this barracks. I wondered perhaps it’s among all of them. It be so easy since they cross the line, for them to escalate their breaking the law. I sense they are primed to do anything to me. Sensing the third state trooper, being also muscular, would loose self control perhaps and lash out at me. If I dared to ask for the sergeant, or the woman and sergeant, they may become overwhelmed by their emotions of hate. Perhaps even fear of being found out what they already done. Will perhaps act in a threatening way wishing I would do something, anything to justify their preconceived false assumptions. Observing the sequence of events and wondered where it may lead? I concluded perhaps my death, intimidated me not to ask for the sergeant.

The sergeant not allowing me to respond on the phone and then the excessively tighten handcuffs, have made their effect of silencing me. Thinking they can easily once again mistaken my intentions and attack me. Anything is possible when the police or anybody break the law especially out of hate.

The sergeant didn’t show himself, unless he was the man who took me to jail? I wondered, but didn’t seem he was. Then she very quickly had the African American man escorted me outside. He seated me handcuffed in the front passenger side seat. I wondered why she had me taken from the barracks so fast. Thinking about it today, I imagine she thought I was there to see the girl at the skating rinks. I was there to speak to the sergeant face to face. I was somewhat surprised being in the front passenger seat. While riding in the police car, I was a little relieved at least I can rest in the jail being awake so long. Also wondered perhaps God allowed this to happen for some reason. I trusted in God there was a purpose. I tried to be friendly, searching for things to make conversation with the state trooper. He seemed friendly at first. Then we seen a fawn deer that was hit by a car, lying along the road. Seemed very unusual. I never recalled seeing a dead fawn deer that was hit by a car. Made me upset, besides my mind being tired. I mention the fawn deer we pass; he acted as if he didn’t notice the fawn. I thought about when I was young when I found out her name, the girl at the skating rinks. How I wanting to know what her name meant. I thought it was beautifully sounding. So I looked up the girl’s name in a dictionary. It said her name referred to a female fawn deer. She was beautiful like one, thinking of her when I was about twelve years old. Recently, I looked in some dictionaries again and notice it wasn’t a female fawn deer but another animal. A female young donkey. I wondered months later about this, July 2006, I was at my constant friend’s beach

house. Walking along the beach with my constant friend, who had lived in the white house beside the entrance of the alley behind my house. About my constant friend, he went to the seminary to become a priest. After some years, he was told they didn't like his personality and ask him to leave. He was always friendly to many down and out people, helping with his pocket book, and equally his time. He became a lock operator, on the Erie Canal in Lockport NY, retired recently. His wife a teacher. I told him about finding out what her name meant. Ask him if he could recall events surrounding the donkey, ass, in the bible. He reaffirmed to me, recalling three events. Beginning when the donkey talked back to Balaam.

I. Balak a King, seen numerous Israel came from Egypt, over taking the land. Balak sent men to bring Balaam a soothsayer, to curse Israel. God spoke to Balaam and said he shall not curse Israel, for they are blessed. Balak sends princes, more honorable to bring Balaam to him. So Balaam comes to Balak on an ass, female donkey. On the way the ass refuses to go further the way, for the ass sees an angel three times in the way. The angle ready to slay Balaam with a sword. Balaam strikes the ass three times, then God opens the ass mouth to speak to Balaam.

Numbers 22:15 And Balak sent yet again princes, more, and more honorable than they. 16 And they came to Balaam, and said to him, Thus saith Balak the son of Zippor, Let nothing, I pray thee, hinder thee from coming unto me: 17 for I will promote thee unto very great honor, and whatsoever thou sayest unto me I will do: come therefore, I pray thee, curse me this people. 18 And Balaam answered and said unto the servants of Balak, If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of Jehovah my God, to do less or more. 19 Now therefore, I pray you, tarry ye also here this night, that I may know what Jehovah will speak unto me more. 20 And God came unto Balaam at night, and said unto him, If the men are come to call thee, rise up, go with them; but only the word which I speak unto thee, that shalt thou do. 21 **And Balaam rose up in the morning, and saddled his ass, and went with the princes of Moab.** 22 And God's anger was kindled because he went; and the angel of Jehovah placed himself in the way for an adversary against him. Now he was riding upon his ass, and his two servants were with him. 23 And the ass saw the angel of Jehovah standing in the way, with his sword drawn in his hand; and the ass turned aside out of the way, and went into the field: and Balaam smote the ass, to turn her into the way. 24 Then the angel of Jehovah stood in a narrow path between the vineyards, a wall being on this side, and a wall on that side. 25 And the ass saw the angel of Jehovah, and she thrust herself unto the wall, and crushed Balaam's foot against the wall: and he smote her again. 26 And the angel of Jehovah went further, and stood in a narrow place, where was no way to turn either to the right hand or to the left. 27 And the ass saw the angel of Jehovah, and she lay down under Balaam: and Balaam's anger was kindled, and he smote the ass with his staff. 28 And Jehovah opened the mouth of the ass, and she said unto Balaam, What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times? 29 And Balaam said unto the ass, Because thou hast mocked me, I would there were a sword in my hand, for now I had killed thee. 30 And the ass said unto Balaam, Am not I thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden all thy life long unto this day? was I ever wont to do so unto thee? and he said, Nay. 31 Then Jehovah opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of Jehovah standing in the way, with his sword drawn in his hand; and he bowed his head, and fell on his face. 32 And the angel of Jehovah said unto him, Wherefore hast thou smitten thine ass these three times? behold, I am come forth for an adversary, because thy way is perverse before me: 33 and the ass saw me, and turned aside before me these three times: unless she had turned aside from me, surely now I had even slain thee, and saved her alive. 34 And Balaam said unto the angel of Jehovah, I have sinned; for I knew not that thou stoodest in the way against me: now therefore, if it displease thee, I will get me back again. 35 And the angel of Jehovah said unto Balaam, Go with the men; but only the word that I shall speak unto thee, that thou shalt speak. So Balaam went with the princes of Balak.

As the events continue, Balaam reaches Balak. Balak builds seven alters on a hilltop and offers a bullock and ram on each alter. God speaks to Balaam words to say to Balak. Instead of cursing Israel, blesses Israel. Balak takes Balaam to two other hill tops and does the same. Builds seven altars on each

hilltop and offered bullocks and rams on each altar. Again God speaks on each hilltop to Balaam, words to say to Balak. Instead of cursing Israel, blesses Israel. They part ways.

In later years, Balaam later gives evil counsel.

Number 31:1: And Israel abode in Shittim, and the people began to commit whoredom with the daughters of Moab. 2: And they called the people unto the sacrifices of their gods: and the people did eat, and bowed down to their gods. 3: And Israel joined himself unto Baal-peor: and the anger of the LORD was kindled against Israel. 4: And the LORD said unto Moses, Take all the heads of the people, and hang them up before the LORD against the sun, that the fierce anger of the LORD may be turned away from Israel. 5: And Moses said unto the judges of Israel, Slay ye every one his men that were joined unto Baal-peor.

Numbers 31:14: And Moses was wroth with the officers of the host, with the captains over thousands, and captains over hundreds, which came from the battle. 15: And Moses said unto them, Have ye saved all the women alive? 16: Behold, these caused the children of Israel, through the counsel of Balaam, to commit trespass against the LORD in the matter of Peor, and there was a plague among the congregation of the LORD.

Joshua:22: ***Balaam also the son of Beor, the soothsayer, did the children of Israel slay with the sword among them that were slain by them.***

Apostle Peter writes of Balaam,

II Peter 2:15: Which have forsaken the right way, and are gone astray, following the way of Balaam the son of Bosor, who loved the wages of unrighteousness;

16: But was rebuked for his iniquity: the dumb ass speaking with man's voice forbad the madness of the prophet.

Apostle Johns writes the Angel of the Lord said of Balaam

Rev 2:14: But I have a few things against thee, because thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam, who taught Balac to cast a stumblingblock before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed unto idols, and to commit fornication.

II. April 28, 2007 I came across another event involving asses, concerning the first king of Israel. The people demanded to have a King to be like other nations around them. God did not want to give them a King. God warned them through Samuel, how a King will rule over them, and they will cry out to God again for relief from the King. The people persisted in having a King, so God granted their request.

I Samuel 9:3 ***And the asses of Kish, Saul's father, were lost. And Kish said to Saul his son, Take now one of the servants with thee, and arise, go seek the asses.***

I Samuel 9:5 When they were come to the land of Zuph, Saul said to his servant that was with him, Come, and let us return, lest my father leave off caring for the asses, and be anxious for us. 6 And he said unto him, Behold now, there is in this city a man of God, and he is a man that is held in honor; all that he saith cometh surely to pass: now let us go thither; peradventure he can tell us concerning our journey whereon we go. 7 Then said Saul to his servant, But, behold, if we go, what shall we bring the man? for the bread is spent in our vessels, and there is not a present to bring to the man of God: what have we? 8 And the servant answered Saul again, and said, Behold, I have in my hand the fourth part of a shekel of silver: that will I give to the man of God, to tell us our way. 9 (Beforetime in Israel, when a man went to inquire of God, thus he said, Come, and let us go to the seer; for he that is now called a Prophet was beforetime called a Seer.)

1 Samuel 10:1 Then Samuel took the vial of oil, and poured it upon his head, and kissed him, and said, Is it not that Jehovah hath anointed thee to be prince over his inheritance?

Saul becomes the king, however he doesn't obey the commandment of the lord. He fears men more than God. Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. The kingdom is taken away from Saul, given to David.

1 Samuel 15 :1 And Samuel said unto Saul, Jehovah sent me to anoint thee to be king over his people, over Israel: now therefore hearken thou unto the voice of the words of Jehovah. 2 Thus saith Jehovah of hosts, I have marked that which Amalek did to Israel, how he set himself against him in the way, when he came up out of Egypt. 3 Now go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass. 4 And Saul summoned the people, and numbered them in Telaim, two hundred thousand footmen, and ten thousand men of Judah.

7 And Saul smote the Amalekites, from Havilah as thou goest to Shur, that is before Egypt. 8 And he took Agag the king of the Amalekites alive, and utterly destroyed all the people with the edge of the sword. 9 But Saul and the people spared Agag, and the best of the sheep, and of the oxen, and of the fatlings, and the lambs, and all that was good, and would not utterly destroy them: but everything that was vile and refuse, that they destroyed utterly. 10 Then came the word of Jehovah unto Samuel, saying, 11 It repenteth me that I have set up Saul to be king; for he is turned back from following me, and hath not performed my commandments. And Samuel was wroth; and he cried unto Jehovah all night.

13 And Samuel came to Saul; and Saul said unto him, Blessed be thou of Jehovah: I have performed the commandment of Jehovah. 14 And Samuel said, What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear? 15 And Saul said, They have brought them from the Amalekites: for the people spared the best of the sheep and of the oxen, to sacrifice unto Jehovah thy God; and the rest we have utterly destroyed. 16 Then Samuel said unto Saul, Stay, and I will tell thee what Jehovah hath said to me this night. And he said unto him, Say on. 17 And Samuel said, Though thou wast little in thine own sight, wast thou not made the head of the tribes of Israel? And Jehovah anointed thee king over Israel; 18 and Jehovah sent thee on a journey, and said, Go, and utterly destroy the sinners the Amalekites, and fight against them until they be consumed. 19 Wherefore then didst thou not obey the voice of Jehovah, but didst fly upon the spoil, and didst that which was evil in the sight of Jehovah? 20 And Saul said unto Samuel, Yea, I have obeyed the voice of Jehovah, and have gone the way which Jehovah sent me, and have brought Agag the king of Amalek, and have utterly destroyed the Amalekites. 21 But the people took of the spoil, sheep and oxen, the chief of the devoted things, to sacrifice unto Jehovah thy God in Gilgal. 22 And Samuel said, Hath Jehovah as great delight in burnt-offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of Jehovah? **Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.** 23 For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as idolatry and teraphim. Because thou hast rejected the word of Jehovah, he hath also rejected thee from being king. 24 And Saul said unto Samuel, I have sinned; for I have transgressed the commandment of Jehovah, and thy words, because I feared the people, and obeyed their voice. 25 Now therefore, I pray thee, pardon my sin, and turn again with me, that I may worship Jehovah. 26 And Samuel said unto Saul, I will not return with thee; for thou hast rejected the word of Jehovah, and Jehovah hath rejected thee from being king over Israel. 27 And as Samuel turned about to go away, [Saul] laid hold upon the skirt of his robe, and it rent. 28 And Samuel said unto him, Jehovah hath rent the kingdom of Israel from thee this day, and hath given it to a neighbor of thine, that is better than thou. 29 And also the Strength of Israel will not lie nor repent; for he is not a man, that he should repent. 30 Then he said, I have sinned: yet honor me now, I pray thee, before the elders of my people, and before Israel, and turn again with me, that I may worship Jehovah thy God. 31 So Samuel turned again after Saul; and Saul worshipped Jehovah. 32 Then said Samuel, Bring ye hither to me Agag the king of the Amalekites. And Agag came unto him cheerfully. And Agag said, Surely the bitterness of death is past. 33 And Samuel said, As thy sword hath made women

childless, so shall thy mother be childless among women. And Samuel hewed Agag in pieces before Jehovah in Gilgal. 34 Then Samuel went to Ramah; and Saul went up to his house to Gibeah of Saul. 35 And Samuel came no more to see Saul until the day of his death; for Samuel mourned for Saul: and Jehovah repented that he had made Saul king over Israel.

III. Absalom the son of David won over the people of Israel and turned them against his father king David. The servants of David remained faithful to David and fought against Israel that were being led by his son Absalom. Absalom met the servants of David, rode upon a mule, fleeing, Absalom's head was caught in the branch of a large oak, while hanging was then killed by Joab and his servants:

2 Samuel 18:9 9 And Absalom met the servants of David. **And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth; and the mule that was under him went away.** 10 And a certain man saw it, and told Joab, and said, Behold, I saw Absalom hanged in an oak. 11 And Joab said unto the man that told him, And, behold, thou sawest him, and why didst thou not smite him there to the ground? and I would have given thee ten shekels of silver, and a girdle. 12 And the man said unto Joab, Though I should receive a thousand shekels of silver in mine hand, yet would I not put forth mine hand against the king's son: for in our hearing the king charged thee and Abishai and Ittai, saying, Beware that none touch the young man Absalom. 13 Otherwise I should have wrought falsehood against mine own life: for there is no matter hid from the king, and thou thyself wouldest have set thyself against me. 14 Then said Joab, I may not tarry thus with thee. And he took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak. 15 And ten young men that bare Joab's armour compassed about and smote Absalom, and slew him. 16 And Joab blew the trumpet, and the people returned from pursuing after Israel: for Joab held back the people. 17 And they took Absalom, and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him: and all Israel fled every one to his tent. 18 Now Absalom in his lifetime had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale: for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance: and he called the pillar after his own name: and it is called unto this day, Absalom's place.

IV. When Jesus rode the colt of an ass, as David also before, into Jerusalem:

Matthew 21:1 And when they drew nigh unto Jerusalem, and came unto Bethphage, unto the mount of Olives, then Jesus sent two disciples, 2 saying unto them, **Go into the village that is over against you, and straightway ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her: loose [them], and bring [them] unto me.** 3 And if any one say aught unto you, ye shall say, The Lord hath need of them; and straightway he will send them. 4 Now this is come to pass, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken through the prophet, saying, 5 Tell ye the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, Meek, and riding upon an ass, And upon a colt the foal of an ass. 6 And the disciples went, and did even as Jesus appointed them, 7 and brought the ass, and the colt, and put on them their garments; and he sat thereon. 8 And the most part of the multitude spread their garments in the way; and others cut branches from the trees, and spread them in the way. 9 And the multitudes that went before him, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed [is] he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest. 10 And when he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was stirred, saying, Who is this? 11 And the multitudes said, This is the prophet, Jesus, from Nazareth of Galilee.

While speaking on the beach to my constant friend, a woman and older man came up to us. The woman asked words to the effect, what were we so intently talking about? I felt awkward how to explain to

her what we were speaking about. Her older companion walked away about 50 yards and sat down near a small stream which went into the lake. She said she is Jewish (seemingly uncommon for the area), 56 years old. She let it be known that she was raped when about seven years old by a close relative. Her parents and siblings turned against her. She said she speaks about her ordeal to groups. She mention she was with a man, at different lengths of time. They all thrown her out. And the man she is now with is seventy five years old, has treated her kindly. I mention to her further in the conversation to look at the lake. Saying to her there you find your salvation. I said you need to be baptized, immersed in the water for forgiveness of sins. Explaining to her when you are under the water your body becomes one with Christ crucified body. There is the blood, where Christ paid the punishment of her sins. She said she was already baptized. I ask her were you baptized having the spirit (mental disposition, frame of mind, particular thinking), it's the moment when your sins are forgiven. I concluded she didn't have the spirit (mental disposition). We then started to talk about the sinner's prayer. She said, when praying the prayer she was certain to say the words from her heart. I said it don't matter how you say them it doesn't save. As to make atonement for ones sins. I said she was lied to, hoodwinked being persuaded that at the moment the sinner's prayer is prayed, it saves. Lied to when they said baptism is for a sign only. My constant friend said, he believed she was already saved. I tried some to persuade her, she wasn't saved. Not very effective when my constant friend disagrees, but he still has spiritual side to him that is friendly and encouraging. I did baptized him for forgiveness of sins, with the spirit (mental disposition) within him, it forgives sins. About ten years ago in the lake, the very spot I had pointed to. He sways goes back and forth on his understanding about baptism. My constant friend then had to leave, for his catholic wife was waiting for him standing on a wall adjacent to the beach. She was ready to leave to accomplish an errand for the day. I stayed and talked a little longer. I explained to her that I been writing a book, and its theme. She eventually had to leave herself. We parted with a hand shake and blessings.)

Back to being driven by the state trooper, I thought I lost the opportunity to ask for the sergeant to talk to him at the barracks. To fearful because of the excessive tighten handcuffs. They may lash out at me. As in 1984, when the police threaten me of great bodily, when excessively tighten the handcuffs causing my risk to bleed. Also recalling my own brother had in an instant beat me up, perhaps may kill me. Thinking, if my own brother beat me up, who am I to them. I'm not even related. I began to think that now she has died to me. The older woman police officer has killed her in a way, when she tighten excessively the handcuffs on me. Kept me from asking for the sergeant and speaking to him my intentions. Killing any hope of her trusting me. That she will forever distrust me. That the girl from the skating rinks perspective, she may mistakenly think I was trying at the barracks to force her to talk to me, to see me. I wondered if I was to chicken to asked for the sergeant, thinking I may be killed. I should perhaps of taken the chance. I thought perhaps I was imagining that she in a way died to me. I hoped and tried to put it out of my mind. I looked to the side of me, outside the police car window, at the tops of the trees in full bloom of their leaves. The tree trunks perched lower then the road. Passing by, the tree tops were slowly going lower in my view. Seeing the gray guard rail that went on forever. Very tired, under great duress, I allowed my mind to drift seeking something to sooth me. I sense the terrain of seeing the tops of the trees. I pictured myself a view of me slightly camouflaged, empty handed, up in the air. Suspended as if sitting with my back, against but not touching the gray trunk of an old beech tree. A branch of dark brown color leaves coming from the upper right side slightly angle downwards across me but not touching me. Nature soothed me. I sense it was one of my favorite places, I like to bow hunt in the fall. At the edge of the woods. The leaves on the ground, covered an old seemingly trail inside the edge of the woods. Adjacent a long gentle sloping meadow that went down to some water. A stand of full grown pine trees a hundred yards on the other side of the meadow from the right side of me, sitting. On the left side of me, further in the woods, a treed covered slope to higher ground, about three stories high. A seemingly sacred area with many smaller evergreen trees shading towards the back and front. The the center area, was some smaller spread out hardwood trees and a larger evergreen tree. Underneath the pine needles keeping the ground clear.

(Remembering today, some years ago they cut down most of the evergreen trees, disappointing me.) Because of the picture in my mind a familiar scenery, and to be friendly. I mention to the state trooper sitting to the left of me, I bow hunt, ask, "do you bow hunt?" He said, "I don't". Immediately, I wondered if perhaps he mistakenly thought I asked for some perhaps wrong reason. Instantaneously, he sped up the car, passed the speed limit and veered toward the guard rail. Hearing the small pebbles on the side of the road hitting the wheel wells. Seeing through my side window the gray guard rail, closer and closer to almost touching. On the other side of the guard rail a small sloping ravine. Looking ahead the guard rail sensed it slightly curving to the left, with larger trees on the other side of the guard rail. He served back to his lane. I didn't say another word to him, afraid he may lash out at me, again. We arrived at the court; he took the seat belt off. He seemed very flustered. He took me into the building where the judge arraigned me. The trooper drove the remainder distance to the jail.

They placed me in a narrow long cell block; I was in great despair not able to sleep much. I grieved within, and couldn't eat. I told the guard to give the food to the other prisoners. I prayed and read the bible, especially psalms and proverbs. I heard a few cell blocks over, a man who was moaning in pain, his teeth were injured badly. The other side of him were more prisoners, that were very loud at night. I gather they were testing me and the man who had his teeth injured. I wondered about his teeth, if he had an encounter with the police. Perhaps he was hit in the face by them? I figured the only thing I could say to other prisoners, was to command with sternness in my voice, "be silent in the authority of Jesus Christ name". I figured that may be the only words, authority in a name, they may have respect. They may actually listen. I said with sternness as if commanding them with authority, "**In the name of Jesus Christ be silent**". I said it once again "**In the name of Jesus Christ be silent**". Then I remained silent. Most went silent, one or two straggled for short moment and then there was silence.

They place me in solitary confinement to watch over me. I didn't eat but only drank water. They took me to talk to a nurse. The nurse spoke to me worried, I haven't eaten anything. I explained to her that it is a common practice for the religious. I told her it's fine, as long as I was drinking water. I assured her I was fine. I made sure I told her I was grieving not protesting. For I thought it would be wrong if I was protesting. Again didn't want anyone to think I was forcing her to see me, even in jail. Then they had me see a psychologist. He first asks me three things to remember. So at the end of the conversation, I could repeat them to him. He proceeded to ask me some other things. I told him some of the history of me and her, knowing each other since I was 12 years old. He asks if I would be open to discuss things me and her with him. I answered yes cautiously. For I did not trust psychologist, especially state psychologist. At the end of the conversation he stood up picked up his things, and began to leave. I had to remind him to ask me the three things he wanted me to remember to repeat them at the end of the conversation. I told him the three things. He never did contact me again. I kept reading the bible daily and prayed.

An officer in the solitary confinement said to me there was a big fire in town, a large building burnt down. I wondered why he told me. Wondered if it had anything to do with me, my fasting and prayers? Wondered if the jailer was playing with my mind? Then the officer came by and offered me some fruit to eat. He was the first police officer that I thought was friendly, and at the end of seven days of not eating, I accepted. No matter what had occurred perhaps downtown, I thought my grieving time should end. I could of continued not eating and said I wouldn't eat until she sees me, but thought that wasn't honorable. He took me into a room and asked me about my past. He asked me some questions. I told him about my brother when young, molested me and I sinned later against my sister. Remembered, I also apologized to my middle sister, some time before I confessed to the girl at the skating rinks. Thinking at the time, I had to apologize to my sister first before I confess to the girl at the skating rinks.

Some words concerning Paul had written, I think has a lot to say about sinning. The similar condition of me especially years before I became saved and at the moment I was baptized in Christ for the forgiveness of sins.

Romans 7 14 For we know that the law is spiritual (mental disposition, analogical discernment,

logical, having connections, substance, concerning thoughts, intent): but I am carnal, sold under sin. 15 For that which I do I know not: for not what I would, that do I practise; but what I hate, that I do. 16 But if what I would not, that I do, I consent unto the law that it is good. 17 So now it is no more I that do it, but sin which dwelleth in me. 18 For I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me, but to do that which is good [is] not. 19 For the good which I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I practise. 20 But if what I would not, that I do, it is no more I that do it, but sin which dwelleth in me. 21 I find then the law, that, to me who would do good, evil is present. 22 For I delight in the law of God after the inward man: 23 but I see a different law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity under the law of sin which is in my members. 24 Wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me out of the body of this death? 25 I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then I of myself with the mind, indeed, serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin.

The condition of me maturing in Christ spirit (mental disposition) some previous, during and especially after I became in Christ at the moment of my baptism in 1984

Romans 8:1 There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. 2 For the law of the Spirit (mental disposition, analogical discernment, logical, having connections, substance, concerning thoughts, intent) of life in Christ Jesus made me free from the law of sin and of death. 3 For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh: 4 that the ordinance of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit (mental disposition of Christ) . 5 For they that are after the flesh mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit (mental disposition of Christ) the things of the Spirit (mental disposition of Christ). 6 For the mind of the flesh is death; but the mind of the Spirit (mental disposition of Christ) is life and peace: 7 because the mind of the flesh is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it be: 8 and they that are in the flesh cannot please God. 9 But ye are not in the flesh but in the Spirit (mental disposition of Christ), if so be that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you. But if any man hath not the Spirit (mental disposition) of Christ, he is none of his. 10 And if Christ is in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the spirit (mental disposition) is life because of righteousness (right actions). 11 But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwelleth in you, he that raised up Christ Jesus from the dead shall give life also to your mortal bodies through his Spirit that dwelleth in you. 12 So then, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh: 13 for if ye live after the flesh, ye must die; but if by the Spirit (mental disposition of Christ) ye put to death the deeds of the body, ye shall live. 14 For as many as are led by the Spirit (mental disposition) of God, these are sons of God. 15 For ye received not the spirit (mental disposition) of bondage again unto fear; but ye received the spirit (mental disposition) of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. 16 The Spirit (mental disposition of God) himself beareth witness with our spirit (mental disposition), that we are children of God: 17 and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with [him], that we may be also glorified with [him]. 18 For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to us-ward. 19 For the earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God. 20 For the creation was subjected to vanity, not of its own will, but by reason of him who subjected it, in hope 21 that the creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God. 22 For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. 23 And not only so, but ourselves also, who have the first-fruits of the Spirit (mental disposition of Christ), even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for [our] adoption, [to wit], the redemption of our body. 24 For in hope were we saved: but hope that is seen is not hope: for who hopeth for that which he seeth? 25 But if we hope for that which we see not, [then] do we with patience wait for it. 26 And in like manner the Spirit (mental disposition of Christ) also helpeth our infirmity: for we know not how to pray as we ought; but the Spirit (mental disposition of Christ) himself maketh intercession for [us] with groanings which cannot be uttered; 27 and he that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit (mental disposition of

Christ), because he maketh intercession for the saints according to [the will of] God. 28 And we know that to them that love God all things work together for good, [even] to them that are called according to [his] purpose. 29 For whom he foreknew, he also foreordained [to be] conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren: 30 and whom he foreordained, them he also called: and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified. 31 What then shall we say to these things? If God [is] for us, who [is] against us? 32 He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not also with him freely give us all things? 33 Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth; 34 who is he that condemneth? It is Christ Jesus that died, yea rather, that was raised from the dead, who is at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. 35 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? 36 Even as it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; We were accounted as sheep for the slaughter. 37 Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. 38 For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, 39 nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

He asks me, why did you mention your brother first? I said, "**because I believed he cause me some to sin later**". I said, "**you can ask her, I confessed to her about my sister**". When I confess to her, I didn't mention my brother and how old I was. Then the officer said, "**you were wrong to come down to see her**". Thinking when at first I left home to come down to see and talk to her. I said, "**I wasn't wrong**". Thinking within I didn't go the remaining distance to see her but face the sergeant. My mind not eating at the end of seven days, could only focus on my rights violated. Still very terrified of the state troopers, thinking they may even have some pull in the jail. My words may reach them, there is still a possibility they may lash out at me. That I had to say the things what they done only before a judge on public record. I simply answered in regards to my legal rights. Not trying to explain what I had thought resolved in my mind to go home, but first had to continue over the bridge to face the sergeant. For saying he would arrest me, not allowing me to speak briefly to him. Fearing the troopers would say to her they saved her from me. Leaving a stumbling block in front of her, so not to call me and talk. I said, "**I had a right to stand in front of the girl's house on the public sidewalk and hold a sign up. I wouldn't be breaking the law**". While saying this, my mind could picture, as if looking from standing on a sidewalk on the right side of the road. Seeing a distance, about hundred yards down the sidewalk where the sidewalk ended. To it's right, trees about four and eight inches in diameter and their brown leaves covering the ground. The ground ascending about five to seven feet high, rounding back some to me. Across the road from the end of the sidewalk, a green lawn and a double story apartment. Light yellow brick, another similar building, a narrow sidewalk along it's side, and some kind of sign. Leading to a enclosed steps. Not imagining me holding a sign in front of the apartment grounds. As if I was still bound by her words not to show up unexpectedly, especially where she lives. I sense I visualized, to some degree, across the street from state trooper barracks, the trees and ascending ground is on the left side of the road. My mind then began to visualized, fixate above another sidewalk, a narrow sign hanging by two chains. Below the hanging sign, a portable pyramid sign on the sidewalk. As if an old store, on a main street small town. Something perhaps was for sale, such as a book. Made me think, I would have to write a book. She may be walking on a sidewalk and come across in front of her someday, to ever reach her. Something I immediately felt not in my foreseeable grasp. "**He asks, would you do that?**" I said, "**I may, but don't know**". It was strange how he asked me when thinking, having to write a book to ever reach her. As if the words "**I may, but don't know**" just came out naturally, after not eating for seven days. The officer said, "**she is listening on the other side of the door**". Which made me think, now she really going to be scared. Not realizing what I was thinking when he ask me. I was just proclaiming my constitutional rights as a citizen. Thinking perhaps it's inescapable, by writing a book, I may only reach her.

Thinking today, if they mistakenly thought I would hold a sign on a public sidewalk in front of her

house someday, saying perhaps "I love you". Would this amount to as unlawful? I would submit no. Are the police now the big brother, going to stop free speech when it's related to love? I guess they were wondering where was I, in my mind. Why I came to the state trooper barracks. If it wasn't for the sergeant, not allowing me to speak to him briefly. If it wasn't for the woman state trooper excessively tightening the handcuffs, which stop my circulation of my blood. I wouldn't of been terrified, to afraid to ask for the sergeant in the barracks. If it wasn't for the state trooper driving his car passing the speed limit, towards the guard rail. I may of told the jailer my intentions.

They then switched me to a larger cell block with the prisoners. The man who was in pain earlier was an African American Moslem. We became friends. I shared with him Jesus in the bible. I wondered, if I should ask him if his injured teeth was due to the police, but decided not. Thinking it may of happen, not because of the police, and I shouldn't ask a leading question. He said, I reminded him of John Kennedy Junior. When he would ride his bike down to some motel or hotel, for some drugs. He thought I wore nice suits. I told him, I dress very casual and with sneakers most times. As time had gone by, the African American Moslem told me to obtain a petition for writ of Habeas corpus. So I be brought before the judge. He helped me to obtain paperwork.

Supreme Court: State of New York County of Putnam, John Nowak, Petitioner-against- The People of the State of New York, affirmed 17 day of July, 1990, Patrick J. Brophy Notary Public, Registration No. 4917421

Another day an inmate told me about alcoholics anonymous they had in jail. I became curious, I never been to one. I hadn't drank any alcoholic since I remembered being in my vehicle with the girl from the skating rinks in a parking lot. Thinking at the time I didn't want to drink alcohol anymore. I wanted to do my best by her. I decided to go to one to see what it was like and perhaps share with the them the gospel. While there I share with them the gospel. I could only share a little, sensing it already had set procedures. Today, I realized, if she may of heard from others I went to an alcoholic anonymous meeting in jail. Perhaps she would think mistakenly I had a problem with drinking at the time.

Another day in Jail, they took us the a larger center room in the building, but not having a roof. They allowed us to socialize and play basketball. They picked me and another inmate to choose teams by drawing fingers, previously selecting odds or evens, wins. It occurred so fast, I sense I should be very aware, which figure I stuck out. Afraid if I stuck my middle finger out alone, in jail, it may somehow be taken wrongly in jail. I became very aware and made a fist and left my thumb stuck out. The other inmate walked away losing, and said to the other inmates he thumbed me, he won. I worried some, thinking perhaps it may be also taken the wrong way.

Playing basketball, I stayed under the hoop getting the ball and passing it to others. One the inmates said, "he didn't know white men good jump" to me.

Soon after, I was in my cell, after I taken a shower in the main lobby. I was clothed, standing facing my bed and my cell door open. An African American man bent over, steered wild eyed through the cell bars at the foot on my bed at me. I sense he had bad thoughts on his mind. Standing, I stared at him sternly, tried to show in my facial expression and body language, not dare to enter my cell. I would stop at nothing, use all available means, to defend myself, to stop him, if he dared to enter. I learned how to defend myself from my childhood Irish friend, who lived on my street when younger.

My parents drove about 400 miles and ask to bail me out of jail; I told them I wasn't ready.

The day I went to see the judge, they shackled my hands and legs at the jail. A woman seemingly around my age, shackled me, whose appearances was lovely, fair complexion. I noticed her arms and hands, were very graceful. I sense her pleasantness, she handcuffed me in a proper manor. I felt some feelings for her, wondering why, is this happening. She reminded me of how King Solomon personified wisdom, where wisdom is in you, becomes for you, liken to a woman comforting you. I wondered why she is working in a jail, if she was married. I wondered if the girl I love, will I feel the same? They drove me with

other prisoners to a small town nearby, Carmel N.Y., to court. I heard the driver and guard laughing, someone said, one of the prisoners was going to court because he supposedly had sexual relations with a cow. I thought this wouldn't reflect to well on my case, with their mentality already impacted by such a situation. When I entered the small court room, I went to a room off to the side. I showed my lawyer a letter, I written in jail what had occurred concerning my arrest. From at the bridge, to when the police officer served the car toward the guardrail. He read it some, said some words and looked at me as if I was very strange. I was discourage, I tended to write most things that occurs that I can remember, even things that may seemingly not in my best interest. At times, I summarized. I left out my most inner thoughts that may be very important. Thinking people couldn't understand my thoughts, especially about God. They would only be more suspicious. I thought perhaps the lawyer was right. However, in the bible I remembered it said a Christian is a mediator. I should perhaps insist my lawyer to give the letter to the judge. My mother while in the side room said, she had briefly talked to her. My mom said she didn't say anything. My mom said she noticed her eyes were wide open. Made me remember, when she had once years ago looked at me, eyes wide open, as if shocked. A stare as if looking through me, seemingly confused. After I told her not to call her old boyfriend a jerk. I mention to my mom recently of this, and she didn't recall anything she said.

Standing before the judge in a small town court room, I began to visualized. As if I was standing outside the back of the court house building, beside, two feet from the left corner. The foundation walls were only present. Then visualized a ravine a distance away from the court house. Hundred feet above the bottom of the ravine, a building, and behind, above the building a hundred feet above, the top of the hill. I vaguely remember visualizing extending another rectangle shape section of the foundation of the court house, as if another half of the right side of court house, extending further into the back. About seventy feet deep, with slopes on the left side and the furthest backside. In the center of the plot a large lone tree, as if perhaps a hanging tree. It became very distracting, so I concentrated on what was happening in the court. My lawyer Edward M. Schaffer holding the letter, went up to the side of the judge. He bent over some and whispered something in the judges ear, but not giving the judge the letter. I was given a temporary restraining order by her, upsetting me within. Wondering was this all worth it. I glanced for a few seconds so not wanting to be perceived as anger, over my left shoulder at the girl from the skating rinks. Seeing her standing between other state troopers, side by side, as if a wall unto themselves. Seeing her face, liken to a blur. Her form in her straight uniform and gray cowboy hat, seemed mannish in appearance. Thinking perhaps she gain some weight or became slightly more muscular from booth camp, and overly tanned. Her deep tan, reminded me of a woman who lived behind my house, she tanned all the time deeply. I perceived supposedly it stole her beauty as the years of sun damage appeared. Besides other terrible things she done to herself, such as excessive drinking and smoking. Made me very upset the last time I seen the girl from the skating rinks was much more feminine, lovely, and beautiful to my eyes. I against hopelessness remembered the love story of King Solomon. The woman's beloved was late, her taskmasters forced her to work in the vine yard in the heat of day. Her skin scorched by the sun.

Song of Solomon 1:5 I am black, but comely, Oh ye daughters of Jerusalem, As the tents of Kedar, As the curtains of Solomon. 6 Look not upon me, because I am swarthy, Because the sun hath scorched me. My mother's sons were incensed against me; They made me keeper of the vineyards; [But] mine own vineyard have I not kept.

Thinking her work, perhaps they forced her to work out in the sun much. She already had seemingly slight browner skin. Worried, I couldn't have the passion I had for her. She may of change to much. Couldn't see her bright beautiful eyes, from only a glimpsed, grieved me the most. Discouraged me, besides she didn't offer a word. Wondered, if I should try to get the letter to the judge, but I was to discourage. Hopelessness was setting in deep again. To sadden what I saw from having only a slight glimpse, not seeing her clearly. I imagine myself if the letter did work. I was allowed, perhaps directed by the judge to speak to her in the side room. I imagine seeing her somewhat angry, fearful and perhaps having less passion for her, seeing her in the police uniform. She may of change to much. Imagine talking to her, that I lost the chance to talk

to her in a calm and relax atmosphere. My mind wouldn't be prepared. Her co-workers stole our chance, we would still part. I remembered the visual earlier in jail, about someday perhaps writing a book. My mind focus on the immediate people slightly behind, and to the left of me. Seeing the judge and people in front of me, and knowing my parents were to the right of me. Perceiving they were all against me, including my parents. They all thought I belong in jail, even my lawyer didn't seemingly believe in me. Thinking my real enemy was their spirits (mental dispositions, particular thinking, frame of mind) driven by principalities, mindsets, powers out in the world were the real enemies. These directing their minds. Knowing the bible spoke about principalities of the world.

Ephesians 6:10 Finally, be strong in the Lord, and in the strength of his might. 11 Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. 12 ***For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual (mental disposition, particular thinking, frame of mind) of wickedness in the heavenly.*** 13 Wherefore take up the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand. 14 Stand therefore, having girded your loins with truth, and having put on the breastplate of righteousness, 15 and having shod your feet with the preparation of the gospel of peace; 16 withal taking up the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil [one]. 17 And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit (mental disposition, particular thinking, frame of mind), which is the word of God: 18 with all prayer and supplication praying at all seasons in the Spirit, and watching thereunto in all perseverance and supplication for all the saints,

I thought about how everything came about, throughout the day. Starting with my emotions as if seeing the girl who shackled me, reminded me of wisdom personified, comforting me in jail. How wisdom isn't an actual person, but how wisdom is reveal by king Solomon, in a personification, showed attributes, when having wisdom. Their minds impacted by supposedly a prisoner had sexual relations with a cow. My lawyer not giving the letter, I written, to the judge. Receiving the restraining order. Seeing her face as a blur, because I didn't want to be perceived as anger. My mind wasn't prepared to talk to her in the side room of the court. Her co-workers stole the clam and relax atmosphere to talk things out. God may be telling me something. God was in control of everything, he allows their hearts to be harden. God was perhaps directing, preparing me to return to jail. Thinking there was more peace of mind there, then seeing the girl from the skating rinks, so much against me. Sensing the world has turned her against me, that they were all wrong. They all think I did wrong, belong in jail. I sense a strong determination to return to jail. So strong a feeling, it felt as anger. Going back to jail, I can only somehow prove them all wrong. I had to suffer again. I may be able only in jail, show they were wrong. That if I had to suffer for their injustice, let me think it's for what I done to my middle sister. After the judge said his words to me, I followed the other prisoners in somber reflection looking forward slightly downward, not saying a word. I hoped the strong determination, that felt like anger, wasn't wrong. Perhaps someday God's working. I followed the prisoner ahead of me, walking by her a foot or so. I couldn't bare looking up at her, fearing seeing her eyes angered at me. I didn't want to remember her by her angry eyes. I walked out the side door toward the back side of the building, into the police van. I returned to the jail. My parents went back to their summer place.

One of the guards from behind the door in jail, said, he saw her at a bar with her boyfriend. I wondered if he was playing with my mind. His words still grieved me. I stopped eating for another few days giving the food to the other prisoners. I hope God will see my love for her; I will suffer for her if true. Perhaps it may get back to her someday, if true. That she may stop drinking. I loved her no matter how she treated me. The prisoners allowed me to read the bible out loud to them all. I tried to explain they needed to believe, confess his name, repent and be baptized (water immersed) in Christ for their sins to be forgiven. Especially to the Muslim man.

Another day I stood at the back wall of the jail block. I wondered not persisting to my lawyer to give the letter to the judge, and to return to jail was it the right thing to do? Have I put myself in a terrible situation? I thought there is a greater good, to return to jail. I may of did it again, pushed her away, thinking

on God, there is a greater purpose. That I will suffer again, losing more of her youthful beauty through time. I felt a terrible sinking feeling within, even if perhaps in later years we were reunited, I lost her youthful beauty or I may have given up my last chance. I hoped against hopelessness and trusted in God, it was in God's hands. All things work together for good.

Romans 8:28 ***And we know that to them that love God all things work together for good, to them that are called according to [his] purpose.*** 29 For whom he foreknew, he also foreordained [to be] conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren: 30 and whom he foreordained, them he also called: and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified. 31 What then shall we say to these things? If God [is] for us, who [is] against us? 32 He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not also with him freely give us all things? 33 Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth; 34 who is he that condemneth? It is Christ Jesus that died, yea rather, that was raised from the dead, who is at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. 35 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? 36 Even as it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; We were accounted as sheep for the slaughter. 37 Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. 38 For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, 39 nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

I was encouraged they let me read the bible out loud in the cell block. I explained to them how to be saved. Thinking, my purpose in jail was not to force her to speak to me. That I had to leave the jail soon, to prove I was in jail for other reasons. My determination to remain in jail slowly drained from me. A few weeks went by, I called my parents and ask them to come get me. My parents arrived and bail me out of jail.

I went with them to their summer cottage. I and my parents soon had an argument about what happened. I ask my dad to take me to the shore. My dad took me by boat to the main land late at night. I started to walk along a country road. While walking I seen in the late night sky, a brilliant shimmering green lights very bright to the right of me. The northern lights looked spooky at first, but also they were very beautiful. I thought while walking I should perhaps return to where she is, perhaps walking 400 miles. However even if I did walk there, I had no way of seeing her. I would be in the same situation. After about ten miles walking, I called my dad from a phone on the side of the road at a little hamlet. He came and drove me back. After about a week, I came to the conclusion I needed my parents to know that this was serious, on the inside my heart was broken. A hollow feeling of intense pain. I needed them to be sensitive, considerate, caring, for a time for my heart to heal. I shaved the hair off my head and my eyebrows. One night I awoke and went outside and watch the sky filled of stars, where I saw a glimpse of a bright shooting star. Next day I heard on the radio, supposedly a meteor had hit near where I live, or been notice in the sky on Grand Island in the middle of the Niagara river. I also heard buffalo had broken a high temperature or perhaps tied.

I went back a few weeks later for the court appearance. While there, I thought perhaps I stop and do some fly fishing in the stream. I notice the trees looked much larger then where I live. It reminded me of the people in a way, that there were more prominent people around being closer to New York city. I then thought it's not the right time to do any fishing. I thought, I had a case to sue the troopers but who would believe me, have sympathy for me. Would be a difficult task. I figured I could have done it, if I was determined enough but thinking not wanting to put the girl I loved through such an ordeal. I thought there even is a chance I could sue them and win, perhaps even the girl at the skating rinks, would return to me. Not very likely, she still would have many perhaps misconceived thoughts about me. I thought God would not want me to do it this way, I had to continue to forgive them, if God was to forgive me in my past. I stopped at the jail and left some money for the Muslim man who befriended me. Allowed me to share the gospel with him. To take care of some of his needs in jail. At the court appearance, I agreed to the judge

they will drop everything and seal the records. If nothing else occurs between me and her, for the next few three months.

I can't remember for sure, if because I arrived for court a few days earlier, or it was after the court proceeding, I decided to drive to see New York city, being it was so close. I never been there before. When driving, I remember seeing the deep gorge down to the river, and how some buildings, one particular half way up the gorge side and buildings in the city, were overwhelming their presence. As if to mesmerize the people. As if to make them believers in man's creation. I became lost in the Bronx, notice the many people sleeping outside, on the steps of buildings, and a park. Then I notice a broad street looking slightly higher in the distance, with numerous people on both sides of the street and numerous people crossing at the intersections. I seen the hubcaps hanging on the fence, the triple parking and people cooking their food outside on the sidewalks. I was wearing a light colored tennis shirt, if my car broke down, I would look very out of place. I decided to drive back from where I came. While I was driving out of the city, I tried at times to stretch over my steering wheel to at least look at the city sky line, to see the Empire State Building. I seen it in the distance. I thought at least I seen the Empire State Building, made my day. Also seeing New York city affirmed further to me an imagination of sorts, I had wondered about. The world wasn't just where I lived, like a bubble of some sorts, over the land mass.

John Jerome Nowak

Thank you for your time and consideration

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