

Matthew 10:34 Do not think that I came to bring peace on earth. I did not come to bring peace but a sword. 35 For I have come to 'set a man against his father, a daughter against her mother, and a daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law'; 36 and 'a man's enemies will be those of his own household. 37 He who loves father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me. And he who loves son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me. 38 And he who does not take his cross and follow after Me is not worthy of Me.

1987
23-24 Years Old

I sat outside the front of my parent's house, under the large ash tree with my brother. My brother was going to sell his older semi truck and buy a newer semi truck. Worried for his eternal life, I remembered Christ parable about the rich man who had a barn and he built another barn and filled it up, but then his life was called. He had nothing to show for his life to God. I told my brother, if he was to die in three months, what would he gain?

Luke 12:13 And one out of the multitude said unto him, Teacher, bid my brother divide the inheritance with me. 14 But he said unto him, Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you? 15 And he said unto them, Take heed, and keep yourselves from all covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. 16 And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully: 17 and he reasoned within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have not where to bestow my fruits? 18 And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my grain and my goods. 19 And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, be merry. 20 But God said unto him, Thou foolish one, this night is thy soul required of thee; and the things which thou hast prepared, whose shall they be? 21 So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.

Remembering the words of Jesus in the bible.

Luke 16:13 No servant can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon (money). 14 And the Pharisees also, who were covetous, heard all these things: and they derided him. 15 And he said unto them, Ye are they which justify yourselves before men; but God knoweth your hearts: for that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God.

I said to my brother he would not be forgiven of his sins; he needed to repent and be baptized (water immersed) for his sins to be forgiven. I said, to him our parents didn't love us. That they loved their wealth and work more than us.

He said, he had to work so much when he was younger and he couldn't do many things he wanted to do, such as play basket ball on the school team. I told him it was wrong of him molesting me when younger. He said we were experimenting. I said it was wrong. Instantaneously he attacked me, pushed me backwards, then falling on the ground, him on top of me. When he began hitting me, I covered my face with my arms. I didn't struggle to push him off or hit back. Sensing I was as strong or stronger than him now, I could of, but didn't. He then started to say he was going to kill me. That's when I yelled out to my parents, who were inside the house. They came outside and took him off of me. I remembered the next day, Mrs. Fenny, called my mom and gave her my wallet she found on her lawn. Near the end of the narrow sidewalk beside the front steps of her house. Thinking the wallet must of fallen out of my pocket somehow. When my brother was on top of me, partially on her lawn. Recalling today also where I had place a few feet away the basket of apples (I was 3 to 5 years old),

assumed to be taken out to the curb. The two shiny dimes, the first money given me for work, by Mr. Fenny a 90 year old, retired Irish policemen.

I remembered the bible verse I Corinthians 13, about love.

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

I tried to show Christian love to him. I tried to love everyone, as if I need to love everyone the same as I would love the girl at the skating rinks. I gave him my almost new tires off my old car for his car. Invited him to go fly fishing with me. We went fishing, I brought a neighbor friend. My older brother went swimming and swam out in the deeper water. He asks me to come out to him, two deferent places. I felt it was too dangerous to swim in a lake too far from shore, and the creek where the water was muddy and very deep. I ask him if he wanted to go fishing out on the boat, with me and a friend. I figured I couldn't take the chance of me and my older brother alone on a boat far from shore. We never did go fishing on the boat.

I was out cutting lawns, three months later, since the incident with my brother in front of the house. I drove up to a driveway parking lot, where I cut a lawn, beside some apartments. It was a very hot and windy part of the day. I began to notice the way the wind was blowing. The shrubs drastically swaying back and forth, behind them the the high wood fence. I hesitated and pondered. I watch then the branches on the maple trees near the street drastically swaying. I felt a sense of déjà vu, eeriness, came over me. When I arrived home, I met my uncle and a relative police officer next door along the brick path. Under the tall old apple tree at the time, behind the garage. The same garage, I had played with matches. They informed me my older brother was killed a hundred miles away in Erie, Pa. I was told later, my brother was unchaining a load of 20 inch diameter steel mill rollers, on his semi truck. One unexpectedly rolled and caught his foot. He fell off the side of the truck backwards into the truck well. The steel roller, fell on top of him. I was told it crush his chest up to his neck. Was told the man who saw what happen went into shock, couldn't return to work. This made me think of Christ other parable:

Matthew 18:1-6 1 At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? 2 And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, 3 And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. 4 Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. 5 And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me. 6 But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

Thinking back on it, I wonder if my brother had not the good intentions that I had for him. I hope he did. I wished someway or somehow he was water baptized (immersed) in Jesus Christ for sins to be forgiven.

The day my brother died, I called my dad at work. I told him to come home, that something happen to my older brother. He ask to tell him what happen. I told him, "I can't tell you, come home immediately". When he arrived I met him along the narrow sidewalk beside our house. I told him he was killed, in a trucking accident. My dad kneeled and held onto the small white gate post beside our house. Across from the plain of glass I punched my hand through, to try to get his attention.

(At around 16 years old, around 1982, me and my parents had an argument, throwing me out of the house in the winter. When I left the house, I walked along the side and seen through the window, my parents sitting on the couch watching TV. With my bare fist, I punch through one of the outer glass plains of the storm window, cutting my hand, bleed, to try to get their attention (the glass at the time was individual panes, today it's two large panes of glass, with dividers in between). I lived for two weeks in

my friend's shack, about 6 by 8 foot, with a drum type fire stove, in the field down the street, attending school.)

He was over come with grief. My dad started to read the bible for some months. I didn't offer him any suggestions or word of advice how and what to read. I felt as a son, he may take it the wrong way, him being the dad. I hoped he would have asked me, but he never did that I recall. There was one day, I sense he may of wanted me too. I allowed him space. Perhaps I should have said something, but it was all so much. I feared his sorrow was a worldly sorrow. Not a Godly sorrow so necessary to please God to find his ways.

II Corinthians 7:10 For Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death.)

May 16, 2010

John Jerome Nowak

John Jerome Nowak
356 P.O. Box
Lackawanna, NY, 14218

Thank you for your time and consideration

My personal website Christjustified.com Copyright © 2003-2010 All Rights Reserved