

Bridge Ten Face My Fears

A week later on 08-27-2005, I was driving late at night to visit my parents at their summer place. Half way there, I decided where I would turn north, instead to continue east and see if she was still working at the state trooper barracks. I had to go and face my fears, hopefully letting her know of the book, if she had any thoughts of concern. It would be the honorable thing to let her know and perhaps she would have something to say in its creation. At least I thought I had to offer, and let her know. It would be against the odds she would still be at the same state trooper barracks as she was 15 years ago. I arrived later in the morning, checked into a motel next to the ice cream stand. I could only sleep for two hours, almost the same circumstances, very tired. When there, some of the same feelings welled up when I was there last time. I stopped at the barracks two times and no one was there. I went to the town dinner, same as it looked 15 years ago, a 1950's trailer type. While sitting at the table, I ask two workers, a waitress and the man washing the floor, about the state troopers barracks. They left me with an impression, warning me to be very careful if I go there. Something I notice about the town that may of change, I seen on the main street, many seemingly Mexicans standing in the many doorways of the buildings waiting perhaps for work, or perhaps waiting for the train. I think the train may go through there.

Some hours later while at the motel after a brief nap, I decided to write a letter to either leave it there for her, or if someone came to the door to ask if they pass it on. I went across the street from the motel, to the Seven Stars Restaurant and had lunch and wrote the letter.

The letter I wrote:

Hello, my name is John Nowak, could you please pass this letter on to (person's name). She was a state trooper 15 years ago here. I last heard seven years ago, she had married, so her last name may of change and she may have moved.

(Person's name) if you receive this letter, hope you are doing well. The reason why I left this letter for you is I written a book. About my life and the many incidents we had together while growing up, combined with two other sections in the book.

I started out last night driving to my parent's summer place to visit them. On the way, I decided since my book is in the process of being finished, and hopefully soon published. I should at least try to contact you, to give you an opportunity to talk with me. Perhaps you would be concern, or would want to say something to me, in response to the book. Perhaps even add you own thoughts to the book, which I would very well consider.

Our section shows my most inner always sincere thoughts and actions toward you and God, related to the other sections having to do with my years of research, findings in the bible about when is a marriage in God's eyes and thoughts where our nation's direction should be guided.

Included in the book is a detailed description of my constitutional rights were violated at this barracks 15 years ago and another occasion when I was 18 years old, which was forgiven if not while they were occurring, then soon after. However the events and other events of my life are written in the book, to help reveal the larger picture of the type of person I am.

If you wish to have me read the book to you over the phone, wouldn't be a problem. I plan on driving to my parent's summer place visiting them and then will return home most likely Tuesday. If you're interested, some of my writings are displayed on my website. <http://www.christjustified.com>

The third time at the state trooper's barracks, I again rang the door bell. A young woman state trooper came to the door and opened it, she reminded me some of the girl at the skating rinks, she seemed Irish. I ask her if the girl by name still worked there or perhaps she may have had her last name change due to she perhaps married. She mention a girls name, but then she was quite sure she wasn't the girl. I

told her I wish she could pass a letter on to the girl that I was describing. I told her about the incident which happen 15 years ago. I explained to her about my constitutional rights were violated. The handcuffs were tighten excessively, she seemed to shrug it off. I sense she thought the things I had to say, were strange, especially being it was happen 15 years ago. I wondered myself too. She said to me, she also at times had tighten the handcuffs. When I heard her say this, I wondered, perhaps she had some reasonable explanation, giving her the benefit of the doubt, but feeling somewhat alarmed. I explained how my blood circulation was stopped, they were so tight and another event earlier in my life how my wrists bleed. She asks were both incidents state troopers? I said no, one was the local police. She still didn't seem phased. She asks if there was domestic violence 15 years ago between me and her. I said no, harassment, alleged. She said words to the effect, if it was domestic violence that's a whole other matter. I also told her to imagine being in a police car speeding up, while handcuffed in the front passenger seat of the car veering toward a guard rail. She didn't say anything to this.

I asked her again if she could pass along the letter. She refused, which I thought was understandable and acceptable of her not too. I asked if I could give it to the sergeant, that's when her demeanor was changed. She adamantly convinced me I didn't want to do that. As if she feared him or perhaps had a woman's sensitivity to matters of the heart. That's when I realized her as liken in the military service, where she couldn't seemingly say excessive handcuff tightening and speeding up, veering the car toward the guard rail was wrong to me. As if she supposedly couldn't stand on her feet, think freely. I ask if I could leave it in the mail box there, she urged it not to be done as if an order. I quickly agreed with her order. I then told myself I tried my best and left the area to drive to my parents place.

While driving the emotions once again welled up, I began to question everything in my ventures with the girl from the skating rinks. Thinking perhaps I just was wrong even ever trying to love her when I first notice her so young. I shouldn't have touched her, when she was so young. I perhaps should have just taken my chances, if she cared for me, it would be her coming to me at the beginning.

I drove over the bridge, seemingly the same bridge, that 15 years ago I returned to the other side and called her. I felt a bump on the back of my lower right ear. I noticed it for some months, not inflamed under the skin, just a slight small bump, a pimple I figured perhaps. While driving away from the bridge, the bump now felt inflamed, I squeezed it and it pop letting out some blood. Wondering, perhaps a sign of some kind. I thought I proven in some way I left the area in a honorable way, if it weren't for state troopers violated my constitutional rights and imprisoned me, I would of done the same, as I hope I would 15 years ago.

Then I thought the reaction of the state trooper woman at the barracks, was as if she was the girl from the skating rinks. In a way I seen the girl from the skating rinks, must have been like 15 years ago someone who supposedly couldn't stand on her feet, perhaps fearful of the sergeant. That through her police training they taught her to fear the sergeant, for he held her attention to the point of having to submit to his seemingly scorn anger toward me. When 15 years ago, he said I would be arrested if I came down there. I ask if we (me and him) could talk, he refuse to let me talk to him briefly (perhaps he just misunderstood, I meant me and him to talk), he said no, it is an emergency line. I had already said I agreed to go home, with the second phone call speaking to her and the money ran out. If he only gave me permission to talk very briefly with him, would have been enough instead he threaten me and hung up. He dashed my hope, even if it was a thread of hope of her calling me, to limp back home with honor at least. Where if she didn't call, I would have to accept it and wait perhaps for another bridge to her was granted to me by God. If it would be his will, as I had let go of her before, trusting in God. By threatening me and hanging up on me, he made me out to be a person in his mind, would force myself to see her. Which all the time seeing her I guard myself against so far as not showing up unexpectedly, even when she may of wanted me to show up.

He stole my hope away from me. He wouldn't even face me as a man, I couldn't respond to his threat. I was waiting for him to show himself. So I can say words to the effect, I intended to go home, no threats were necessary. Closing off dialog totally was uncalled for, allowing at least a brief response to him,

would be appropriate professional behavior. If you could please tell her to try to call me its very important.

All three, the sergeant who acted unprofessionally refusing me a brief response, the woman trooper who excessively tighten the handcuffs, and the African American who speed up his police car veering it toward the guard rail, all dishonor the badge they stood behind.

Some would say excessive tightening of handcuffs is no big deal. When I recently visited the fair, I spoke to two officers sitting at a table and ask them if it was ever brought up the issue? The younger officer replied in the negative. He said something to the effect of a few bad apples among the police and it seemed it was anger on their part. He said if the things were done to me to hire a good lawyer. I explained to him this was many years ago. I am only trying to suggest how to solve police brutality.

Why is it a big issue I perceive? The reason, excessive tightening of hand cuffs is one of easiest scenario of abuse that can be first taken. If then not snipped at the bud, where a slight misunderstanding of intentions, can quickly escalate to great bodily harm. If they done this to a just, passive man, not an aggressive person. Imagine the escalation of police brutality if a person struggles due to the pain of the excessive tightening of handcuffs, someone's son, someone's daughter, a love one, the senseless added cost, injury, deaths, community outrage, riots making people worst. What would of happen to me 21 years ago, if the police thought as they did mistakenly about my sisters. After they excessively tighten the handcuffs, if I showed some struggling due to the pain? They verbally threaten me much bodily harm, I may of never came back home. Then there is the discouragement to criminals, who if they see a police officer done this evil to them, why should a criminal stop their evil behavior? If the police can't control themselves under pressure? How then can criminals be persuaded, to stop evil behavior?

What perhaps can be salvage from these events? I would suggest all new recruits for all police in the country at their police training, to have them repeat three phrases each day, several times. Perhaps all current police, they will have some events set aside, to say the phrases.

1. I will not dishonor the badge I stand behind by excessively tightening handcuffs.
2. I will not dishonor the badge I stand behind by doing evil to do good.
3. If I cannot obey these tenants I will hand in my badge now.

As for the sergeant you stole from me my hope, my beloved, perhaps my future spiritual beautiful church, her beautiful hazel green eyes, her beautiful tiled roof, her beautiful frame work.

She couldn't perhaps challenge the sergeant. Perhaps she had to many reasons not to trust me, from me leaving her in the dark to many times in the past.

When I arrived at my parents other summer place, still not being able to sleep. I watch some of the news coverage of hurricane Katrina reaching landfall. The grief at night began overwhelming me. I went outside to take a walk, questioning everything I had ever done, that I have perhaps lost the years with her. How I pushed her away by my thoughts of God. It's now 21 years later. I wept bitterly staggering along the narrow road between the lakes on both sides of me, looking up in the very early morning dark sky. Asking why God? I walked on the little bridge over the canal locks hearing the water lapping in the darkness, dazed by it all, to the point of wanting to die. Then telling myself the grief will only last so long. I can overcome as I had before. I must allow my grief to come out in sorrow and tears. I focused in the deep dark sky, then on the very faint rays of light arriving from some distant point spreading out above. I wondered where the light may be coming from, it was much to early in the morning, around 1 to 2 am to be sun light, thinking perhaps it's the light of a distant city. Then thought perhaps a light from some thing just over the tree line, but it seemed the light was much to high up, and couldn't think of anything near by, that may cause the light. The stars glistening as if were looking down on me, through a slight haze as if tears. I prayed for the people of the gulf, God if there be some righteous people spare many more people.

The next day my parents were very caring, my mom consoling. I could tell her about some of the things that had happen, which 15 years ago was harder to speak to my mom.

Their were four hurricanes in Florida, and three of them said on TV, Lakes Wales was as if the direct bulls eye. It's where my parents winter home is. I go there for the winter. Made me wonder if the

hurricanes had anything to do with me. I remembered the story of Jonah being in the big fish, some versions say whale, for three days and three nights.

1 Now the word of the LORD came unto Jonah the son of Amittai, saying, 2 Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me. 3 But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the LORD, and went down to Joppa; and he found a ship going to Tarshish: so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish from the presence of the LORD.

4 But the LORD sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was like to be broken. 5 Then the mariners were afraid, and cried every man unto his god, and cast forth the wares that were in the ship into the sea, to lighten it of them. But Jonah was gone down into the sides of the ship; and he lay, and was fast asleep. 6 So the shipmaster came to him, and said unto him, What meanest thou, O sleeper? arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not. 7 And they said every one to his fellow, Come, and let us cast lots, that we may know for whose cause this evil is upon us. So they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah. 8 Then said they unto him, Tell us, we pray thee, for whose cause this evil is upon us; What is thine occupation? and whence comest thou? what is thy country? and of what people art thou? 9 And he said unto them, I am an Hebrew; and I fear the LORD, the God of heaven, which hath made the sea and the dry land. 10 Then were the men exceedingly afraid, and said unto him, Why hast thou done this? For the men knew that he fled from the presence of the LORD, because he had told them. 11 Then said they unto him, What shall we do unto thee, that the sea may be calm unto us? for the sea wrought, and was tempestuous. 12 And he said unto them, Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you: for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you. 13 Nevertheless the men rowed hard to bring it to the land; but they could not: for the sea wrought, and was tempestuous against them. 14 Wherefore they cried unto the LORD, and said, We beseech thee, O LORD, we beseech thee, let us not perish for this man's life, and lay not upon us innocent blood: for thou, O LORD, hast done as it pleased thee. 15 So they took up Jonah, and cast him forth into the sea: and the sea ceased from her raging. 16 Then the men feared the LORD exceedingly, and offered a sacrifice unto the LORD, and made vows. 17 Now the LORD had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights.

1 Then Jonah prayed unto the LORD his God out of the fish's belly, 2 And said, I cried by reason of mine affliction unto the LORD, and he heard me; out of the belly of hell cried I, and thou heardest my voice. 3 For thou hadst cast me into the deep, in the midst of the seas; and the floods compassed me about: all thy billows and thy waves passed over me. 4 Then I said, I am cast out of thy sight; yet I will look again toward thy holy temple. 5 The waters compassed me about, even to the soul: the depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head. 6 I went down to the bottoms of the mountains; the earth with her bars was about me for ever: yet hast thou brought up my life from corruption, O LORD my God. 7 When my soul fainted within me I remembered the LORD: and my prayer came in unto thee, into thine holy temple. 8 They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy. 9 But I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving; I will pay that that I have vowed. Salvation is of the LORD. 10 And the LORD spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land.

1 And the word of the LORD came unto Jonah the second time, saying, 2 Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee. 3 So Jonah arose, and went unto Nineveh, according to the word of the LORD. Now Nineveh was an exceeding great city of three days' journey. 4 And Jonah began to enter into the city a day's journey, and he cried, and said, Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown. 5 So the people of Nineveh believed God, and proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth, from the greatest of them even to the least of them. 6 For word came unto the king of Nineveh, and he arose from his throne, and he laid his robe from him, and covered him with sackcloth, and sat in ashes. 7 And he caused it to be proclaimed and published through Nineveh by the decree of the king and his nobles, saying, Let neither man nor

beast, herd nor flock, taste any thing: let them not feed, nor drink water: 8 But let man and beast be covered with sackcloth, and cry mightily unto God: yea, let them turn every one from his evil way, and from the violence that is in their hands. 9 Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger, that we perish not? 10 And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil, that he had said that he would do unto them; and he did it not.

1 But it displeased Jonah exceedingly, and he was very angry. 2 And he prayed unto the LORD, and said, I pray thee, O LORD, was not this my saying, when I was yet in my country? Therefore I fled before unto Tarshish: for I knew that thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest thee of the evil. 3 Therefore now, O LORD, take, I beseech thee, my life from me; for it is better for me to die than to live. 4 Then said the LORD, Doest thou well to be angry? 5 So Jonah went out of the city, and sat on the east side of the city, and there made him a booth, and sat under it in the shadow, till he might see what would become of the city. 6 And the LORD God prepared a gourd, and made it to come up over Jonah, that it might be a shadow over his head, to deliver him from his grief. So Jonah was exceeding glad of the gourd. 7 But God prepared a worm when the morning rose the next day, and it smote the gourd that it withered. 8 And it came to pass, when the sun did arise, that God prepared a vehement east wind; and the sun beat upon the head of Jonah, that he fainted, and wished in himself to die, and said, It is better for me to die than to live. 9 And God said to Jonah, Doest thou well to be angry for the gourd? And he said, I do well to be angry, even unto death. 10 Then said the LORD, Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not laboured, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night, and perished in a night: 11 And should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?

After every thing is said and done, my heart still hopes against hopelessness at times, she is not married in God's eyes. That perhaps our hearts are somehow spiritually (mental disposition) bound to one another. God had watched over and protected her that she survived somehow, somehow. That she needs answers why I seemingly pushed her away.

I heard seven years ago from her mom and a police officer, he seen a picture of her in a white wedding dress saying she is married and has children. Since the way the police had been treating me and her mom, it's just seems it's a possibility. If perhaps what I heard seven years ago wasn't the facts, even if so, would she still be unmarried and would she return to me? It's the finest of thread of hope. Almost no hope at all, the only hope I have is anything is possible to God. It's because of this why once again my heart feels seemingly it won't release itself from her.

If I could go back in time, she came into my bedroom, sat on my bed and looked at me, she seen tears in my eyes for her. I wish if I could have heard her thoughts, she may have wanted to say to me so long ago. I wish if I could have said to her please don't leave me, told her I loved her and needed her. I'm waiting for her, that she may help me wait if I'm somewhere in her heart.

I miss her. Recently remembered she wanted angel's breath in her hair on her wedding day. Thought I shouldn't mention about the angel's breath. It may have been a special memory she and her husband experienced on her wedding day, but immediately my cat, while I was laying on my bed, started to scratch the lower calf of my back leg. He never done that before, as if encouraging me to rise up from my bed and include it here in my book. I would guess he just wanted me to pour him some cat food or thinking perhaps I should rename him Garfy, short for Garfield. His name is puff, he was given to me by my sister. He was her cat for some years. One day she left him home alone, and returned to find blood in the kitchen sink. She said she was worried of the children, and offered him to me. He's a nice cat, I had left him home one winter with my oldest sister, and when I came back, one of his eyes became darken, where he couldn't see much out of it. It naturally healed. Then another time, I left him home for a long week end, and his other eye began to go dark. I sense I can't leave him alone anymore, or his eyes go dark. At times he would sleep on top of me, until I turned and he hop off.

It's been so long and in some ways it feels like it was just yesterday. Today it's as if I'm looking through a veil of time seeing her face dimly, her eyes still bright to me long ago.

The apostle Paul said, "God made the world and all things therein, he, being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is he served by men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he himself giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and he made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, having determined [their] appointed seasons, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he is not far from each one of us."

God's will brought us together, if it is his will for us to meet again it's been always in his hands.

As for Puff, April 17, 2007, a week ago puff had his spring time haircut. When he came back home, I was told he had seemingly ulcers and as if a rash, but more than a rash, behind his ears, on the back of his neck. The previous year, one was removed from the corner of his eye, by a pet eye veterinarian. Was suggested to do a further test, then the first, that may of came back as inconclusive. I figured if it was cancer, there wasn't much you can do. Also my financial resources were very limited, cutting back considerably on my grass cutting, from the previous year and in 2006, so I could put more time and energy into writing, remembering my past. I figured if he was a person, by all means one had to do anything and everything possible. It seam to progress, the following days, where some ulcers had bleed, then he wouldn't eat, became very tired staying in the warmest place of the house, lost weight. It was the early weekend, I realized I had to take him in to be sure it wasn't something else. Then realized I would have to wait until Monday for him to be seen. I tried Monday morning to have him seen by the veterinary, best they could do would be the next morning for an emergency call. I turned the heat up in the house so he wouldn't be cold. He came to me sitting in the living room, and I petted him. He came into my bedroom at night, and laid on top of me, he couldn't meow properly. Then notice he went in the bathroom. I felt for him, saying a prayer God may heal him, if it's his will, not my own. Sensing the floor was cold in the bathroom, I took him to the living room, to lay him on the sofa chair, beside the large foot stool. Tuesday morning, the veterinarian examined him, noticing it progress around the bottom of his neck, behind his legs. His diagnosis was as I suspected. Thinking I couldn't watch him die slowly at home, in pain. Also concern, due to the bleeding and some coughing, may be harmful. Thinking if he was a person, would received drugs to reduce the pain. Thinking if even they had drugs for him for the pain, it would be taking it to far. Thinking God has many animals die for food to feed people. Their deaths are accepted by God, blessing his creation, man. That man was given some dominion over animals. Being this is the case, it was up to me to decide when his time will end. It was a difficult decision, thinking it be best to put him to sleep. Holding him in my lap, the lady came into the room, for me to sign on the line. When I went to sign with my right hand, Puff left my left hand, and stood on my right leg. Wondering more if I was doing the right thing, if I failed him, not trying more. Thinking I thought it through the best I could, had to follow through with the decision, I signed. When his time came, I couldn't look at him in his eyes. Thinking perhaps him seeing the light blue smock of the veterinarian, would be ok for him to last see. I petted him the last time alive. I wondered if perhaps God may allow his spirit, to enter another cat in heaven. Doesn't say anything about animals, that I was immediately aware of in the bible. Whatever God wills for animals, I trust and accept God's decision in the matter. I miss him very much. I am very thankful God brought him into my life for some years. The house feels empty without him.

I remembered while driving with the girl from the skating rinks in the southern tier, in Evangola State Park near the lake, we drove through a nicer section, she put on some sun glasses, shaded gold. I

immediately thought about the song "Heart of Gold" by Niel Young. Thinking she may be giving me a sign, that she has some gold in her heart for me.

I tried to love her, what was afforded me from God's word and what my mind, heart, strength and soul could offer her. May God bless her. Even though it didn't turn out the way I had hoped, I'm thankful she was there in my early life which helped me through my sins to find God.

09-12-2005 I awoke this morning from having a dream, as if I had went to see her at the restaurant where she had worked long ago. I went inside and spoke to a woman, seemingly a co-worker, and ask about her. She smiled and seemed she wanted to say some words to me, what the girl from the skating rinks may have told her. However she seemed liked she held back herself. Then I thought perhaps she notified the police, and I would be soon arrested, but noting happened. I kept waiting, she just seemed like she wanted to say something, and then my dream ended.

Thinking through the day about it, maybe I did go to visit her after all, only many years later in a dream. Wish dreams count somehow. I guess my heart still hopes. Wish I could hold her in my arms again, even if for a moment.

John Jerome Nowak

Thank you for your time and consideration

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