

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.

Older Sister

1984

18 Years Old

My older sister and younger sister were violent towards me, over the control of the TV. Escalated to police brutality and three weeks in Jail, falsely accused. I had written down the sequence of events.

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

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

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

some. I grabbed his upper arms. He being quarter size smaller than me, nudged him to the side, upwards so not to hurt my sister, lifting him. Placing him by his shoulders partially on a dresser with a bright lamp, beside us. The bright light on his face, I said to him in a strong voice "don't ever do that again", to get his attention. Then I immediately released him.

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

May 16, 2010

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