

Bridge Two Cried Out to God



About 17 years old, at my dad's steel warehouse

At 17 years of age in deep despair sitting in the dark of the living room praying, I cried out to God. To answer my prayer, the girl I love will see me. I called the girl on the phone; I ask if she would see me. She said, yes. It was one of the happiest moments of my life knowing she would see me. I walked outside my home, where I punched through the small panel in the window, and jumped up clicking my heels in the air. I was so excited. When I picked her up, her make up was a little startling to me, but I remembered her beautiful face, beneath the makeup.

While driving, she told me that her old boyfriend was a jerk. I figured she may have been calming my fears, I thought was very nice for her to say this to me. I wondered further, the word "jerk" seemed could have connotations to sex. Thinking, it may had nothing to do with sex, it still wouldn't be the proper word for her to say. I thought if mutual consenting sexual intercourse occurred with her old boyfriend, both were virgins, and according to my visual of seeing the white wedding dress, she wasn't mine intended by God. I would want her to forgive him for being a jerk at times and return to him. I thought I was a jerk at times, I wouldn't want her to think of me as a jerk. I looked across the seat at her, in a calm manor, and said, don't call him a jerk. Her eyes became wide open, as if somewhat shocked, a stare as if looking through me, seemingly confused, wondering.

She tried to bring up about the things that happen between us, while her girlfriend was with us at a restaurant. She told her girlfriend earlier some things when we were younger, her girlfriend laughed uncontrollably. When we were leaving the restaurant, between the two doors exiting the restaurant, I told her as quietly as I could, don't talk about those things. When we drove her girlfriend home, her girlfriend laughed so much, she fell out of the truck in front of her house. It closed me up, worried if I began talking about the past, she would perhaps tell her girlfriends and then it will get around. Perhaps hurting not only me, but my brother and sisters. I wanted to talk about the past with her. How I loved her, but I felt so guilty of my sins that happen during the time period I last seen her, even before I first ever seen her. I felt not deserving of her. I wondered, if I hadn't sinned against my sister, perhaps I may have been with another and became one flesh, making me married already. Making me wonder if we were even meant for each other by God. Or perhaps, I would of finally broke down and called her from my despair as I finally done. I

had to confess to her my past faults, sins that had happen, even my sins before I first met her. Before I could talk about the things when we were younger, how I loved her since I was 12 years old.

When out again with her, we were driving, she asked me about the night when she was younger when I became drunk. She said words to the effect that I was moving about, doing things that night. I said, I don't remember doing anything. Thinking to myself at the time, all I recalled was determination to stay away from the older girl, less she see me with her. I do recall, she may of mention, I was wrapped in a blanket, at the entrance of my bedroom a few people were standing over me. Thinking perhaps I was too drunk, I couldn't remember it. I figured I slept the rest of the night, not wanted to see her with her boyfriend. Then I thought perhaps she may of asked about in the morning, but it didn't sound like she asked about the morning. I always wondered if the other friend of her boyfriend, had told her he seen or heard me pass in the hallway in the morning. He may of told her that I perhaps saw her and her boyfriend in my sister's bed. However, I didn't want to bring that up, less I hurt her feelings, emotions somehow. I felt I had to first tell her of my sins, before we could talk about those things, and that I think very highly of her, even if what ever had happen. That perhaps she may have never been in such a circumstance, if I didn't sin when very young. Thinking today perhaps she was hinting to the moment, I in a fun way pointing the replica pistol towards her, she may of wanted me to explain myself to her, she had fears. She thinking perhaps it was out of anger and could be violent.

It was either the second to third date, when I returned with her, we kissed in the truck, in front of her house. I remember I enjoyed kissing her, even if tasting some like cigarette smoke. We usually kissed each other since the first time, when we would return to her home. When out with her, I thought I should open the door for her. She said, "you don't need to open the door". Which I thought would be fine, I wanted her at least to know, I would if she wanted me to.

I, the girl and my sister went once to visit my brother at his girlfriend's apartment. While there she in a fun way, hop in my brother's arms while he was sitting. I thought perhaps it was her youth; thinking she just was having fun and trying to make me want her more. However she was hurting me, she didn't realize. I feared my older brother's ways with his girlfriends very much. I imagine he wouldn't hesitate, take advantage of her if he had the chance. It distressed me very great that my body felt like it froze up. I became paralyzed as if it was hard to move, lingered for some time even after we left in the truck.

Another day we exchange gifts, I gave her a necklace with a gold plated heart, engraved on it our names. Thinking it's the meaning that really counted, not the cost. She gave me a little plush monkey, its legs and arms protruding forward, close together, could cramp on to something. She placed it on the rear view mirror. I sense she was trying to say something to me, giving me a sign. I was worried perhaps down a path of making love to her, I didn't want to be, I wanted to first see her in a white wedding dress. Thinking on it today, maybe with the gold heart necklace, she sense my heart was sincere for her, but she still worried in giving a monkey my intentions weren't sincere when younger.

Another night, I, her, my sister and my sister's boyfriend were in my truck smoking marijuana in a field. Some policemen pulled up behind us. They came to each side of the vehicle, and ask us some questions. I hoped, if I was very cooperative to the police they may let us go, there wouldn't be any trouble. I immediately told them we were smoking marijuana. Then showed them the plastic baggy with a small amount of marijuana from under the seat. The police ask my girl's age, she said, 15 years old. I sense and hoped they looked at me and her standing together, may of saw two people very compatible. That they would be easy on us, so we both wouldn't get in trouble especially with her mom. My girl said, to the policemen, something about being at the police station near her house, helping out, I can't remember exactly. They let us go. When driving away, my girl said she wants to be a policeman someday. I was slightly troubled when heard this and hoped she wouldn't.

As for smoking marijuana, I was greatly influence from the age of seven years old by my older brother and his friends. They were often party, drinking hard cider, beer and smoking marijuana. My brother was arrested for selling marijuana in Chestnut Ridge State Park in the countryside. He went to jail for some months. During my brother's time I remember the state park's parking lot was used by some to smoke

marijuana in the broad daylight.

One afternoon I, my sister and my sister's boyfriend arrived at the girl's house. While she was entering the truck, I notice a black band on her wrist. I thought immediately perhaps it was for her dad who past away, a love reminder of some kind. I asked what it meant. I heard very fast she said, "it means, I'm not a virgin". I thought perhaps I mistakenly heard, or perhaps she was startled. I hoped she was just trying to be someone she wasn't because of others around us or something else I couldn't perceived. We drove to a park. She sat on top of the picnic table looking intently at my sister and her boyfriend walking in the distance. She seemed very flustered. Standing by the picnic table, looking at her sitting, I felt upset within thinking what she had said. I tried to put it out of my mind. At first, I reasoned I sinned so badly that it didn't matter even if what she said was true. Observing her looking so intently at my sister and her boyfriend walking in the distance, I worried maybe she likes my sister's boyfriend or something may of happen between them. I didn't know what to say to her. She said she wanted to go home. We got back in the truck and began driving. I felt very warn out inside, beginning to think perhaps my visual I had at twelve is true. I hoped it wasn't true. If she and a boyfriend had done it, then perhaps she is married. It distressed me, felt like the world closing in on me, my body felt stiff. It was much harder to steer the vehicle. Since the truck, a Dodge, power wagon pickup truck, was my older brother's old truck. It had a lift kit, being high off the ground. Causing additional stress to the steering linkage. My mind was very trouble thinking on what she might have said. I thought there are many possibilities, even so I had to have faith in her, perhaps something else I just couldn't perceive at the time.

I had always been very afraid of asking about her virginity, it may lead to a conversation arousing both of us, we both may be overcome. I perhaps couldn't have the self control, I couldn't see her in a white wedding dress. Thinking she may of been just trying to be honest to me about her past, perhaps she did become one flesh with a boyfriend.

Recently entered my mind perhaps she may of wanted to test what was in my mind and heart when I wrote on her back and whispered to her when she was younger. From her perspective when the night, I glided my hand over her night flannel, covering the back of her upper legs, awaking her. Blowing into her ear, writing the words with my finger tip on her back "I LOVE YOU", while I whispered the words to her with all my being in the dark. That perhaps she wanted to tell me when we were alone, her thinking that I perhaps imagine I made love to her. In someway she thought of herself not a virgin, perhaps to get me to talk about that time. She needed to hear it from me, she perhaps couldn't fully accept my love was much deeper for her when first ever seeing her, unless I told her. Perhaps she wouldn't ask me straight out, so not to lead me, she was worried I may mislead her. She kept trying to nudged me, so I would talk about the past.

Perhaps her girlfriend at the restaurant was also told this, both thinking less of me. They imagine, I thought of myself making love to her the night I wrote on her back, just being kind of a trophy. Perhaps the reason why her girlfriend laughed so much.

She may of wanted to hear it as naturally I wanting to tell her. I wanted to tell her the depth I cared, loved her, but felt it wouldn't be honorable in her eyes later, unless I told her about my sins first. I could never ask her things straight out, afraid she would get scared. Or be leading her and somehow being overwhelmed with emotions she wouldn't be honest if confronted her on the spot. I never wanted to put her in such a position. I wanted her naturally to say things to me, with all honesty. Perhaps we were so afraid of each other, thinking things so different, that we couldn't talk to one another.

When she entered in the truck, I asked her what the black band means because I wanted to know what was on her mind. I thought perhaps it was for her dad who past away, a love reminder of some kind. However my sister and her boyfriend were there, others would think she actually wasn't a virgin. Which perhaps was the reason she became flustered, worried her reputation may be harmed. Why she stared at my sister and her boyfriend so intently. Anything is possible. As for me, I didn't go to her when I was fourteen years old with the intention at night to make love to her of the flesh. Or pretend I made love to her, but spontaneous follow my heart and mind, let her know I cared so deeply for her. She kept growing in my

heart, seeing her in the morning coming down the stairs, while I was on the couch. Looking intently at her, wanting to see her face. She didn't show her face in the morning to me. My mind tried to do the next best thing I imagine. Revealing my passion for her by touching her spontaneously and wrote I LOVE YOU, sincerely with all my being. My mind didn't focus on any particular part of my being when I said the words. Even so I wrote the words thinking with all my being, everything my being harbored. From reading the bible, Jesus described the being, as the heart, mind, strength, and understanding. When I whispered the words I felt having focused all my mental thinking. I didn't write I love you, as if focus I made love to her physically, lest I would be overcome with passion, and try to take advantage of her. Why perhaps I couldn't figure out what she may have tried to get across to me, long ago.

From this moment, I was more worried when ever I reach out to her. I would have to face the issue, her virginity. That according to my visuals I had when younger, and further studies in the bible in later years, so I may know for certain how to discern if she is free to marry. If she and I ever could talk things out.

Thinking again 6-14-2006, perhaps she only defined what the black band means, but not necessarily she isn't a virgin.

One day I ask my sister at home, if the girl at the skating rinks was a virgin. My sister said she don't know. I ask her is there anything that may make her think she wasn't a virgin. She recalled she said, when much younger something about a large concert, her mom, and a shower. It made me worry even more.

I do recall once when she was younger was visiting my sister, she was taking a shower alone upstairs. I was laying on my bed in my bedroom. Thinking of the mirror in the shower only had behind it a piece of thin paneling hanging by a nail, in my sisters bedroom. If you moved it, you could see in the shower. I could go and take a peak at her. Then thinking, I can't do that, I love her, I couldn't do that to her. Telling myself, it would be the wrong path.

One night she called me for the very first time, and asked if I will go out with her. At the time I was reading the book "Animal Farm" by George Orwell. Its theme I was slowly learning, I thought was universal. There are people who promise much but when they come into authority they are cruel and indifferent. I only remembered reading one other book "Amityville Horror", very young. I thought I needed to finish reading this book, its lesson was very good. I may somehow erase a horror story from my mind. I had committed myself to it with the hope it would help me and her in our relationship somehow. Then there was Hoover high school, I recently went too, before it had a fire. Before the fire, I applied myself for the first time in science class and was getting my highest grades, high 90's and 100's, but in the English class I was failing. The English teacher at times spoke in different languages at various times, which I had no clue what he was talking about. I tried but was failing. I figured I would apply myself in the second quarter in science to offset some of my marks in English. When the three story school building burnt down, part of the school stood standing. It just happens to be where the English class was, all my failing marks were saved. Where my science marks were, in the 90's and 100's were all lost. All my effort was for nothing. I thought God was telling me something. He was against me or perhaps he didn't want me in science. So I stopped applying myself as much in science. When I applied my self much more in English, I would just barely pass. If I recall correctly, I also had to finish reading the book soon for school. So I said to her I can't take her out, I was reading a book. This would be the only time she ever called me. I was worried she wasn't calling me perhaps because of this, but I was reading the book to help us. I said in my mind, committed doing it for us and thinking especially God was telling me something when the school burnt down. I left so many things unsaid, scared of sharing my most inner thoughts. I always had to call her to take her out. I guess she may have thought I wasn't trilled about her, not taking her out especially on her first call to me. It's strange how if she had called me any other day, I would jump at the chance of seeing her, especially with her first time calling me. However it had to be the night I was in fear of God, and committed to doing something for her.

Another time we were in my brother's car, which had no front bumper, with a girlfriend of hers. It was raining, made the double lane road slick. We had smoke some marijuana, traveling about 50 miles an hour, all of a sudden the car in front of us slowed down unexpectedly. Then seeing a police car parked up

on the horizon about 150 yards to the left on a slight higher ground, the right side of the road sloped. Sensing I couldn't stop in time, without perhaps hitting the car in front of me in the slick conditions. Or at least not making it seem the car I was driving, having to slow down rapidly, perhaps alerting the police officer. I put on the brakes some, without skidding, and steered the car to the right lane, narrowly driving pass the car. Seeing the police car to my left, pass by, remaining still. Looking out of my rear view mirror, I didn't see the police car move. Then thinking that was a very close call, was dangerous, and how I drove the car so smoothly, as if it didn't seem real. Wondered what she was thinking, what had occurred. Wondering some about smoking marijuana, it can be dangerous, perhaps I need to stop soon.

The last night we went to see a band playing at the Hamburg town beach hall, her friends bought some beer on the way and she hop in the back of their van. The truck I was driving, inside the cab the four of us, I, her, and my sister and boyfriend, was very cramped. I thought perhaps she was being somewhat considerate, but still making me some disappointed, upset. While I, my sister and my sister's boyfriend followed in my truck, they spoke up and tried to say she wasn't good enough for me. I went in the beach hall, and ask her to come outside to the truck. I wasn't angry at her; I figure she's acting like this perhaps because of our past. I perhaps made her insecure of my love for her and I was insecure of her love for me. I wanted to talk to her about our past, about my sins and how I loved her. I wanted to talk about me being molested, and how I sinned and hopefully talk about how I loved her for so many years. We began walking over about a hundred yards to the truck. The wind was very cold blowing from the ice covered lake Erie. I began thinking what she may be thinking and what I may say to her. I sense she thought I may have been angry at her or I was taking her to the truck to make out with her, or take advantage of her. It made me feel so cold that I never felt before, the cold overwhelmed my body, we entered the truck. While in the truck, I felt as if hypothermia was setting in, as if all my heat was leaving me. I began shivering uncontrollable, thinking she may think the worst of me. I tried to gather my thoughts how to talk to her. Before I could say anything, a policeman pulled up and said we couldn't park there. She went back into the beach hall. I went back home very upset, emotionally drained, my body totally exhausted with the experience.

I called her on the phone and ask if we should stop seeing each other? Thinking perhaps I have it all wrong, she wasn't insecure but just never will love me. She said, we should. I ask her to return some albums I lend her. I drove to her house at night in my brother's car, and retrieved the records she left on her porch. I began driving back home. I stopped for some gas, and notice she was across the street walking. She noticed me and she began running. Seeing her light bluest color sweatpants in the dark running, gave me a sense of a slow motion rhythmic moving dance. She entered a small grocery store. It broke me up seeing her run from me. My eyes began to water, overwhelmed. Thinking she perhaps don't understand, I love her so much. How I couldn't follow after her, if she wanted to be alone. I sense I had to be very careful not to be like my brother. Sensing me, he was violent towards his girlfriends. I didn't want to be like my brother. I felt a deep overwhelming sadness. Thinking I can't get through to her. My tears flowed uncontrollably in the car driving home.

At night while driving with another girl sitting beside me. She had recently broke up with her longtime boyfriend. I wondered about their long relationship and a friend of mine on the passenger side. I drove into a VFW parking lot and seen a gate about four feet high. A back way car entrance, that was chained. Something about that gate made me think of my life and my parents being indifferent and harsh. I decided, I am going to go through the gate one way or another. So I revved up my truck and drove through the gate. Part of the gate got stuck on my plow lift attachment on the front. I stopped the vehicle and removed it. About a half a mile down the road, the police caught up with me. I went to jail for the night. Ended up paying for a new gate. The owner wasn't too upset. He had a new gate.

At my dad's steel warehouse, I had an argument with my parents. They told me I couldn't drive the truck with friends. I told them that I am. My dad came after me. Near the end of the truck well, I sensed he may strike me from behind. As he had previously kicked me from behind in my life. I turn around and took a swing at him and hit him in the face. My parents then came to me a little later and said "look you gave your father a black eye", you should apologize to him. Sensing strongly, it wasn't right to hit your dad, I

apologized to him. They didn't mention again, demanding I not drive my friends around.

I stop caring. Thinking perhaps I'm very confused. I went to a bar, which I only been to a bar once or twice before. Once with the girl from the skating rinks, my brother brought us to a bar. Not again after this occasion (except a few times to have a fish fry only). At the bar, some of the particular people, referred to as the alley boys were there. The alley boys, the name supposedly taken from the bowling alley near where they hanged out. Were a group of around my age and older, from the forth ward, who partied. Most wore black leather coats. I became weary of them, from hearing a rumor about a death. They were a larger group of some high school students and non students, in the newest section of our city, houses seemingly built in the 1950's. One of the girls I notice who was somewhat heavy, but still uniquely having some beauty, seemed to hang out with them much. I thought perhaps she be easy. When at the bar, I said to her do you want to "...". I rather not say, what I said. She ignored me and walked away. I felt awkward, worried she might tell the alley boys what I said, slightly ashamed and soon left.

Another night, I went to see a local band playing, in a rented out church hall. While driving there, my eyes were watering, thinking about the girl from the skating rinks. I figured, I had to force myself to stop caring about the girl from the skating rinks so my eyes would stop watering. Thinking perhaps I'm so confused. The thoughts I have about God and woman. I kept repeating to myself, I can't take it anymore. Attempted to put everything out of my mind, to try to stop my eyes from watering. Inside the hall off to the left side, from where the band was playing, I showed some friendly attention to a girl. She was a while back, my other friend's girlfriend. Her new boyfriend an alley boy, splash beer on me, initiating a fight. Other alley boys broke it up. About her new boyfriend, I thought we were somewhat similar, in some regards, we were both tall, had long hair, and wore black leather jackets. He had colored blue eyes, his hair seemingly more wavy. He reminded me some of Jesus' usual portrait. Thinking he would make a good Jesus in a movie. I went outside and change from my black leather jacket to my jean jacket. I came back in the hall. While listening to the band in front of the stage, his girlfriend stood beside me. We left the hall, drove to a field across from where she lived. We made out some in the truck. While making out with her, I turned the very hard rock music up very loud. Music I wouldn't listen to normally, tried to stop the thoughts in my mind of the girl from the skating rinks. I sensed the skin of the girls back, as very soft, telling her. When I tried to reach further from her back, she wouldn't let me.

Some time afterward, while driving in the countryside with my sister and her boyfriend, I came across the new girl, standing by a small shelter. At a seldom visited back part of the large park in the countryside. There was a very large trunk of a red wood tree, lying on its side, beside the clearing. I imagine had been brought from California. There was a small shelter area for panicking. She was there with a few friends. I and her walked in the woods with the others to see the eternal flame beneath the falls. It's a small natural gas leak under a small falls that produce a flame. I never seen or heard of before. We came to it, they had to ignite it.

In 2006, I went to the eternal flame falls and taken a few pictures, noticing their were two flames the day I was there.



Soon a group of young men and woman, along with their camp councilors arrived. I took some pictures of them climbing the falls.



The one camp councilor at the top the falls, with a rope and hook, hooked into the root of a tree. He guided each student over the most difficult part of the falls. Three others showed up, two men and a woman seemingly in their twenties, climbed the sides of the falls. They cling onto the many exposed roots. Reminded me when I became a camp councilor at about twenty years old. Camp agape, for the young men and woman of the non denominational churches of Christ from the area and nearby states. One of the students was the minister's son, observing him, he was kind, friendly, considerate, cheerful. When at the end of the two weeks, the councilors came together to suggest the camper of the year. I suggested the minister's son. Another councilor suggested a boy, who improved the most, and was his last year. His nominee won, for camper of the year. The next year again the councilors came together, to pick the camper of the year. I suggested again the minister's son, by far the best camper for both years. He was just as kind, friendly, considerate, cheerful as the previous year. The other councilor who had nominated the boy the previous year, suggested another boy. I had to convince his girlfriend, his future wife. She was a camp councilor, the arts and crafts director. I raised my hand up to speak. I said, "the minister' son last year should of won, due to he was the best camper of the year. Because the other boy improved, was especially his last year, he won, which is understandable. We should elect the minister son as camper of the year, he deserves it last year and this year." We then voted. The minister's son won camper of the year. When the day arrived, he was awarded camper of the year. He was very excited, to tell his dad. I told him that he

should of won camper of the year the previous year too.

The two men and woman who climbed the side wall, reminded me, when I attended a Christian singles retreat, when 26 years old. The leader of the retreat, a man perhaps a year or so younger than me and his future wife, were sitting down alone with me. They told me, that a year or so ago, that his soon to be wife, was kidnapped and taken advantage of, and let go. I thought how awful, sensing the emotional pain they must of experience and the great love they have for one another.

When me and the girl started to walk back together alone, we stopped. I began kissing her. She was a sweet, wholesome, a natural looking blond hair girl. She had a seemingly very slight speech impediment, mine was much worse. I looked around and notice some green moss covering the forest floor on a lower over hang from us, above the ravine. The eternal flame was further downstream. Entered my mind I could make love to her on the green moss. I wondered if others were to close by, I looked over towards the branches of the dark evergreen trees. Sense others were somewhere further on the other side of the pine trees. Observing the dark green of the evergreen tree and the green moss, reminded me the coat of the girl at the skating rinks. Then I felt a combination of feelings that came all at once, overly anxious, foolishness. Even if there was the right circumstance, I would have to fake the necessary passion to entice the new girl. For my heart would still be with the girl from the skating rinks. My eyes began to well up. She asks what was wrong? I couldn't say to her why my eyes were tearing. I sat down overwhelmed. I focused ahead, across the forest floor, covered by curled brown leaves, a small rise in the terrain. Then focused on the trees becoming thinner further away. Then focused on the bright lime colored leaves, but thinking today not sure if I seen the leaves, being it may have been to early in the spring. The scenery soothed my mind. Thinking today the curled brown leaves on the forest floor, made me sense her curly brown hair. The mature straight trees becoming less mature further away, made me perhaps sense her graceful maturity through the years. The bright lime green leaves, made me sense her bright eyes. I once ask her about her eye color, I think she may of said they were green and hazel at times. Then I felt this overwhelming out of body feeling, my mind fix on a visual as if a view from hovering in the air about ten feet to the side of me. As if looking down at the lower terrain near the rise, thinking I was being angry at the girl from the skating rinks. I wanted to lay with this new girl to somehow erase my mind of all my earlier thoughts of my pain of her and my thoughts of God. Then the thoughts, I can't lay with this new girl, knowing also she was one of my earlier friend's girlfriend. He claimed he had sex with her, and showed me the place it supposedly happened, near her house. Beside some railroad tracks and the road, in some tall grass on a short path, slight incline. The same railroad tracks and road, where on the school bus, the girl had said the seemingly poem. Made me think, according to my visual when younger, she may be married in God's sight. I would be separating them. I was just as uncertain of her past, besides not having some surety she would remain by my side for a lifetime. I gathered I was being careless once again with my life. If I allowed my anger, not caring, to guide me, will make me weak. Worst things will occur as happened before. Would make my misery worse. I can't let that happen. I and the new girl went our separate ways.

About my old friend, her old boyfriend. He reminded me some of John Travolta, having similar charisma. We stop being friends, when I gave him some money to buy some pot. More pot than usual, so we may sell some, make a little profit. He kept the money from the beginning. I confronted him at school very angry, and he seemed intimidated. Later I thought about him. I notice he is smart, crafty and mischievous. One night from his house, we went to a repair garage when closed. The place belong to the father of the son who in later years, the son reminded me of my minister down south. We both hop into the yellow beetle bug. He somehow hot wired, or perhaps had a key to the car. He drove the car down the side street, and made a left turn onto another street. Immediately drove over the curb and hit a small tree, stopped instantly. We both exited the car and ran back to his house. I wondered if we be found out somehow. He and his younger brother was being raised by his grandmother. He had an older brother, perhaps two. Thinking it may be dangerous messing with him, and perhaps this was a lessen from God. That God was protecting me some. If my friend thought the money was more important than my friendship, well perhaps it's best not to be his friend anymore. A time later, I seen him in a car with another old

acquaintance (someone I remembered stole from his girlfriend), both very high from smoking pot. They ask me to join them? I walked away.

Another old friend of mine, I recently spoke to, while cutting a lawn. I asked him about what had happen with my old friend (the one we drove the yellow beetle), concerning the death of someone. He said, it was his best friend, he was smashed (drinking), standing on a snow bank. When he went to take a step, he fell off the snow bank. He said, my old friend, while at the wheel of a vehicle, slid on the very icy road that night, running over him, killing him. I ask if he was drunk or high when he drove the car. He said, from what he was aware, he wasn't. I heard, a few deferent stories concerning the judge hearing the case, through the years. That he joined the service and later became a city firemen. As for the person he drove over. I didn't know him personally. However, I remember seeing him when young, from my six or eight grade classroom on the third flood of our school. Looking out the third floor window, across a street at the back end of the church building. Behind the church building, were some steps where teenagers would hang out. Seeing him there often, with his long hair standing and sitting. Waiting for his friends. Wondering where he was going in life. I remember some years back my old friend, the firemen, was mention in the local newspaper. Involved in saving someone, while being the dispatch on the radio at the police station.

The blond hair girl when broke up with my old friend, had a another boyfriend for a length of time. Before the newer boyfriend at the concert. The second boyfriend had a new black trans am. I had heard he supposedly paid for it, from a settlement, he received. I was told, when he was very young, lost one of his lower legs supposedly to a train. Near a playground that had no fence surrounding it.

Some years later, I awoke with my short hair parted in the middle. Which I hadn't parted it in the middle since I was 18 years old. I didn't bothered to rearrange it. I drove to the gas station, and notice the blond hair girl drove up, that I left by the eternal fame in the woods. I thought, I wanted to always try to explain myself to her, but feeling it was much to awkward if I did. Would sound very strange to her perhaps. I also felt very awkward with my hair, that particular day parted in the middle. Sensing as if I didn't grow up, what she may of thought of me. It was strange how I seen her that day, especially waking up my hair was parted in the middle.

In the coming months, I seen about fifteen girls. All different types from supposedly bad reforming, to very good seemingly. Either thoughts of God, thoughts of the girl from the skating rinks, they weren't interested in me enough, or I didn't show enough effort, I guess ended them. Most I just spend a little time with, usually they allowed me to kiss them, and never seen them again.

Me and my sister's boyfriend, drove in my truck to his relatives old summer farm house out in the country. We walked down to the creek on the road. Two sweet country girls came up to us and talked some. We walked down the creek about a hundred yards, and smoke some pot with them. The one girl let me kiss her. I don't remember if the other one kiss my friend. I remember then being spooked, seeing a few feet from me and her, a splash in the clear water. A seemingly trout, that swam away very fast. Made me very curious, that their were trout in the small streams, in the countryside. In later years, I took up fly fishing, seeking out to find the tranquil spring fed, crystal clear streams in the countryside, was my favorite outdoor sport. Amazed by the trout's many colors, beauty, then releasing them. On hot hazy days, I liked to lay in the very cold spring pool, in the shade, under the willow tree's canopy. They said, they had to leave but they would be back after dinner. Me and my friend went up to the summer old farm house and waited for a while. I started to think, I should be concern, being if I remember the timing right, he may have been still seeing my sister. Perhaps I should have us leave early, not wait for the girls to come back, so nothing would happen. I also had miss the girl at the skating rinks, hoped she would return someday. It couldn't of happened while going out with her, because when ever I was seeing her, I wanted to love her only. Not ever risk, even remotely the chance of losing her, due to another girl. When leaving, I remember looking up the driveway, a rise in the terrain, their country house perch. Behind the house, a bright orange yellow sun shinning, descending. Wondering if perhaps I see a glimpse of them.

A year or so earlier getting on a transit bus, their were some very lovely woman, on each side of the center isle, each sitting alone. I wondered, before walking down the isle, if they notice me, like me. One

woman on the right immediately pamper her hair, then noticing them cross their ankles. Thinking that's a natural sign, perhaps they liked what they saw. When walking by them, my knees started to feel weak, harder to walk. Sitting down behind the girl on the right. Wondered why my knees felt weak? How I was being thought of, with my longer hair and black leather jacket. Perhaps they imagined a fantasy. Thinking, if for a brief seemingly fantasy, then when that wears off, I didn't have much to offer. Thinking perhaps I need to start changing soon and try to have something more to offer. Looking across the isle at a girl sitting, gave me a sense was both calming and sad in a way. Made me wonder how many woman, have left their true love behind, to chase after a meaningless job, the meaningless things of the world.

A girl, I was seeing for a little time in the summer, that had the most potential. She resembled, slightly of Marilyn Monroe before being discovered. She was a very nice blond hair girl, sweet, kind, very lovely. We talked about her past some. During the afternoon, I asked if she like to go for a walk around the park near by, to get out of my house. I thought it be best to get out of the house, not to be alone together so much. She told me she was afraid to walk around the park, being she might be seen by a priest she knew. Might reflect on her. We stayed around my home being I didn't have vehicle at the time. At night we drank some wine or Champaign, after swimming in the pool. On the couch downstairs, I showed her about 2,000 cash, that had been hidden by my mom. I may of ask her about her virginity. She told me she is a virgin, and that when younger an incident had happened. I encourage her to my bedroom, wanting to be more comfortable with her on my bed. With her bathing suit removed, I wondered if I should have sexual intercourse with her. My mind then began to think of the girl at the skating rinks. My mind didn't want to give up totally, and loose my hope of marrying the girl at the skating rinks. I realized again I loved the girl at the skating rinks. I couldn't go all the way with the girl on my bed. I had to keep trying to wait, that perhaps we may be together again. While on my bed, I remembered what she told me had happen to her when she was very young. I thought how could I somehow, someway heal her of that memory. Soon, I began to walk the girl home. About a quarter of the way, she said, you don't have to walk me any further. I sense she was saying something to me, and thought it be best she walk the rest of the way to her home. Another thing that bothered me, she was the older sister of the girl, I left behind in the dark at the shack. The girl with a face like an angel. I figured if I hadn't been in love with the girl from the skating rinks, perhaps I would have been with her. Wondering how would she feel if I came to her home with her older sister? It made me feel very uncomfortable to do that to her or even to myself. I sense at the time there was to much time went by, to really show interest toward the girl with a face like an angel. Since leaving her alone, when she seemingly came to me. I reasoned that perhaps God was directing me toward the older sister. I reasoned if God wanted me with the younger sister he would have had it happen, without the girl at the skating rinks on my heart. The sisters both married sometime later, and have children.

One night me and my friend from down the street, drove out to his relatives summer house again, but in his car. He would steal gas from cars in the neighborhood. I think he may of only had a drivers permit. When we were close to the summer house, driving on a dirt road, a police car lights came on behind us. My friend started to speed up. The dirt road had many highs and dips, like a roller coaster. Driving at a high rate of speed, I realized I had a small plastic sandwich bag, of some speed (strong caffeine). I had to get rid of fast. When the car went over another high in the road and dipped, the police couldn't see the car. I flung the small plastic bag of speed, out the side window. Wished I would never see speed again. Another high in the road, into the dip, sensed he lost control of the car. In the head lights a telephone pole appeared to the right of the road, then immediately in front of us. Somehow he manage to swing the car around, missing the telephone pole. We came to a halt on the left side of the road, facing the on coming police car. The police car in the dust, drove close at a high rate of speed pass us. Thinking the police car could of easily of hit us in the dust. My friend opened his door and said run. I got out and ran with him in the woods, but afraid sensing the terrain. Could be cliff ahead of us, not knowing where we were running. I can see the flashing light, from the flash lights of the police behind us through the trees. We ran down a small hill, across a small creek, then a short distance to a road. The police gave up the chase. We walked in the woods and fields along road for while, then up on the road. We walked along the edge of the

road. When we saw in the distance the light of headlights coming toward us from either direction, we darted back in the woods or corn fields. We stopped at a house we heard people talking, to use the phone. Ask if they perhaps can drive us to the nearest town. I recall, they didn't seem to care. Thinking today, I would have been frighten, if strangers came to my house late at night. We walked some distance, we stopped at a farm being tired and cold. Went in the barn took each a bail of hay. We walked a short distance down the road bend, went into the woods. We used the hey to make each of us something to lay on and covered ourselves with the remainder of the hey to keep us warm. In the morning, I went to the road and tried hitch hiking. A man in a milk tanker truck stopped and gave us a ride a few miles, until he was going a different direction. We walked some more, we saw a police car in the distance. I had my friend stand on the opposite side of me from the police car. This so the policemen wouldn't notice his shoe missing, when running from the police. His foot had two socks, and some leaves between them for a cushion. I gave him one of my socks and suggested he put leaves between them as a cushion. The policeman stopped his car, and talk to us for a few moments sitting in the car. He drove away, not noticing my friend had one shoe missing. We arrived at a large town. I called my brother to come pick us up. He arrived and drove us home. Another day, after school, I arrived home, two police officers in plain cloths were waiting to talk to us. Thinking there was no sense in making it worst by lying. I told them what had occurred. The police went and talked to my friend. The police told me they were thinking we were thieves, for some of the summer houses were broken into and things were stolen. We went to court, nothing much happened to me. My friend had a few more things to take care of, because I think he didn't have a drivers license, and he was the driver. There was a short write up in the news paper about us. I was worried the girl from the skating rinks, may of somehow heard of it, in the newspaper. As the years went by, I realized more, I could of lost my life easily that night. They never asked about the plastic baggy of speed. If they had ask, I would have probably confess.

In later years my friend married, not my sister. He had children, he divorce. Then seen him living with another girl some years ago.

Another girl she was from a near by home for bad girls. My sister told me at school she wanted to go out with me. I thought, I should at least go out with her once. If I remember correctly, I found out later she had a baby while on the date. We went to south park. We were on the back floor of my latest vehicle a very used CJ7 Golden Eagle Jeep. The back seat was removed, in repairing its rusty body. We were making out, it seemed she would let me have more of her, but thoughts of my past kept telling not to go any further.

I recall before the school had burnt down, I went with one of my friends behind the school was the park. Named South Park, has a botanical gardens. On a tree like a umbrella look to it, I wrote mine and her names, the girl from the skating rinks.



Recently I went to look if perhaps I could see mine and her name on the tree. Seems the tree had formed around the many names, embedding them within the tree.

I had two keg parties. The first one went fine. The second one had some problems. It was in the forth ward, at a railroad bridge, about a half a mile from the street, beside martin woods. There weren't to many attended the party, and this time, there were some alley boys. At the time an African American student, was my friend. He was tall, rather large, one of the friendliness person I knew. I noticed some of the girls seem to like being around him, seemingly respecting him. His name was flip, was a nickname. I soon realized I was going to loose money. After about half of the keg was empty, I was going to close off the tap. I was standing near the keg, down below, beside the rail road tracks, where were some heavy brush, five to six feet high. One of alley boys about six feet four, very solidly built, from behind me, punch me in the back of my head. Knock me over. When I looked up, three alley boys were surrounding me from three corners, with the tall thick brush behind me. One of the alley boys perhaps a fourth one, was a little further from the other three around me. He was the one had previously thrown beer at me. I had taken his girlfriend away from him at the dance. His younger sister let me kiss her, during the night of the keg party. I quickly thought I couldn't take them all on, thought whose to say what's in their minds. Wondered what is happening in their lives? If one of them maybe is so angry, that they would even kill someone. I couldn't persuade them differently, it be better to give them the beer and the keg. I didn't want to get beat up, perhaps worst, over some simple beer and little money. I stood up facing them, my eyes began to tear up. Thinking today, perhaps surprising them, but perhaps their wasn't enough light for them to see my eyes watering. I said "you can have the beer and the keg". Then I quickly walked away. A few days later, I paid someone, to get the keg and tap back. I could at least take it to the store, to get my deposit back. It didn't take him long to obtain the keg and tap. As to the girl I kiss at the keg party. I called her house, her older brother answered, and said some words warning me, not to take advantage of her. I don't recall I was with her again. She became a corrections officer, married a garage mechanic, who reminds me of my minister down south.

About flip, I met him when he hung around the small group mostly in one neighborhood, in the third ward, at the edge of the forth ward. The group was mostly from one particular immediate neighborhood, with a few outsiders like myself. The only thing the group did was smoke pot whenever they could, day or night. In the garages adjacent to their houses, behind the garage, on the railroad tracks, near a railroad bridge, in the cemetery and across the main street, beside the power substation. Their were a few couples, the couple that broke up, was the girl in my truck when I drove through the gate. Then later, I hung around with another group, at another edge of the third ward, made of high school students. A few were my age, most slightly younger, their ages ranged from 14 to 17. We would usually have a fire in the woods by the

thruway and under a street bridge going toward the mall. The girl from the skating rinks lived further pass the mall, in a town. We would drink beer, smoke pot, and some would see each other for a time. Some a longer time and married. There were a number of girls to choose from, most very sweet. There was two girls that came from the town, where the girl from the skating rinks lived. The one was interested in me, I wasn't interested in her. I had ask her once if she knew of the girl from her town, being I think she went to the same school. The students came from all the wards, mostly the third ward. Except the first ward, where it was mostly African American and a few Caucasians. They didn't hang around with students on this side of town. I rarely seen any African Americans, except in High School, and the grammar catholic school in the first ward and for flip. Which everyone seem to liked him, from what I could tell. I remember at about this time, painting in bright green paint, my name and the girl's name from the skating rinks on the cement foundation to the bridge. Some years ago they removed the bridge and filled in the cavity.

Another girl, a higher achiever from high school, I notice her walking at night. I stopped and ask if she like to go for ride. She stepped in the vehicle, we drove to South Park. We exited the vehicle and made a snow man in the largest open area, near the lake. We smoked some marijuana inside the jeep. She let me kiss her in the vehicle. I told her she reminded me of Elizabeth Taylor. Then I drove her home. I tried to see her again, showed up at the front door of her house. It seemed she didn't want to go out with me. Some time later, I also realized I made a mistake, I got the actresses names wrong. The actress wasn't Elizabeth Taylor but Sophia Lauren she had a resemblance.

Then another girl I remember, I didn't kiss her. A model from school, seen her on some advertisements. She was I thought the most beautiful girl at school, perhaps a few years older then me. Me and a friend seen her at a bus stop and ask if she like a ride. I seen her three other times, once at Allen street, art festival, in Buffalo, where they have the many large old houses, and houses painted many colors. I entered a bar type restaurant with a friend, and notice her through the crowd, towards the right of me, sitting at a booth. She looked toward me, I wondered perhaps she seen me at school. Wondering if she likes what she sees or perhaps it's just me who likes what I see. Then I soon left, I needed to use the restroom. Then again seen her delivering pizza, in the first ward. I walked up the darken hallway, back stairs and when the door opened at the top, I seen her, further in the room. Another girl was there, seemingly with her boyfriend. The last time seeing her was at the pizzeria, she came in once as a customer. I was washing the floors. I remember how the workers seem to miss the grim along the walls and edges of things. The grim, grease had built up. I made it my mission to wash to the furthest edge, scrubbing with the mop with all my strength. She entered the jeep, we ask if she like some marijuana? She smoked some with me and my friend. Then we dropped her off at the corner of Bethlehem Park's entrance, a subdivision directly across from the Bethlehem Steel Plant. I felt a little worried for her, hope she wouldn't get in trouble smoking marijuana. Someone may smell it on her. Recently looking at old pictures, I came upon my older sister's yearbook. Noticing the girl at the top of the stairs, her picture. Seemed the editors cut out her picture and place it in center of the bleachers among other student's pictures. She is looking to the side, combing her hair with a green comb. Her picture don't seem to be anywhere else in the year book. Perhaps the editor liked her, along with everyone else noticing her.

Another student who died, I remember seeing her in the school hallway, still very vivid in my mind. She was walking on the left side, and I was walking on the right side, behind her. She seemed a nice girl, a high achiever, having a seemingly nice boyfriend. Watching her, thinking she and her boyfriend seems one of the nicer couples in school. Then having mix thoughts and feelings of her. She glance back and our eyes locked, she seemed to of been fixated on me for a few seconds. I heard a time later, she was walking at night and a drunken driver ran her over. The driver an older son of supposedly an important member of the community, perhaps someone from the previous school's administration. Feeling sad for her, I wondered at the time about the song of Billy Joe, a song lyric of his, "only the good die young". I said to myself, honestly, how do I know she was good? Or perhaps it was just her time. Then I wondered only God knows for sure if she was good. Perhaps she was Catholic like so many in our city, didn't make her or anyone else being Catholic good in God's eyes? Also made me think being a high achiever in worldly things, can be so vain to

God's eyes. In later years reading a verse from the bible for the first time, made me wonder about her more.

Mark 10:17 And as he was going forth into the way, there ran one to him, and kneeled to him, and asked him, Good Teacher, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life? 18 And Jesus said unto him, Why callest thou me good? none is good save one, [even] God.

The Apostle John wrote:

I John 2:15 Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. 16 For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. 17 And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

May have been after she died, I was at a party drinking. I had to return with the car bowered from my brother. I started to drive, about a mile I realized, it was to dangerous for me driving and afraid of being caught. I drove down a road along the rail road tracks, and parked resting for a few hours. I hope the alcohol affect would wear off. Then I drove the remainder mile, the rest of the way home. Thinking, when drinking it's easy for the mind to be incline to drive because of circumstances. Perhaps I need to reconsider drinking.

Some years later, after I became a Christian, I became acquainted with her boyfriend of the girl who lost her life to the drunken driver. He had joined the national guard, and encourage me to join. I asked him about her, he seemed he couldn't say much. Thinking that may be best. I remember being in a car in front of a bank, considering joining the national guard. Thinking how my dad was so indifferent, cold, and harsh at times. He was when younger, in the navy, before I was born. My dad would often threaten me when about eight years old, he would send me to the military while attacking me. Driving me out the house. I didn't want anymore, an authoritative person over me, being perhaps indifferent, cold, harsh. Having to follow some orders, that may be very ill conceived. I perceived, my dad had thought the service helped him. I thought it also made his heart somewhat more cold and indifferent toward others. Besides from his alcoholic dad. Then thinking, I was in God's spiritual military, fighting powerful principalities in the hearts and minds of people. Remembering these verses.

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

My sister two years younger then me, joined the navy a few years later, and recently my nephew. They both seem to have good experiences. When men and woman tell me, they are or were in the service, I thank them, very grateful for their service defending the nation.

At school in 12th grade, I rested my head on the desk, in machine shop. Since the school burnt down, they had split sessions. Some students would start school in the afternoon, others would start very early. I started early, machine shop was my first class. In my English class I was doing poorly again. I would have to step it up in the last remaining quarters. In the machine shop, I was doing the teachers pet project

and had good grades. Made me think I should be somewhat rewarded to be able to at least rest my head on the table from time to time. The teacher said, if you work for someone, you can't rest your head. They kicked me out of school. When out of school, I thought I didn't want to work for someone, that I couldn't be rewarded for putting extra effort into my work. I rather become self employed. I could reward myself for extra effort. The added benefit I wouldn't have to work with co-workers that can be so hostile to one's viewpoint. I wondered was it worth it to finish that last remaining grade, for a piece of paper, if I never plan on using it. I would be self employed. I came to the conclusion my education wasn't because I had a certificate or people would measure me. I had been involved, I asked lots of questions, finding the answer. Also being I wasn't with the best crowd I hung around with, it may be best not to return, free from more bad experiences. I decided to not return. Later in the summer a neighbor offered me money to cut his lawn, and then another neighbor. I realized cutting lawns would offer me good money. If I worked hard, very good money. The added benefit in later years, even while work being it was so simple, my mind was free to think intently on the word of God. Trying to figure out the many harder verses. Also time off to enjoy fly fishing, and other pursuits.

John Jerome Nowak

Thank you for your time and consideration

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