

God May Be Telling Me Something



August 1965

Held by Grandmother (Mom's side)

My name is John Jerome Nowak, born July 28, 1965. In later years beside the front door below the lamp, was a large bell. When supper was ready, one of the children or mom would ring the bell. We could hear the ringing, seven houses down the street in the back yard by the apple tree. The neighborhood children, would race to say it first, "bell is ringing, supper John".



Older sister, older brother and me



3-5 Years old

When around three to five years old, I was at night, laying on the lower bunk bed in my sister's bedroom alone. I looked down the rectangular darkened room, near the entrance, and notice two figures as people. They were outlines of bright energy slightly flowing out; the centers of them were dark. I became very scared. I climb up the latter to the upper bunk bed, lay on my back and closed my eyes. Then opened my eyes and seen brightly my older sister's face inches from my face, startling, scaring me. I close them again, then opened them and seen the darkness of the room. I wondered they may have been angels, it felt very real. I said to myself, "must of been a dream, but God may be telling me something".

Another day in my sister's bedroom, I was lying on my side, on the upper bed. I observed across the room, on the wall a ceramic plaque of Jesus with a flaming fire heart and thorns. Beside on the same wall was a plastic cylinder for saving quarter coins. Behind the cylinder at different levels were drawings of what you could buy with the saved quarters. The top choice was a vacation, which seemed you would arrive fast at the amount of quarters needed to get to the top. I had hope to have a flaming heart as Jesus, that reaching vacation was like reaching heaven. Perhaps I could reach there seemingly fast with the flaming heart.

One day I was in the kitchen and seen my younger sister on a tall stool chair, reaching in the fridge for the donuts. She was putting her finger in each dough nut, to see what flavor they were. Later in the day my parents, had us children line up in the living room. I don't recall my younger sister in the line, perhaps she was too young. They demanded one of us to fess up. I tried to say I seen my younger sister put her figure in the dough nuts. I wondered if I had spoken up strong enough. My dad with his leather belt began hitting each one by one, chasing us around the living room, and up the stairs. I don't recall my younger sister being whipped with the belt, perhaps being she may have been very young. She never did fess up to putting her finger in the donuts, that I am aware. I remember seeing the welts on my back from being hit at times with the belt.

At around six years old, I was in the neighbor's garage adjacent to the backyard of our house, playing with matches. When I came into the house, mom asked what was I doing, as if she knew what I was doing. I told her I was playing with matches. She told me to go to my bedroom. When my dad arrived

home, my mom told him what had happen. Neither one of them slapped me, where in other cases it would have been normal for them to do so. I began to think it's best to be honest, even if I had to go to my bedroom and suffer some.

After school I went inside a store and bought some good and plenty. When outside the store I notice I accidentally bought the wrong good and plenty, back liquorish. I went back in the store and tried to switch the black liquorish for the fruit flavored good and plenty. The store clerk saw me perhaps only taking the fruit flavored, not putting back the black liquorish. Accused me of stealing, took the fruit favored from me and had me leave the store. Outside the store I realized I paid for the good and plenty but not having any to show for it.

Around seven years old, I stole money from my mom's purse, buying from the store, candy, toys, fire crackers (from a house a mile away where my older brother bought them), cigarettes and collecting different types of cigarette lighters. Sometimes I used the firecrackers to blow up toads learned from the teenagers. I tried inhaling the smoke from the cigarettes, but sensing pain in my lungs, made me think my lungs were still developing. I wondered, if I continued to inhale, the pain may go away. Then thought perhaps God intended the pain in my young body, as an early warning. Decided I didn't want my lungs to get use to the cigarettes. At the playground, I hung out with some teenagers. They were playing spin the bottle in the midday under the poplar tree, beside the baseball diamond. I observed one of the male teenagers started to run away. The others caught him and held him to the ground. His sister came from behind him, pulled down her pants along with her underwear, and sat back on his face. The others let go of him, and said something, I'd rather not say. They laughed at him all the more. It made me worried, how people, sisters and bothers can so easily turn against each other. Telling myself, I better be very aware, cautious what I say around them. At the same spot under the tree, I used a cigarette lighter, melted a coffee can plastic lid. The melted plastic dripped onto, between my thumb and first finger. It stung, startled me. I was in pain, not wanting anyone to notice. I immediately removed the drip of plastic, tearing the top layer of skin, causing later a scar. Sensing my skin removed, the pain, I worried, I wasn't careful enough with my body. Playing with the firecrackers a street over, accidentally a blackjack firecracker was ignited while in my hand, stinging my hand. I thought playing with firecrackers, one could ignite one by accident easily. If it was larger, I could have lost a finger or more. Decided, best to stop playing with them, before I wanted to play with more powerful firecrackers.

My dad kept me working on his projects through the years.



1972

Dad, installing the built in steel pool, in the back yard, dad had fabricated at his shop.

I had to place large stones in the bottom of the foundation trench for the brick walls. Push dirt under the pool to fill in the cavities. Move brick for the brick layer. Mix mortar at times with my brother. I recall, that the color on the bottom of the pants, was material in the shape of feathers, as if having to do with Indians.



Birthday Party
Dad, brother, Cocoa my dog under the table,
Younger sister (below), older sister (above), me

A woman friend of my mom gave me a large children picture Bible. I enjoyed looking at the many pictures. Her daughter was older by some years than me, very lovely with blond hair. One afternoon she was resting, either on the top bunk bed, or bottom bunk bed in my sister's bedroom. I was resting on the opposite bunk bed. At some moment we held hands on the wall side of the bunk beds. We swung our clutch hands back and forth, feeling the sensation as if my hand was floating.

I had two early childhood male friends, both two years older than me, lived on my street. One was Italian, flat-footed, claimed as the reason why he couldn't run as fast. The other was Irish, who moved into the neighborhood when I was eight years old. He was shorter than me but was strong and had very fast reflexes. I learned in later years if anyone tried fighting him, they were sorry. With his short but strong arms, with every punch you hit him, he would hit you wildly several times with force.



Apple Tree

Around eight years old, during the summer, we were in the backyard of my Irish friend's house. There were some fruit trees, one particular an apple tree, was the best climbing tree in the neighborhood. It's trunk was about two to three feet high with large limbs going up into branches. The bark being soft and the openness between the branches made it easy to climb to the top. I and my two friends were having a contest of who could hang from the lower limb the longest. Soon we all had to go home for supper, but agreed we would return right after, to continue the competition. After supper, I decided to go the back way behind the houses, along the high wood fence. When I reach the end of the fence, it was my Irish friend's backyard. I stopped and watched from between the fence and at the time some tall old lilacs. My Italian friend was there with one of his younger sisters, holding the branch above him, but not actually hanging from it. When he seen my Irish friend coming out of his house, he lifted up his feet and began hanging and started to count large numbers. When my Irish friend came up to the tree, I came from behind them. I said words to the effect, what I saw. The Italian friend said he was hanging the whole time, and insisted it very persistently. So much so, I wondered if my eyes were fooling me with what I saw. Thinking they weren't, I figured there was no use trying to continue to persuade my Irish friend, because he couldn't tell really who was telling the truth. It was only my word against the others. About his two younger sisters, I don't recall which one was with him, by the apple tree. However his youngest sister, had some impact indirectly, previously and later in my life, explained later.

I and my two friends would play soldiers in the snow, as if we were in a battle, and fumbly bumbly football in the snow in the front yard of my Italian friend's house. Best was about a foot to two feet of snow, with high piles of shoveled snow along the edge from the driveway, sidewalk and the edge of the street from the snowplow truck. We would tackle the one that had the football, or try to cause him to fumble the ball. If tackled he had to toss the football up. Whoever gets it would run from one side of the front yard to the other side. The higher snow banks were used for momentum when running through the others. The game continued until we were all exhausted and whoever had the most times cross the yard won. While growing up, we played street hockey, tag football and tackle foot ball. I enjoyed football the most.

Behind my house, an alley, behind another house, is the the train tracks. I hop on the moving train. I realize it was speeding up, and decided I had to get off the train. Noticing it was narrow with loose railroad stones along the train tracks, and a parallel small shallow ditch with water and cattails. Thinking if I tried to run while holding onto the train, I would likely fall forward onto my face on the loose stones. I had to jump. I tried to make myself very aware where my feet were, so my feet wouldn't accidentally be extended under

the train wheels. I jumped landing on my feet and then tumbled, coming to a halt on my back. Sensing my legs in the air pulled into me, but going forward as if slow motion toward the rolling wheels of the train. My legs froze still in the mid air. I decided to never hop a train again.

I made a friend with a Baptist, around my age. He lived near my dad's steel warehouse. One day I walked over to his house, when at the time there were piles of broken sidewalk for landfill. I walked between the broken pieces of sidewalk, their German Shepard attacked me, biting down on my arm. I cried immediately and the dog released my arm. I ran back to the warehouse from where I came.



My parents, two Sisters, me

When my dad's steel warehouse was opened, late into the night, I operated the two over head cranes at times, with a worker, or my Dad. At times running the crane itself, or handling the chains, folks, hooks, cables, and some some other various creations my dad made for lifting. Transferred loads of steel, from semi-truck to semi-truck, frames of trucks, large crates of vehicle parts, large coils of steel, bundles of steel bars, flat plates of steel, large steel rollers, pallets of materials, for crossing the Canadian and USA border. This before the semi trucks were allowed to drive through the border and continued on.

My Baptist friend had a large family, two older brothers and sisters. It seemed his father was never around, and perhaps then or later he left them, but not sure. I learned they studied the Bible, and went to church often, for many hours at a time. I was surprised, they stayed at church so long. I wondered how boring it might be, since the Catholic church being at mass for a half an hour, was not simulating. When I was in their home, they were doing a multiple choice religious study, I tried to answer some questions. Which I answered some, but when it spoke about Jesus as Lord, king, it stumped me some. It left me with some curiosity, of what were the actual words, said about and by Jesus in the Bible. I thought I shouldn't consider other so called Christian groups, I may be easily deceived, being to young not knowledgeable enough. Thinking perhaps when older someday, I need to search and read the Bible. I invited my Baptist friend on vacation with my family. His mom didn't want him to go. She said, he was having some behavior problems. I begged her and my mom, to let him go. His mom allowed him. While at the rented cottage in Canada, my Baptist friend and I were standing near the dresser, he had his clothes beside him on the floor and my clothes were on top of the dresser. Some of my clothes, perhaps worn, had fallen off of the dresser on to his clothes or thinking perhaps when someone had cleaned, may have thrown the clothes to the side, on top of his clothes. Or perhaps I just thrown my clothes on his, but never recalled doing so. It wasn't intentional, so I didn't think much about it, not much concern. He became angry and punched me in my mouth, giving be a hairline crack in my front left tooth, killing the nerve in the tooth. My Mom became very

upset with what he had done. We soon stopped being friends, at least close friends. As the years went by, I observe that the baptist brothers seemed they married very young, at least was my impression. Sensing their culture or perhaps religious upbringing, gave much support around early marriage. Which I sense was well of the Baptist. Thinking many in the world's culture discouraged youthful marriages in various ways.



We renovated for many years a house next door to ours. I and my brother, gutted the inside, remove the roofing, move the lumber, mix mortar, move brick, stud the walls and roof, etc, with my dad.



Dad bought a small hand soap company (Getzol), I worked on an assembly line, making the soap in a large hopper, filling the containers, capping, and boxing.

The company also made mat lacquer, for spraying pictures, to remove the gloss finish. Kodak would buy 55 gallon barrels.

When we returned home from school, we would be taken to their soap company and work the assembly line. At times Mom was behind me with a stick, to hit me, if I did not do as they said. I wondered if I should call the authorities on my parents, for making their children work in their companies. I wonder

about children working, is it right? I figure to some degree its ok, especially when families really needed the money, if they were poor. I decide to threaten my mom at work one day. Standing by the soap hopper, I said, I'm going to report you to the authorities for making us children work so much. She was somewhat angry, and may of answer back in a mocking, daring way. I worried the authorities may take away our parents from us. Causing even more hardship for us? I figured it wasn't worth calling the authorities. At about eight to ten years old in much despair over my parents, I tried to commit suicide, by eating a half of bottle of aspirin. I soon gave up the thoughts of suicide, thinking God wouldn't be pleased.

One day I was in our pool with an older blond haired girl, from the neighborhood, visiting her grandparents from time to time. I guess she was about 12 to 13 years old. We were both trying to get on the floating plastic lounge raft, pushing each other off the raft. I decided, I would try to touch her for split second, at an area on her body, I wasn't suppose too. When I did, she looked at me very sternly, perhaps saying something. I pretended I didn't intentionally touch her, not saying a word, until she seemed over it. Her sternness, made me think, I better never try that again.



Working with my dad at the steel warehouse, he had me climb to the above girder, where the crane rides over the rail. I notice above my head the large bare copper wires, strung along close to one another, for the electric high voltage. I asked him if there was voltage in the wires. He told me there was 400 volts. I thought to myself, why didn't he tell me before I began to climb? If I wasn't a type that observed things around me, I may have easily touch the bare wires a foot or so above my head. I then thought that my dad wasn't looking out for me. He was careless at times when working. I had to be extra careful. I found out in later years my Dad was partially blind in one eye, from the navy. I imagined also added to his unsafe working.

In the living room of my Irish friend's house, he asked me a question. Words to the effect, that he heard, that I was with another male, as if an acquaintance or friend in the neighborhood, something sexual. I immediately said, I wasn't, with some persistence. Wondering who could have said something like that. I thought about an occurrence that happen in my dad's truck crane, but nothing had actually happened. I then thought of an event some years back, directly next door at my Italian friend's house. I remembered, a teenager, involved in the first event, then a time later involved in another event in a the depression in the field. The first event he was under a back porch of my Italian friend's house, when before the side back of the house was remodeled. Vaguely remembering something he said, then what I may have said, caused me to remember only to be weary. It had to do with something sexual, but not anything that had specifically ever occurred. Then I thought about my brother, what had happen, and wondered if I was being honest answering his question. I thought I was being honest to the question, he ask words to the effect, about a perhaps a male, as if an acquaintance or friend in the neighborhood, other than my brother. However my conscience still felt some holding back, and also since he had asked, the more worried and wishing nothing

had occurred between me and my older brother.



Another of my Dad's project I worked on, was creating a 30 foot long cigarette fiberglass boat mold that never created a boat. I had to keep up the supply of plaster for the plaster man, to make the boat shape, to be made into a fiberglass mode.



Eleven Years Old

Not sure the age I was, when my two friends and some other neighborhood kids were playing softball at a cemetery, where there was plenty of open grass area. The Italian friend started to pick on me because of my speech impediment. I decided to ignore it and pretend it didn't bother me. His picking on me, made me wonder about Jesus. Made me think perhaps I would be stronger for it, if I just take the humiliation and pain and not do anything. While he was picking on me, I wondered, he was a friend. I felt sorry for him. He was two years older then me and I could beat him at most sports. If I was him, I would be picking on me too. My Irish friend said "why don't you do something?" The Italian friend picked on me the

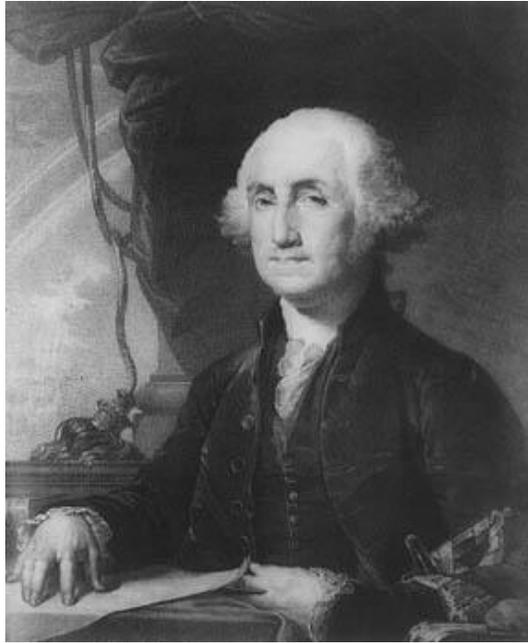
whole game and after the game. My two friends in later years both entered the Marine Corps.



Picture of the pool 5-21-1993

My younger sister had a pool party for her class. I was the lifeguard, best I recall at about 12 years old. One of her classmates about ten years old, when saw the pool, became excited. Without knowing how to swim, he ran off the diving board into the deeper end of the pool. It was about nine feet deep (before some years ago, my dad placed 2 feet of concrete on the bottom of the deep end, to make the pool less deep). I immediately jump in trying to grab him, to pull him to the side of the pool. He grabbed on to me and started to pull me under. Realizing I wasn't getting anywhere, I pushed him off. I then swam under him, grabbed his foot and ankle of his other foot for some control, pushing him upwards with my feet from the bottom of the pool. I kept him on the surface of the water, holding his foot and ankle and nudged him to the edge of the pool. He grabbed on the edge of the pool, held himself out of the water. I wondered, if I had saved him, being there were other youngsters standing along the edge. I thought perhaps someone else would have thrown something out to him, saving him, but perhaps not.

The Italian friend's Dad, seemed to be there for his son, encouraging him. In later years, he would jog around the cemetery with his son, to prepare him to enter the marines. I believed he did have flat feet. I guess his dad is some Russian and perhaps some Italian. He was in the union leadership at the Ford stamping plant, then in later years retired. When I would visit his dad and his wife, he often reminded me when I was young. I was about five to seven years old, that I stole his favorite stick from him. Perhaps a walking stick, or I recall he may of said, he used it also somehow in the process of roasting pig, he would often do for parties. I never could recall taking it, but do recall a vague memory. He came up the street and we were in the very narrow gap, about three feet wide, between my parents house and the house next store, before many years later when rented, burnt down by accident. I vaguely remember, he may have found the stick, may of picked up the stick, and had the stick in his hand. Then recall, I was standing at the exit of the gap, the back of the house. A visual that stuck in my mind of the time. Through the years, I had wondered if perhaps I picked up his stick by accident, thinking it was an ordinary stick, which would be very possible. Thinking, I would have had a distinct memory, if I had thought I had stolen the stick, but could never recall a memory. Some years ago he gave me a book on philosophy to read, after an article I written in 1995, titled, ***Declaration of Freedom of Religion and Morality from Governmental Subversion***. The article had some excerpts from 1796 President Timothy Dwight, President 1795-1817 of Yale, to the candidates for the baccalaureate, Dwight preached on: ***"The Nature and Danger of infidel philosophy"***. I sent the article to congressmen, and when I ran for mayor of our city, place it in our local newspaper.



**Declaration of Freedom of Religion and Morality
from
Governmental Subversion**

January 14, 1995

Our founding father George Washington holding to his religion and principles of morality in his Farewell Address 1796 said: "Of the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who would labor to subvert these great pillars of the duties of men and of citizens."

Our constitution was drafted upon a foundation of principles of morality, to most of our early citizens the New Testament contained the self-evident pillars of morality. Recorded in writing to be read, studied, and meditated upon. The new and old testament to them was an adequate time span of evidence of thousands of years and hundreds of generations of precise actions, intents, and motives of people. Explaining every pertinent social interaction between its morality and other cultures common to man. These early Americans who had diligently studied and honestly kept to its pristine principles of morality, had the knowledge to discern the motives and intents of the hearts of men, were equipped to be fully righteous, had inner peace, joy, love, self control and an abundant life. The New Testament warning them to: "beware lest any man spoils them through philosophy and vain deceit, after the traditions of man, after the rudiments of the world"



In 1796 President Timothy Dwight, President 1795-1817 of Yale, to the candidates for the baccalaureate, Dwight preached on: "The Nature and Danger of infidel philosophy" "The vain deceit of ancient philosophy and every philosophy, which has opposed religion and morality in every succeeding generation, has uniformly worn the same character." Proclaiming and teaching religion is only a system of fraud and trick imposed upon the ignorant multitude. That it is unreasonable to believe God to be wise and good. "That skepticism and ridicule is the true and only wisdom of man. That we man lawfully get all things if we get them safely. That modesty is inspired only by prejudices and has its foundations in the mere desire of appearing superior to animals. That female infidelity when known is a small thing when unknown nothing. That adultery must be practiced if we would obtain all the advantages of life. That suicide or self-murder is lawful and commendable and of course virtuous. These doctrines may explain why many of the ancient philosophers were noted for sodomy. We may safely say these doctrines are today being practiced, they overwhelming the world with misery, by contesting all principles of morality but adding none."

The rudiments of the world, psychology, is base on a lesser time span and a narrow rudimentary observation of the culture, a foundation of sifting sand, resulting in faddish and bias conclusion against religion and people of its morality. **Seymour Epstein University of Massachusetts- Amherst (His name wasn't in the original, I wasn't sure at the time what to do with his name)** "Psychology claims to be scientific having a high degree of control and objectivity. However, there is no more fundamental requirement in science then that the replicability of findings be established. Since experiments in the physical sciences produce results that are replicable and generalizable, it seemed reasonable to them, the same was true for psychology. Laboratory experiments actually are ineffective because much human behavior is so sensitive to incidental sources of stimulation, that adequate control wouldn't be achieved, even at attempts of exact replication. As for objectivity and full disclosure in psychology, few replication studies are attempted. Replication studies are particularly apt to be rejected for publishing, when they cast doubt on psychologies accepted conclusions. Some journals state that they do not accept replication studies; others implicitly follow a similar policy."

The government has subverted religion and morality for about two generations through philosophy and for about one generation through psychology, has been promoted, by governmental tenured teachers. Established for almost a century, by our tax dollars, crossing the line of freedom of religion and morality. Especially with the young future leaders, men and woman who had left home and parents for government universities. Many having strong passions and feeble principles of morality, delighted in the prospects of unrestrained gratification, eagerly enrolled with people of passion and ambition, were enamored of the loosened governmental doctrines of philosophy and psychology, and went back home and swayed others to follow their conduct.

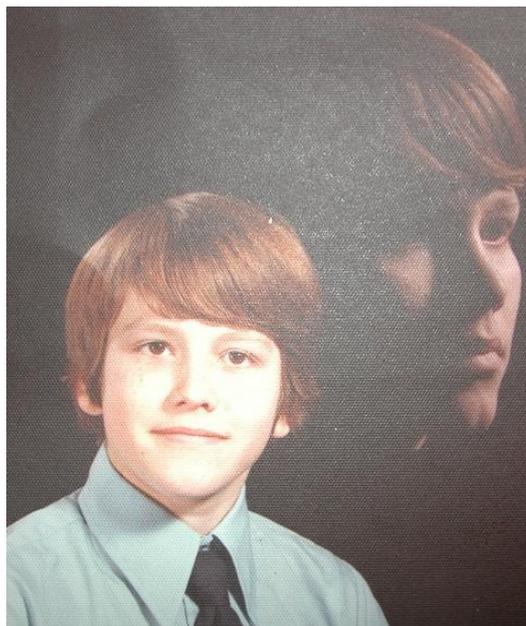
We the people, sincere, compassionate, independent citizens of the United States of America, petition the honorable leaders of the government for legislation to restore our freedom of religion of morality from governmental subversion. We ask all government teachers in any government school will be prohibited from either promoting or establishing philosophy, psychology, or religion. We ask government will neither promote or establish psychologists, instead promote and establish social workers for feeding,

sheltering, clothing, giving medical care, and stabilizing the emotional disturbed from harming themselves. We ask equal access to the stabilized emotional disturbed by all law abiding groups outside of government either philosophy, psychology, or religion and morality. We ask the government to request the constitutional rights of the stabilized emotional disturbed, to choose from a list of these groups for their counseling.

There are many thousands of people employed by the government in philosophy and psychology. Human behavior as it is, has been for thousands of years, these people will not want to give away readily their powerful influences and illusions of credibility. We ask for your help to reaffirm our founding fathers trust and constitutional spirit in the freedom of religion and morality from governmental subversion.

John Nowak, Robert Schwinger, Richard Powers, Thomas Calleri, Thomas J Gaffney, Edward J Volt

When I began reading his book of philosophy, it began to try to persuade me suicide was a good thing and should be allowed, perhaps lawful. After reading some of its persuasion, not perceiving it as compelling, I decided to stop reading. I gave the book back to him, thanking him, to always be cordial to people, no matter. About ten years ago, the fire detective came to investigate the house next store which burnt down. I was very curious where the fire began and how. I recall he showed me a small blacken tin bucket, a candle similar to the type you buy to rid mosquitoes. It had ignited something in the upstairs back right bedroom. He then told me how he could tell where the fire started, by seeing how some of the structure in the wall of the house had burned, but it wasn't there anymore. Remembering today in our house, mine and my brother's bedroom was also the upstairs back right bedroom, before the upper rooms were remodeled. Some of the wall of the bedroom wasn't there anymore. One half of the old bedroom became a hallway going back to an additional larger room, for my parents. The other half of my old bedroom, was added onto my sisters bedroom, becoming a larger room for me and my brother. My sisters went into my parent's bedroom in the front of the house, with a similar size addition added to it, to make a larger room for my sisters.



12 years old

When twelve years old, during lunch recess at school, I stood on the grass facing about 30 ft away from a very large old sycamore tree. The tree's trunk was about three to four feet in diameter. I recollected

from observing the world, my older brother, and his friends were forever after the quest of having sexual relations. I began to visualize within my mind for a brief moment, right of the large tree, as if a youthful couple, floating about three feet in the air. I perceived both were a virgin, male and female, when had sexual intercourse unknowingly to others. Feeling at first discomfort, then immediately a sense of ease, comfort came over me, God had naturally joined them together. God had bound them in a lifetime marriage. Then raced through my mind, thoughts of another person who isn't a virgin, due to had sexual intercourse with one or more that were already in their own lifetime marriages from having sexual intercourse unknowingly to others. The person who's no longer a virgin, can't be bound to someone who's already in a lifetime marriage, is free to take one who isn't in a lifetime marriage. For their own lifetime marriage. Perceiving lifetime marriages can't be dissolved by sex with another, but only by physical death.

I then imagined a man who left his lifetime marriage that was unknown to others, and takes another of someone else lifetime marriage. I sense discomfort that he is proud, God sees all things, will hold him accountable. Next I perceived lifetime marriages, even when occurred unknown to others, when the male and female were equally virgins, has a lasting remembrance of given to each other their virginity. Supplies the greatest potential of devotion for each other for a lifetime, for the greatest potential of contentment, peace and tranquility for the largest number of people in the world. In contrast, perceived the existing mentality in the world and in the Catholic church when particularly two virgins, male and female, had sexual intercourse unknown to others, if the relationship broke off, was regarded as either not a big deal by the world or called a sin (fornication), by the Catholic teaching. To conveniently leave each other, even in error thinking they're doing the will of God in leaving each other. Perceived the mentality of the world and the Catholic doctrine was the underlying reason for the great chaos happening in the world. I didn't linger on especially the latter visual, less I be tempted and fall into such situations. Made it the more difficult at times to recall them, and because it was part visual within and immediate perceiving, was besides difficult to ever express them.

I then looked toward the right side, immediately behind the sycamore tree, at the narrow sidewalk, beside a separate two story dark brick building, a convent for nuns. I pictured in my mind, a couple among others on the narrow sidewalk in their marriages like my parents. Thinking, there were some differences between my parent's relationship lasting, compared to this generation's relationships failing. Then I stood to the left of the large sycamore tree, where I imagined the couple was floating in a lifetime marriage by God. I looked toward a few feet, where the narrow sidewalk became broader, parallel up to the multiple steel closed emergency windowless doors, the back side of a smaller section of the school. I focused on the doors, where immediately inside, about ten feet, the door to the girl's bathroom and immediately to the left the door to the boy's bathroom. The emergency doors were forbidden to open to walk outside, only few dared to open. I sensed a strange feeling as if it was staged around me, perhaps by God, some kind of meaning to the doors, that were only to be open for emergencies. (in later years the meaning came to me, that many a lives there sexual past, must be open, talked about to find if they are married in God's eyes, to someone in their past.)

Behind the sycamore tree, between the two buildings, was a gap, a somewhat narrow walkway, to another large green grass area. Where the girls would show some interest toward the boys. One day, I notice a girl, I liked. She was wearing her navy blue jacket, she was still, quiet, standing near the wall, at the beginning of the narrow walkway. Wondering if she may like me? Some other girls in my class, were talking about boyfriends, at the exit of the narrow walkway, going back and forth in the somewhat narrow walkway. I had notice in the early spring, a small area of grass on the other side, near the sidewalk, caught my attention being especially green, through the snow. Thinking the sidewalk absorbed the warmth of the sunlight, it made the ground near its edge slightly warmer, for the grass to grow very green. The one girl, that talked the most about boys, a short time later, was at the roller skating hall. I was on the skating rink and skated to the side board, that went around half of the rink. She came up to the other side of the side board. Then we both were more toward the end of the side board, near the other side of an opening in the side board, where it was darker. Then I seen her face closer to my face, she close her eyes and seemingly

so slightly puckered her lips. At first I didn't know what she was doing, then soon figured she may have wanted me to perhaps kiss her. However, I wasn't interested in her, so I became still, perhaps I said something, so her feelings wouldn't be hurt. She started to talk again, so fast, I wondered if I really saw her close her eyes. Thinking I did, I skated away from her. I then found out one of my friend's older sister was interested in me, she was one of the girls in the upper grade that were the most beautiful. I thought wow, that she even noticed me. I do recall, I failed first grade, being held back a grade. I was told that it was because of my speech impediment. Through the years I wondered, if perhaps I was slow, perhaps my mom didn't spend enough time preparing me. Perhaps since my birthday fell past the middle of the year, I was sent to school to early. I didn't think I really had a chance with her, being she was older, or at least in an upper grade. Thinking how could I ever hold an older girl's interest, for a length of time, so I didn't try for her. I also remembered that another girl from another skating rinks had captivated my heart. My heart felt wanting to wait for her. I remember something about the older girl. Her girlfriend she hung around with was very lovely. We were one day going home on a bus, remembered very distinctly where the bus was going toward some railroad tracks. The same road and rail road tracks, when I was about 16 years old, I was told by my friend, he and his girlfriend had done it, had sex with her. I over heard the very lovely girl on the bus near me, say a seemingly poem, song about her boyfriend. The words were "while I go out on a date, you stay home and masturbate". I thought when she said it, how horrible and cruel for her to have such thoughts in her mind, toward her boyfriend. Besides that, she seemed nice. She was the daughter of a prominent profession of the community.

John Jerome Nowak

Thank you for your time and consideration

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