

### **Bridge Three**

#### **Hidden Stairway to Heaven**

A year had gone by, since last seeing the girl from the skating rinks. In the spring of 1984, I was four-wheeling at night on some sand dunes with a friend. I drove in my used CJ7 Golden Eagle Jeep through some shallow water, what was then a lower part in the terrain adjacent along the road. Then making a U-turn up over some rail road tracks, onto the road and notice some girls we passed. About five were standing alone by an old free standing dark iron stairs about 10-12 ft high, stopped in mid air, along the rail road tracks adjacent to the road. We drove over to them, my friend ask if they like a ride. The girl nearest the vehicle, said they were waiting for their boyfriends, who left them there. I looked more carefully, and notice the girl in the background closest to the stairs, she was either sitting on them or standing nearest to them. She was the girl from the skating rinks. One of the girls was her older sister nearest the vehicle. I drove off fast, I was upset seeing her of all places there. I remember bringing her there once, along with another friend of mine, when previously seeing each other. We had walked out on the heaps of ice along the shore. On top of the ice, remembered her stumping with her heel on the ice. Seeing her that night and the dark stairs near her worried me, but also felt relieved. I may have another chance to call her later to be with her. As years went by, I wondered about those stairs leading up into the air, then stopped. Perhaps a dark stairway, leading to nothing or I hope perhaps a sort of hidden stairway to heaven, reminding me of the Led Zeppelin song. Also reading years later about a Jacob's ladder to heaven, in the bible.

Genesis 28:1 And Isaac called Jacob, and blessed him, and charged him, and said unto him, Thou shalt not take a wife of the daughters of Canaan. 2 Arise, go to Paddan-aram, to the house of Bethuel thy mother's father. And take thee a wife from thence of the daughters of Laban thy mother's brother. 3 And God Almighty bless thee, and make thee fruitful, and multiply thee, that thou mayest be a company of peoples. 4 And give thee the blessing of Abraham, to thee, and to thy seed with thee. That thou mayest inherit the land of thy sojournings, which God gave unto Abraham. 5 And Isaac sent away Jacob. And he went to Paddan-aram unto Laban, son of Bethuel the Syrian, the brother of Rebekah, Jacob's and Esau's mother. 6 Now Esau saw that Isaac had blessed Jacob and sent him away to Paddan-aram, to take him a wife from thence. And that as he blessed him he gave him a charge, saying, Thou shalt not take a wife of the daughters of Canaan. 7 And that Jacob obeyed his father and his mother, and was gone to Paddan-aram. 8 And Esau saw that the daughters of Canaan pleased not Isaac his father. 9 And Esau went unto Ishmael, and took, besides the wives that he had, Mahalath the daughter of Ishmael Abraham's son, the sister of Nebaioth, to be his wife. 10 And Jacob went out from Beer-sheba, and went toward Haran. 11 And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set. And he took one of the stones of the place, and put it under his head, and lay down in that place to sleep. 12 And he dreamed. And behold, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven. And behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it. 13 And, behold, Jehovah stood above it, and said, I am Jehovah, the God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac. The land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed. 14 And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south. And in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed. 15 And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee, whithersoever thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land. For I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of. 16 And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely Jehovah is in this place. And I knew it not. 17 And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven. 18 And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put under his head, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. 19 And he called the name of that place Beth-el. But the name of the city was Luz at the first. 20 And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, 21 so that I come again to my father's house in peace, and Jehovah will be my God, 22 then this stone, which I have set up for a pillar, shall be God's house. And of all that thou

shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee.

About Woodlawn beach, it was abandon, adjacent to the closed Bethlehem steel plant along the shoreline. The beach was rumored to be used by homosexuals in the summer. I always worried perhaps if she heard of this rumor; it may have given her some wrong thoughts about me. Especially when I confessed later to her about my past, not telling her it was my older brother when very young. I was told by much older people, that long ago there use to be dance hall at the beach and amusement rides, it was the place to be when a teenager. The old timers told me they use to catch sturgeon from the beach shore at night. The large sturgeon were so large, would pull whatever the fishing line was tied, into the lake. They said a bumper of a car and trees, but I remember thinking, sounded like old fish stories. Also many telling me, especially my grandmother, numerous blue pike were caught from small boats out on the water with lanterns. They used drop lines, filling the bottom of the boats. They said, the blue pike was the perfect size, best fish to eat. Blue pike they say are extinct now. Every once in a while there's a story of perhaps a blue pike being caught. Some say it's not a true blue pike, they are extinct.

My friend in the jeep with me, about ten years later, I was told, he got supposedly involved in some heavy drugs. His girlfriend that I heard he was seeing, I remembered as very beautiful, part American Indian. One night he supposedly had an argument with his girlfriend, and shot himself in the head in the basement. I remember him as always a friendly, very cheerful person, enjoyed fishing, the youngest of many older brothers. He wasn't interested in God as I became more interested.

A few weeks went by, I called her on the phone, we started seeing each other again. Early on she had hurt her knee, her leg was in a cast. She explained while with her girlfriends running through a field, she stepped in a hole. So for a time, I would help her enter the vehicle, we drove around. We listen to mostly the group, Journey, I liked very much. Reminded me of us being apart and then reuniting. We listen some to Fleetwood Mac. Driving through an intersection, towards the bridge, I had written our names on the foundation. I looked across to her and said "I want to be like you". Thinking I admired her carefree spontaneity and sense qualities of strength in her. She said to me, "you're intelligent". I was happy she gave me a compliment.

She invited me to her home, while she was doing some painting inside her mom's house. I picked up the paint brush and helped her paint the stashes of the window planes of the back door, or it might have been a window beside the door. The color was a slight light lime green or perhaps slight light blue. She showed me the other down stair rooms of the house. I thought was a very nice comfortable house in a rather new sub division. At the bottom of the stair case, I ask her if I can see her bedroom. I wanted to see how she designed her bedroom, a clue to perhaps if we became married how she may design, if she perhaps had anything about us in her room and to know more about her. She said she didn't want her mom upset. I agreed within, I didn't want her mom upset either. We sat on the couch. She said her legs were fat. I thought within they were perfect, so beautiful. I sense her close presence. I don't remember if I had said, how I thought about her legs. I remember always amazed seeing her in her faded blue jeans, sweat pants at times and when younger on the rope swing over the water. Her legs were like sculpted works of art, to me. She showed me her baby pictures of herself. Very soon, she seemed as if wanted me to go home, I went home.

This may be trivial, but perhaps it may have some significance, how she may of perceived me, later. I don't remember if it was the first time we were seeing each other or the second, but seems to me was the second time. We were driving and she mention to me that she liked John Mellencamp music, playing on the radio. Some time previous to this, I had watch some music videos. Some of John Mellencamp, they reminded me of her, being she was from a small town. Not the type of having a main street with old buildings, but a more modern, having more newer subdivisions. Even so it was called a town. I sense she had some small town values, as in the video. However, I sense John Mellencamp, reminded me some of her older boyfriend and my brother. That John Mellencamp wouldn't be with one girl for a life time. That he really wasn't the person, who was a role model for small town values. Particularly not being with one woman for a lifetime, a marriage according to God's eyes. Even so some of his songs I like

for their content, of small town life and values. I told her I didn't like John Mellencamp, without saying why. About not being a good role model. About the same time I had seen a particular music video of Rod Stewart. Thinking he was seducing a blond hair woman. I wondered why his music video seemed mesmerizing, was it his looks. I thought not. Was it his content in his music? I thought not. His songs were filled of womanizing which I thought was not good. Then I thought it was his voice. He had a smooth, above the ordinary, all around voice. If he was to sing some just romantic songs of real lifetime love, without the womanizing, he was gifted enough to sing them. I said to her, I like Rod Stewart as almost a instant reaction. More because I recently thought I didn't approve of John Mellencamp, thinking he wouldn't stay with one woman for a life time. Nor did I think Rod Stewart would either be with one woman for a lifetime. I didn't think much of each person as a role model. I mention Rod Stewart, because I notice his better, more all around singing ability. Where if Rod Stewart did sing some true love songs, about being with one woman for a lifetime, he would be gifted to perform. I was aware of some rumors of Rod Stewart having to do with homosexuality, which also made me worried, I didn't explain myself. Why I said, I liked him. However at this time, I couldn't explain my deeper thoughts about things, it was too difficult.

At some point seeing her again, a discussion about both concerts came up. The concert at the beach house, when I couldn't speak to her, due to the police officer. Then the concert when I kissed the blond hair girl, after we broke up. The first concert, she said she sang a song on the stage. I told her I really wanted to talk to her, but again not telling her what I wanted to say to her. When the second concert came up, she mention she had went to it. Immediately made me wonder if she saw me with the blond hair girl. I didn't say anything, it wasn't mention again.

Another day, I called if she like to go to a concert, she was hesitant. I encourage her, she decided yes. The concert was at a large NHL arena, Buffalo Memorial Auditorium. Neil Young and the Scorpions were playing. I enjoyed some of their love songs very much. Neil young for his songs, "Heart of Gold", and "Like a hurricane". I remember another song, may have been "sugar mountain", I played it while in the hull of the boat, when we were younger, when she came with us on vacation. She said to me, she liked it at the time. Once when younger, she was on the phone with my sister, I was playing a song of Bruce Springsteen, she commented she liked the song, through my sister on the phone. The Scorpions for their love ballad, "Still loving you". We left her house, sitting across from me in the jeep. I notice she looked very beautiful this night particularly. She had almost no make up on or perhaps more natural colors and a watermelon color tank muscle shirt. She looked very beautiful, wonderful. I could see more of her true natural beauty that I loved. There were some other things I notice about her, seeing her from the side. She seemed a little more endowed. Her face was slightly more flat then I perceived earlier. Her back had a very slight curve to it. Sensing she was maturing. Reminded me of my mom's back some. Made me worry, thinking we perhaps marry someone like our moms. She may be overly tough at times. Then a thought came to me, I wondered if we had never seen each other when younger, if we first met at this age. Would I of been so in love with her? I thought perhaps not. I figured my love was deeper seeing her grow, how I through the years I was so amazed, how beautiful God made her in my eyes. That it made me feel no matter how she developed, I had feelings, that made me feel complete, when by her. I figured these feelings would sustain me, that I loved her no matter how she developed.

She and I were both maturing, changing some, me cutting my hair shorter and shorter. I decided within I won't drink anymore, not that I drank much, but wanted to be my very best toward her. She was wearing less and less make up or perhaps more natural colors. She seemed a little warmer towards me. She had her hair cut very short. I thought she had very natural curly brown hair, but then looking at the picture of her on the rope swing, her hair don't look that curly. Even so, I imagine not easy to manage if long. She once told me she wished she had long straight hair. She was worried they cut it too short. I encourage her to cut it even shorter, thinking she was beautiful even with short hair. I also feared with longer hair, I guess other men wouldn't leave her alone. Years after, I regretted suggested to her to cut it shorter, even though she wasn't around anymore. In reading the bible, it said, long hair is a woman's glory. I wanted her to be all the woman she could be, would be so beautiful to my eyes. There was something

else that was beautiful to me, was her voice from the very beginning. How I found her simply talking, was always like the best sounding music to my ears. As if my ears wanted to hear her speaking, no matter. Which also made it hard at times talking to her. This is what bothers me the most to this day not hearing her voice.

At the arena we saw my brother with his girlfriend, made me worried. My girl went to the girl's room and recognized her older sister's voice in the stall and talked to her. She said to me, "strange for being such a large place, hearing her sister's voice". Made me little more worried she may go with her older sister, she didn't. We both sat down and smoke some marijuana. I notice an older man seemingly in his 30's sitting immediately in front of us. She noticed and gestured making me notice him again. During the concert my mind began to wander thinking about the older man. He was wearing a white T-shirt, was all alone slightly overweight. His movements showed he really enjoyed the music. The arena went darker and all the lights were at the stage. My mind wondered she may want me to notice him. If I didn't shape up, I will be just like him, all alone. I began to think perhaps I will become all alone, as he is later in life. She may leave me soon? I started to see my world the outside edges of my view were darkening even more then the dimming lights. Looking as through a tunnel at the stage. I was aware my brother was somewhere in the audience on the other side of my girlfriend, towards the direction of the stage. He distressed me even at a distance, thinking about his ways. I began to think what if I would hurt her, as my brother, my worst fear for a few seconds. It terrified me greatly. I made myself snapped out of it quick. I was upset, I allowed such thinking to enter my mind, even for a second. Thinking it had much to do with the marijuana being paranoid. Many times before had this effect of becoming deeply worried and realized it also had to do with my brother. He being around close by, made me think about his ways, very worried. How my mind worked, sometimes wandering, questioning, what if, searching for answers. If I wasn't careful at times, it would wander into things, I didn't want it too. I would stop myself thinking. I told myself I will stop smoking marijuana. This the last time I smoke marijuana. I hope she would follow my lead. When the band Scorpions played their love ballad "Still loving you" everyone in the audience lit their lighters in the dark. Remembered among the thousands of points of light, seeing her holding her Bic lighter lit. The flame above her, made me hoped there is true love between us. Recalled once we drove by a restaurant, called John's Faming Heart. In the same building behind it was the old roller skating rink, where I had skated when young. I looked at the sign, which had a large flame and heart. She also looked the same direction. I wondered how I felt about her for a long time. If she could sense my love for her?

We both made our confirmation in the Catholic Church together. She came to mine, and I went to hers. While at mine, in the rain, my godfather left without us. We walked to my old school behind the church, to ask for a ride. We walked down the sidewalk behind the large sycamore tree. I have this strong sense that I may of spontaneously kissed her there and hugged her, but I can't say for certain. Some time ago the school and very large sycamore tree was taken down for a parking lot. We received a ride from a woman classmate to my house and then drove the jeep to have dinner at the Big Apple restaurant, with my parents and relatives. It was the first time I seen her in a dress, she said it was her mom's dress. She looked very beautiful. The dress was on one side light blue and on the other side soft white. I like seeing her in a dress.

At her confirmation, I smelled marijuana in the bathroom. It seemed strange in a church. She mentioned some of the young members smoked it in the bathroom. After the ceremonies, she seemed caught up with some of the excitement with her friends in the church. Her mom seemed displeased that she wasn't giving me as much attention. When I first seen her mom, I thought my girl will still be lovely to my eyes when older. We went outside and walked in the parking lot, noticing an old 50's blue and white car, restored, drove in the parking lot. I told her I liked the car. She said she drove in one before with an older man. Making me somewhat worried. She said, she would like a black Trans am car. Made me worried some more. The girl I left at the eternal flame, her old boyfriend had a black Trans Am, supposedly paid for it, with the money, in losing his leg to a train. Made me wonder how I also could of lost my leg to a train.

After the confirmation, we drove to her home. We stopped at a store. She ask me to buy some

cigarettes for her. I didn't want too. I had especially a hard time pronouncing the name "Marlboro" because of the "r" letters. I hoped she would stop smoking. I had heard a few years before her dad had died of cancer. I feared I would lose her to cancer when she became older. I said to her, I will give you the money, but you have to buy the cigarettes. She looked at me with eyes slightly wide open, she seemed angered for a short moment. I began to drive her home, and started to feel guilty for trying to motivate her to stop smoking. I felt I had not much right if I couldn't overcome very hard challenges in my life, I attempted but failed. Thinking, I need to be a good example to her, this may be a good time to talk to her about my past sins. I been waiting for the right time. We just came from church, perhaps it will motivate her.

It was a very short distance to her house. I hurried preparing my mind what I may say to her. I turned down a street lined with houses on both sides. I pulled over on the right side of the street, across from some seemingly empty house lots on the opposite side. I worried someone may overhear us speaking, being my jeep had a tarp covering. Noticed a small tree had bare branches, on the center lawn of the house on her side. Thought it may buffer just a little sound if any, so as to have some privacy. Today remembered it was the about the spot when noticing how beautiful she is to me. Without the make up or more natural colors, when taking her to the concert. I thought she may become upset, angry with me, when I told her. She may want to leave the vehicle to be alone. I thought she only had to walk some down the street we were on, then would be her street. She could arrive safely home. I wouldn't have to worry for her safety. When I parked she immediately insisted she wanted to go home. Her body position seemed tensed pressed against her door. I was worried she may get angry and leave my vehicle before I said a word. Thought how can I bare trying to walk along her side, trying to talk with her, if she wanted to be alone? I couldn't do that I thought, respecting her wishes. So I tried to hurry myself to think. I was upset that I may lose again a chance of talking to her. I was trying to find the right time to talk to her, determined not to let it slip on by. As it had before when the policeman told me, we couldn't park. I tried to come up with something to say to her. Wondered, how was I to say my brother molested me. The thought of my brother, immediately made my mind wonder, what would my older brother do in such a situation? I immediately had a thought, of a man griped her blond hair, pulling her in a field. I stopped myself thinking, it horrified me. I became very worried, it had to do with my brother, however I made a mental stop in my mind from the concert experience to never allow even hint of anything to enter my mind. That even thoughts can be dangerous. My brother's girlfriends had blond hair. I would sense he was violent at times with them. I don't remember if an event of him being arrested had occurred yet. I had heard he was arrested for violence toward his girlfriend on a street I hanged around with my friends, that smoked pot everywhere. Which I had seen or visualized the house being it was so familiar an area to me. Being very upset when had thought about what my brother had done. I was in no shape to think how to talk to her about the past. I figured I better just drive her home. I lost the chance of talking to her again. Not realizing she may of also been anxious to receive some gifts at her home, from her mom.

While writing these events down, my brother's old girlfriend called me on the phone, now 2005. I haven't heard from her since a short time after my brother's death in 1987. She tells me how much she misses him, and says she bought a vault next to him in the cemetery. She asked me how my thoughts were about him. I told her I wasn't very close to him. She reminds me that my brother harmed her. She said supposedly to the point she couldn't bare children. As for the truthfulness to the degree he harmed her, I'm not the one to determine this, but found it interesting received the call after so many years. Especially, while writing these events down. I wonder at times my older brother had harmed me and the girl at the skating rinks. Where we didn't have children. Perhaps she still didn't have children, but I been told different.

While in her house she showed me a gift from her mother. A light blue cream color leather jacket. She had previous showed me some jackets at the store she wanted. When she also showed me some radio's. I think she was perhaps hinting to me, she wanted a radio. I worried, thinking I shouldn't get her one too soon, because of some of the song's lyrics, I felt weren't good. I thought perhaps later to buy her a radio. Her leather jacket made me think of the movie Grease. That some how she was trying to be like me, perhaps. She noticed my eyes looked very tired, worn out. She asked her mom if my eyes looked tired. Her

mom said they do. I was upset deeply and worried what had happen on the way to her house, we went outside. I immediately broke down in tears, held her in the driveway, overwhelmed by everything that had happened. She asks what was wrong. I couldn't speak to her why, it happened so fast. It was much too complicated to communicate it to her, without scaring her. The fear of ever hurting her, just made my mind want to go blank of my thoughts of the incident. Not able to remember everything, it was to overwhelming. If I tried telling her only a few parts, it would be misunderstood. I drove home unable to to stop the tears falling from my eyes, thinking I again failed to talk to her about my past and now it's even worst. This would be the last time I would see her face to face holding her in my arms. Except for one glimpse of her in later years, when she was 22 years old at court. She was 16 years old, I was 18 years old.

I called her on the phone and asked her to be my girlfriend, as in a steady girlfriend. I said, I loved her. She said I was infatuated with her. I said immediately, I wasn't. I thought and hoped she only meant that I was being hot and cold to her. One time I showed I loved her and another time I pushed her away, perhaps because of my thoughts of God. But perhaps, I worried she meant I had an overwhelming feeling for her, and she wasn't trilled about me enough to ever love me. Maybe even both thoughts she had of me. Thinking today could of been she was responding to the last incident, not buying her the cigarettes. She may from her perspective, thought I was angry at her afterwards when I pulled along the side of the road. She said, "I don't love you", "let's be friends". I said "please don't say that". I asked "am I attracted to you", she said "your attractive". I then asked "will you ever love me", she said "maybe someday".

I began to wonder perhaps there was no reason to tell her about my past sins. Due to she said, "I don't love you". On the other hand, she did say she wanted to be friends and someday she may love me. Perhaps it was definite she had no interest in me, or perhaps as friends it may be the best situation. I have someone to hear me out. Perhaps God is leading me down this path to tell her of my faults, sins, but perhaps just a short time. Fearing she may never find it in herself ever to love me. I told myself, I will have to take the chance, and see what happens.

I became grief stricken, when I looked up to people at their face, my eyes would began to water. I stayed in my bedroom. I began to read the small bible for the first time alone. Wondering if it had answers to my many questions from the years, and perhaps help me talk to her.

Reading the bible, it was at first a painful feeling in my conscious, to think I can understand scriptures. To go against what I been programmed as a catholic all my life. Hearing "you can't understand the bible" and "only the priest can understand the bible". Some verses I read in the bible.

Matthew 4:1 Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. 2 And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he afterward hungered. 3 And the tempter came and said unto him, If thou art the Son of God, command that these stones become bread. 4 ***But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.***

I focus very much, anger wasn't the path to follow.

***Matthew 5:21 Ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: 22 but I say unto you, that every one who is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; and whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of the hell of fire.***

That traditions can be very dangerous.

Mark 7:6 ***Well did Isaiah prophesy of you hypocrites, as it is written, This people honoreth me with their lips, But their heart is far from me. 7 But in vain do they worship me, Teaching [as their] doctrines the precepts of men. 8 Ye leave the commandment of God, and hold fast the tradition of men.***

Mark: 7:13 **making void the word of God by your tradition, which ye have delivered: and many such like things ye do.**

That Jesus spoke what his father ( God) told him to speak.

John 12:48 He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.<sup>49</sup> For I have not spoken of myself; but the Father which sent me, he gave me a commandment, what I should say, and what I should speak. <sup>50</sup> **And I know that his commandment is life everlasting: whatsoever I speak therefore, even as the Father said unto me, so I speak.**

As a catholic, I remembered being emotionally driven, reassured by the many mere appearances. By the mesmerizing structures, marble, statues, religious garb, vaulted ceilings. The small city I live in, has a basilica, large domed so called church. When I was younger attending the three catholic schools and their churches in our city, each church had the children and adults, kiss the statues feet. I began to sense by reading the bible, these practices I seen and many other practices of the catholic church were conjured up doctrines, traditions by man. As the Pharisees done that made void the word, commands of God. Many strive to promote tradition over the word, commands, will of God. Where Jesus' ministry, had bored the many attacks from religious leaders who taught traditions over the commands of God. It's as if Catholics their souls are barren of this primary principle of Jesus. Never once attending the three catholic so called churches and the three catholic schools for eight years total, was I ever shown where Jesus denounced traditions of men.

Matthew 15:10-20 **1:** Then came to Jesus scribes and Pharisees, which were of Jerusalem, saying, **2:** Why do thy disciples transgress the tradition of the elders? for they wash not their hands when they eat bread. **3:** But he answered and said unto them, Why do ye also transgress the commandment of God by your tradition? **4:** For God commanded, saying, Honour thy father and mother: and, He that curseth father or mother, let him die the death. **5:** But ye say, Whosoever shall say to his father or his mother, It is a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me; **6:** And honour not his father or his mother, he shall be free. Thus have ye made the commandment of God of none effect by your tradition. **7:** Ye hypocrites, well did Esaias prophesy of you, saying, **8:** This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me. **9:** But in vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. **10:** And he called the multitude, and said unto them, Hear, and understand: **11:** Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man. **12:** Then came his disciples, and said unto him, Knowest thou that the Pharisees were offended, after they heard this saying? **13:** But he answered and said, Every plant, which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up. **14:** Let them alone: they be blind leaders of the blind. And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch. **15:** Then answered Peter and said unto him, Declare unto us this parable. **16:** And Jesus said, Are ye also yet without understanding? **17:** Do not ye yet understand, that whatsoever entereth in at the mouth goeth into the belly, and is cast out into the draught? **18:** But those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart; and they defile the man. **19:** For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies: **20:** These are the things which defile a man: but to eat with unwashen hands defileth not a man.

I been going to the catholic church up until this time, one day I ask a priest at the OLV church, some questions. His answers weren't in harmony, from what I been reading in scriptures. With regard to also calling men father, as a spiritual father. Jesus commanded "And call no man your father on the earth: for one is your Father, [even] he who is in heaven".

Matthew 23: 1-12 1 Then spake Jesus to the multitudes and to his disciples, 2 saying, The scribes and the Pharisees sit on Moses seat: 3 all things therefore whatsoever they bid you, [these] do and observe: but do not ye after their works; for they say, and do not. 4 Yea, they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with their finger. 5 But all their works they do to be seen of men: for they make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders [of their garments], 6 and love the chief place at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues, 7 and the salutations in the marketplaces, and to be called of men, Rabbi (teacher). 8 But be not ye called Rabbi (teacher): for one is your teacher, and all ye are brethren. **9 And call no man your father on the earth: for one is your Father, [even] he who is in heaven.** 10 Neither be ye called masters: for one is your master, [even] the Christ. 11 But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant. 12 And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be humbled; and whosoever shall humble himself shall be exalted.

Matthew 12:22-37 22 Then was brought unto him one possessed with a demon, blind and dumb: and he healed him, insomuch that the dumb man spake and saw. 23 And all the multitudes were amazed, and said, Can this be the son of David? 24 But when the Pharisees heard it, they said, This man doth not cast out demons, but by Beelzebub the prince of the demons. 25 And knowing their thoughts he said unto them, Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand: 26 and if Satan casteth out Satan, he is divided against himself; how then shall his kingdom stand? 27 And if I by Beelzebub cast out demons, by whom do your sons cast them out? therefore shall they be your judges. 28 But if I by the Spirit of God cast out demons, then is the kingdom of God come upon you. 29 Or how can one enter into the house of the strong [man,] and spoil his goods, except he first bind the strong [man]? and then he will spoil his house. 30 He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth. 31 Therefore I say unto you, Every sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Spirit shall not be forgiven. 32 And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever shall speak against the Holy Spirit, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, nor in that which is to come. **33 Either make the tree good, and its fruit good; or make the tree corrupt, and its fruit corrupt: for the tree is known by its fruit.** 34 Ye offspring of vipers, how can ye, being evil, speak good things? for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. 35 The good man out of his good treasure bringeth forth good things: and the evil man out of his evil treasure bringeth forth evil things. 36 And I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. 37 For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.

I read the gospels, and proverbs, and psalms. Had found proverbs and the parables of Jesus, most interesting.

Proverbs 1:1 The proverbs of Solomon the son of David, king of Israel: 2 To know wisdom and instruction; To discern the words of understanding; 3 To receive instruction in wise dealing, In righteousness and justice and equity; 4 To give prudence to the simple, To the young man knowledge and discretion: 5 That the wise man may hear, and increase in learning; And that the man of understanding may attain unto sound counsels: 6 To understand a proverb, and a figure, The words of the wise, and their dark saying. 7 The fear of the LORD is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and instruction.

Proverbs 1:20 Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets: 21 She crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates: in the city she uttereth her words, saying, 22 How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorers delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? 23 Turn you at my reproof: behold, I will pour out my spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you.

Proverb 2:10 When wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul; 11 Discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee: 12 To deliver thee from the way of the evil man, from the man that speaketh forward things,

Proverbs 3:13 Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. 14 For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. 15 She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. 16 Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour. 17 Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. 18 She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her.

King Solomon in proverbs personified wisdom as a woman. When wisdom is within, manifested attributes of comfort. Giving me the will and spirit (mental disposition) to realize the search for wisdom and understanding of God in the bible, was noble and attainable.

I prayed for the wisdom of King Solomon's proverbs. The proverbs spoke as to a young man, things to beware, especially the adulterous woman. Prayed for the wisdom of Jesus. I saw King Solomon's wisdom as a stepping stone to Jesus' wisdom, very beneficial. Giving me a spirit (mental disposition) that the bible could be understood, if by the blessing of God. I hope God will supply me with the endurance, perseverance, to search the dark sayings of the bible for answers, truth. Hopefully reprogram my mind. I read Jesus' parables and teachings one by one, each reading ten or so times, very slowly, meditating, trying to discern the smallest principles they offered.

Matthew 6:25 Therefore I say unto you, be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than the food, and the body than the raiment? 26 Behold the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not ye of much more value then they? 27 And which of you by being anxious can add one cubit unto the measure of his life? 28 And why are ye anxious concerning raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: 29 yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. 30 But if God doth so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, [shall he] not much more [clothe] you, O ye of little faith (persuasion)? 31 Be not therefore anxious, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? 32 For after all these things do the Gentiles seek; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. 33 **But seek ye first his kingdom, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.** 34 Be not therefore anxious for the morrow: for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

I began to sense in reading the bible, I was on a path. Where it may become the most hardest path to begin, because of my earlier programming from the catholic church. I had to force myself to especially begin and persevere. I had to force my mind to reevaluate my observations and assumptions in my life and the indoctrination from the catholic church. Placing the doctrines all on the back burner, and begin installing the master program of Jesus' teachings. Then slowly test, reevaluate, every doctrine on the back burning, if it be allowed back in or trashed. It would take some time to accomplish. I visualized myself as if standing by the large sycamore tree next to the school, feeling a painful burning sensation in my mind. Facing a visual within of Catholic priest and their many traditions, doctrines. In the following months I prayed and fasted off and on, lost about forty pounds. Some verses I read.

Matthew 7:21 **Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven.** 22 *Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, did we not prophesy by thy name, and by thy name cast out demons, and by*

thy name do many mighty works? 23 And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity. 24 **Every one therefore that heareth these words of mine, and doeth them, shall be likened unto a wise man, who built his house upon the rock:** 25 and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon the rock. 26 And every one that heareth these words of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, who built his house upon the sand: 27 and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and smote upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall thereof. 28 And it came to pass, when Jesus had finished these words, the multitudes were astonished at his teaching: 29 for he taught them as [one] having authority, and not as their scribes.

Matthew 10:34 **Think not that I came to send peace on the earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. 35 For I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter in law against her mother in law: 36 and a man's foes [shall be] they of his own household. 37 He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.**

Matthew 11:25 At that season Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou didst hide these things from the wise and understanding, and didst reveal them unto babes: 26 yea, Father, for so it was well-pleasing in thy sight. 27 **All things have been delivered unto me of my Father: and no one knoweth the Son, save the Father; neither doth any know the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son willeth to reveal [him.]** 28 **Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. 29 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. 30 For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.**

Matthew 13:44 The kingdom of heaven is like unto a treasure hidden in the field; which a man found, and hid; and in his joy he goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field. 45 Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a merchant seeking goodly pearls: 46 and having found one pearl of great price, he went and sold all that he had, and bought it. 47 Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a net, that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind: 48 which, when it was filled, they drew up on the beach; and they sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but the bad they cast away. 49 So shall it be in the end of the world: the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the righteous, 50 and shall cast them into the furnace of fire: there shall be the weeping and the gnashing of teeth. 51 Have ye understood all these things? They say unto him, Yea. 52 And he said unto them, **Therefore every scribe who hath been made a disciple to the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, who bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old.**

Matthew 16:24 Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. 25 **For whosoever would save his life shall lose it: and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it. 26 For what shall a man be profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and forfeit his life? or what shall a man give in exchange for his life?**

Matthew 18:3 and said, **Verily I say unto you, Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven. 4 Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. 5 And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me:**

Matthew 22:34 But the Pharisees, when they heard that he had put the Sadducees to silence, gathered themselves together. 35 And one of them, a lawyer, asked him a question, trying him: 36 Teacher, which is the great commandment in the law? 37 And he said unto him, **Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. 38 This is the**

**great and first commandment. 39 And a second like [unto it] is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.** 40 On these two commandments the whole law hangeth, and the prophets.

Mark: 4:3 Hearken: Behold, the sower went forth to sow: 4 and it came to pass, as he sowed, some [seed] fell by the way side, and the birds came and devoured it. 5 And other fell on the rocky [ground], where it had not much earth; and straightway it sprang up, because it had no deepness of earth: 6 and when the sun was risen, it was scorched; and because it had no root, it withered away. 7 And other fell among the thorns, and the thorns grew up, and choked it, and it yielded no fruit. 8 And others fell into the good ground, and yielded fruit, growing up and increasing; and brought forth, thirtyfold, and sixtyfold, and a hundredfold. 9 And he said, Who hath ears to hear, let him hear. 10 And when he was alone, they that were about him with the twelve asked of him the parables. 11 And he said unto them, Unto you is given the mystery of the kingdom of God: but unto them that are without, all things are done in parables: 12 that seeing they may see, and not perceive; and hearing they may hear, and not understand; lest haply they should turn again, and it should be forgiven them. 13 And he saith unto them, Know ye not this parable? and how shall ye know all the parables? 14 The sower soweth the word. 15 And these are they by the way side, where the word is sown; and when they have heard, straightway cometh Satan, and taketh away the word which hath been sown in them. 16 And these in like manner are they that are sown upon the rocky [places], who, when they have heard the word, straightway receive it with joy; 17 and they have no root in themselves, but endure for a while; then, when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, straightway they stumble. 18 And others are they that are sown among the thorns; these are they that have heard the word, 19 and the cares of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful. 20 **And those are they that were sown upon the good ground; such as hear the word, and accept it, and bear fruit, thirtyfold, and sixtyfold, and a hundredfold.**

Mark 10:23 And Jesus looked round about, and saith unto his disciples, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God! 24 And the disciples were amazed at his words. But Jesus answereth again, and saith unto them, Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God! 25 It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. 26 And they were astonished exceedingly, saying unto him, **Then who can be saved? 27 Jesus looking upon them saith, With men it is impossible, but not with God: for all things are possible with God.**

This became my favorite verse.

1Corinthians 13:4 **Love suffereth long, [and] is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, 5 doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; 6 rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; 7 beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. 8 Love never faileth**

I went down stairs, entered the bathroom for privacy, thinking the phone would be best to tell her of my past. I tried other times to talk to her face to face and always something got in the way. I had to finally tell her. I prayed some, ask as I usually God for the right words to say to her, then called her, she answered. I told her I need to tell you things so we can relate to one another. I told her, I felt embarrass about my speech impediment, how I wanted to say words that I couldn't pronounce, where instead I had to use another word. Sometimes the words didn't have the same clear meaning. How when I was very young, my mom had ask me what I was doing, I was honest about the matches. That I try to be very honest to myself and others. But the part about the honestly, perhaps I wrote it in a letter at a later time.

I asked her not to tell anyone one what I'm going to say. She said "I wouldn't". I confessed, not blaming others but myself within, what I had done. Without naming my brother and my age when it occurred. I didn't say my older brother molested me, as I had tried to tell her two other occasions, I could only say what I had done, in detail. As if trying to follow what I read in the bible, had change things what I

could say to her. I said, it somewhat crudely, and used the word guy, instead of my brother. I sense so much shame, I couldn't bear to try to excuse myself. Especially afraid if I tried to excuse myself, I would lessen Godly sorrow within me. I figured I needed Godly sorrow, to somehow empower me to continue reaching out to God. I wanted her to know the depths of perversion I was, crying to her. Sensing, as if I could gage the sin, by her reaction. I thought, I never wanted to have to tell her these things again. Once I started to tell her, my mind had this feeling of a barrier, thinking she can't relate. If I don't tell her it was my brother and my age. But my mind wouldn't allow me to say one word of information, which would somehow excuse my actions even a little. That perhaps this is just the way God wants it to be for now. I told her in detail what I done to my sister because I thought within especially I was older and I should of protected her, but didn't. I told her anything else I could think of at the time. I was afraid if I told her any information that may excuse somehow my behavior; if she had sympathy for me we may be reunited. Wondered perhaps she would never reunite with me, even if she had the information. I feared us reuniting, may keep me from searching and finding God's answers for me and eventually for her. I won't be challenge enough to climb out of my own sin, so they will be forgiven. From reading the principles in Jesus teachings; I needed them to overcome sin in me. I sense I had to question every indoctrination of the catholic church. Sensing if infant baptism truly forgave, then my family and the many other catholic families I knew, would have had godly, sin free people, or at least much less sins. Instead they had many, many sins. They looked down on reading the bible, it was a closed book to them. I had to test, evaluate everything was taught by the catholic church. To see if it's conjured up doctrines of men or according to the word of God. I tried to believe she loved me as if I went on a journey to find the answers; she would at least try to hold on. Thinking the only thing I could salvage was to perhaps motivate her. It may show her what can happen if one doesn't change, one doesn't challenge him or herself to change. She said I was sick, I said, I know I'm sick. Making me think of Christ words.

Mark 2:13-17 13 And he went forth again by the sea side; and all the multitude resorted unto him, and he taught them. 14 And as he passed by, he saw Levi the [son] of Alphaeus sitting at the place of toll, and he saith unto him, Follow me. And he arose and followed him. 15 And it came to pass, that he was sitting at meat in his house, and many publicans and sinners sat down with Jesus and his disciples: for there were many, and they followed him. 16 And the scribes of the Pharisees, when they saw that he was eating with the sinners and publicans, said unto his disciples, [How is it] that he eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners? 17 And when Jesus heard it, he saith unto them, ***They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners.***

She cried with me. I ask her to forgive me. She said, "I forgave you". We ended the call. I became even more sadden, a numbing sinking feeling, she will not want to be around me.

I questioned myself, if I was prolonging things with her, to afraid of absolute rejection. Asking myself am I being truly honest to myself, to the situation and to her. My answer, this was the absolute best way of finding God. I wondered about the time when in my early childhood, my friend picked on me during the whole game and after, was my tolerance for humiliation and emotional pain at times, to great? Am I too weak to reach out to her in someway, or is it a strength? I then worried about the sin I done to my sister, that perhaps I lost some of the passion to be with girl from the skating rinks, to desire and need her. To humble myself no matter, to tell her what she means to me when younger, how much I loved her. I wondered if I sinned so badly, that there was really no hope for us. No matter how much I shed tears, she would never have the same feelings for me. Reminding me of Jacob and Essa in the bible. Esa sold his birth right to his brother for a simple meal. Afterwards no amount of crying could return his birthright. Thinking, wondered if she even had feelings for me, previous to confessing to her. Was it fair to even tell her these things. Thinking if she truly don't love me and never will, perhaps I shouldn't of told her these things. Thinking there was perhaps no hope for me. I said to myself, I had to continue moving forward. I

had to search on my own for him. Challenging me with the slight hope the girl I love would perhaps be waiting for me, at the end of the journey.

Perhaps, if I told her this, she may of understood some, and perhaps return to me. Even though at the time of my conversation with her, I only vaguely remember a crucial part about my brother in my bed. Still today, the thoughts were very troubling, worried if I blame my older brother to much, I may not hold myself accountable. When I was about three to four years old, I seen my older brother and others playing doctor with my oldest sister in the back yard, under a large cruiser (Chris craft steel haul boat), my dad had in the back yard, restoring. At the top of the street, there was an above ground pool behind the black block wall separating the two houses. When about three to four years old. I was playing on the center of the deck near it's edge without a life jacket, by the water. A woman sunbathing on a lounge chair in the corner of the deck. Directly in line with me and a girl in the water, in distress near the edge in the pool. The woman in the lounge chair, may have been her mom, jumped up and hurried. In the process of getting to the girl, she ran and bumped me hard with her legs, knocking me head first in the water. It happened so fast and a long time ago, best I could recall, I was at the bottom of the pool in an instant. I notice through the years, that my body doesn't float in the water like some of the other neighbor hood children. Figured I had more muscle, I sink like a rock. I figured almost in an instant, I was on my own on the bottom of the pool. Not knowing how to swim, I wasn't going to come to her attention while attending the girl in distress. I quickly reoriented my body and pushed off the bottom of the pool toward the edge. Flaied my arms to reach the deck. I was able to take hold of the deck, holding myself out of the water.

Another time, I was in our shower, my best guess somewhere around five to six years old, I got soap in my eyes, stung my eyes. My eyes closed, I stuck my face partially outside the shower door. My brother and my cousin a little older then my older brother were waiting to use the shower. I asked them for a towel to hurry, while my eyes had soap in them. The cousin from my mom's side of the family, stuck which I thought was a towel in my face, saying here. With my eyes closed, I thought was a towel, I grabbed to wipe my eyes. Hurrying to wipe my eyes, feeling on my face and in my hands it didn't feel right. Then looking with soap in my eyes, it wasn't a towel, I recoiled back into the shower. The cousin laughed, my older brother didn't say anything. Thinking back, if I had to guess, this in some way took away more of my innocents, more of my inner protective caution. I sense today perhaps the incident with the shower may of put bad pictures in my older brother's mind. I mention this incident to one of my cousin's who was the same age as my brother. He recalled when visited not being separated while waiting to take a shower, he was concern. Today, I wonder if my mom was more attentive, protective, she may of made certain we were separated. It may of saved our family a lot of heartache.

Then another day I seen behind a neighbor's above ground pool, my older brother and his neighbor hood friend doing something of a sexual nature. They weren't supposed to be doing with my toy poodle dog. I wondered why they were doing it, must be for a reason, they must enjoy it. The same type of dog, a toy poodle, at the time when seeing the girl at the skating rinks had. Happen to have the same name "cocoa". Which I thought was so peculiar the similarity of same type of dog and name. Sometime later when I was between 4 to 6 years old, I recall my brother was in my bed for a few moments. Remembered slightly picturing him for a brief moment without any cloths on, doing something to me or himself. Both of us wrapped in a blanket. My older sister's girlfriend, my Italian's friend older sister, came to the door of the room and seemed to notice the situation. Which in my mind, I couldn't recall what exactly occurred, and how it was the start of my further curiosity. Soon after, on one side of the bunk beds, I recall there was a window (before the upper rooms were change). At night I would hold myself up on the window sill, to watch the orange-red glow, from the hot molten steel being poured at the steel mill, light up the night sky or watch the snow storms. Sitting on the window sill, I wondered if I should reach out to my brother a few feet beside me. Thinking, I was already touch inappropriately, by my cousin and my older brother. A sense came over me, feeling degraded. As if my will power was stolen from me. Wondered why my brother his friends and others kept, trying to touch me. The temptation was to much, I reached out to my brother.

There were about five occasions in total from the first time when he was in my bed, that I

remember, up until 11 years old. The third occurrence my brother molested me, which I done the same to my middle sister. The last occurrence 11 years old, my brother 16 years old (about two years since the previous occurrence). The year, I best guess was 1977, I remember the winter as very cold and a blizzard. The day of the blizzard, I was in the back hallway with my mom one afternoon. She was at her desk table doing office work. I observed the sky looked very dark, and soon, there was a great wind, and snow. I ran to through the kitchen to the front of the house, wanted to see the snow envelope the sky from the front window. The snow and wind beat me, disappointing me some. The blizzard had 80 mph winds for three days, drifts of snow 20 feet high, sub zero temperatures, stranding many people. During the storm I put my winter clothes on, and went outside, across the street. At times I would play on the piles of snow from parking lot of the old gas station. I laid down in the snow and remained still, looking up at the sky listening to the blowing wind and watching the heavy snow. A police car came by, and an officer came up to me and ask "are you OK"? I said "I'm OK". He said someone from the apartments across the street, notice me and was concern calling the police. In the summer me and my older brother were left alone at my parents cottage, for the afternoon. Then me and my brother were alone, in the back small pine porch room, before the rooms were change, on the couch. Thinking about what was occurring. I told myself "***I can't allow this to happen, I will be 12 soon, I can no longer allow things that happen to me without doing my very best to change them. I will commit to this change, fearing, I may never change if I didn't at this critical age. I can no longer excuse myself someway or somehow***" I pulled away from my brother. Remembered, when I was much younger his friend who I saw behind the pool with my dog, I sensed for a short moment, may of tried to molest me up in a tree house. I wouldn't let him. I immediately pulled away.

I remember, worrying how to be truly honest? How to say I fell in love with her, the third time I seen her, not the first time seeing her. How to communicate it to her. Then thinking I wasn't very sure I fell in love her the third time, may have been the second time seeing her, being I only vaguely remembered perhaps looking back at her, after the first time seeing her. As if I couldn't say simply, I fell in love with her, even the second or third time seeing her. My conscious would hurt me to much, not being honest, sure enough. So I couldn't say it to her, besides the others reasons. I couldn't say anything, that would perhaps bring us together, at this time. Thinking my emotional state, was exhausted. That everything was so complex my thoughts, frustrating me. I could barely remember them for myself, then to imagine I could speak them to her. I felt so low in her eyes, besides urgently needed to search for God. Then sensing, she being programmed Catholic, I didn't think she would have it in her. For her to understand my search leading me away from the Catholic Church. I sense her feelings, were programmed to be like other Catholic woman. If she sense I was trying to lead us spiritually and especially from the bible. She would resist it strongly. I seen how my mom operated with my dad. My search would suffer trying to attend to her many fears, I had so many fears myself. I sense, I couldn't trust her for my spiritual direction, as my dad had trusted my mom. I was fearful of the Catholic programming in her, she would have as much of a painful feeling in her conscious, as I had. Without reading scriptures she couldn't over come them. She would sense the feelings were telling her it wasn't love between us, confusing her. I kept worrying, she didn't have feelings for me, didn't truly love me, but then thinking it's due to the confusion. Deep inside her she loved me, I hoped. This was my hope she loved me. I had to be the spiritual leader and find the answers for me and eventually hopefully for her. Some verses I read at the time.

Matthew 7:12-14 12 All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them: for this is the law and the prophets. 13 ***Enter ye in by the narrow gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many are they that enter in thereby. 14 For narrow is the gate, and straitened the way, that leadeth unto life, and few are they that find it.***

Matthew 19:23-30 23 And Jesus said unto his disciples, ***Verily I say unto you, It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven. 24 And again I say unto you, It is easier for a***

**camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. 25** And when the disciples heard it, they were astonished exceedingly, saying, Who then can be saved? 26 And Jesus looking upon [them] said to them, **With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible.**

Luke 9:57-62 57 And as they went on the way, a certain man said unto him, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest. 58 And Jesus said unto him, The foxes have holes, and the birds of the heaven [have] nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head. 59 And he said unto another, Follow me. But he said, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father. 60 But he said unto him, Leave the dead to bury their own dead; but go thou and publish abroad the kingdom of God. 61 And another also said, I will follow thee, Lord; but first suffer me to bid farewell to them that are at my house. 62 **But Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.**

Luke 13:23-30 And one said unto him, Lord, are they few that are saved? And he said unto them, **24 Strive to enter in by the narrow door: for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able.** 25 When once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, open to us; and he shall answer and say to you, I know you not whence ye are; 26 then shall ye begin to say, We did eat and drink in thy presence, and thou didst teach in our streets; 27 and he shall say, I tell you, I know not whence ye are; depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity. 28 There shall be the weeping and the gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and yourselves cast forth without. 29 And they shall come from the east and west, and from the north and south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God. 30 And behold, there are last who shall be first, and there are first who shall be last.

I sense the incident at the bottom of the pool, had decided which way to push off. Having the same sensation, with reading scriptures warning it may be my only chance. I had only one chance to push off the bottom in the right direction, had to be toward God. If I pushed off to her, I may drown in the middle of the pool, never finding God. If I had to choose between God or her, I had to choose God, not only for my sake, but also hers. To love her as I would want to be loved. I hope as if from beneath her, confessing my sin may push her toward the side of the pool. She could hold herself out of the water. If God was out there somewhere, perhaps I had what was needed to find him. I didn't have much time to consider when speaking to her, as if the door opened and then closed. I had to follow through, once I committed myself and pray God would watch over her, take care of her.

Another call, I was beginning to worry perhaps one of her family members could overhear on another phone, if not already. Remembering my mom had listened over another phone in the house, when about seven years old. After the incident in the middle of the field, with the teenager and older person exposing himself. Sometime later the teenager called my house, having to do with some money, that I stole from my mom's purse. Receiving the phone call downstairs, my mom answered. She put her hand over the microphone of the phone and told me to go upstairs and answer the phone. Sensing she found me out. I went upstairs and answered the phone. He started to ask if I had the money, I tried to say a lesser amount. Thinking she now has me caught red handed. I still tried to make it sound on my side, something close but not exactly. To warn him by the confusing answers I gave. My attempts failed. He said, he was going to be at my house in short time. I watch from my window in my bedroom, knowing my mom was at the door, she could hear me if I called out to him warning him. Back on the phone with the girl of my heart, from so much thinking, reading the bible, praying for us, fasting, grief stricken and hopelessness of us two being united, my mind began to just want to speak phrases almost spontaneous. That it be like her some. Thinking perhaps it's the only way I can release some of the thoughts of my mind. My mind was so overwhelmed saying anything in a very condensed way that was spontaneous. Not able to explain the very complex thoughts that I thought. It felt like a barrier was in my mind of hopelessness that I could not go pass. I let

my mind freely say what ever it could say, trusting in God. I hoped against hopelessness she could make sense of it some how, or perhaps in time. I said to her "I had thoughts of hurting her", trying to explain slightly of the incident at the stadium, "she needed to change", and "I lied when I kiss her".

When I said to her, I had thoughts of hurting her. I didn't think intentionally to hurt her ever. However there was a fear of being like my brother. I always tried to make the best effort of finding ways of being loving, patient. At the concert, I was searching for answers to always do the right thing toward her, allowing my mind to freely think. Thinking she may have wanted me to think, she would leave me for a long time if I didn't shape up. I let my mind wander, wondered where it would lead. Sensing my brother was so near, imagining a visual of him on the other side of her in the audience. My mind focus for a few seconds, wondering what if, to see where it may lead. Only the sense of hurting her, pained my spirit (mental disposition) deeply. As soon as I realized where my mind was leading, I stopped it instantly. Erased it from my mind. I was very upset that it happened. I thought the most horrible thing I would ever do was to hurt her. Even wrong for my mind to ever have imagined for a few seconds. It felt like a sin to me, I had to confess it too her. If I could of only express the spirit (mental disposition, particular thinking, frame of mind) in me, why I confessed it to her.

I said the dreaded word to her, she needed to change. She said "I don't want to change". She said it so strong, I dared not to say it again. I thought only once was enough, if she decides to change it's because she wants to, not because I would demand her to change. I sense the world was telling everyone not to ask people to change, that it was the complete opposite of what the bible says to repent, another word for turning, change. I was searching for change in the bible. My mind thought, her mind was very confused from the beginning of observing my behavior when growing up. That she had to reevaluate, that she may done things, thinking I didn't love her. I truly loved her, but I was in fear of so many things. To protect her from myself taking advantage of her. I was so in love with her. Thinking she couldn't figure out half of it, relate fully, due I didn't give her enough information. She could at least sense perhaps, she needed time to sort things out the best she could. I hoped in time she would figure out by following my lead somehow. I hoped for the right change in the bible for both of us. Someday, I could share with her the bible, what I found, figured out. I hope somehow me and her wouldn't be afraid of talking things out, was my hope. Seeking salvation, my mind felt I couldn't give her the information that may lead to talk things out more, causing us to reunite. I feared if united, I wouldn't be motivated enough to find God. I figured, I needed the despair of not uniting, to find and please God. There was some changes I would hope, even if she didn't change. I still loved her no matter.

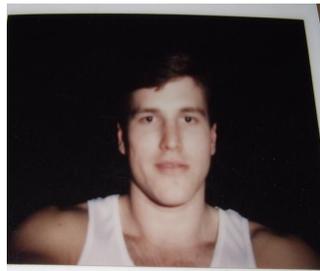
When I said, "I lied to her when I kissed her", I was trying to humble myself before her and God. Thinking the sins I had confess to her the previous phone call, I wasn't worthy to of kissed her. As if my lips were impure, corrupted. I couldn't say again the sins I had confess to her, I didn't want to say such repulsive things to her ever again. Also worried perhaps someone would be listening in on another phone in the house and afraid she may think I was perhaps trying to entice her in a sick way, if I mention them again. I wanted us to have a pure love, and to see her in a white wedding dress.

In my bedroom bible study, I had a picture of her, wondering perhaps it means something. My sister taken the picture, when she was about eleven years old, it was her doing a hand stand beside a wall, at the ice skating rinks. A few feet behind the spot where she had me cradle her in my arms for a picture of us. I felt mix feelings having it because it was my sister's picture. The picture made me think perhaps she was upside down, that someday she may be standing on her feet. I decided to try to show God I love him to the point I will accept not being with her, that I and she may be upright someday in his eyes. I gathered from reading the bible, I hoped my sorrow wasn't a worldly sorrow only for her, but hopefully a Godly sorrow. So necessary to please God and find his ways. In my bedroom, I gave up the picture throwing it away, making me overcome with distress, more grief stricken. Thinking I had once again let go of the girl I loved.

I prayed for mercy, God might reveal his ways to me. Form what I read, I perceived he didn't have too. I prayed that God might have mercy on me, reveal to me, where if any in my area, there may be true worshipers of him gathered. I wondered if their were any?

I figured if I reached the other side, I can perhaps reach out to her and bring her over. I gave up most hope. It seems at this time there was so much sorrow, I couldn't at all express myself of these things. I had very little confidence, I wasn't sure what I may find. Worry if her mom found out, I would lose her easily, being young. I figured her being Irish Catholic, her mom, and her brother who had thought of becoming a priest, wouldn't be supportive of her, as my family. Especially her being 16 years old, just going on 17. She had to be older to be more free of their control, and perhaps she would have more sense of things in the world that she could search.

I called her again; she said, she stopped smoking and some other things. For a brief second I thought perhaps she was only scared of me now, why she said the things. I quickly put that out of mind, thinking I was only allowing doubt in me. I need to trust her, no matter, she was doing the things because she loved me or perhaps at best she wanted to be a better person. All I could do, was congratulate her. I felt it was good but worried she may of thought she had to stop the things she mention. I still loved her no matter. I was worried she may think the things I confess to her, was her fault. I didn't think they were, but instead from sin in me before I even met her. I wondered was it really what I hoped. I wanted her to have faith (persuasion) in my search in the bible, that I may lead us spiritually. However, I just started to read the bible and it would take some time for me to perhaps even understand it. Even longer to lead us with it. I had no confidence in me to lead her; I would falter and then loose her trust easily. Perhaps I already did. I didn't know how to explain what was going on in me. I was to afraid to mention the bible to her. Afraid if her mom found out, she would put a stop to us. I hoped, she tried to love me, by changing. I figured, she was trying her best, but not knowing where I was in my mind. I wasn't sure where I was either. I was just trying to sense my way, by the principles I read in the bible. I kept leaving her too much in the dark I guess.



At some moment, I can't recall, may have been a year or so after or before. I taken a picture of my self in my bedroom, wearing a white muscle T-shirt. I didn't wear muscle t shirts, I would often wear of regular full collar white t-shirt.



I perceive, I take after my mom's side of the family, looking like her dad some. Her mom when a young girl, came from Poland. Her older sister was suppose to come to America and marry her boyfriend,

but at the last minute became to scared. So her younger sister 16 years old, said she would go alone, so not the waste the ticket. Later the older sister came and married her boyfriend in America. The younger sister while in America met my grandpa. She would later marry. This is their wedding picture in 1911.

My mom would often tell me, that she lived in a large house in Armor N.Y., with four older brothers and an older and younger sister. Her dad owned a bar in Buffalo, they didn't know much of his past before he came to America. Their large house in later years was torn down, and in it's place was built a Fire Department building.

As weeks went by, after much studying of the bible, I began to listen to some preachers on the radio. To be open to different points of view of the bible. Some scared me very much, speaking of the signs of the times that were supposedly happening. What I remember mostly was the mention of a cashless society, where everyone will have plastic. That there is one large building that has all the information about everyone alive. The old preacher was saying it was the mark of the beast. I thought it was a far stretch, but still alarmed me some. When I seen the rocket man fly into the Olympic stadium with his jet pack, it made me wonder some more. May have been after the call to her, I can't remember exactly. I called the girl from the skating rinks and ask if she will listen over the phone a recording of a preacher off the radio. To see what she would think. I also hope to let her know someway I was concern for her, wanted to hear her voice, and perhaps she may sense I was reading the bible. I insisted by playing the recording, she hung up on me. I figured she was justified for hanging up on me for insisting. I had hope to tell her I had to at least listen some to what others say. Not having to agree with them but to test, what I learned from the bible. I had to be open to what others say, at least in the beginning of my search, even if doubting them very much. I wanted to hear from her; perhaps she would help me not be so scared. I figured when she hung up on me, she was warning me of the deception that can happen by many preachers. If she thought this, I thought she was right. I sense this in her because the first movie we seen together "Footloose". One of the main characters was a preacher displayed justifiably in a negative way at times. She said, she had seen the movie already. Recalling while seeing another movie with her, Airport, she ask me to squeeze her hand as hard as possible. She said, "won't hurt me, I am strong". I began squeezing her hand, but then thought I couldn't ever take the chance of hurting her. I stopped. Especially also her hands were just so beautiful, I admired them. I thought the shape of her fingers and especially her thumb had this beautiful natural shape, curvature. Making me think how she was created the rest of her body by God so refined. Would be so beautiful to my eyes.

I wondered if I should call her back, and apologized for insisting. Figured she was at her wits end, I was hurting her. Wondered she had said she didn't love me and wanted to be friends. I kept remembering this in my mind that I may be forcing something that will never happen. That I was perhaps deceiving myself she loved me or will ever love me. She never once said she loved me. That perhaps she wants to be left alone. I didn't know where my bible studies would lead me. I sense this strong thought and feeling, I was like dropping something on her from no where. Keeping her in the dark earlier, she couldn't appreciate where I am.

I sensed she was also perhaps very afraid. That when she found out or sense I was reading the bible, she may think I would go to the a particular large church she had mention. She knew a girl that went there. She thinking I would be just like her. It was one of the main reasons why I began the search.

Once while with her in the jeep, she mention about a girl that lived at a house we passed. Her words in effect, "she slept around a lot". She went to a particular non catholic large, evangelical church, similar one sees on TV. Seemed to draw some attention in the area. I immediately wondered for a brief second was the girl sitting beside me, was she being a hypocrite? Then thinking, I also thought the particular large church somewhat unusual, in a bad way. What she told me, then made me sense, again hope she may be a virgin. Also that she was just as concern as me, wanting a marriage that would be faithful to one another for a lifetime. Then a thought had entered my mind, I need to be honest to myself, there were other churches, other then the church she mention. I and she never heard of before, that may be favorable. This thought stuck in the back of mind. Encourage me to search someday, read the bible that

there may be a church out there in the world that will have the answers, at least most answers. Also will have healthy marriages. I thought she was intelligent perceiving her friend and the large church having something to do with sleeping around. If her intent was inferring to broken marriages, I thought God worked through her observation. Unintentional she directed me to search beyond her thoughts to find the answers. Made me also recall back to my brief time visiting the baptist childhood friend at his home, wanting to know someday when older, what were the actual words of Jesus. When attending the catholic school, we would usually read prepared religious instruction books. In eight grade, a few times we read some verses of Jesus, I remembered thinking Jesus' words as very wise. Saying to myself, I would want to read Jesus' words, when older.

I worried, if I call her back she may become even more angry. I figured would be dangerous for her, to follow a path of anger. I thought she had reason to be fearful of what I was trying to accomplish. I wasn't sure if I would find the answers. I felt there was nothing I could do, perhaps she is right. Whose to say there was such a church. If there wasn't, I would be leading her, at 16 years old, the wrong way. I had to press ahead by myself. Find what I was looking for, and then to come back for her. I couldn't call her.

This reminds me of a few years later when a housewife lived across the street from me. She looked somewhat similar to a movie actress. The girl from the skating rinks, I had also said she could be a movie actress. Both in there own ways uniquely beautiful. Before I told the girl from the skating rinks, she could be a movie actress, I asked my middle sister if I should say that to her. My sister said, no, it will go to her head. I figured I had to say what I thought from my heart to her, no matter. The housewife across the street seemed interested in me more then just spiritual. I was thinking of her spiritual salvation, I baptized her in the pool behind my parent's house. She seemed to have the Godly sorrow, but God only really knows. She wanted to be baptized. Sometime later she went to the church, I presumed also the girl from the skating rinks didn't find favorable. I warned her not to go there. I had went there in later years about three times, to try to persuade them that their teaching error, as to baptism. They believe baptism don't save, have woman preachers in the assembly and some other things in error. I remember the first time there, I entered the large auditorium. A blond hair girl came up the isle and greeted me, welcoming me. She was the minister's daughter, seeing her on TV in later years, promoting the church. Then I remember another day I was in the minister's office, trying to explain to him about baptism (water immersion), how it saves, forgives. He wouldn't agree. Then I vaguely remember being there a third time, a singles get together, a friend's friend invited me. After this I figured there was no point in trying to persuade them baptism saves, they wouldn't change. A time later I spoke to her husband who separated from the house wife across the street. He said to me, I was the only man, words to the effect, didn't take advantage of her sexually. Afterwards through the years, their was a actress appeared in a TV sitcom, even though she was a African American, she reminded me of the girl at the skating rinks. Especially having a somewhat similar mellow tone in her voice. She reminded me of a few actresses through the years. The actress in the movie Ghost, not her face, the shape of her body, her back. I first seen it's previews while in the jail, in 1990. The actress, in the movie "Something about Marry" and recently the actress in the older movie "Hackers". She also reminded me of Meg Ryan. I had wondered if perhaps it's just my sometimes vivid imagination, she isn't as pretty, as beautiful. Since last seeing her clearly, face to face, she 16 years old.

I took all my albums, about twenty, from various artist. Some I remember, the album with the thumb, having the American flag drawn. One of the songs was, American Pie. The album was very worn out, it was crack at it outer rim. Some recently bought ones, Asia, Scorpions and Michael Jackson, which she had before loaned. Perhaps also the album by Foreigner a particular song, with the lyric, "I want to know what love is". I would like to play the song. I have a memory, that seams at times a visual through the years. Standing in my sisters room, near where the girl at he skating rinks had slept, looking at my old desk, near the door. A record player hidden within the desk, I would play the song. The album, Woodstock, I had it on loan from my cousin. He was very upset, I couldn't get it back. At the time he worked for a large local ice cream company. I paid for a five gallon pale of his favorite ice cream, so he would get over the disappointment. A Neil Young album and some others. At the time, I wondered if I should put the albums out at the curb, like so many people who become religious. I thought, she perhaps needed them in someway to help understand me and try to let her know I love her. Also remember she may of hinted she wanted a radio, I hope the albums would be somehow be like having a radio. I wrote a letter. While writing, I recall looking outside my bedroom window, mentioning the rain was falling like cats and dogs. Sensing it may have something to do with us. Worried perhaps one of her family members may intercept it. The only

other thing I can barely recall I might of wrote is about an incident, or perhaps I wrote it years later in another letter. When she was younger and I, she was visiting at the house we were in the kitchen. Across the kitchen from her sitting at the table, I accidentally poured a very lot of milk in my tea. I thought she noticed it. I disliked an excessive amount of milk in my tea, that I sensed a reaction in her, even if not I became concern. It was a strange occurrence, that in someway subconsciously made me sense it may of had to do with how she was developing. She may of worried some. I tried to sense things in her at such a young age meant to her I loved her, I hoped. I also included a fortune cookie's fortune, from a Chinese restaurant near the Peace Bridge, along the river, in Canada. I had went there, a short time previously. Made me remember when she was around 11 years old, had dinner there with my family. As for what the fortune said, I can only remember the word "great". I can't remember exactly the rest of the words. After reading the bible more I realized not to think on fortunes. So I tried not to think on it. As for the rest of the letter, I just tried to write what came to me spontaneous. May have been nonsensical words. I hope they weren't, but meant something of good to her. Heard recently on the radio, supposedly some claim the origins of fortune cookies, weren't China, but in the USA, California. First having bible verses written in them.

I stop at her house, her street was flooded with a foot of rain. I dropped off the records and the letter. They told me she wasn't home, she was working. I ask where she was working? It was either her sister or brother told me she was working at one of the concessions at the fair.

At night I went to the fair. I wore the only clean pants I had, some white pants. I felt I stuck out like a sore thumb. I hope to see her and attempt to talk to her, to plead with her someway, somehow of my love for her. I walked down all the isles, looking for her at the many concessions, but couldn't find her. At the time after reading most other parts of the bible, I was reading the last remaining book revelations. Trying to figure it out some, it terrified me. Seeing the thousands of young dress in black standing in the main center plaza at the fair at night, made me think somehow, was what revelations was speaking to some degree. Perhaps about her. That perhaps she was a strange woman spoke about in the bible that will never open up to me, that will leave me in the dark. Which made me more and more distress. Thinking God wanted me to perhaps let her go. That even if I found her, my state of mind was to upset. Unstable from trying to deprogram myself from the catholic church, searching in the bible, to make any sense to her. I pictured myself crying in front of her, not being able to talk. So I went home grief stricken, thoughts of driving my car into some ravine and be done with it, the grief was so painful. However I couldn't do that for various reasons, especially I didn't want her to feel somehow guilty. Most of all I feared God. I arrived home, and laid on the floor in my living room in the dark, overcome with grief in tears praying as usually. God would watch over and protect her. Realized I must again force myself to let her go. I had to continue my search in the bible. My search wouldn't be able to survive if I kept trying to see her. The state of my mind needed perhaps lots of time to sort things out from the bible. I was perhaps confused, my mind couldn't handle this part of the bible, revelations, well and all the incidents between us at the same time. Perhaps it was God's will we couldn't be together. I had to continue my search for the answers alone, then sometime in the future I could perhaps reach out to her what I found, if she is open.

At home after spending much time in my bedroom, I started to come downstairs. I would listen to some Christian music and for the brief period some preachers on the radio. During this time my Godfather who was a very devout Catholic, went to mass everyday, came to me. He advise me to throw the bible in the lake. He despised the word of God. My parents, sisters and brother, were not pleased with me reading the bible.

Another day, my sisters came into the living room and insisted they were going to watch the TV. They wanted me to turn the radio off. At the time the TV was slightly pulled away one side from the wall, and a table or chair beside it. The same wall where the replica flint lock pistols were attached. I think the remote control was recently broken. My older sister sat on the very short small stool, near the TV, so I couldn't turn the TV off. I was upset that they were kicking me out of the living room again. Decided I wanted my parents to hopefully realize what they were doing to me on previous occasions. So I went into the kitchen picked up a small steak knife, and went behind the TV. I wanted to unplug the cord from the TV, and then cut it so no one could watch TV for a short time. Then hopefully my parents may realize the

situation that was occurring was very upsetting to me. May actually try to be fair in some way.

When I was behind the TV to cut the cord, my older sister grabbed between my legs. She began pinching with her fingers my inner thigh holding on strongly, twisting, causing sharp pain. In an instant holding the small steak knife I dropped it behind the TV as not to accidentally hurt her. I spun around facing her. She was inches from me sitting on a stool about a foot high from the carpet floor. She began immediately pounding, striking down against me with her fist in a rage. She was larger than me, since especially me losing some weight due to fasting. Cornering me between the TV, the wall and the table or chair can't remember which at the time. Sensing being only inches from one another kept her from hurting me. Sensing if I moved backwards her striking me may hurt me. Trying to block her hitting me, entangled together, I and she fell back off the little short stool. As gently as I could entangled, holding her, onto the carpet floor, and her head slightly into the kitchen. While on her back she between my knees, she continued striking me hysterically. My other sister behind me began kicking into the side of my back. I thought what can I do? I figured my sisters were in a hysterical rage. If I tried to push myself up from my older sister, she may strike me below my waist. If I extended, stretched the side of back to one side pushing myself up, my other sister may hurt my ribs, from her kicking me. I figured I had to get my older sister out of her hysterical rage first, before I could push myself up off of her. So I put my two hands a few inches from each side of her face and lightly slapped her face a few times to make her come to her senses. She stopped striking me. Then I turned around and told my other sister in a strong voice to stop kicking me, she stopped. My older sister's husband had already entered the house. As soon as I turned back around to get up, my older sister still between my knees, from the kitchen his charge, cause me to learn back some. I grabbed his upper arms. He being quarter size smaller than me, all my might nudged him to the side, lifting him some. Placing him by his shoulders partially on a dresser with a bright lamp, beside us. The bright light on his face, I said to him in a strong voice "don't ever do that again", to get his attention. Then I immediately released him.

They all went in the back house where my older sister with her husband lived. They called the police. I thought they may say something negative to them about my religion. The police then came to the front door and spoke to me. They were angry accusing me falsely, that I was hitting my sister. I said, I didn't do the things they were accusing me. They then started threatening me much bodily harm, if they came back, they then left. I called the police station, and reported the police officers were threatening me much bodily harm, they were going to hurt me, when they return. To call them and warn them to stop, before they would come back. After the police talked to my sisters some more, they came back and arrested me. I didn't resist, I immediately passively placed my hands behind me helping with the arrest. They pulled my arms extremely high where it cause me to have to bend over, till I couldn't bend anymore, hurting me. They put the hand cuffs extremely tight on my wrist. They felt as if two vise grips locked on my wrist, that wouldn't move even slightly, the steel biting into my flesh. They led me outside. I stood beside the police car, my eyes started to water. Looking at my middle sister standing by the steps, thinking what the police were doing to me is so wrong. They placed me in the back seat of their police car. With the added pressure on the handcuffs from my body weight, I had to position my body sideways, with my back leaning backwards, so the handcuffs wouldn't hurt so much. Sensing they were cutting into my skin. While going to the jail one of the police officers said to me "**Jesse Jackson is going to save you**". I thought within I didn't find Jesse Jackson in a favorable light, but continued to remain silent. Terrified if I said anything they may mistaken my intentions again and be offended. They will attack me even while handcuffed and cause much bodily harm to me, perhaps kill me. When I arrived at jail. They took the handcuffs off. Some pressure points on my wrist the skin was torn, bleeding. They placed me in the cell. I heard an officer told the police officers that arrested me, I had called the police station. Reported the police were threatening me with much bodily harm. The police officer who threaten me with much bodily harm, had excessively tighten the handcuffs causing my risk to bleed and said "Jesse Jackson is going to save you", looked at me for a moment through the bars in the jail cell, then left. I remember in later years, he came to our house with his fiancée, to perhaps rent the house next store before it burnt down. I wondered what he was thinking when

he seen me again, they didn't rent the house. After one jail they sent me to another, a holding center jail downtown. They had me see a state psychologist in jail, saying my parents wanted me to plead guilty. I was certain I didn't do anything illegal or wrong. About three weeks later, my mom had me release from jail. She took be to burger king for a whooper.

When I wasn't studying the bible, I would ride my ten speed bike into the country side in Chestnut Ridge Park. I never returned to where the eternal flame falls in the back side of the park, until just recently. I would sit on top of the toboggan run slide, overlooking the towns and cities in the distance. Thinking what she may be doing out there.

I and her had once came to toboggan run. Standing at the bottom of the steps, in line awaiting our turn. I felt very cold, stiff from my leather jacket and very out of place. I felt at the time I didn't want to wear the black leather jacket anymore. I wanted to be like normal people, more like her. I like her coat she wore very much, it was more normal. I discourage myself and her from riding down the toboggan run.

I send her flowers on her birthdays. I may of mistaken her birthday, by a day or two, for some years. I thought that was all I could do. The thought of sending her flowers came to me when we were seeing each other. On a spring day, still very cool we went to Cazenovia Park. We parked behind the abandoned large pavilion and walked by the wide, shallow creek, above the small falls. The water looked very inviting. I hope someday we both perhaps can have fun together in some water. Letting me hold her in my arms in the water, she may smile. She seemed to be tensed standing on a small incline, while I was by the water. We both earlier had smoked some Marijuana. I thought she probably become upset or angry, if I was in a fun way splash her. When walking back to the vehicle, I started to think smoking marijuana with her, made me very uncomfortable, perhaps her also. When we started to drive back to her home, a song was playing on the radio, "he don't bring me flowers anymore". I thought I should try to always give her flowers no matter. As I read the bible, it said to love your enemies. Love will heap burning coals on their heads. I left it in God's hands. I wasn't sure about anything between me and her. The flowers may keep her safe somehow, if she might against all odds loved me. For some years whenever I travel some distance, my heart would feel so heavy further I drove away, as if it was being compressed at all sides missing her.

I had ask her to go fishing at night with me once. I wanted to take her to eighteen mile creek in the countryside close to the lake. I would sleep over at night a few times with my fishing buddies. It was a very nice place, down in a lower part of the creek a somewhat wooded dry ground. The creek flowed on each side. The one side rainbow trout and salmon for a few years would hold up in the calm deeper pool for the rains to arrive, to swim upstream. She didn't want to, she said, she once went fishing at night with friends. I worried perhaps she had a bad experience fishing. I wondered at the time, perhaps with her old boyfriend, perhaps he was violent toward her while dating. She seemed scared, or perhaps she just was being careful being a woman. I figured she may be right, not to push her into something she may feel uncomfortable. I thought of perhaps I ask if she would go during the day, but her reaction when I ask her intimidated me. I thought I should wait perhaps someday in the future I may be able to ask her.

We had walked along the waterfront of buffalo, near the observation tower. There were some older couples sitting in their lawn chairs along the walkway enjoying the scenery, the small boat harbor, and nice weather. I thought it be nice to sit on the large rocks near the water, take in the scenery, watch the boats and people. She didn't want to sit, so we left. I wondered perhaps she had a fear of the water, or me, or she didn't want us to be a couple.



I had wanted to go up to the observation tower. I hope me and her would go someday to Niagara falls. To the top of the much higher tower and have dinner in the restaurant that slowly turns within, overlooking the river and falls.

I studied for about three months, trying to build a foundation, building from the smallest principles. So I may have the knowledge to discern much larger deeper principles, dark sayings of wisdom someday. An elderly women and middle age woman came to my front door, and invited me to a non-denominational church of Christ, in a town nearby. I never heard of the non-denominational churches of Christ, till that day. I lived in a mostly Catholic northern city. I was cautious. I asked some questions of the women. I used the knowledge I learned from my bedroom study, to test what they had to say. They answered them in a reasonable way. I ask for the phone number of the church to be cautious. I called and ask some more questions which were also answered in a reasonable way. So I went and visited the church, and studied more with them. Me and the ministered studied, the scriptures. We had a bible study at burger king, about baptism. In our studies, I realized baptism was necessary for salvation, forgives sins, is scripturally authorized.

John 3:1 Now there was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: 2 the same came unto him by night, and said to him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no one can do these signs that thou doest, except God be with him. 3 Jesus answered and said unto him, **Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.** 4 Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter a second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

John 3:5 Jesus answered, **Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except one be born of water (baptism) and the Spirit (word of Christ, frame of mind, mental disposition, particular thinking), he cannot enter into the kingdom of God!** 6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

John 3:7 **Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born anew.**

Luke 24:45 Then opened he their mind, that they might understand the scriptures; 46 and he said unto them, Thus it is written, that the Christ should suffer, and rise again from the dead the third day; 47 and **that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name unto all**

*the nations, beginning from Jerusalem.*

Matthew 28:19, Jesus said, **"Go you therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost". 20 Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you:** and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

Mar 16:14 Later He appeared to the eleven as they sat at the table; and He rebuked their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they did not believe those who had seen Him after He had risen. 15 And He said to them, **"Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. 16 He who believes and is baptized will be saved; but he who does not believe will be condemned**

Acts 2:38 Then Peter said unto them, **Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins.**

Acts 2:40 And with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, **Save yourselves from this untoward generation.**

Acts 2:41 **Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls.**

Acts 16:31 And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, thou and thy house. 32 And they spake the word of the Lord unto him, with all that were in his house. 33 And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and **was baptized, he and all his, immediately.**

Acts 22:12 And one Ananias, a devout man according to the law, well reported of by all the Jews that dwelt there, 13 came unto me, and standing by me said unto me, Brother Saul, receive thy sight. And in that very hour I looked up on him. 14 And he said, The God of our fathers hath appointed thee to know his will, and to see the Righteous One, and to hear a voice from his mouth. 15 For thou shalt be a witness for him unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard. 16 **And now why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on his name.**

Then reading some verses on faith.

Hebrews 11:6 And without **faith (persuasion)** it is impossible to be well-pleasing [unto him]; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and [that] he is a rewarder of them that seek after him.

Acts 8:35 And Philip opened his mouth, and beginning from this Scripture, preached unto him Jesus. 36 And as they went on the way, they came unto a certain water; and the eunuch saith, Behold, [here is] water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? 37 [And Philip said, **If thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest.** And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.] 38 And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and **they both went down into the water, both Philip and the eunuch, and he baptized him.** 39 And when they came up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip; and the eunuch saw him no more, for he went on his way rejoicing.

Realizing faith (persuasion) is required. Infants can't have faith (persuasion), can't comprehend, have persuasion of the gospel. Infants aren't candidates for scriptural baptism. Additional evidence, not one example of infant baptism is recorded in the new testament. I realized faith (persuasion) had to be combined with baptism. I immediately ask the minister to baptized me in the bathroom. Thinking at the time sprinkling was baptism. He further explained to me, from the scriptures. The biblical define baptism, from the evidence in the new testament.

John 3: 23 And John also was baptizing in Enon near to Salim, **because there was much water there:** and they came, and were baptized.

Acts 8:38 And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and **they both went down into the water,** both Philip and the eunuch, and he baptized him.

Romans 6:1 What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? 2 God forbid. We who died to sin, how shall we any longer live therein? 3 Or are ye ignorant that all we who were baptized into Christ Jesus **were baptized into his death? 4 We were buried therefore with him** through baptism unto death: that like as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, so we also might walk in newness of life. 5 **For if we have become united with [him] in the likeness of his death,** we shall be also [in the likeness] of his resurrection; 6 knowing this, that our old man was crucified with [him], that the body of sin might be done away, that so we should no longer be in bondage to sin; 7 for **he that hath died is justified from sin.** (note: the word justified here, is mistranslated in the king James version to the word free. In the Greek is translated as justified)

Colossians 2:12 having been **buried with him in baptism,** wherein ye were also raised with him through faith in the working of God, who raised him from the dead.

In Greek-English lexicons, classic Greek- English Dictionaries, Biblical encyclopedias and the Strong's concordance, define baptism in the New Testament as immersion, submerging under water.

Baptisma {bap'-tis-mah} immersion, submersion. The translators of the bible created the word baptism, a transliteration (similar sounding word) of the Greek word baptisma, instead of translating, which means to immerse.

Combining all the examples of conversion from the book of Acts, the bible persuades only the combination, accompanied faith (persuasion), with repentance, confessing Jesus is Christ and baptism (water immersion) saves, forgives sins, is justified from sin.

1Pe 3:20 that aforetime were disobedient, when the longsuffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, **wherein few, that is, eight souls, were saved through water: The like figure whereunto [even] baptism (water immersion) doth also now save us,** not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience from God, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ:

October 1984, at night, not wanting to wait another day, I was baptized (water immersed) into Christ for my sins to be forgiven.

I learn in my studies and research in later years, the history of the true church consist of remnants of the 1<sup>st</sup> century church. Hidden for many years due to state religious persecutions. They were strengthened 200 years ago in the USA, due to freedom to practice religion in the open. Mainly the first light of religious freedom, by government a few years earlier. Previously loners, small independent cells, congregations of people were hidden much of the time for 1800 years, for preservation of the church. Due to the onslaught, persecution by religious hierarchies aligned with world governments such as the Catholics and then Protestants.

One winter, I bought an old pair of orange reddish seemingly racing skies and yellow ski boots. I went to the state park in the countryside beside the toboggan runs, where there is a lain for learning to ski. A pull rope to get back up the hill. I practice, trying to teach myself how to ski. A short time later, I went the Red Door ski shop, and bought a ski jacket. The saleswoman suggested being a ski lift operator at the Kissing Bridge ski Resort. I became a ski lift operator. In the small ski operator booth beside the still pine

woods, at the bunny hill, I would think about her alone at night. One night observing the large snow drifts, the lake effect large snow flakes. I sense that I was slowly losing her youthful beauty, if God had preserved her innocence. Perhaps would be taken by another. Especially there are many Catholic young men, she could choose from in the area. She would be perhaps married in God's eyes, not allowing me to be with her. I struggle with what King Solomon said.

Proverbs 31:30 Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the LORD, she shall be praised.

John Jerome Nowak

Thank you for your time and consideration

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