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MEMOIR OF AN UNKNOWN DUDE

By

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*Life lessons that can make positive changes in your life and thoughts on how we can continue
evolving as a species*

Foreword

The famous, infamous and the totally unknown like myself have written, or are currently writing, or will write sometime in the future, (that is while they're still alive), something we call a "Memoir".

It's similar to an autobiography. An autobiography is a self-written account of the life of the writer. An autobiography by its nature, can be a mite "pedantic", i.e., overly concerned, being showy of one's knowledge and admiration of himself, often in a boring manner.

A biography is always about someone famous or infamous, although you don't see many people writing a biography of some serial killer while he/she is still alive.

Imagine, you as well-known writer of biographies, the subject of your biography is awaiting execution, and you are dying to be the lucky writer that writes this killer's life story.

Actually, I can see THAT happening. Imagine the hours and hours of interviews, taking notes or taping this dude's story. "Well, this old woman I did, I think she was the fifth one in a wheelchair. All of them over 80. Anyway, first I raped her in every hole she had, then I cut her up real good. You know I love raw liver".

So, I'm calling this a "Memoir", not an autobiography. I have been writing since January 2016, which was a little over six months after I dealt with having my third stroke. The first two were passed over as "Really bad migraine you're having there today Mr. Saxe". This was from the emergency room doctor at a hospital in Hutchinson, Minnesota. Had they performed an MRI instead of a CT-Scan they would have found the "Infarct" as they call them, and treated me accordingly. Blood pressure medicine at the least.

Something amazing began to happen as I slowly recovered from the last stroke in July of 2015, my mind began to function in extraordinary ways. Short of moving objects with my mind, I began to write in a way that for me, was an astonishing occurrence.

I began with stories about my childhood as the website I had created for a depository for my writing, was solely for communicating with my two adult children and my six-year old grandson. In January of 2016 when I began writing, I was doing so because I really believed that I was going to die the following month on the operating table as I was scheduled to have some pretty gnarly surgery.

Okay. I didn't die. Very soon after my successful surgery and my recuperation from that, and still recovering from that stroke seven months earlier, I began to write about things totally unrelated to anything that I previously written to the kids.

Stories about things I care about, like forgiveness, compassion, sympathy, love, bigotry, inequality, politics, cannabis, Palestine, the military/industrial complex, false-flag attacks like 9-11, humor, which I have to admit, my funny-bone is a lot different from many people. My humor can be raw, or present itself as "Not in Good Taste", but it is what it is, and I am who I am.

Point is, my new "Mind" was writing about everything, and doing so in an extraordinary way, for me at least. It's interesting to note that the neurologists at the May Clinic in Phoenix had said that the last stroke had occurred close to the Thymus Gland, what we call the "Third Eye". I do believe that whatever happened, the process of "thinking" became much enhanced, as if I was using the parts of my brain that I hadn't used before. I do know that SOMETHING happened, and it was a wonderful thing for me.

As I said before, most memoirs are written by famous people to share their life story of becoming the most successful/prolific/richest whatever. Bull Fighter, Businessman, Hollywood Film/Porn Star, Politician, Entrepreneur, whatever. Instead of bragging about my life that did NOT make me famous, I've been inspired to write about things that matter to everyone. Love, Forgiveness, Compassion, Sympathy, Tolerance, and the effects of Hatred, Bigotry, Violence, and Senseless Wars, etcetera.

Every "Memoir" by someone famous begins with a historical recollection of some aspect of their early life that they either had to overcome, like something negative or damaging to them, or positive, on their road to the public acknowledgement of their achievements that made them famous. Like being raised by a tribe of Baboons, and eventually becoming a President of the United States.

For that reason, I am going to share just a bit of my beginnings, and a few things in my life that influenced who I am today. I won't go into great detail because that would seem rather pedantic.

I was born August 1st, 1948. My father was a really bad alcoholic (strained the alcohol out of Sterno, etcetera). Eventually his excessive drinking lead to my parents divorce when I was three. My new "father" quickly thereafter appears on the scene, a terrible, violent, insane dude, inducing my childhood PTSD, eventually culminating with my mother's death when I was fifteen. Crazy years, for many years after that, military life, Georgia Chain Gang, Nashville, California and eventual marriage, children, divorce, loneliness, depression, discovery of self, strokes, and the realization of real peace and happiness (that I have today). I believe most folks

will enjoy at least a chapter/story or two, and I am thankful for this opportunity to share my
“Memoir”.

“Popsicle Ed, Frozen till Dead” and a “Lesson in Life”

I begin this section with what I feel is THE most important “Lesson” that I learned in life, that will make a positive difference in YOUR life. The one great thing that I like to share with my friends and acquaintances is my experience with REAL forgiveness.

Forgiving my step-father, in person, for beating/physically abusing my mother to death. Although she died in her hospital bed, her death was the result of a decade of brutal beatings. Beatings bad enough as an example, to result in the removal of some damaged vital organs.

Over that ten-year period, my mother was hospitalized at least four times that I can recall. Once they had to remove a damaged Gall Bladder. Another time, her Pancreas. Eventually, she died as a result of those years of violence. As I mentioned, I was fifteen at the time. That night in the hospital, her last night, I asked her when she would be coming home. She replied, “I’ll be going home tonight. Son”. It was years later that the thought occurred to me that what she meant was she was “Going Home”, i.e., to Heaven.

For much of my life, after Mom died, I had an obvious hatred for my step-father that was undeniable and negatively effecting my personality and life as I knew it. I often told myself (and other people) that if I ever ran into him on the street, I would kill him with my bare hands. It was not a great emotion to feel, and I was not a pleasant person to be around most of the time.

One morning I woke up and felt an overwhelming desire to find him. Not to revenge my mother's death, but to tell him that I loved him and cared about him, and that God loved him. I was 34 years old when I found Ed. I was married and living in Southern California. Our son

Tommy was just an infant. Ed had been living in a Halfway House in Los Angeles. A step up from previously pushing around a grocery cart, like so many of the homeless do.

I called Ed's younger brother, my Uncle John that day, who gave me a contact number of a Free-Clinic Attorney, incredibly, in Los Angeles. The attorney had been trying to help Ed with some legal issue related to his Social Security benefits. What's the odds? After 20 years, and both of us being from Minnesota, we end up living so close to each other in Southern California. Uncle John had told me that every summer, Ed would hitch-hike to Minnesota, stay for a couple of weeks, and then disappear. He thought that maybe Ed would work his way back to California via the Pacific Northwest after every visit.

Ed had been living on the street for so many years he no longer had a copy of his Social Security card or remembered his number. He had no identification papers at all. The attorney arranged for me to meet Ed, so a few days later, I drove into Downtown Los Angeles and picked him up. We went through a McDonald's Drive-Thru, drove to McArthur Park, which is just west of Downtown LA, found a nice shady spot under a tree, and ate our hamburgers and fries.

As we sat there, Ed did the talking, and I did the listening. Most of what he said did not make any sense, and I did not mention mother at all. The one-time Ed brought up her name, he said, "How is Evie doing?" In his mind's eye, I was still fifteen-year-old Tommy, and Mom was still alive. That's how crazy-fucked up his mind was.

Evie, (pronounced Evie like Chevy), was my mother's nickname, for Evelyn. Everyone called her Evie. He didn't mention Johnny, and when I asked how Johnny was, he looked away

for a second, and then asked for more ketchup for his French Fries. I saw him one other time about a month or so after that.

In my heart I knew that I had forgiven Ed for my mother's death, even though I never said the words out loud to him. For me, it was a tremendous burden lifted, and from then on, things would progressively over time, get better and my general attitude towards life and people in my life, improved. My next contact with Ed would be years later via the Riverside County Coroner's office, and arranging for his remains to be cremated. A Riverside County Park Ranger had found his remains up in the mountains north of Lake Elsinore. In the wintertime, there IS snow in the mountains in some parts of Southern California.

The park ranger had found Ed's perfectly preserved, frozen body, along with a Ralph's Supermarket grocery cart, filled with crap (his worldly possessions), and several empty whisky bottles. This was no easy feat, getting that grocery cart up that mountain. The Coroner suggested that Ed had gotten so drunk that he couldn't tell that he was SLOWLY freezing to death. Funny I suppose, opposite of "Burning in Hell", isn't it?

So, I forgave someone who had been directly responsible for my mother's death. That forgiveness folks, was one of the most, if not THE MOST positive life-changing event in my life that did change me, dramatically. Like with many things in life that profoundly affect us, it took decades for that positive change to grow and nurture.

Whenever I share this story, I also like to share the example in the "Lord's Prayer", where Jesus supposedly said, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us". What I had finally realized late in life, what Jesus was really saying, is, "I'll forgive YOU, just

like YOU FORGIVE that other dude”. In other words, there is no “Forgiveness” for you, without first “Forgiving” others. Great, and very simple lesson. One that I never heard in church. Maybe I was just tuned out.

To me what this meant was so simple, it was really about the “Golden Rule”, “Treat others as you desire to be treated”. It’s not complicated, it doesn’t require special rituals, human sacrifice or holy water. All it requires is that when you need to, for your own sake, forgive. If the whole world will just live by the Golden Rule, we would have no more wars, no more hunger and starvation, no more bigotry, anger and fears. So, that is the first lesson, forgiveness. The final chapter in my step-father’s life was when he died, and how he died. The most important part about his death was finding out the causes of his life-long struggle with what we call, PTSD.

Today, I can say that for you folks that are suffering from anxiety, anger and bitterness towards someone in YOUR life that did you a major wrong, FORGIVE, and I mean, really forgive that person. Wither that person even acknowledges the fact that you are forgiving them for something they did, it doesn’t matter, forgive them.

Forgiveness requires a "Conscience"

When in a caring and thoughtful manner, you communicate/share with someone how their negative "Actions or Words" have affected you or someone else, and that person says, "Stop trying to put a Guilt Trip on me", perhaps they haven't learned how to listen to their "Conscience" yet, which also means they will not have the ability to feel "Remorse" for their "Actions or Words" either.

If you have a "Conscience", It's not about "Guilt". It's all about "Remorse", and we ALL must have the ability to feel "Remorseful" when we do or say negative things. Remorse brings "Forgiveness", and that's a good thing, and a natural part of the human experience.

So never be dissuaded in communicating in a caring and thoughtful non-confronting manner. Perhaps that person just might experience something positive, like listening to their conscience for a change.

Having a "Conscience" is related to remorse somewhat, but not so with regret. People like Ted Bundy or other famous serial killers never had a conscience, and they never felt remorseful. They may have regretted being caught, tried and convicted of their crimes, or regretted that they didn't kill more, but they never felt one moment of remorse for their murderous activity. Why? Because they did not have an ounce of conscience.

This is also very true of people, famous or not, that eventually are discovered and brought to justice, to be tried and convicted of their crimes. Wither it be a Pedophile Priest, or a murderous law enforcement officer, a politician caught taking bribes, or just your average next-door

neighbor who is caught feeding Rat Poison to all the neighborhood dogs and cats. These people ALSO have no conscience or feel remorse.

In light of the fact that "Social Media" has allowed people to search for and discover the "TRUTH" beyond what the MSM has allowed or not allowed the "Public" to discover, is a truly great phenomenon for all of us. We continue to discover and share what was previously the unknown or deliberately hidden truths about everything we care about.

Which leads me to this thought on having a conscience and remorse. It recently has been reported that FBI divers have discovered the bones of children in the waters adjacent to the so-called "Temple" on Epstein's island. I believe that this is just the beginning of the opening up of a huge "Can of Worms" that will, along with the other related issues in this on-going investigation, bring many powerful people to justice. Will these perpetrators feel remorse? No, they have no conscience. Whatever punishment is inflicted upon them, they STILL will not feel remorse, regret maybe, desire for a painless execution perhaps, but no remorse because they never had a conscience to begin with.

Our species for the most part, has ALWAYS had a conscience. Perhaps that is one of the attributes that differentiates us from all other species. Dogs for example. We know they feel emotions like love, anger, and so forth, and I believe a pet dog can express regret. Regret like looking at you, and quietly (we say sheepishly) going somewhere to hide from your disappointed look because "Bowser" just ripped apart a favorite Barbie Doll of yours. Did "Bowser" have a "Conscience" to begin with? No. Did he feel remorseful? I don't think so, but he MAY have felt regret, maybe not.

For those of us that do have a conscience, that means that we all have the ability to love one another, to be kind and forgiving towards each other. Can we forgive those who have no conscience? Yes. Hopefully as they are taking their last breath.

“Good Karma” comes from within, from you having a “Conscience” that tells you what is “Right” versus what is “Wrong”. On the other hand, “Bad Karma” has no “Conscience” at all. Be a “Good Karma” person and rely on your “Conscience”. If you have no “Conscience”, good luck, shit WILL happen to you eventually.

I suggest our species holds an “International Day of Conscience”. One day, just one single day of non-violence, anywhere. Regardless of political, territorial, religious, or ethnic differences or disputes, or any other causes, just one single day when ALL combatants, wither they be soldiers for their governments, soldiers fighting against a government, or rebels with a cause or without a cause, stopping the killing, taking the “Time Out” to reflect on their own conscience, refusing to follow orders to “Pull the Trigger on your Sniper Rifle”, or “Drop the Bombs”, or “Destroy the next Village”.

With that one single day of “Conscientious Objection”, use the time not only to reflect on your own conscience, but also use the time to begin a dialogue with the very person/people that you have been ordered to kill, or you personally want to hurt in some way.

For just one single day, if the world would just lay down their weapons, and instead of “Killing”, distribute food, clothing, medicine, and comfort to ALL who need it, especially their so-called “enemy”. That one single day COULD turn into more days, weeks, months, who knows, perhaps eventually World Peace?

Normal versus Remarkable, having a “Conscience” and “True Compassion”

You can go on living your life as a “Normal” person, (normally), or you can live your life in such a way, that people would say, “He (or She) lived a remarkable life”.

If you live a “normal” life and there is nothing that people can say during your life, and even when you eventually are in a casket or a Mason Jar, all people can say is “John lived, he’s dead, where’s the sandwiches?”

Now, if you live a “Remarkable” life, people know it while you are still living, and upon your death, you will be known forever, long after you are buried or your ashes sprinkled on some beach somewhere.

Personally, I’ve only known a few people in my life that I consider “Remarkable” and I’ve only been aware of a few public figures that have lived, or are still living a “Remarkable” life. The one public figure that comes to mind is one former President that instead of living a “Normal” life, has been, for many years now, building houses for the truly needy.

“Remarkable” is not “Notorious” as in, “He was a notorious drinker and womanizer” or, “She notoriously killed 28 men while they were having sex”. “Remarkable” is when you live your life helping others, helping the less fortunate, loving instead of hating.

“Remarkable” isn’t being a wealthy philanthropist, giving the bulk of your fortune to various charities. There have been many that have done so, and we all cheer and think it’s a wonderful thing, but there is nothing “Remarkable” about it. I have known just a few that were “Poor as Dirt” that gave their all to help others in need. Now THAT is “Remarkable”, at least, to me.

Don't just be "Normal", be "Remarkable". Be giving, regardless of your own "Station in Life", be kind, be loving, be forgiving, and do so in humbleness, not in a pious manner.

I saw a story from RT (formerly Russia Today) about a former refugee wanting to find the kind man who'd bought her a bike during the 90s.

Mevan Babbakar took to Twitter with quite a request: To find a man who'd worked at a refugee camp near Zwolle in the Netherlands during the 1990s.

Out of the kindness of his own heart, the man had bought her a bike. She wanted to find out all she could about him, but hit a series of dead ends, despite thousands of retweets.

Eventually, however, her efforts were rewarded, the man's family was located and, at last, contact was made with him.

That man that had purchased Mevan a bicycle, truly IS an example of a "Remarkable" person. Be like him. Be a Remarkable person.

Love not hate! "Try a little kindness"

I have noticed that some of my "Social Media" friends, especially those that I have known for many years, some even close relatives, have different political, philosophical, and religious views than I have. Don't fret, trust me, it's okay. You have your beliefs, and I have mine. We are not going to convince the other person that their belief system is right, or wrong.

I believe everyone has the right to express their opinions and beliefs. I also believe that it's okay NOT to agree with MY opinions and beliefs. It's okay if you think I am wrong about ANY issue, as long as I am allowed to think that some of you might be less than intelligent about any opinions or beliefs that YOU may have.

Just as you may have strong feelings about ANY subject, I should be allowed to think that some of what I read on the various Social Media platforms is pure bullshit, even Idiocy. Look in a mirror. Take an "Idiot" test, you might find out that you really are an idiot.

Success in life should not be measured in financial terms. What you have or dream to have is not success. What you dream to achieve is a goal, once reached, can be realized as success only if you are willing to give it all away to help others. Ask Warren Buffet, or Bill & Melinda Gates, who have decided to give away most of their "Success" to charitable causes.

Compare anyone like them to that single mom, raising her three children, AND at the same time, has dedicated part of her life to volunteering at a local homeless shelter. She's just as successful as that well-known Billionaire who discovered that he/she could not take their wealth with them to their grave.

So is the nurse that volunteers and goes to third world countries to help eradicate deadly diseases. So is the 83-year-old gentleman who gives of himself to help other veterans at his local VA hospital.

Try practicing kindness and selflessness. Then look at yourself in the mirror and say, "I am successful. I am a kind and giving person, therefore I AM successful". I have learned, yes, it can be taught and life itself is my professor, that we can be successful no matter what our position in life is.

I don't care how rich you may be, or how successful YOU think you might be; you are not and cannot be a success if you are selfish, angry, bigoted, racist, homophobic, or any other dozens of adjectives you wish to insert in the sentence.

So, ask yourself the question today, how do YOU define Success? Financially, I am not rich by any means, but I do look at myself as being a successful person. Not because of what I own, but because of my heart, and how I treat others in a kind and loving way. Even those that have different opinions, views and philosophical differences than I.

It's wonderful to be a kind and giving person. It's not so wonderful if you harbor hatred and negative karma. It's like that old song,

"Try a little kindness" by Glen Campbell.

I'm not talking about handing that dude some loose change as you are stopped at a red light. That dude might spend it on booze or drugs. Do try giving that person food. They may react differently than if you had given them some change from your center console. Carry around bottled water in your vehicle as well. Look in the mirror. What do you see?

The Train Ride

I suppose it's not a memoir unless I add a few memories. I picked a few that are meaningful to me, probably not meaningful to the average reader, but I think they are entertaining, so here's a memory called "The Train Ride".

Opening scene: 1953. on a train, somewhere in Montana on the Great Northern railway trip from Minneapolis to Portland, on our way to see relatives. Dining car, the three of us, my Mom, my Step-Dad, and I have just received our food from the waiter. Ed had already consumed several drinks, and he and Mom are arguing about something. I clutch my fork with a fist grip like a majority of kids at that age do, and shovel a few bites of food off of my plate. Ed glances at me, Mom frowns at me out of fear of him, as he takes his right hand and slaps me so hard, he knocks me off of my chair, screaming "Hold your fork right!". As I lay there on the floor, a few other dining guests are whispering for about 10 seconds, until Ed glares back at them. In total silence, I get up and sit in the chair, as the camera pulls back and...

Juxtaposed scene:

Camera goes out the window and rises to a shot of the train entering into a tunnel in the mountain, camera continues to the other side, and watches as the train is now a Nazi train in 1942, coming out of a tunnel, somewhere in the Austrian Alps....Camera descends to the train and goes thru the window, to the scene where Ed is being interrogated, and as he is hit so hard, he's knocked on the floor still tied to the chair.

Having a normal dinner

Kitchen, mom's serving dinner. Normally, she would cook a home-cooked meal, like a pot roast, this particular day, mom had a really busy day, frustrating, terrible day.....so instead of a fancy dinner, she heats up 3 cans of Franco American Spaghetti O's, serves it up, and Ed says, "What is this shit!" Everybody is looking at each other, and Mom picks up Eds plate and dumps it on his head. Instead of his normal anger, which we are waiting for, what seemed like an eternity. All of a sudden Ed begins to laugh really really hard

Juxtaposed with the scene of Eds funeral at Ft. Snelling Military cemetery, with camera shot of my brother Johnnie placing a can Spaghetti-O's on top of the Urn. Smiling, Johnnie looks at me, and we both start laughing, and all the people there are staring in silence as we both are laughing so hard, we're crying as well. Well, little did everyone else know what Johnnie and I remembered, the kitchen scene when Johnnie was 5 and I was 12.

Running around like a chicken with its head ripped off

I was about five years old at the time. Crazy drunken Ed, running around the yard, chasing the chickens & ducks. Mom is yelling at Ed. Ed is yelling at Mom. He catches a duck, and tears its head off, as he screams, "I'll RIP all your fucking heads off!!" I'm standing there on the Porch, crying. All over the yard there are six or seven dead ducks, two lifeless chickens, and one chicken still running around headless, with a bloody, stumpy, neck flopping back and forth. At that moment, I knew what it meant, when I would later hear people say, "Stop running around like a chicken with its head cut off".

In the aftermath, Mom just quietly went around the yard, picking up the chicken and duck carcasses, putting them in a gunny sack. After that day, and for many years, poultry was one of the food types that I had to sneak into my pocket for a trip to the toilet. That is, if I couldn't sneak it to my dog Trixi, under the kitchen table, when no one was looking.

Normally, we would clean and de-feather our dinner before cooking, obviously, but this time Mom took the gunny sack to the local slaughter house/meat packing plant. They gave Mom a total of \$5.00 for the seven dead ducks and the three dead chickens.

Bellagio Water Show versus Cowboys & Indians

When I was about six years old, there were serious discussions (on my part) with my parents about getting my first .22 single-shot, bolt-action, rifle for Christmas. One night, while taking a bath with my Cousin Butch, who was spending a week at the farm, I decided to pee in the tub like the Bellagio water display in Las Vegas. Of course, he told my Mom, and I ended up NOT getting my rifle that year. Too old to be peeing in the bathtub, and too young to have a rifle?

First time I shot the M1 Garand rifle in Boot Camp I smashed my thumb. Years later, first time I stood there watching the water show at the Bellagio, I almost peed in my pants, oddly remembering the “bath tub” incident. Shoot! Now, every time I turn on a faucet I almost pee in my pants.

If you are old enough to remember, you played Cowboys and Indians when you were a kid because that was all you saw on TV and at the movies back in the fifties.

Maybe, if we study the differences in our generations along with the differences in our cultural and societal changes, combined with our leaping advances in technology, we can begin to comprehend, and resolve the truly important issues facing mankind, and the world. Maybe we can try to guess what's in store for future generations so we can warn them? But, do we warn them with the tragic history left behind?

Kids that take guns into a school and insanely massacre dozens of children did NOT play Cowboys & Indians, or watch Roy Rogers on TV. They isolated themselves in their bedrooms playing violent shoot-em-up video games. Maybe, had we caught those kids in time, we could have sent THEM to Iraq and Afghanistan where they could have possibly done some good.

The generation of kids that grew up during World War Two, bickered about who would be the Indians, and who would play the Cowboys, and who would play the G. I. Joes, and who would be the Nazi's, but didn't become mass murderers.

My generation played Cowboys & Indians, and yes, I got my first rifle when I was seven years old. I would have gotten it when I was six, had I not peed in the tub. Oh yeah, and I didn't take it to school and shoot everybody.

Scenes:

Goes from playing Cowboys & Indians, to six year old Tommy expecting, but not getting his .22 rifle from Santa (the long box under the Christmas Tree, which he thought was a rifle, turns out to be a Hockey Stick), to a scene nine months later, where he is out in the woods hunting squirrels with his new birthday rifle, to a scene showing Ed running through a street somewhere in WW2 Germany, being chased by the Nazi's gunfire, as it hits all around him, to a scene showing twelve year old Tommy and Mom, upstairs in the bedroom facing the road, Ed running and stopping, and running again, as Mom is throwing some "warning shots" out there.

After a few minutes of this, looking at Mom I said, "You're a lousy shot, Mom! Let me try! It's my rifle!" Of course, she wasn't really trying to hit him, and I wasn't going to get a chance to prove what a marksman I was.

Then there were five of us, then it was back to four of us again

1958, and I was ten years old, and Johnny was two. My baby sister Mary was born. I remember, this was one of the times when Ed was put away for spousal abuse. However, rather than receiving a prison sentence, they put him in a Mental Hospital. He was gone for quite some time, at least 9 or 10 months.

I remember it was different at home, better for sure, and I think things were getting better for me at school as well (I tended to "act out" what happened at home). I wasn't a Bully, but when someone would bully me, I would most often go a little berserk fighting back. It's a little scary when a skinny ten-year old like me would yell, "I'll RIP your fucking head off Asshole!!!" That is usually when an adult, like a teacher would step in and stop the fight. The fighting became less frequent.

Mom was reclusive that first week home from the hospital with the baby. Maybe she knew that Mary was going to die, and the Doctors knew, and just let Mom take Mary home anyway. We buried her at the church cemetery in a grotesquely small coffin. Maybe it was a shoebox, I don't know. It would be years later when I asked Mom for the one millionth time, "Mom? Why did Mary die?" Mom quietly said, "She had some things wrong with her that caused her to go be with the Lord sooner, rather than later".

Many, many years later, my Auntie Erma told me the nitty gritty of it. Ed had hit her in the stomach at about the seven months stage. That was one of many times when I "visited" cousins while Mom was in the hospital. The doctors ran tests, took X-Rays, and gave my Mom the thumbs-up, and the hope that maybe the baby would be OK. Well, the baby survived all the way

through the birth, was not OK, and died seven days later. I still think they put her in a Florsheim Shoe box.

At the time, I was too young to understand what happens to people in the Booby-hatch. That's what we called it, besides Looney bin, or Nuthouse. Shock Treatments. Google it. It's not pleasant. It doesn't help. Ed came back home crazier than ever. Of course, I was too young to say, "Why didn't they give him a fucking Lobotomy!" This would be the down-hill slide for my Mom physically, and for the family mentally.

Well, I guess we're not getting a new puppy today!

I think I had just turned eight years old. We had been living at the "Old Boxwell Farm" for three years. My parents paid \$60.00 a month to rent the house (built in 1884), and we had full use of any of the buildings that weren't already being used by the owners. We would end up living there for another six years. I guess you could say it was like a "Hobby Farm", just a very large one. 360 acres, a whole "Section" on a map. With a two-story farm house, a huge red barn, a chicken coop (eventually filled with 300 chickens), a shack for the Muscovy Ducks, and several other buildings and sheds. Google "Muscovy Ducks". Not the small, cute little ducks that go quack-quack, these ducks were large ducks, almost goose size, raised primarily for eating. They could rip a finger off if you weren't careful.

The farm had two different apple orchards. One orchard produced green baking type apples that tasted a little sour, and had tons of worms. The other orchard had red apples that you could actually eat, had fewer worms. Yes, I did not care much for my mother's apple pie (she used the green apples).

We also had a few rows of yellow and purple plum trees. We also had grape vines growing up all sides of the windmill. This B & W photo is our actual windmill. The windmill was a solid luscious green of grape leaves in the summer. As a kid growing up on that farm, it was great to be able to enjoy all of the "fruits" and "vegetables". And also, at that age, it was too bad that I took it all for granted.

About 60 acres was cleared crop-growing land, which was farmed and grazed by the Mortensen Brothers, who had bought the Boxwell farm years earlier in an auction. The remaining 300 acres consisted of woodland with a small creek running through it.

The driveway was about 200 yards long and seemed a mile long in the winter time, i.e., this was before the invention of the "snowblower" and after the invention of the "shovel". On the north side of our driveway was what we called our "garden", which was about an acre or so.

It was a Hobby Farm in that Ed drove 30 miles a day into Saint Paul to work as an electronics engineer at Honeywell, and Mom was pretty much a typical homemaker/housewife. We had a really large garden and ate all the apples and plums we wanted, but we didn't "farm" the land.

My best friend and companion in my early childhood was my dog Trixi. I can't recall how we got her; I just know that she had always been there. Maybe she just came with the farm. Trixi was a mix between a Toy Collie, and some other small dog. She had a long beautiful golden, Collie-like coat. She wasn't a lap dog, and she wasn't a large dog like a German Shepherd, but just the right size for cuddling and loving.

Trixi went everywhere with me, my own Lassie story. When in the house she stuck with me like glue. When we were eating at the kitchen table she would lay down by my feet. Trixi knew she would get a snack or two or three whenever Mom baked a chicken or duck, or pan-fried liver, or cooked any of many foods that I gagged on (see "Running around like a Chicken with its head ripped off").

Trixi slept with me and truly was my best friend. That all ended one summer day. We were working in the garden, and looked up at the road just as she started barking, and running alongside Mr. Gustafson's pick-up truck. This was nothing new. Trixi did it all the time. She chased every car, tractor, or truck that drove by our farm. She just knew how to dodge the tires.

Well, this time she yelped and disappeared under the truck. Mr. Gustafson immediately stopped his truck and got out. Picking Trixi up into his arms, he slowly walked towards me with her lifeless body in his arms. Mr. Gustafson was crying, Mom was crying, even Ed had tears in his eyes. I cried for a week. The sadness and grief I felt was a practice run for my sister's death, and eventually my Mother's death

After about three months, Mom talked Ed into getting a puppy for the family, to replace Trixi. Ed really loved Trixi as much as I did, and I think it was an easy sell to get another dog. They had met a fellow at church, Mr. Freeman, who bred and sold Golden Labradors.

So one day, I went with Ed to see this Mr. Freeman to purchase a puppy. I was soooooo excited! Walking around behind the guys house to the back of the yard, we came upon Mr. Freeman beating on one of his Golden Labs with what looked like a leather belt. The Lab was tied up, and Mr. Freeman was trying to get this dog to jump up on the roof of one of the doghouses, like Snoopy.

Ed flew into a complete rage, running over and throwing Mr. Freeman to the ground. I was left standing there, mouth open, watching as Ed took the belt and started wailing on Mr. Freeman, "You jump on the Fuckin' doghouse you Asshole!". I ran over to them screaming "Stop Dad!!!" (or whatever it was that I yelled). Ed did come to his senses, and we walked back to the

car. A little fearful, but happy that Ed had stood up for a helpless dog, on the way back to our car, I thought to myself, "I guess we're not getting a new puppy today".

The next day the local constable came over and I saw him talking to Ed for quite a while. Turns out, Mr. Kirkdahl, the constable, sympathized with Ed because of how badly Mr. Freeman had beaten the dog. No charges were pressed in either direction, although I thought they should have done something about Mr. Freeman. The embodiment of Joy came about a month later, when our neighbor Mr. Gustafson, came over one day and handed me a Golden Retriever puppy. I named her Alice.

Transistor Radios & Shock Treatments

I can remember when I was young, probably around five or six, my mother would tell me how important it was to take school seriously. She would explain why it was so important to study hard, to learn as much as I can. Mom would use my step-father as an example, telling me how smart he was because he took education seriously.

Once she said, "you know, your Dad's a real genius". It wasn't until I was in my early teens that I understood what it meant to have an I. Q. of 160. Although he was never tested, it is generally believed that Albert Einstein had an I. Q. of 160. The great Theoretical Physicist, Stephen Hawking has an I. Q. of 160. Thinking back, it's not too hard to believe that Ed really was a genius.

First of all, he spoke six languages, English, Polish, German, Slovakian, Italian and French. With a Master's of Science degree, Ed was an Electrical Engineer, and more importantly, an Electronics Engineer way before anyone knew what that was. In the early 1950's anything with the word "Electronic" as part of the name was in its infancy.

Most "electronic" devices, radios, televisions, radar or sonar equipment and everything else, had what we call, vacuum tubes and lots of wiring. Although the transistor was invented in 1948, the first commercial transistor radio didn't come along until the mid-fifties.

Ed worked at a company called Honeywell in Minneapolis. First as an Electrical Engineer, and later as an Electronics Engineer. He participated in the early development of the electronics that enabled aircraft to eventually fly-by-wire. i.e., "electronic" flight control. This multi-lingual

electrical/electronic genius was in the U. S. Army Signal Corp during World War Two, working for the precursor of what we call the C. I. A. today.

As part of the Allied Forces network of intelligence operatives, Ed set up and maintained several covert communication sites behind the lines in Nazi Germany.

Picture the guy in the movie, with a hidden radio in his room, transmitting coded messages about the Nazi's strengths and weaknesses. He was captured by the Nazi's, held captive and tortured for more than two years.

After the war, Ed stayed in his room on the third floor of his parent's house for another two years. Grandma had to place his food outside his door every day like it was a prison cell. We as a family, did not find out the truth about Ed's war service until the week of his funeral.

The only person that he had previously confided in was his brother John. Most of what John shared with us about Ed's story, wasn't told to him until the late sixties. Ed kept that secret for more than twenty years. Ed could have been the "Poster Boy" for PTSD.

When I was told the story, I realized why I was able to forgive him a few years before he died. I was able to connect the dots, so to speak, the realization that it was the PTSD that Ed suffered from that killed my mother. It was the PTSD that caused him to rip the heads off of those chickens and ducks. It was the PTSD that drove him to the edge of insanity. How could a person NOT forgive him?

As crazy-evil a man that he was, everyone missed the real cause. He was crazy at times, but evil? I don't think so. Even the so-called Doctors that administered the Shock Treatments (Electroshock Therapy) to Ed the few times they sent him to the Boobyhatch had no clue. Shame

on them. Had they correctly diagnosed and treated Ed in those early years, perhaps my Mom would still be alive today. She would be 96, but she would still be with us.

I know I'm not as smart as Ed was, and he wasn't my biological father so I didn't inherit "genius". I think my brother DID inherit the genius gene however, because in spite of never finishing the 8th grade, he was a pretty smart dude. My brother Johnny died way too young.

The Razor Strap and the Headstone

I was three years old when Mom married Ed. I was seven years old when Johnny was born. I was a good "Big" brother. I loved Johnny when he was a baby, and I loved him until the day he died. At five, he turned into the typical kind of sibling that did shit and blamed it on his older brother. Not unheard of, just not really typical because when I got the blame for something he did, I got the "Strap". No lectures, no stand in the corner and face the wall like Mom had me do, straight to the "Strap".

Ed used the same Razor Strap that grandpa used on him. For those of you who have never heard of a Razor Strap, it's a long flat piece of thick leather that Barbers used in the old days to sharpen their straight razors. Eventually, Mom put her foot down and convinced Ed to use a wooden yardstick. Clever on her part.

Over the years, I lost track of the number of yardsticks Ed broke on me. He would still get in a lot of whacks before it broke, but at least he did stop every time he broke the yardstick. I have to laugh now thinking about the look Ed would get from the clerks at the hardware store. Eventually he would purchase five at a time, and if I happen to be with him, the clerks gave me a special look that made me feel better.

Ed wasn't stupid. He knew he could have used something else to whip me. I think part of it for him was a game, to see how many times he could hit me before the yardstick broke. I saved the broken pieces and made things with them. One time I made a little airplane.

I cannot recall one single time that Johnny was ever spanked for something. What he endured later is what caused his PTSD. What matters to me is part of the reason I am writing this

memoir. I believe that children, and spouses, can suffer from PTSD also. Whole families can suffer from PTSD. My PTSD manifested itself in different ways compared to my brother's.

None the less, I believe we both suffered from PTSD. Johnny was eight when we lost our mother, and I was fifteen. At fifteen, you are old enough to comprehend what's going on, but NOT old enough to cope with it, at least in my case. At eight years old, Johnny was old enough to feel some anguish and pain, but too young for it to really sink in. In other words, he didn't have to activate his coping mechanism like I had to.

When we buried Mom, Johnny and I had had two totally different experiences growing up at that point. His father was holding his hand and comforting him, and I was crying my eyes out most of the time. The entire community came to her funeral and burial. The church and town folk took up a donation for a headstone.

They gave Ed the two hundred dollars or so, which he was supposed to give to the headstone people. I remember visiting her grave over the next year or so, and I recall that she had a pretty nice headstone. I left Minnesota at the age of 17 when I joined the Navy. The headstone was still there when I left. Years later I would visit her graveside and discover that someone had removed her headstone.

The church told me that the monument company had removed it because Ed had failed to pay them. Someone, I think my Aunt Alice, told me that Ed had spent the donation money on booze. I replaced the headstone with a new one in 2004, when Johnny died. That summer Tommy and Tara went with me to scatter Johnny's ashes around my mom and sister's grave site. Tara was taking pictures as I was shaking out the box of Johnny's ashes. All of a sudden,

the wind picked up, and blew the ashes all over Tara. A Grey Ghost she was. We had a good laugh about that.

"Now I lay me down to sleep" and Tent reading Mad Magazine

As a young child, five, six years old, I'm surprised that I didn't suffocate to death in my sleep. When Mommy tucked me in at night, and we said that age-old children's prayer, once the lights were turned off and Mommy had closed my bedroom door, I always did a little "Tent" reading. Flashlight, comic book, and my blanket pulled over my upright knees, and my "tent" held in place by inserting the top end of my blankie under the back of my head.

Perfect! I actually thought that nobody would know that I was reading. Mom would come check on me after watching the Ed Sullivan Show or whatever. I would hear my bedroom door creaking open, and she would say, "It's getting late now Tommy, turn the flashlight off, and go to sleep".

Mom only occasionally said this, because I could remember many other times that I would hear my door creak open, then creak shut, without a word being said.

I'm guessing now that I look back and think about it, that my step-father was the one who allowed me to live in the fantasy land of reading a Superman comic with a flashlight, with the covers pulled over my tent knees and held tight by my tent stake noggin.

I used the "Tent" method for reading for quite a few years, until one day, I just thought, "Fuck it!" I don't need the blanket tent anymore. Too bad I was reading Comic books instead of Homer's Odyssey, Shakespeare, or History of the World Part One. Okay, maybe the Bible also would have been more nourishing than Batman eats Robin's Shorts, part 12.

This gets us to the main part of the story. Once the flashlight was turned off, and I put my legs down in a sleeping position, I ALWAYS kept my head covered until I fell asleep. I always woke up with part of my head "uncovered", the part that does the breathing when you are sleeping, i.e., head still covered, mouth and nose exposed to the Boogeyman. I never suffocated, and I was never eaten by the Boogeyman. Hahahahaha. Go figure.

Fear makes you see strange shit at night, only at night. You can have the crap scared out of you during the day, hence the phrase, "That scared the living daylights outa me!", but you more than likely are not seeing a Boogeyman. Perhaps a scary monster on TV, or the giant man-eating ants from the 1954 movie "Them" at the movie theater.

As a young child, the "Demons" in OUR house were my fear brought on by a crazy dude, my step-father, who had suffered horrendous things during World War Two. As a child, I had little to no understanding what Dad had gone through, or why he was struggling to maintain some form of sanity.

As I have written about before, my childhood wasn't just one of living in poor circumstances or a bad part of town. We lived on a farm. I didn't grow up with a Crack whore or prostitute for a mother. My mother was a kind soul, giving and loving towards other people. She just didn't live long enough in my humble opinion.

My step-father? He was fucked up crazy as they come. One of the absolute turning points in my life wasn't "learning" how to forgive him, it was just plain and simple, forgiving him.....With no undue expectations on my part. I simply forgave him, for being responsible for ending my mother's life.

Now this brings me to the religiosity hocus pocus part of my story. As a child who was so afraid to go to sleep at night, that I felt "protected" by covering up my head when "I lay me down to sleep".....What scared the hell out of me, was not Ed's demons. He certainly was fucked up, but demons didn't do that to him, the fucking Nazi's did that to him.

My mother and I? We were just as much victims of World War Two as he was, and I was born AFTER the war, in 1948. My mother knew, somewhat, what Ed was struggling with, but in the end, she just was not able to help him. No one was. Not even the idiot doctors who gave him shock treatments from time to time.

When Ed died, I wrote about this before, he didn't go to Hell, as many good Christians would believe, he simply DIED, froze to death. The Riverside County Coroner said when they brought Ed's body in, he was frozen solid, like a fucking ice cube. Folks, he just died, drunk, and slowly froze. That's it.

PTSD. You can only imagine what the Nazi's did to him during two years of captivity. Did I use to wish that he would eventually go to Hell? Of course, that's what I was taught in Sunday School. Bad people go to Hell, good people go to Heaven.

The simple, surprising act of forgiving my step-father changed my life in a wondrously positive way. Do I think he went to Hell? NO! Looking back on my real father's life, he also was a victim who lived his "Hell on Earth". As a homeless, "Sleep under Cardboard" wino/bum, whatever you want to call him, he was a true alcoholic.

When he was on a binge, which lasted for weeks, even months at a time, he saw his own demons, you know the "Rat's crawling on the Ceiling" shit, along with a few pink elephants or two. My mother really didn't have a choice when she divorced Harold.

She made a bad choice when she hooked up with Ed though. So, as I now perceive life, these two dudes whose lives had an obvious influence on my life, didn't go to hell, they were just as much victims as anyone else could be. Where did they go? They died. That's it. They did live what we could call, "Hell on Earth", they just didn't get the help they so desperately needed.

Being able to simply forgive my step-father was a miracle for me. What I try to write about now, are these experiences and the positive things I learned, like forgiveness, that helped in changing MY life, and my spirit, if you can get my gist.

Ed's story alone will make a great film someday. A dude that risked his life every day, as a U. S. spy behind enemy lines. A dude that was tortured by the enemy, and carried his experience back home with him when the war was over.

Think about it. My real father's disease, alcoholism, was also because of war related trauma, only he became the lowest form of alcoholic there is, a "Gutter Drinker".

Today, there are thousands of individuals walking among us with PTSD, and other mental disorders, some brought on by the horrors of war, some conditions, lifelong illnesses. We incarcerate many of these people, when they should be helped in a medical or clinical setting.

Institutional settings? Yes, for some, that's what they need. If they are suffering from ANY mental disorder or disease that makes them a threat to themselves, or others, or they are simply

living their own version of "Hell on Earth", they need professional care, not loose change handed out of the window of your vehicle.

There ARE good people that volunteer their time and energy at shelters and so on, and they deserve every bit of thanks AND support that we, as fellow citizens can give them. I have woken up in the middle of the night with these thoughts many times, and then wrote about it. I sincerely hope that people will get something positive from my memoir.

If you know someone, a family member, a friend of a friend, that is suffering from PTSD or some other mental condition or illness, find out what you can do to help that person live a good life NOW, while they are still alive. Speak to a professional. Find out what you can do.

If you are a Bill Gates type, direct some of your fortune to helping these people. Help fund further education and solutions to these issues. Shelters for the homeless are one thing, shelters for the homeless that also suffer from a wide range of mental issues, that's a whole different ball game.

For those of you that are suffering from PTSD specifically, don't fight that battle alone. Seek help, through whatever means you can. Start writing down your thoughts, and share those thoughts, with your spouses, your children if they are old enough, and with whomever you see on a professional basis.

I am just beginning to understand and appreciate the good things in my life, and how I can pass along some good karma, rather than bad karma. Keep in mind, that regardless of what your spiritual or religious beliefs are, you CAN live a good life while you are here, in spite of the fact that you believe in a place called Heaven, or you don't believe.

You don't have to believe the "Hell Fire & Damnation" crap that have stirred up your fears all your life. How can you believe that you are going to Hell if you live your life filled with love and forgiveness towards other people, while you are still among the living?

If you decide that for you, you want to continue to believe the way you do believe, that's okay, just don't be a hypocrite at the same time. It was hard to do, but I have forgiven the hypocrites in my life. Pass along good karma, reject the bad karma. Love one another.

Wild Turkey with my brother

When I found my brother after 30 years or so, it was about four years before Ed's death. Johnny was living in Orange County. I drove down one weekend and we spent the afternoon and evening together. What a reunion that was. We sat up all night long reminiscing our childhood over a bottle of Wild Turkey.

We laughed and we cried, and sometimes we just sat there in silence. One of the things Johnny said to me was how, as an adult, he recognized how much more I had suffered in comparison. He admitted that as a kid, he was an asshole for getting me into trouble all the time.

Johnny experienced a totally different kind of suffering than I did. They migrated to Southern California when Johnny was ten years old. Johnny told me that they were basically homeless, Ed was pretty weird, and they were living out of their car. Which was a step up from pushing around a shopping cart.

They found a nice park in Long Beach where they could park the car for days at a time. Imagine how "Crazy" one has to be to actually sell your own 12-year-old son to a pedophile. That's what Ed did. He sold Johnny to some dude that hung around that nice little park, and had a special fondness for little boys.

That night as I shared that bottle of Wild Turkey with Johnny, we talked about a lot of things. Family, life experiences, childhood memories. The good things and the bad things. One of the things that Johnny shared with me was the two years he was held captive by the pedophile in Long Beach, finally escaping when he was 14. Use your imagination when it comes to the horror Johnny experienced for those two years.

Johnny, now about 28, had not seen his father since he was 12. He spoke conversational Spanish, and he was learning French. Chip off the old block they say, except unlike his father who was highly educated, Johnny was self-taught. He was a reader of many books. He credited his French to a Rosetta Stone course, and his Spanish to having been married to a Mexican gal when he was younger.

A year later, Ed and Johnny would somehow find each other. Their reunion was not a good one, and they went their separate ways within weeks. That night I shared with him the experience that I had searching for, and finding his Dad years earlier. My encounter was a brief one also.

Welcome to America! Grandma loves "Wrestling"

It was 1925, and Ed was five, when they immigrated to America, the oldest of five children eventually. Uncle John was three, and the second oldest. The other three siblings that came later, were born in Minneapolis. Immigrating from Eastern Europe with his parents and his brother John, Ed was already so advanced mentally, they put him in a special school.

When their boat landed in New York, Ed was already speaking three different languages, Slovakian, Polish, and German. English, French and Italian he would learn growing up in Minneapolis. He graduated with a BS degree in Electrical Engineering from the University of Minnesota at the age of 16, and went on to MIT on a Rubik's Cube scholarship. Just kidding.

Point is, the word "Electronics" hadn't been invented yet. Everything was vacuum tubes and lots of wiring. If your radio was on the fritz, you called Ed over to fix it. Later in life, Ed would end up working at Honeywell, working on what would eventually become "Electronic" components for aircraft flight controls.

At 19, Ed was a lieutenant in the Army, training in Virginia before being deployed to Europe. His specialty of course was radio and remote battlefield communications. That was 1941. In 1951, he was six foot three, about 185 pounds. Maybe he gained all that weight from eating Mom's "spaghetti-o's". A giant to a three-year-old kid like me.

Grandma said when Ed came home from the war in 1945, he was thin as sticks, weighing only 135 pounds. After the war, he spent the first two years in his room, which was on the third floor. According to Mom, Grandmother would have to leave his tray of food outside his door and knock.

The family really didn't know much about his war experiences, other than the fact that he was held by the Nazi's in a prison in Berlin, and that he was so thin after the war. Two years he stayed sequestered in his bedroom, as if he was still in that prison. He eventually did share his story with his brother John, who in turn, shared it with my brother and I after Ed died. He had sworn his brother to secrecy for whatever reason, and Uncle John kept his word.

Ed wore a crew-cut all his life. Mom had me try a crew-cut when I was seven. Ed's hair was short on the sides, exposing some of the scars from the beatings he took from his captors. The family was fairly well to do, having owned a small factory which they were able to sell before moving to America.

Their house in Minneapolis was pretty darn cool to a little kid like me, a mansion really. Three stories tall, and a spooky basement. I can remember as a little kid, running up the stairs exploring. Staying clear of the basement, only after the first exploration there. Grandmother had a friend that helped her, especially in the kitchen. I eventually figured out what a maid was.

The best part of the house was the Living Room, because it had a "Black & White" small-screen television. The only show I can remember is Wrestling. I guess the only reason Wrestling sticks with me for so many years is how Grandma and Grandpa would get so excited, yelling at the TV as if they were there ringside.

I couldn't understand what they were yelling, or why they got so excited, but I joined in with my own 4-year-old version of Slovakian cuss words. The kitchen was huge and a lot of fun to explore. Ms. Lenka, the maid, would sometimes make me an Ice Cream Sundae. I think Lenka

was also from Eastern Europe. She spoke like Grandpa and Grandma, a strange, funny language that Mom said also was Slovakian.

One of the things in the kitchen that caught my eye was this thing hanging from the doorknob. I didn't know what a cow smelled like back then, but that was what the leather thing my Mom called a "Strap" smelled like. A Cow, i.e., it was the infamous leather strap. Grandpa had used it on Ed and his brothers, and Ed used it on me until he switched to wooden yard-sticks.

Fishing with a tiny worm

It was 1952, and I was four years old. We were at the lake. Everyone was having a good time, running around in the water, splashing, jumping off the dock. Some of the teenagers and adults were water-skiing. It was summertime at Uncle Chuck's and Auntie Wilma's cabin on Coon Lake. Over the years as I was growing up, we would spend a lot of the summer at their cabin.

At four years old, I was just one year older than cute, when my mother decided for some reason, to send me into the water without my bathing suit on. First of all, at four, you are just old enough to begin experiencing what embarrassment is when you are walking around "Butt Naked" in front of your cousins, secondly, the water is cold.

Also, at four years old, your penis looks like a tiny little worm. It doesn't take cold water to shrivel up your penis, at four years old, you have a tiny penis. Do you see where I'm going with this?

Sitting in about a foot of water for less than 5 minutes, trying to have fun, splashing my hands in the water, laughing and yelling along with all the other little kids. A little fish swam between my legs and took a nibble of the teeny tiny little worm, and I'm the second person to run on top of water. Well, Jesus didn't run, they claim he walked on water. That little nibble barely broke the skin, but felt like a shark had bit off the head of my little penis. I ran screaming up to my mother who was deep in conversation with Auntie Alice. Mom handed me my bathing suit and asked me why I was crying.

Thinking that I was crying because I was afraid of the water, Ed picked me up, and started running towards the dock. Laughing like a mad man, with me screaming bloody murder, he ran down the full length of the dock, and at the end, still carrying me, jumped into the water in a big cannonball. We were probably only in five feet of water, and my head was only under for a second or so. I knew how to hold my nose and close my mouth in the bathtub, but since I was still screaming when we hit the water, my mouth was still open.

"See, there's nothing to be afraid of" Ed said, as he stood up, which pulled my head out of the water. Coughing and sputtering, I found out what "water boarding" was at a very early age. Ed carried me up to the shoreline and set me down, yelling out to Mom, "I guess we'll have to get Tommy some swimming lessons", laughing he sat down on the beach blanket and cracked open another beer. I could tell by the way she looked at Ed, that she was not happy with the jumping off of the dock stunt.

Mom towed me off and made me blow my nose. My penis still hurt just a little bit from the fish bite. Mom thought it was so funny, she started announcing it to anyone who would listen, to the point where a small crowd of people had now gathered around to see Tommy's little penis.

Uncle Jim walked up laughing, "A fish bit off his whole pecker?" I eventually learned how to swim. I can remember at about 10 years old, at Uncle Chucks cabin, all of us "older kids" swimming out to the raft, which was 20 yards out in 12 feet of water. I could hardly wait to get there and climb up the ladder. The other kids would say, "You swim so fast Tommy, like a shark is chasing you". I really was Olympic material when it came to swimming. Little did they all

know; I swam like that because I was afraid that a huge fish was going to bite end of my penis off if I swam too slow.

My Hot Rod, and "Spanking the Monkey"

I was eleven when "we", purchased "My First Car". A 1931 Ford Tudor Sedan. It just so happened, one of my mother's closest friends, Miss Gustafson told my mom about the car one day. I used to call her Mrs. Gustafson when I was younger, until Mom told me that Mr. Gustafson and Miss Gustafson were brother and sister. Born and raised on their parent's farm, neither one had ever been married.

Irving, the brother, was about sixty-five, and his sister Irene, was a few years younger. Their farm was about a mile north of ours. Mr. Gustafson drove the tractor, Irene took care of the poultry, the garden, the house, milked the cows, helped shovel the cow shit, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. Oh yeah, and "took care" of Mr. Gustafson, if you catch my drift.

Incest for sure, and for an eleven-year-old, not quite a sexual concept easily understood. How you might ask, did you, at eleven years old, understand the concept of Mr. and Miss Gustafson, brother and sister, doing it? Well, at eleven, I really hadn't discovered all the "Ins" and "Outs" of sexual exploration. I did not have a hardbound copy of Kama Sutra, and I absolutely had no idea what doggie style was.

However, I had accidentally discovered masturbation one night just a year earlier. Second time I had one of those "Nocturnal Emissions" in my sleep, that I could remember. Magically, my hand took over as I transitioned into a twilight kinda sleep. It happened that second time when I spent a week with the Gustafson's.

Mom was in the hospital having Mary, who died a week later, Ed was in a Nuthouse getting shock treatments, and little brother Johnnie was at Auntie Alice's house. So, here it is, had to be

midnight, and I'm just going from twilight sleep to fully awake, spanking the monkey for the first time, finishing quickly. As I wiped my right hand on the blanket, I can hear Irene and Irving thru the floorboards, (I was in the upstairs bedroom).

Moaning and Groaning, with the sound of the bed-springs, and the slapping of the headboard against the wall. It was similar to the sounds that mom and dad made at night, I just figured in a crude kind of way, that Irving was fucking Irene.

So, about the car. It belonged to the Gustafson's, originally purchased by Eli Gustafson, Irving and Irene's father in 1931. Sitting in a shed for decades, this old ford was every boy's dream come true. No front seat at all, not even the springs or frame. The backseat was barely there, no seat-back at all, and the seat cushion was just springs and frame. The engine needed some parts, and most of the windows were broken out. The body was in perfect condition, once we washed off the years of dirt, and various animal and bird droppings.

It had been neglected for many years, alone in that shed. Irving grew up driving Chevrolets and John Deere. I wondered why he didn't like Fords. When Mom gave them the fifty dollars, I could see that there was a little bit of an emotional attachment between Irene, and her father's car. Irving didn't seem to care. Fifty bucks. No haggling. And for me, the greatest thing about the whole transaction? Mom bought this car on her own, without talking about it with Dad. She said she was buying that Ford just for me. I would have five years before I would be old enough to get my license. Plenty of time to grow up, plenty of time to work on the car, and turn it into a Hot Rod. I was soooooo Jazzed.

It was the end of winter when we bought it because I remember there was still a little bit of melting snow on the ground. Ed had it running in a couple of weeks, and away we would go, mostly on the weekends. With milk buckets for front seats, and a huge thick blanket draped over the rear seat, we would go cruising.

I never felt comfortable telling Mom what I had heard that night. Never felt comfortable! Didn't have the guts to explain what I heard. In essence, to admit that I already knew about sex? "Yes Mom, my best friend Jerry and I sometimes look at his father's girly magazines when his parents are gone, and I masturbate twice a day now".

Somehow, I knew that it would be horrible for my mother to find out the truth about the Gustafson's. So, I kept it "All", a secret. After all, we all were good Lutherans, and Irene was one of mother's closest friends.

As we pulled away, towing my car with some rope, I looked out the window and felt embarrassed for a moment from that night a year earlier, when I heard them fucking in the middle of the night. To this day, I still don't understand the Gustafson's lifetime of incest, or secret consanguineous marriage.

Back to the car, it was so cool to putt around in that old car. Several times from spring thru summer, with Dad driving, we would pick up a few of my friends. My good friend Jerry came with us many times, actually more times than Glen, Bob, and Billy, and any of the other kids that were fortunate enough to ride in my car.

I was the Dude, the most popular kid around. Now it's early September, school has started, and the most horrific thing happened. I was devastated, I cried for a week, kids teased me at

school, and Jerry was no longer my best friend. I got in a few fights and "acted" out my frustration and anger in class.

Ed sells my car to my best friend Jerry's dad for a hundred dollars. Twice what Mom paid. I refused to go for a ride in "Jerry's" car. Mom would say, "Jerry's Mom called the other day", "why don't you ever go riding in the Ford with all the other kids". "Mom, I just don't care about that stupid car anymore", I would say.

Right after he sold my car, Mom told me that Ed sold my car for booze money, but listening to them as they argued about it, I just knew, that was not the case. I had thought that he sold it because it had such a positive impact on my life, and because Mom had not asked permission to buy it. I also thought that he made it a purpose to sell it to my best friend's father.

Years, later, I would understand the real reason why Ed sold my car. I would find out that Jerry's dad, Mr. Tillman, was on the church's Cemetery Committee, and that our family had been given some choice real estate for our family plot. Our plot was only 10 feet from a water spigot. We had buried my sister Mary there the year before.

Was my car part of the payback for the great burial plot? Yes, I'm sure that it was part of it. Was the church especially gracious and consoling to us when Mary died? Yes, for sure. There was a lot of tears and emotion at Mary's funeral. Did selling my car make any sense to me? Eventually.

No, I don't think the car issue really contributed to my PTSD. My mother and my sister are buried in the family plot, and one year my kids went with me to Minnesota to sprinkle my

brother John's ashes over the graves. I do know that I dream sometimes of the Hot Rod I could've built.

Jerry's dad sold it that December to Dean Paisley, a twenty-year-old kid from Anoka. About ten years later, I would be reading a Hot Rod magazine, and come across a four-page story on this amazing 1931 Ford. Dean had totally customized MY Ford with Tuck & Roll leather interior, blown Cadillac engine, and a super paint job. The title of the article, "Paisley's Tempest II, from Barn to Perfection".

Yes, that magazine article could have been about my car, shoot, it was my car. No, I didn't go blind or grow hair on my palms, and there is some scientific evidence and medical research suggesting that in older men, masturbation reduces the risk of prostate cancer. Can't be all that bad either when you are eleven years old.

I am grateful that we had a nice plot for my mother and my sister. Had I had a vote in the matter, I would have suggested that Ed be buried with my mother. But as it turned out, Fort Snelling Military Cemetery was the right place for him.

*Should Old Acquaintance Be Forgot, you'll probably never know if you're really his
father (to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne")*

I was channel flipping one night and ran across a show on "The Learning Channel" called "Long Lost Family". One of the stories was about a 40 something woman who wanted to find, and get in touch with her biological father, who didn't even know he was a father. This woman's mother and father had a one-night fling and went on their merry, separate ways. There were a few other stories related to adopted people eventually wanting to look up their mother or father.

It started me thinking, and writing. If you're adopted, and you get the urge to look for your birth-parents, who do you instinctively look for first? Your mother of course. You will secondarily try to look for your father. Think about it...it will NOT be as important as looking for your birth-mother.

Same is the case as far as giving a baby up for adoption. All the man does is donate some sperm and get his "Jollies off". The woman provides the egg, nine months of gestation, and endures hours, usually, of the most horrific pain known to human-kind.

Here are some categories where the mother makes the decision to give a baby up for adoption, assuming she or her parents did not believe in Abortion.

The first category I call the Young and Dumb category, Generally, the birth-mother is single, and young, and the birth-father is young as well. Both of them are "Space Cadets" as far as parental desires, expectations and thoughts are concerned. No money or jobs. I will talk about the sixteen-year-old nice Catholic girl later. I was fifteen. The summer after my mother died.

The next category is the off chance that a prostitute or whore would even keep a pregnancy. Little chance of that happening. But, if it did, would a prostitute or whore know which one of ten different guys it could have been. that is, assuring you didn't make him wear a condom. That would be a whore not insisting on a condom, not the prostitute. And as far as the biological father is concerned, he was just a "trick", or that guy in the nice cowboy hat that you took home one night.

Another category all by itself, is when the baby is given up for adoption because of Rape. The norm is that if the person is going to look for a parent, it's going to be the mother that he or she looks for. If the mother is found, and there is some contact, the mother most probably will never reveal who the father is. Unless the mother kept newspaper clippings of the capture, trial and conviction of the "father". In that situation, I don't think I would have a very strong desire to look up "Daddy".

Another category, similar but different, is Incest. Most common is the father/daughter type. Now this is not about Hillbillies. If it were, we would have to include Mother/Son incest. Either way, there is no adoption involved, you're just part of the family which is really twisted.

One last category is when there has been an ongoing, or developing relationship that breaks up before the pregnancy is discovered, and the birth-mother decides not to tell the ex-boyfriend for whatever reason. Either he was such a Big Asshole, or she was a Total Bitch or both. Or, perhaps she deliberately purposed him as a "Sperm Donor", (that being the total of her interest in him makes her a Bitch also) which I will get into later.

In the case of a broken relationship, and the mother decides to keep her baby, ninety percent of the time the woman's going to tell the ex-boyfriend for the purpose of getting some financial/child support, especially if he is "Loaded". That other ten percent of the women include the ones that are just plain selfish and/or used you as a donor.

You cannot include being raised by your Grandparents or other relatives as far as knowing who your mother is or was. She's the meth-head doing ten years for drug trafficking. So, you do know who your mother is, but there is a chance that your father doesn't know you exist.

Doesn't the "Sperm Donor" biological father have some rights? I think so. How about the son or daughter? Doesn't that child have rights? It wasn't rape or incest. No matter if I was a child or an adult, I would want to know who my real father was. Think about it. Whither you are three years, seventeen years, or fifty years old.

Obviously when I was old enough to comprehend, I would wonder i.e., at least have some thoughts about my father. Unless your mother told you that the man she married while she was still pregnant with you was your father. Shoot! She could have told that dude she married that HE was the father. Oh, and he was a lot older, so I guess she really was into older men.

Is the seventeen-year-old senior in High School that I saw on his Mother's Facebook page my son? Looking at his age, and birth date (in August of the specific birth year). Was I just a "Sperm Donor?" Maybe. Counting back nine months, give or take a few weeks, was the memory close enough to really good sex without a condom to make me think Paternal thoughts? Yes. Do I want to do something about it? Yes. I have made no attempt to contact my potential son however out of respect for his privacy. I have sent a few private messages to his mother on FB,

with no response. I believe that a father has a right to know, but I think the child's desire and well-being is foremost.

Now back to the first category. The young and dumb. She is a sixteen-year-old Catholic girl you met at the Piggly Wiggly Grocery store in South Central Minneapolis, whose parents are in Europe for the summer. You are fifteen, but almost sixteen while you are having this steamy affair. In reality, you only have sex one time, and it wasn't that good on your part anyway. You didn't last very long, but all it takes is one single teeny tiny little sperm to get a woman pregnant. A few months later, her parents get home from Paris, and find out that Suzie, Sandy, or Shirley, (whatever her name was, started with an "S") was pregnant.

Good Catholics that they were, abortion was out of the question. I tried calling at first. I could not understand why her parents would not let me speak to her. I took the bus cross town several times to their house.

After no one answering the door for about six different visits, a woman came to the door and said that the Johnson's, (fictional name) no longer lived there. I found out from a friend of Suzie's that her parents still lived there, and that they had sent her to a Catholic Home for Unwed Mothers. That same friend said that they were not planning on keeping the baby and refused to tell me where the "Home" was.

So, if he or she is still alive, I have a fifty-five-year-old son or daughter. Even though I was a "Space Cadet" then, I have still wondered about this all these years. I believe even at that age; I should have had the opportunity to be a part of my child's life. As far as the seventeen-year-old senior in High School. There is nothing I can do.

As far as the fling that I had with the twenty-six-year-old (I was fifty). I will never make an attempt to contact him directly, or use his name or his mother's name in my blog pages, or any other public forum. If there is one thing that I would want him to know, if I am his father, I want him to know that I love him no matter what, and that I really did love his mother. I thought I was more than just a "Sperm Donor", I really did.

"Turn left, when it is Safe to do so", or, "Watch out for that Seagull"

The first car I ever drove was that old 1931 Ford. I could barely see over the dashboard, sitting on a five-gallon milk bucket. Mom, sitting on the passenger side milk bucket, would quietly and patiently give me what she called, "Suggestions". "Turn left when it is safe to do so", she would say, or, "Turn right when it is safe to do so". She would also help with the shifting.

My buddies in the back would be laughing and yelling things like, "Watch out for that wabbit!", or, "When is it my turn?", or, "I farted!". Of course, I was very good at cutting out the "Noise", and concentrating on Mom's "suggestion's". For an eleven-year-old, the happy, fun part was actually getting to drive my car.

The sad part, if you remember, the stupid old car was gone before I knew it. I developed the knack for cutting out the noise, whenever my Mom and my Step-Dad were fighting. In spite of the racket from my buddies in the back, I really zoned into listening to Mom.

The next time I heard those exact words, "Turn left, when it is safe to do so", I was sixteen, and I had borrowed my cousin's car to take the driving test. Where I lived, the state had stations where you would go, (DMV), that had fenced off "Mock" streets, with stop signs, lights that would turn yellow, red, and green, streets with solid lines, streets with dotted lines (you get the picture).

My cousin was not allowed to go on my one and only test drive. I had already passed my written test, so I was super-excited to take the driving skills test. The major difference between the old Ford and my cousin's car wasn't the fact that I had blocks tied on my feet to reach the pedals on that old Ford, my "Test" vehicle was a four speed manual, with a hopped up engine

that stalled out if you didn't know how to release the clutch and step on the gas properly. I think I stalled four times. All at the signals and the stop signs.

The "Coup de Grace" that made the testing officer rip up my paperwork was when he said for the second time, "Turn left, when it is "Safe", to do so". Unfortunately, it was the first time that there was a "mock" driveway, a bit of asphalt that extended into the grass about three feet or so on the left.

The Test Officer's intent was for me to turn at the next street, NOT at the fake driveway. "What the hell are you doing? Don't Turn here!". Within a split second, before you could sing "Yankee Doodle Dandy", we were fifteen feet onto the nicely manicured lawn. I was the first to fail the test, for driving on the grass. Heck, to me I was just following his "suggestion". Shortly, I was bound for boot camp, and I ended up getting my first driver's license in California years later.

Now fast forward to 1996, Tommy, my son, is learning how to drive on the back roads of Oxnard in an old BMW, which happens to be a stick. Still to this day, if he is driving and I am giving him directions, I can be heard saying, "Turn left when it is "Safe" to do so".

I have used the same "suggestions" with my daughter, my friends, and the occasional UBER driver (which I know is silly). If anyone is riding with me, like my son for instance, I am quickly reminded that the UBER driver has GPS, and knows where he's going.

Someday, when my grandson is old enough to learn how to drive, I imagine I'll be in the backseat of our Gravity Repulsing Vehicle, or GRV as they will be known, listening to my son

as he is giving him driving "suggestions", "Come to a complete hover, when it is ""Safe" to do so", or, "Watch out for that Seagull".

"That could have been my Les Paul Guitar"

She had the will to live, she just didn't have the guts, literally. Over an eleven-year period, beginning when I was four years old, Ed put her in the hospital six times, Two times for birthing Johnnie and Mary, and four times for things like, ruptured spleen, bruised kidney, and dying.

Ed knew exactly how to hit her, since he was a POW. He also was specially trained for his assignment in Europe during World War II. He knew how to hit someone in a way that caused great pain, but no damage. He knew full well that it was these four times out of dozens and dozens of beatings, where he had made mistakes and caused injuries severe enough to be hospitalized and have part of her guts removed.

First time hospitalized, she had her Spleen removed. Second time in the hospital a few years later, they removed her Gall Bladder because of the damage he had caused. Third time it was something else. Fourth time in the hospital, she died.

In the months before her death, she had found a new zest for life. Mom and Ed were separated for some time, and she was seeing another man. Part of that time that Ed was gone, was when he was in the Looney Bin, getting therapeutic electric shock treatments.

I can't remember his name, Robert, or Henry? Let's call him Henry. He was really a cool dude. He was so nice to Mom. In what I guess was the early stages of the romance, we would visit him and his daughter. There were a few other times, that Johnnie and I would go with her to meet Henry and his daughter at the Walk Right Inn near Coon Lake, which was his hangout and close to where they lived. Mom must have considered it safe to go there because Ed hung out at a bar in Ham Lake.

I do remember her name, Claire. Claire was a little over a year younger than me, and really beautiful. I loved her Red hair and freckles. She had a wonderful singing voice, perfect pitch. I thought she would make a great younger sister for me, and a great older sister for Johnnie.

The five or six times that we went visiting at their home, (I have no idea how many times Mom visited by herself), Henry would give me a quick little lesson on his 1959 Gibson Les Paul guitar. Then he and Mom would disappear, probably to the bedroom, I don't know, leaving Johnnie, Claire and I alone pretending we were Rock & Roll stars.

Very quickly, I learned four or five chords, and we were singing (or trying to) "Rock around the Clock". We had it nailed by the sixth visit. Their relationship lasted up until Mom was hospitalized that last time. She hadn't suffered from one of Ed's beatings for probably eight months. She died on the third day, from the complications from all the beatings. Unfortunately for me, and tragic for Claire, Henry died six months later. I never saw Claire, or that Les Paul guitar again.

It was at the Walk Right Inn that I learned how to shoot pool. I also learned the difference between a mad lunatic drunk, and Henry. When Ed drank, he got inebriated, socially unacceptable, and violent. When I saw Henry drinking, I saw a man that didn't drink to get drunk. Early lesson in life in life about the effects of alcohol.

Sterno, Baseball Bats, and Two Peckers

This is a good spot to share a little about my real father, Harold John Saxe. One of the few early memories of my father was before my mother had divorced him. I think I was about two and a half, maybe a little younger. It's a funny memory, of a funny occurrence.

I must have been in the potty-training stages at the time. I distinctly remember standing along side my father at the toilet. When I happened to look up, I swear to this day, he was pissing from not one penis, but from two. My father had two long dicks. If there is a medical word for someone with two peckers, explaining that unique condition, I've never found it.

Shortly after that, my parents divorced. I recall seeing him at least one other time as I was growing up. Probably when I was about nine-years-old. My father was a true alcoholic in the sense that it really was a medical issue for him, and it's a real illness that millions of people deal with.

His alcoholism was the reason my mother left him. He wasn't violent like my step-father, he was just useless, and my mother could not keep three things on the shelves at the little "Mom & Pop" grocery store that Grandpa Saxe had given them as a wedding present.

The three things that disappeared off the shelves? Shoe polish, cans of Sterno, and Cough Syrup. He burned the shoe polish and Sterno to drain off what little alcohol they had, straining the liquids with cheesecloth. The cough syrup? In those days cough syrup had a fair amount of alcohol in it.

I saw my father when I was planning on enlisting in the Navy, as I had to get him to sign for me since I was what they called a "Kiddie-Cruiser". That's the last time that I saw him.

Eventually, and while I was enjoying my vacation at the Wayne County Prison Farm in Jesup, Georgia, my father died. Tragically for him, his life was ended by three other Winos that beat him to death in some alley in Minneapolis. I found out about his death when the Warden called me into his office one day and read a letter from my Uncle Bob.

Beat to death in some argument over a woman is what he wrote. An unfortunate thing that happens when a "John Doe" is laying on the Coroner's table. When you are a nobody, like my father was, and it's obvious that you have been murdered, you write the cause of death, as they did with my father, as a natural cause simply because he is a nobody.

In his case, officially he died of Sclerosis of the Liver, even though his face was so badly beaten (my Uncle Bob wrote, "Baseball Bats" or some other wooden objects), he face was beyond recognition. Plus, he did not have an ounce of blood left in his body. End game for me is yes, I do think of him on occasion, but there never was any kind of father/son relationship, except that one time when he was trying to teach me how to pee like a big boy, showing me how with his two dicks.

Outhouses, Corn Cobs, Potty Training, and shitting in your pants

First time I had an outhouse experience, I was around three and a half. Don't ask me why I added six months. I remember I was potty trained, but I'm fairly certain that I wasn't four years old yet. Part of the reason for this calculated memory, is remembering my wonderful grandson's potty-training experience. When he was three, he was doing a terrific job with his potty training. So good, I had promised him a dollar bill for each time that he leaves the turd in the toilet instead of his diaper.

I remember at the time, that he still required a little supervision, which is okay. He's not three and a half yet I had thought. That's why I figure that I was "about" three and a half, because I was no longer in potty training boot camp then. I was a big boy wearing real underwear, and my cousin Mikey, a year younger, was still loading up his diaper on a frequent basis.

Mikey would sometimes run around with a drooping shit-filled, stinky diaper for quite some time before an adult picked up on the odor, or happen to see the dog sniffing at a small track of shit that had squeezed out of Mikey's diaper onto the kitchen linoleum. I pretty sure at two, I was loading up my diaper and stinking up the room along with the other "Babies". So, don't feel bad, Mikey.

But at three and a half, and diaperlessly potty trained, all of a sudden, I wasn't a baby anymore and I realized just how much shit really did stink, especially Mikey's.

Soon as it was too much to bear, I would wander towards the big people pointing back at Mikey saying, "Crap in the diaper here folks, time to change the baby's diaper!" or I would say something like, "Mama, you said Aunty Alice's shit doesn't stink, well, Mikey's does".

Anyway, we were at someone's house, a cabin, and the outhouse was all they had. I know it wasn't Uncle Chuck's cabin. His outhouse was really fancy, this outhouse was plain and simple. As I jumped up and positioned myself over the hole, I noticed a bucket full of corncobs. my first thought was, "Why do they bring their com to the toilet to eat?"

I do remember that I loved "Corn on the Cob" as a toddler, I still love corn on the cob. Except whenever we had it for dinner, Mom would stand my corn on its' end and run her knife down the sides trimming those delicious kernels onto my plate. Eventually I was allowed to use those yellow plastic com cob holders with the nails.

So, back to the outhouse, when I was finished doing my duty, I used pages from a "Monkey Wards" catalog. Ran back outside to play the other kids. About an hour later with that bucket of corncobs still on my mind, I asked Mom, "Why do they eat their Corn on the Cob in the bathroom"? She laughed, not quite sure what I was talking about. I explained a little further, "There's a bucket of naked "used" corncobs in the baffroom, (as I called it then).

Mom laughed again and explained that the corncobs were there in case there wasn't any toilet paper or reading materials in the outhouse. My first thought was ouch! that has to hurt!

Years later I understood what the words, "Corn" and "Hole" when used as one word meant. "OUCH!". No. It never happened to me; I just saw it happening to some other poor dude. There really was a "Bubba" at the prison farm.

If anyone here has tried at least once in your life to wipe your ass with a corncob, you know it's not a painful thing really because you "wipe" with it. I suppose there has to be a few kinky people in history that have shoved that cob right up their butt hole. I for one, have never felt the overwhelming desire to shove anything up my ass.

Anyway, if you have used corncobs for toilet paper, you just tend to look at corncobs in a slightly different way every 4th of July, or whenever you happen to have it as part of a meal. All these years later, my favorite way to cook them is on the grill with the husk left on. I don't save the cobs.

Super Heroes, Cow Pies and Horse Turds, (and don't try this with your "Sunday-Go-To-Meeting" shoes on)

We all have experienced a recurring dream or dreams. Sometimes our dreams seem so real to us, it's like living in that moment, almost like you are in a movie. The good karma dreams can be fun, and at the same time, just as weird as the not so good karma dreams, or nightmares.

Some of us who have lived a few years, have had a recurring dream that goes all the way back to a REAL incident or stage, or age in our life. Like for me recently. It came to mind a funny recurring dream that goes back to something I used to do when I was around five years old, only in the dream, there is a slight modification to the actual event or story.

First, I'll tell you the real story, or experience that has stayed with me for 65 years. As a young child growing up on a farm, there were so many things to do, especially in the summer time. All the normal things kids do at five years old, go fishing, build forts out of hay bales in the barn (upstairs), play Cowboys and Indians, chores, like pulling weeds in the garden.

Our garden wasn't this tiny suburban back yard kind of garden, it was a full acre of land, planted with a lot of different shit. So, anyway, besides all the chores like feeding the chickens and ducks, in the summer, you still had a lot of time on your hands, for things like, pretending to be a SUPER HERO, like Superman.

Which leads me to the activity that stayed with me all my life in the form of this funny dream sequence. On either side of the house, and behind the barn, we had fields that were previously used as grazing land for dairy cows and several horses. This land had not seen a cow or a horse for quite a few years. What we called a "Cow Pie", cow shit, was fairly abundant,

more so than the horseshit. A Cow Pie is green when it's really just-crapped fresh. It cannot be picked up in one solid piece, I know, from the first time I tried to pick up a fresh one over at Jerry's place.

When it has sat there untouched for a very long time, it sorta looks like a 12" diameter, gray, miniature flying saucer sitting on the ground. That's how Cow shit looks after dropping five feet from the cow's anus, and it does "age" over time, turning from grass-fed shitty green, to alien gray-skinned gray.

Completely different look from a "Horse Turd", yes, we called the horses doodoo, turds, almost round, slightly larger than a softball, "depending of course on the size of the horse". Hey! That rhymes, hahahahaha.

So, imagine if you will, you are five years old, it's Saturday and you just finished mowing your three acres of lawn. All your chores are done, so you run off towards the pasture, hop the barbed wire fence, and suddenly, you have become a.....Wait for it.....SUPER HERO, able to leap over the tallest buildings (cow Pies and horse turds) in a single bound.

Now, the cow Pies that were gray, we're sometimes quite deceiving. Although alien spacecraft gray was the color of really ancient Pies, if your foot accidentally landed on top of a "not as old as you thought it was", cow pie, you actually broke through the "crust" and ended up with old, but still squishy dark green (grass-fed) cow shit on your tennis shoes.

Mind you, most of the gray ones were like petrified, they were so old. Completely solid, dried out, safe to pick up and throw like an Olympic Discus thrower, (besides being a super hero, I also was an Olympics Discus thrower with 20 gold medals). My friends and I had played that

same imaginary super hero game many times in active grazing fields, like at Jerry's place or Warrens, just for the suspense. The cow pies were fresh, and the cows looked at us like we were crazy.

Anyway, back to leaping tall buildings with a single bound. For a five year old kid, I had a wonderful imagination, which most kids do. As I was running and leaping, it FELT like I was traveling through the air hundreds of feet with each leap.

In reality, I was only leaping four or five feet each time with every jump. Now, putting that real activity in to a dream perspective. Imagine my dream, like the one I just had, I'm still five years old, but in my dream, I am REALLY leaping hundreds of feet in the air, and landing hundreds of feet away with each stride and leap forward.

In my dream, I HAVE super powers, that I only pretended I had when I was a kid. In my dream, I can actually fly. In my dream, I never landed on a single cow pie. In reality when I was a kid, I walked in the kitchen door many times with cow shit on both shoes, in spite of how hard I tried to scrape it off.

Did I suffer from Hypo-mania when I was a child? No, I don't think so. Did I have a good imagination? Yes, just as good as any other kid, although I must say, I was a more enthused Cowboy than I was Indian.

***Hitting the Blackboard with a Booger is 10 points, hitting the back of the teacher's dress
as she walks by is 20 points***

Is anyone old enough to remember the old wooden desks with the lift top, with that storage area to warehouse all your books and stuff n the desk? In my school, Glen Cary Elementary, the desk you were assigned was the desk you kept all school year.

The first day of school, when you sat at your desk for the first time, you did two things. First you lifted the desktop up to look inside for buried treasure, pennies sometimes, gum wrappers usually, and if you happen to get Sam's desk like Billy did this year, empty condom wrappers, ewwwww.

Sam was in the last row of desks this year, sixth grade, and Billy was now a fifth grader. Sam used the condoms in the typical teenager way. Blowing them up like balloons when Mrs. Anderson wasn't in the room. I always laughed the most when Sam tried to pull a condom over his head.

Back to the desk inspection procedure. The second thing you did after the treasure hunt was to feel the undercarriage of your desk. Mostly gum, hard as a rock, from the mouths of generations of children that had previously sat at that desk for decade upon decade. The really old stuff seemed to be part of the desk bottom, welded in place over a millennium of time.

Some gum, wads from last year, was semi-hard, but you could manage to pull at them and set some free, throwing them in someone else's desk when they weren't there. You also always found dried up boogers and hardened, frozen-like, streams of snot that had been painted on the bottoms of desks by many fingers.

Not every loving mother gave their sweet little idiot a handkerchief to use. If you were really curious, before you tried to scrape anything off with your ruler, if you even had one, or your fingernails, you got down underneath like a mechanic to inspect all the boogers, gum wads, and hardened snot flows.

It was whispered around that Sam, the sixth grader, ate the dried boogers and snot from under his desk like crunchy candy. Only tried it once on a dare, kinda Rice Krispies crunchy, sorta like deep fried ants, didn't like it. Like every other kid, I tried a gum wad, didn't like that either, almost broke a tooth.

Also, I do know, because I watched him, whilst sitting at his desk, Sam would casually blow a load of snot between his index finger and his middle finger. His mind preoccupied with whatever comic book he was reading. Then, regardless of whether we were watching him, he would casually slurp the snot resting between his two fingers.

One pastime every dude enjoyed was booger flicking. A booger had to be of a certain consistency however. Soft and rubbery, with a little stickiness. If the booger was too sticky, it was hard to launch when you flicked your finger. If you rolled it around a little more you could get it to premium launch quality. We had a point system. Blackboard, 10 points, back of someone's head, 15 points, back of the teacher's dress as she walked by, 20 points.

No sound, just a flick of your finger and you could stick it on the blackboard as you walked by. Easiest targets were the girls. Especially easy if you had a girl sitting right in front of you. If you managed to get one in her hair, at recess the boys would identify the successful targets and

we would walk around inspecting the backs of the heads of our victim, saying, "Hair Booger! Hair Booger! Sally's got a Hair Booger".

The girls would run away screaming, as they frantically pulled at their hair. If you were in the earlier grades, like me in the second, you never spoke to, or talked about "Snot Eating Sam". If you did, Sam would open up a can of kickass on you during recess.

It was also rumored that Sam did dirty things with sheep. It was known that Sam was a few years older than the other sixth graders, so at 12 or 13, the teenaged adolescent hormones had already found their way to his penis.

Looking back, I believe that Sam was slightly retarded as well, so he couldn't help being a bully, an idiot, and an asshole. There is normal stupid, and then there is retarded stupid. I wonder what kind of person he is today, good karma or bad karma.

That summer, a few of us were able to sneak our way up to one of the barns where Sam's dad sheared the sheep. We were able to look in a window and observe Sam without him seeing us. I can testify that it is possible to fuck a sheep.

Never attempted it myself, but what you do is stick the sheep's rear legs in your knee-high rubber farmer's boots so they can't run away. I'll never be able to erase that image in my mind of Sam plunging and moving back and forth with his bare ass quivering.

I have heard a female sheep baaaaaaa loudly. I have never eaten my boogers, well, I did try one of those "under the desk" boogers just once (in the second grade). I did blow up a condom like a balloon many years later (as an adult).

A Lesson in Racism

This is a short story/chapter about my good friend, Kenneth Strong, with a few life lessons thrown in. Although they could've been twins, Kenny wasn't a Sammy Davis Jr., married to a white chick, hanging out with the Rat pack. Not disparaging Sammy, I was a big fan of him, Sinatra, and Dean Martin. I actually can say that Sammy's daughter was a neighbor and friend, and that his grandson Sam, remains a close friend of my daughter to this day.

The only similarities between the two of them, was the fact that Kenny was small like Sammy, five foot four or so, and they both could dance like champs. Oh yeah, the other difference? Even though he couldn't carry a tune in a shoe if his life depended on it, Kenny still enjoyed going to Karaoke with me.

His weight and height were proportional up until when his emphysema progressed. Before he died, he had lost fifty pounds and was skin and bones, ninety-eight pounds (easy to carry up and down the stairs).

In his healthy years, Kenny was a muscular dude who worked out and ran a mile every day. Kenny, was an ex-marine and veteran of the Korean War, loved his country and eventually became one of my closest friends. In spite of the fact that when I met him face to face for the first time, I thought he was the biggest asshole I had ever met in my whole life.

Kenny was the only person of color working in his department, so he was an anomaly of sorts. In fact, at that time, there were very few people of color that had risen the ranks and climbed the "Ladder" of success like Kenny had. He wasn't sweeping the floor, or taking out the trash, he was responsible for administering the procurement of millions of dollars in high tech

equipment and support for a globally recognized company. I was a sales dude at the time, and my company had not seen any business from Kenny's company in many years. Our only competitor had 100% of the business.

After many phone calls to try to get in to see him, (they were in upstate NY), I made the trip from California to New York twice with appointments to finally see him. Both times he blew me off with lame excuses. First time, I was told that he had called in sick. Second time, he was there. When I spoke to him from the lobby, he blew me off again, asking me, "Can you come back next week?". Kenny knew that I had flown cross country to see him. Let's just say that I was just a little pissed. Patient, but pissed. The third trip was successful, however disappointing.

Let's just say that for the average salesman, it wasn't just disappointing, it was devastating. I stood in the entry of his cubicle for what seemed like several minutes. "Thank you so much for taking the time to see me this morning", I stated nervously to no avail. No response from Kenny. It's as if I wasn't standing there, gazing at all the accolades and awards on the walls. Glancing at his "Employee of the Year" award, his Bachelor's Degree, and all the other plaques, and then looking back at Kenny, I said to myself, "He can't be hard of hearing, can he?" Lack of peripheral vision?

He was sitting there typing two-finger style, staring at his computer. So, I took a few steps to the side chair alongside his desk, and started to sit down. When my butt was approximately five inches from the seat, still directing his gaze at his monitor, he said in a Drill Sergeant manner, " I didn't tell you to sit down yet".

Well, I immediately stood to attention and backed up two feet to the entryway into his cubicle. I swear I stood there for another two or three minutes before he swung his chair around and said, "You can sit down now". Kenny took the next ten minutes telling me all the things wrong with my company. Needless to say, we did not take lunch together, and like I said earlier, I thought he was the biggest asshole I had ever met.

Now, what he said was true. Our prices were way too high, and our lead-times were way too long. I took these insights back to my company, and within six months, we had reduced both to the point where we started to get some of the business. After a year, and several more trips, my company was enjoying 100% of the business, and I was slowly becoming a part of Kenny's small circle of friends. I share this with all the sales people out there as a lesson. Three things. Be honest. Be genuine. Be patient. Take your time and really get to know your customer. Don't get discouraged. Be patient. If you are able to look at your customer with one eye, while reading the documents on their desk upside down with the other eye, you are not my kind of salesman.

Of course, your company has to be competitive in all areas. I was fortunate that my company was willing to adapt to the marketplace. Over time, Kenny became a real friend. We did things that friends would do. Went fishing. Went to the casino, usually with a few other dudes from his office. My favorite thing was going to the racetrack in Saratoga once a year, to watch and bet on the "Running of the Travers". To our amazement, I actually won a Trifecta one year.

Kenneth and I went fishing many times. Once on the Hudson River, and several times at his favorite spot on the Erie Canal. Every time we went fishing, Kenny would give me fishing

"lessons". Like the big brother he was, every time he would try to give me instructions on how to fish, I would tell him, "I'm from Minnesota, I was fishing when you were still in diapers". Not really true, since he was about fifteen years older than me.

Anyway, Kenny would retort with, " I don't care if you are from Zimbabwe, you ain't gonna catch anything that way", or, "You're so full of shit, you should have worn a diaper", then we would laugh. I would always tease him and ask him to put my worm on for me (I never used anything other than lures).

I always caught the first fish and the last fish before he gave up for the day. Most of the time, I caught the only fish, which really pissed him off. Fishing on the Hudson was fun, but challenging because that one time we did go, it was in an old leaky row boat, oars only, no outboard. We always had a great time fishing except for that one hot, and muggy August day (I did most of the rowing), and we caught nothing.

Kenny and I remained friends after he retired. When his health began to deteriorate more and more, his buddies and I would still take him to the casino. I can remember pushing Kenny, his oxygen bottle, and his cigarette through the casino in his wheelchair. No matter what you said to him about his health and smoking, he would acknowledge, "Yeah, I know, I should quit, it's too late for me anyway". He never did quit, and it WAS too late, he died.

The last time I saw Kenny, he had been retired for about four years. He was so sick and weak at that time, when we went to the grocery store or his favorite neighborhood tavern, I had to carry him up and down the stairs of his condo, and throw his wheelchair in the trunk. That last time I saw him was six months before he passed away.

Kenny grew up in a farming community in North Carolina, so he knew what Racism and Segregation was. I grew up in a farming community in Minnesota. I didn't know what the words meant as I was growing up. We would sometimes have spirited discussions about a variety of subjects, whilst drinking our scotch or having a meal.

The most spirited conversations were when we talked about racism and segregation/integration, i.e., life in general. We mostly agreed on things, and our friendship with each other stayed intact. One of our most memorable exchanges was this one night, already three drinks into a long night, and I was a little pissed at something Kenny had said. I looked at Kenny and yelled, "I don't care about the color of your skin!", and Kenny paused for a second and quietly said, "I don't care about the color of YOUR skin either".

We laughed at each other, and ordered another Black Label on the Rocks. Kenny was a great friend. I grieved when he died, along with all of his friends and family. Lesson number two. Folks, Racism, Bigotry, Prejudice and Indifference are taught and therefore learned, not in-bred. End of THAT story.

Equality, and "Forgiveness received is not a license to sin"

November 18th, 2016, late afternoon, Mikey, my new friend in the community I live in and I, are smoking a little medical, and just talking about random shit. Cars, mostly. I just met him and his wife at the pool last weekend, and this is his first visit to my home. We're talking, and he mentions his mother in law, and it starts us on a conversation that can ONLY be blamed on the weed.

We are basically talking about what women do, different hobbies and so on, she is home obviously at 77 years old, Mikey says she keeps herself busy, knitting sewing, shit like that, things that women love to do, and somehow my twisted brain comes up with, "Ya, if you saw a dude sewing and knitting, you would assume he is gay", then right after that, I said, If you saw a woman riding a Harley, with tats, short-hair, leather pants, and a big truckers wallet and chain sticking out of her back pocket, more than likely, she's probably a Dyke.

Which started me preaching, and writing, about equal rights for all people. My point is that EVERYONE should have equal rights! If you are a grandfather who likes to sew, knit, and dress funny, YOU have, or should have.....Wait for it.....Equal Rights!

In essence, what Mikey and I were discussing, was the real fact that even though men and women ARE as different as Jupiter and Pluto, Venus and Mars, Oatmeal Cereal and a Poison Dart, with ALL our differences, we are created, or planted here equally.

You're not really going to see a skinhead with Swastika tattoos riding on the back of a motorcycle behind a person of color (some dude) in a pink dress, but if you did, THEY still should have equal rights. Right? Do you get the picture? I'm talking directly to you, you bigoted,

racist, hateful person no matter what color your skin is! Bigotry, Hatred, and Racism is EVERYWHERE.

I have known all kinds in my lifetime. Even so called tongue talking, holy ghost filled born-again "Christians" who were the most bigoted, racist, and may I say, EVIL MF'S I've ever known in my life. Yes, even THEY were created equal, I just think that they're just a little, no, a lot, fucked up in the head.

Which brings us to the question, is this bad karma shit a "learned" activity, or genetically inherited? I would say that if you grew up in Alabama, Mississippi, or any other state below the Mason Dixon Line, it is a mix of both, and ALL colors.

The only difference is that one race (whites) thought (were taught) that they were BORN superior to all other races (and sometimes religions), like it was really in their genes. The other race, the predominate race of color in the south were mostly, and still are, on the receiving end of all the bigotry, racism, and hatred that the ruling class WHITE RACE could dish out.

You could really see it in this last election, i.e., if you didn't see it, you are fucking brain-dead. I have known or seen this behavior, both good karma and bad karma, of all colors, cultures, ancestry, and religious beliefs. Let's face it, we ALL have the capability of being racist Bigots who hates the other person sitting at the end of the bar, it's inbred, i.e., in a gene.

We also have, inbred, yes I think we all have an inherited gene, for goodness, mercy, and love for others around us. It's NOT just a taught or learned attribute. You are born with BOTH karma genes.....as.....Wait for it.....CHOICES! Yes. I believe as a species, we CAN choose our karma, good and bad, because it's in our.....Wait for it.....NATURE!

It is a choice, AND sometimes through the right processes, we can choose good karma over bad karma. Both good and bad karma can be part of our religious training and beliefs, and part of our culturally inherited traits. In saying all this, I say that what it boils down to, is that we ALL were created or planted equally, and that if we ALL choose the good karma in our life, this planet we call Earth WILL become a better place to inhabit, for the coming generations.

As you can see, what began as casual conversation with my new friend here in the community, for me, turned into a chapter on equality. I hope all my Redneck and Religious friends read this one twice. It's all about how we treat each other, nothing more, nothing less. "Forgiveness received is not a license to sin" Brothers and Sisters. Peace. Abide. Reach into yourself and grab onto that Good Karma.

An afterthought. My new friend Mikey, had come over to chill, he's partially blind but able to navigate without a cane or dog. It's still daylight when he comes over. It's nighttime dark outside when your friend is leaving. Automatically, you ask your buddy if he can make it back to his house on his own, which IS walking distance. He says not to worry, he'll be okay. Later on, in the evening you think to yourself, "Gee, I could have offered to loan him my heavy-duty military style, burn your eyes out flashlight". A microsecond later the thought goes through my mind, "Hey, Mikey, here, use my flashlight, just bring it back when you're done using it". Think about it. I got a chuckle out of that one.

Mikey mentions that he's been a "Trucker" and a "Biker" for most of his life. As part of the conversation, I mention, "Been there, done that, yeah.....I was a trucker..... For, like a few hours, twice in my life". Two great "Trucker" stories I have to write someday. Likewise, when he just mentioned that in his younger days, he was a "Biker", I respond with, "Yeah, been there, done that, I've even known a few Hells Angels", which from that, someone would naturally think that I really was a "Biker" back in the day.

In actuality, over the years, I HAVE known a few "Hells Angels". That part IS TRUE, but I have never owned a motorcycle. I do have two pretty funny stories about my motorcycle experience though, like the time I rode a Triumph 750 Bonny (that didn't belong to me trying to do an Evel Knievel) off a cliff into the St. Croix river from the Minnesota side.

I was stoned. It either happened in slow motion, or it was a LONG way down to the water. Either way, the bike and I hit the water about the same time, after falling for 20 minutes or so (in my mind). The actual descent took, maybe four seconds? Bike sunk immediately (river was 60 feet deep at that spot). I managed to swim to the Wisconsin side of the river.

Getting back to that same spot on the Minnesota side, because that's where all your buddies were, another whole story. Just think of flowing, rushing river which carries you as you are swimming, a few hundred yards downstream. The terrain on both sides of the river may as well have been the Swiss Alps. Getting back to my buddies whilst stoned, took over about an hour trek back over next to impossible terrain, ending up NOT directly across from my buddies on the other side of the river, but upstream at least a hundred yards so that when I dove back in the water to swim to the other side, I had to calculate the effect of the "flowing-rushing" river so that

when I did get to the other side, I would be right on target at the cliff that I originally took my bike-jump from. There were ropes that had been dropped by someone, old ropes, a long time ago, just for the “Famous Cliff Divers of Taylor’s Falls”. My calculations were perfect.

Okay, so now I'm going to stop with the memories and do a little "Preachin" in the next couple of chapters. I promise that I will finish this "Memoir" with another "Memory".

The Senselessness of War

The subject that I most care and write about IS the "Evolution" of our species' insane ability to injure, maim, torture and kill another human being. When I look back, at mankind's known history, and try to look forward, as a Futurist, it's obvious that for the last 100 years or so, the military/industrial complex, and the globalists are closer today than they have ever been, to changing the path that we as a species, have been on for thousands of years. They have been deliberate in their goals and methods, leading the sheeple down a path towards what we know as the "New World Order", a one world form of government subverting all, and one religion aiding in the subversion.

My opinion: My opinions stated here are NOT necessarily in agreement with the overall thoughts and opinions of all the war mongering assholes that benefit from the Military/Industrial machine that our politicians and the richest Motherfuckers in the world have created over the last sixty years or so.

We can't be certain when the first "Warfare" took place, but my educated guess is that it could be the first time one tribe decided that the Woolly Mammoth that a neighboring tribe had just killed with their spears, should belong on THEIR dinner table, or perhaps it was two tribes fighting over one burning ember of a branch, i.e., "fire" which was a hot commodity in those days.

From Sticks and Stones, to Spears, Arrows, to Muskets and Cannons, to Mark 42 Guided Bombs, to Nukes.....What has history taught us so far? Human's "stuff" gets more and more

sophisticated, i.e., we can KILL a lot more people at one time, and do it more precisely, with the weapons we have today versus just a short 100 years ago. Plus, the masters of the military/industrial machine are making trillions of dollars on the death and destruction with all the wars/conflicts that have occurred.

Needless to say, our species continued to develop over the eons, inventing things like, “Gunpowder” and other inventions meant solely to kill another human being, (gunpowder, invented in China, wasn’t for firecrackers originally). Our species also DID advance in the sciences, like in “Literature” and “Education” with the invention of the printing press, and in so many other useful and evolving things, like the evolution of “Medical Sciences” from blood-letting and Medicine Man chants, to modern-day inventions of things like the “X-Ray” machines, “Kidney Dialysis”.

Our species now enjoys the science of transplanting living tissue organs, like Kidney, Lung Transplants and other organs, artificial organs like hearts, the development of drugs/treatments for and the elimination of many diseases. All of this evolution in the medical sciences has culminated in an increase in our species lifespans. We talk to one another via cell phone, thousands of miles apart. We landed on and return from it the Moon! Now the scientists are talking about sending humans to Mars.

As I mentioned earlier, warfare has certainly evolved, with the ability to efficiently kill lots and lots of people quicker with the use of what we disaffectionately refer to as WMD’s, WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION. Today we even use that term to justify invading other countries and killing millions of people while we are at it.

Many people knew then, and it has become the normal part of our thinking and accepted as the truth now, that Saddam Hussein (Iraq) did not have WMD's as we were told by our governments and our media. We invaded, we killed, we took his Gold and the oil fields, and then we hung the dude. If any other country besides the USA would have invaded Iraq, we would have put their leadership before a World Court, tried them, convicted them, and hung them. People like Cheney, Bush, and the rest of those assholes were just puppets, but they became RICH puppets, and laughed all the way to the bank. They're STILL laughing. They still are partially responsible, and should be tried by an International War Crimes Tribunal.

As it relates to warfare and recent history, I began pondering the many recent unjustified killings of people by our law enforcement folks (cops). I'll also comment on how that relates to PTSD issues and the movie "American Sniper" which I have watched prior to writing this. To "Splain" this part of our discussion titled WARFARE, let's start off by taking this back to the 60's and 70's, the Vietnam War era.

Now you may have been some city kid from St. Louis or Los Angeles, or maybe a farm boy Summa Cum Laude Dairy Farm from Minnesota or whatever. There is a 99% chance that before you raised your right hand and swore to defend the constitution and this country, you were just a normal dude. Normal and patriotic. You were/are a normal dude with a normal upbringing, an average education, and you had a girlfriend who DID wait for you to come home, alive, possibly without a limb or two, from your "tour" of "duty".

During the Vietnam era, if you were a conscientious objector, you either escaped the draft by going to Canada, or you did what Mohammed Ali did, stay, object and suffer the

consequences. If you were from a wealthy family, you got bone spurs like Trump. 89% of the young men accepted the draft, maybe 10% patriotically enlisted like I did, 5% went to Canada, and 5% claimed they had bone spurs.

Apply this same scenario to the Gulf Wars, up to and including the present day conflicts the USA is involved in. Except we have had a total volunteer military force since 1973 when the military draft ended. Registration with Selective Service ended in 1975. So far, so good. THEN in 1980 registration for a possible draft was reestablished for men 18–25 years old.

So, the percentage of drafted was 0%, and the military services had to "sell" killing like a Hollywood movie, the glamour of service to their country. For many, a large percentage, the exciting prospect of shooting guns and shit, was an exciting enticement to every generation of high school kids that followed after the Vietnam war. "Join the Navy and see the World". Ever since the WWII generation, folks have been young, dumb and patriotic.

Now let's take a look at what a "Soldier" is. The fundamental DNA of a soldier comes from his training. The basic part of that trained-in DNA is a learned/brainwashed "Skill", the ability to kill someone with many different types of weapons. New soldiers are trained to use and maintain a rifle, a pistol, a M2A1 50 caliber machine gun, a shoulder-held rocket launcher, a knife, and many other types of weapons including their bare hands. We don't train our soldiers to knit sweaters for the homeless by the way.

Along with that "basic" training in the operation and maintenance of weapons, there is also a change in a recruit's mental and emotional aspects, i.e., you have to train these normal kids to do

something absolutely outrageously bloody fucking ABNORMAL! And that's to KILL another human being, and LOVE doing so, and somehow, be proud of it. Now how fucking crazy is that?

And then we bring them home and give some of them a career in Law Enforcement? That's even crazier still. The transformation from "Fat Kid" to a "Lean Mean Fighting Machine" is amazing. The son comes home from basic training, and has lost 30 pounds and gained some "discipline" in his life. His parents are so very proud of their boy. Then a year later after returning from Afghanistan, the parents really don't pay attention to the subtle changes in their son's personality, mood swings, and the slightly crazed look in his eyes. They DO notice when he kills his wife, his two children, the dog, and maybe a neighbor or two while he's at it. Yes, they blame his crazed rage on PTSD. Oh really? How about blaming it on the fact that you even let him enlist in the first place.

The military trained him to kill, and that's all he did in Afghanistan, kill people, including innocent women and children. The parents, and society in general just don't get it. You teach a dog to fight, and it's going to fight. There was a dude many years ago that was killed by his own Dobermans because he had returned to his place of business at a time of the night that his dogs were unaccustomed to, so they did what they were trained to do, guard his property and attack all intruders, so, they killed him. So much for dog training and GI Joe training as well. In Boot Camp, recruits are "trained" to kill ANYONE that prevents them from completing their mission, including family and friends, even if their mission is protecting the Poppy fields.

The issue isn't if it's right or wrong going to war, we haven't had a legitimate war since the World War Two, and even that one and the first world war is questionable as far as their

legitimacy is concerned. Our soldiers who had fought and survived WWII, and the young patriots who were going to war for the first time, were going for what was taught to be, real reasons. Although the Korean war was not a repeat of the previous world wars, it still was thought of as a patriotic defense of liberty and justice for all.

Marines and Army combat soldiers are trained to do one thing and one thing only, how to stay alive, and kill the "Enemy". The Air Force was trained to drop bombs on the enemy from 35,000 feet in the air. If you were in the U. S. Air Force, and you were lucky, you spent your entire four-year hitch in Germany or the UK or somewhere other than Vietnam, like my cousin Butch did during the Vietnam War.

I finally watched the Chris Kyle story, a full-length feature film that came out in 2014. I purposely did not want to watch this movie when it was first released because of my personal feelings and thoughts about war, and killing. I finally, in 2017, decided to watch it because it happened to be on TV, and I was really interested in seeing what my emotions and reaction would be.

After watching it, I can say that my thoughts when it first came out, were still the same after finally watching it. The story depicted in the movie, about a Navy Seal Team sniper that spent multiple tours in combat in the middle east confirms my emotions and position on war itself, and the horrors that it brings.

The story it told, did not leave me feeling patriotic or wanting to join the military to become a "sniper". It did confirm the feelings I have had all along, in fact feelings I have had most of my

life. Sure, Chris Kyle was a hero. Sure, he deserved a funeral attended by thousands. After all, he was the greatest SEAL Sniper that ever lived.

He didn't die in combat, but he DID die in combat. The dude, Eddie Ray Routh, that killed Chris, and another fellow, Chad Littlefield, I believe, had real mental issues that supposedly were not the result of combat experience. It is pretty clear in my mind, that he should have been rejected for military service to begin with.

So, war DID kill Chris Kyle? He was trying to help other veterans, which was helping to heal his own fucked-up mind. I don't think he should have joined the Navy in the first place. He could have remained a rodeo bull rider.

The sad part is that he died because of an unjust war. Iraq was one of the worst mistakes of mankind. Some would argue, "He died to save your ass, and to save this country".....

BULLSHIT!! Soldiers like him have died for the Military/Industrial Complex. **FOLLOW THE MONEY!**

If instead, there were soldiers fighting an enemy, foreign or domestic, within the United States, **THEY** would be justified in going into battle and killing as many of the enemy as he or she could, and they would truly be heroes. Unless you are defending our country, all other war is bullshit.

Let's go back to the Vietnam era for a minute. For those that survived the war and are still alive, think about the men who served, came back, and at this very moment are mentally unhinged **STILL**, and many of them, homeless **STILL**.

Some dudes were lucky enough to survive the war, survive their physical wounds, and survive their mental wounds. Some of the living Vietnam veterans had a good life, becoming doctors, lawyers and such.

They raised families. Some of the lucky ones, a small percentage of them, even though they had a fruitful, successful life, have hidden their mental anguish all their lives, fooling everyone including their spouses.

Except for those "successful" veterans (again a small percentage) that have wreaked havoc and violence upon themselves, their family or the public. This product of war is also seen in every war since the beginning of time, and the continuing wars that we are currently sending our children to.

Which brings me to this important message or thought that I hope everyone understands and agrees with. Like the majority of mankind, I do not like war, in fact I absolutely abhor war and killing. I am utterly ashamed that the United States of America spends Trillions of dollars on wartime activities and the continuing development of new weapon systems, for us as well as our allies.

How does this relate to what we are discussing right now, you might ask? Think about this, if we didn't have war, and had no need to develop and procure the latest MOAB's (Mother of all Bombs), and all the other tools of war, we would be spending those dollars on bettering our way of life, right?

We would be building that new infrastructure that our country so desperately needs, building new Bridges, new Super Highways, more efficient mass transit systems. We would be

developing new sources of energy that didn't pollute our planet. Health care for all, and I mean healthcare for the whole world would be free.

With no war, no weapons, with peace and prosperity, there would be no poverty, no starvation. With no poverty, there would be no more crime, or at least there would be a gigantic reduction in crime. In fact, there would be so little crime, that policing/law enforcement would be a communal thing, i. e., no more crime equals no more need for a large law enforcement presence.

Think about it for a minute. If you COULD reduce crime down to next to nothing, why would you need police? Oh yes, I forgot, we still need someone to write you that parking ticket.

One of my favorite quotes is "Follow the MONEY". Another is "Money is the ROOT of ALL EVIL". Think of the huge industrial base that supports and profits from war. Add up the dollars. Now spend that on Universal Healthcare for the Entire Planet. Spend it on Environmentally Friendly Power Sources. Spend it on saving other species on our planet, like the Fish, Animals and Birds and Oceans. Spend it on the Arts. Spend it on renewing the forests of the world, like in the Amazon.

Eliminate all war. Pretty simple solution, with a difficult path to completion. now back to the thoughts from earlier regarding soldiering, war and the connection to recruitment for law enforcement.

If you came back from the Vietnam war, or any other war or combat deployment, and were overheard saying in a bar, "I loved killing those gooks", or, "I killed over 600 of those goat

fucking towel heads", in my opinion, you are NOT really a good candidate for ANY law enforcement position.

If while deployed, you happen to enjoy Skeet shooting using small kittens or puppies that another soldier throws in the air, you are one deranged mother fucker and need some serious professional help, and you shouldn't be allowed to become a law enforcement officer.

This part of the discussion isn't meant to be a negative thing about the law enforcement profession, our brave military who have served, or those who are still serving. It is meant to raise the subject up to a level that can be discussed, and inspire a real national debate on potential changes to the vetting process for admission, i.e., recruitment and training in our various branches of law enforcement.

I say this because the real truth of it is that too many of the unjustified "Shootings" or "Chokings" or "Beatings" that result in the unjustified KILLINGS of our citizens, are because that particular officer was able to convince a jury that he or she was afraid for their lives, when in fact, they were perhaps suffering from PTSD from their experience killing babies in Afghanistan.

I'm sure there has been a many unfilmed murders where the law enforcement person "planted" a knife or gun, similar to that killing of the dude in the wheel chair. I wonder how many knives are planted in Israel when they kill someone?

This brings me to my major point. I am sure that most of our Law Enforcement agencies have a fairly comprehensive vetting procedure for new applicants or recruits. The problem is that it's not enough. Through mental evaluations should be required.

Whatever they do now to evaluate combat veterans' mental conditions or any other applicant's mental fitness mostly ignore or just miss the combat experience type of mental conditions that can re-surface during a traffic stop or a raid on a Donut Shop.

You don't "accidentally" choke someone to death when that person is telling you that he can't breathe, especially if all Eric Garner was doing was selling "Loosies" (single cigarettes). I'm not saying that the officer that killed Eric with a choke hold was suffering from some mental disorder because of his proud service as a combat soldier somewhere. I am saying that regardless of his experience or lack of combat experience, he definitely should have been psychologically screened out and prevented from becoming a police officer in the first place.

If you can go so far as to squeeze someone's neck until they are dead, for a fucking cigarette, you are sick. There should be special prison hospitals to treat and care for someone like that. The NYPD had previously banned the use of a "Choke Hold". Eric Garner's death was ruled a homicide. The officer was not indicted.

If you shoot someone 14 times, and you don't have a good reason to do so, you need to find a different vocation, and you need to be helped, preferably in a hospital, not a prison. Prison is not the answer, for so many reasons. Yes, someone died. It wasn't premeditated cold-blooded murder, that's a whole other subject, but you did cause the violent death of another human being, so instead of punishment, we are going to put you in a mental hospital and cure you. I know, sounds outrageous, but in a Utopian world with no war, no crime, no police, the emphasis would be on "Treating" that police officer, instead of letting him go with a "Not Guilty" verdict.

So, what can we do? What should we do? Strengthening the requirements and the expectations of our law enforcement agencies is a good start. Develop tests and procedures to weed out the dudes that should NOT be carrying a gun in the first place, and enforcing our laws.

Big assignment. Stop all war. In the meantime, at least scale it down. Change the world through peaceful methods and attitudes. Also, let's stop hiring people with hidden PTSD and other mental afflictions to be our law enforcement, i.e., "Police Officers". I'm sure if cities and other jurisdictions followed what the FBI does for screening and training, we maybe wouldn't have as many irresponsible people killing unarmed citizens. Although, the FBI could probably increase their awareness of mental unfitness as well.

Let's also put an end to sending various law enforcement personnel to Israel for training. They're not learning how to fire their weapons. They are learning how to manage crowds (suppress). New techniques in "Storm Trooping" on civilians. I've never been on the receiving end of police brutality, but if I am ever stopped, or they break down my door by mistake, the first question I will ask the officer is if he has seen combat. If he proudly says, "Yes, Afghanistan, two tours", I will politely ask him to call in a supervisor, as well as obey every instruction he gives me.

If they do the research, they will discover that most police violence is caused by the mental and emotional state of the officer. It's rare, but amazing, to see videos of police officers actually talking a person down from a life-threatening moment, like a recent video wherein the officer verbally talked a dude with a knife into dropping the knife. THAT officer should get a special

medal, and his experience should be taught in every law enforcement training academy in the world.

Here's another train of thought related to warfare. From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia: A conscientious objector is an "individual who has claimed the right to refuse to perform military service" on the grounds of freedom of thought, conscience, or religion.

In some countries, conscientious objectors are assigned to an alternative civilian service as a substitute for conscription or military service. Some conscientious objectors consider themselves to be pacifist, non-interventionist, non-resistant, non-aggressionist, or antimilitarist.

On March 8, 1995 the United Nations Commission on Human Rights resolution 1995/83 stated that "persons performing military service should not be excluded from the right to have conscientious objections to military service." This was re-affirmed in 1998, when resolution 1998/77 recognized that "persons [already] performing military service may develop conscientious objections." A number of organizations around the world celebrate the principle on May 15 as International Conscientious Objectors Day. The term has also been extended to objecting to working for the military-industrial complex due to a crisis of conscience.

During the time of the Roman Empire, if you were a "Conscientious Objector", you were executed. look up Maximilianus. Throughout the short history of the United States there has been many who were "Conscientious Objectors". One very famous dude, Muhammad Ali, was one of them.

Clay v. United States, 403 U.S. 698 (1971), was Muhammad Ali's appeal of his conviction in 1967 for refusing to report for induction into the United States military forces during the

Vietnam War. His local draft board had rejected his application for conscientious objector classification. In a unanimous 8-0 ruling (Thurgood Marshall recused himself due to his previous involvement in the case as a Justice department official), the United States Supreme Court reversed the conviction that had been upheld by the Fifth Circuit.

The Supreme Court found the government had failed to properly specify why Ali's application had been denied, thereby requiring the conviction to be overturned. A unanimous decision (8-0), "the court said the record shows that [Ali's] beliefs are founded on tenets of the Muslim religion as he understands them."

I wonder what the State of Israel would do, or does? Recently, a panel of nine justices (in Israel) ruled that parts of the conscription law that exempt seminary students from service were "unreasonable and unconstitutional". It gave the government a year to resolve the matter.

First of all, those of you that know me and know my writing understand that I am against all war, and strongly object to the Military/Industrial Complex, and the few families that control it. By raising the subject of "Conscientious Objection", I hope the subject will be a catalyst for change.

From 1940 until 1973, during both peacetime and periods of conflict, men were drafted to fill vacancies in the United States Armed Forces that could not be filled through voluntary means. The draft was ended when the United States Armed Forces moved to an all-volunteer military force.

There are many countries that have mandatory military conscription as a law. I picked the State of Israel as an example because of the recent court ruling against exemption of seminary

students. People of the Orthodox Hebrew faith (Jews) have been demonstrating AGAINST the ruling. That's because most Orthodox Jews do not believe that the "State of Israel" should even exist in the first place. They are still waiting for their "MESSIAH" to come down from heaven, (not come back, as Christians believe).

Imagine if you will, that the United States of America cuts the military equipment funding from \$78 Billion, down to ZERO. Imagine if you will, more and more Israelis discover that the Zionist leadership is wrong.

Overheard at an Army Recruitment office in Dallas, Texas: Potential recruit: "I just want to shoot guns and kill me a bunch of A-Rabbs. I love guns and shit. I like blowing things up and stuff. Can I bring my own guns?"

Staff Sergeant (recruiter): "Wanna learn how to operate a M1A2 Abrams Main Battle Tank? Sign here, Son, I promise we will turn you into one mean fuckin' killing machine, one badass mother-fucker"

What if all this negative energy was turned into endeavors of PEACE? Like conscription in a PEACE CORPS of some kind, that would go into areas of OUR country that need help. Oh, yeah, I forgot, WE don't have a DRAFT.

For those countries like the State of Israel, what if instead of mandatory military conscription, they had a peace corps type of organization that went into the Palestinian cities, towns, and villages to help them, instead of kill them? What if these young Jewish kids were excited about helping the Palestinian people with their agricultural and industrial growth?

It still all boils down to the roots of our human species dark side, and the VERY SIMPLE answer to it all. If you haven't figured it out by now, you are either numb emotionally, or just plain stupid.

Another thought. Sure, the battles are always between two differing sides. It's just that one side has an outrageously superior advantage over the other side. Palestinian rockets never seem to hit any kind of intended target, and the Israeli Military goes in with their superior strength and sophisticated weapons, and ANNIHILATES THE PALESTINIANS.

GOLDEN RULE, look it up before you criticize my viewpoint. I challenge the Israeli's to give "Conscientious Objection" a chance, and that includes the American Jews who find it a moral obligation to go to Israel and join the Israel Defense Forces (IDF). How about instead of joining the IDF, you volunteer to HELP the Palestinian people, instead of kill them? Oh yeah, I said that already, I forgot, anyone other than a Jew is less than human, and are here to serve the Jewish people, (look it up folks). Finally, how do you commit "Suicide by IDF Sniper"? Answer: Throw a stone at a hoard of heavily armed Israeli IDF Snipers.

Now a little bit about PTSD

So many of our sons & daughters have died by their own hand, in the past fifty years of insane wars that they never should have been a part of (it's called Suicide). The numbers, compared to the actual number who came home in caskets, is staggering. Google the numbers yourself. This is just our "Brave" soldiers, so, let's also not forget the millions of casualties and carnage our brave soldiers left behind in other countries.

All the deaths and destruction, in the name of Freedom and Democracy, and Oil/Money. It can't get more insane than that folks. The young people that did take their own life, did so after suffering from mental issues like PTSD, physical issues, like missing arms and legs, but mostly, they were missing the ability to function as a human being because of the mental issues they struggled with.

You shouldn't be surprised how mentally and emotionally disturbed your son or daughter has become, (or was before their suicide) when they are trained to kill people, and use that brainwashing to end the life of another human being, be it a so-called "enemy combatant" or an innocent man, woman, or child that just got in the way. How sad for the families they left behind. Some of these patriotic soldiers not only offed themselves, but they murdered others as well, like their entire families before killing themselves.

Our Veterans Administration (VA) and the VA Medical system has failed those young people, and that's one of the primary reasons so many have, and will continue to just give up. They could not get the proper treatment, so they pulled the trigger, found a strong piece of rope, slit their wrists in a bathtub, and so many other ways of taking their own lives.

The insanity of producing a system in our society that basically brainwashes our youth into believing that they honor their families and their country by entering into the military service needs to be changed. Today's youth are slowly waking up to the fact that WAR, and taking the life of another human being is pure unadulterated insanity.

So, you ask, what can we do as a species to make a difference and a make a change that will stop this madness? End the wars. Stop investing in the Military/Industrial Complex. If you already have stocks in companies that manufacture ANYTHING used in wars, such as military aircraft, missiles, bombs, and all other items used to kill people, sell those stocks, re-invest in Cannabis stocks, or anything else that is not related to death and destruction.

Raise your children to love life, and to love all life in general. Teach them the ways of love and peace, not war. Give them all the love and support they need to grow and become part of society, not food for maggots. By teaching them something so basic as the Golden Rule, your sons and daughters, your grandsons and granddaughters, will still be alive to bury you or to sprinkle your ashes somewhere, someday, when YOU die.

I have written much on this subject and will continue to do so until I take my final breath. I believe with all my heart, that my six-year-old grandson will NEVER have to go to war.

Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, PTSD. Hit a tree going down some "Bunny Slope" in Aspen and broke both legs? I doubt if you will experience PTSD. You are tortured for two months by an enemy and they finally cap that off with breaking both of your legs? You just MAY develop PTSD after that, if you survive to even think about it.

You are at Fort Stewart, Georgia as part of the 3rd Infantry Division, being trained to operate a M1A1/2 Main Battle Tank. You are clumsy enough to have your left foot in the wrong place and a tank runs over that foot severely crushing it during a training exercise.

Back home on leave, you with your left foot in a cast, are sitting in a bar with some friends from High School, and you tell them and some hot looking chick that you were wounded by an IED in Afghanistan. You poor little thing, maybe your fake PTSD isn't really fake after all, it's something I call childhood PTSD, and many people are inflicted with it from growing up in a violent home.

So, there you are, after several beers and shots of JD. You have everyone in the bar praising you for your service to your country. Later that night, you beat the shit out of that hot looking chick because she refused to suck your joystick in the backseat of your car. Recognize it for what it is. Childhood PTSD, (with all due respect to your "service"). It is real, and there should have been a through mental evaluation before you even "volunteered" to go "Kill Some Camel Jockeys".

War is STUPID! If you are a WARRIOR, you're stupid! You're just as stupid, or psychotic, or both, as that dude that killed 49 people at that Gay nightclub in Orlando. You've heard the term, "Military Intelligence?" I wonder if anyone has ever independently given an IQ test to every single man and woman wearing a uniform for our country? No, has never happened.

How about we give that IQ test and a "Psychiatric Evaluation" when they first enlist, the day they retire or exit the "Service", and every fifth year of service. Why so soon you ask? You can always dodge the IQ test if you choose to do so, just by exiting the military when your four-year

hitch is up. We figure it's a good thing to find out if you learned, increased your "Intelligence Quotient" in four years, i.e., or are you that stupid that you signed on for another four years.

Why every fifth year of service? Do the math, unless you are bare-foot stupid. Like in the fifth year, you really want to know if that person increased their IQ? Or that person is still just as stupid. If that person exits the military service/branch, he is obligated to take the test regardless. Unlike the "smarter" dude that got out after four years. We have to consider that the dude increased his IQ. Even if it is only by a few percentage points, he got smart enough not to re-enlist.

I would really like all the data compiled into a graph chart and keep collecting the data for twenty years or so. The interesting part would be to actually find out if killing other humans increases your intelligence? Or your chances of having PTSD? Think about it! Is that retiring Four-Star General any smarter than he was the first day out of boot-camp?

In all fairness to ALL officers that went through academies or schools, we expect that you will naturally be smarter than that grunt with a high school education that you just commanded to "Charge!". You happen to be smart enough out of West point to be, and you are, THE order GIVER, NOT, the order TAKER. You are at a high enough rank that precludes you from actually aiming and pulling a trigger. Killing Someone! If you became a civilian soon after killing the enemy, just one other human being, I'd say you got a little smarter, even if only by a point or two, (innocent life or two).

Even if you started out as an officer and you were the smartest person in your school, the first time you kill, and you like it, you are just plain fucking STUPID! Catch my drift? The

ability to pull a trigger and take someone's life, does not require intelligence on your part. Maybe training with firearms and missile launchers, and how to stick a dummy or used tire, with a bayonet? I don't think so.

The point is, besides law enforcement, the military, all branches, SHOULD have a system of screening the mentally unstable, preventing them from ever enlisting in the "Armed Forces" in the first place. But wait! Mentally unstable dudes make good cannon fodder, just look at what the military sent to Vietnam. Many of the young dudes that were "drafted" and sent to Vietnam were the poor and middle-class dudes that were dispensable, many already strung out on dope, some avoiding prison sentences for various petty crimes against society. I guess if you're going to sacrifice young men and women, it may as well be the undesirables. Right? "Raise your right hand, and repeat after me".....

I really am convinced that as a species, we have always been savages, since the beginning of time. The fact that as a species, we have evolved, gained, "Guess what?". Enlightenment! Intelligence! What I am saying is that a fairly good portion of humans are possibly, just possibly, smarter than that idiot with a gun. Smart enough to comprehend that killing someone is just plain old door-knob stupid. I also think that should we survive as a species; we will continue to get smarter, and purposely taking another person's life will eventually be obsolete. For the stupid ones, sorry. no more war!

Next time you happen to see someone entering or leaving a recruiting office, or for that matter, a gun store, think about doing an "on the sidewalk interview and survey". Ask that proud new gun owner or that idiot who just signed his potential life away with the Marine Corps, these

three questions; Number One: How far did you get in school? Number Two: Do you know what common sense is, and do you think you have any? Number Three: Do you have any guestimate what your I.Q. is?

Right down the person's answers on that form on your clipboard, give him or her the five-dollar bill that you promised them for taking part in your survey. Tell them that after you have analyzed the results, you will send them their results by email. Interview 100 people and with the results, make a chart. If you are stupid, and pass the Psych Test, you're OK for gun ownership. If you are stupid or smart, and you tortured your neighbor's cat to death when you were 15, guess what, you aren't getting a firearm, and we are going to recommend that your parents try to prevent you from going into the military service or civilian law enforcement.

See, we took your name and email address and used that freely-given personal information to find out who you really are, and if your records show you like to torture small animals, then guess what dude, You HAVE failed the Psych Test. No gun for you.

In recent history, Iraq and Afghanistan, the problem is that many of the dudes enlisting were normal when they joined, then in boot camp, we trained them to kill like a crazy man, and then these crazy ones return home even crazier. When they return from the killing, a large percentage of them go into "Law Enforcement". Now, our society probably deserves that, right?

A vast majority of the "Sheeple" really believe that it is an honorable and respectable thing to go to "War", to sacrifice yourself or your children for "Freedom & Democracy". Here's a thought, maybe ALL politicians should send THEIR children into some foreign country with weapons in their hands. Oh wait, we have an all "Volunteer" Army/Navy/ Marine Corps/ Air

Force, right? No draft. If we DID have a draft, the politician's children, and the children of many other rich fucks would suddenly develop serious cases of "Bone Spurs".

Ever since Vietnam, there has been a growing population of Veterans who have learned the truth about war and killing, and have joined many anti-war groups such as, "Veterans Against War". What is it they discovered? They learned, after serving the Good Ole USA and the fight for Democracy & Freedom, that it was all about OIL/RESOURCES/MONEY and the financial gain of the very few, the elite at the top of the pyramid that control the military/industrial complex which is several bricks/layers down in the pyramid from the top 1% of the 1% elite.

Unfortunately, part of our evolution more than likely will include the cleansing of our planet. I'm not a warmonger, I detest war, but surgical strikes to remove all the bad dudes? I'd vote for that, if we could be precise enough to eliminate them like a cancerous tumor and let the innocent people (flesh around the tumor) live.

An alternative, and much nastier cleansing might include a really large, final "World War". Unfortunately, that type of cleansing WILL remove many of the common peoples along with the dictator dudes. I'm not advocating war, but I would go along with surgically removing all the negative assholes, including some of the assholes right here in the good ole USA. Oh, and God loves us, and wants you to keep your AR-15, if the end justifies the means.

I am enough of an optimist to believe that what will remain of the human race WILL be a much more intelligent species. Imagine living 200 years from now, in peace, disease free, hunger free, living longer, loving one another. With technology that takes us to other galaxies and back, and recognized by all, as one people, one kind, (human), and one species (earthlings).

Think about it for a minute. Revolutionary War? Yeah, that one was necessary. Civil War? Maybe. It was good to free people from slavery, but the racist, bigoted attitudes and culture that remained after the fighting was over, sure hung in there for a good hundred years or so. World War One? Yeah, I guess so, we had to get involved, as a follower in that one. World War Two? Okay, there was this dude named Adolf Hitler, AND the Japanese DID attack Pearl Harbor.

Now here's where we begin to go a little bonkers. Korean War. Nahhhhhhh, we had just experienced what happened as the result of WW2, AND the Military/Industrial machine/complex was realizing that war.....created wait for it.....MONEY!!

So, what do we do, we "defend" South Korea from being taken over militarily by North Korea and communism? One could argue that that war was OK too, especially all the primary owners of stock in the.....Wait for it.....the Military/Industrial War Machine of course.

Vietnam War. By this time this war, there was absolutely NO good reason to be there in the first place. Sure, again, the war mongers sell us on the story of defending South Vietnam from North Vietnam and communism. The French had failed in their colonization attempt. Another fact rarely discussed, the fact that the major oil companies like Standard Oil, Shell, and British Petroleum (BP) had thought that there were vast offshore oil reserves off the coast of Vietnam. What better reason to send 2 point 7 million of America's youth to war, with 58,148 returning in body bags, (304,000 were wounded). 75,000 of our young soldiers was severely wounded. Thanks, so much Standard Oil, Shell, and BP. Where are they (Vietnam) today? I understand that it has become quite the vacation destination.

By the end of the Vietnam War, the greedy assholes that were in control of this great war machine called the United States of America, were used to making billions of dollars and America became really really good at KILLING PEOPLE. As George Carlin once said, "We're good at killing lots of.....Wait for it.....BROWN PEOPLE!

Sure, we deterred the Communist Soviet Union to the point of falling apart at the seams. And heaven forbid what God would think if we didn't give billions to Israel. We started that whole fucking mess in the Middle East when we first started drilling for oil. Ask ARAMCO, which stands for, "Arabian American Oil Company". Ask STANDARD OIL OF NEW JERSEY (later known as Exxon), TEXACO, and Socony Vacuum (later known as Mobil).

These were the first American companies to succeed where the French and the British just dabbled. These U. S. OWNED AND CONTROLLED Oil companies (think Rockefeller), were the first to successfully get involved with the Saudi Arabian Monarch (Whahabis) in extracting the petroleum out of the earth!

To balance the region out, we invested heavily in the war machine of Israel. I guess that's a good move, if you are a fucking war mongering ass-wipe, and you want to keep the Arabs in check, and you want to ignore an entire people like the Palestinians. At the same time, as we were giving millions of dollars plus technology (weapons & aircraft) to Israel (and we still do), we have been giving the Arabs LOTS of money, and helped move them out of their Bedouin tents, and into the 20th century. We helped build THEIR war machine too. Go figure. Hell, let's sell our weapons to everybody!

Now, we are the most powerful country in the world, with the biggest military/industrial war machine on the planet, and we have been lobotomizing our own people into believing that we are "Defending" OUR country, our land, our freedom, and I say, BULLSHIT!

Had we spent all the trillions of dollars on figuring out a way to live in peace with the rest of the planet, I think we could have succeeded. Of course, the ruthless narcissistic dictators had to go, like Saddam Hussein, but I would have just sent in a SEAL TEAM. In other words, if you are going to practice what is known as "Regime Change", that's okay, just get it done quickly and with a small body count. I'm not so sure why Saddam was bad enough to go to war with, but not bad enough for a single bullet between the eyes? Not even sure if he really deserved to die. Hitler, maybe.

Bottom line for me, and I may have said this before. WAR IS HELL! I WILL get out my AK-47, my 1911 Colt .45, and my Cross-Bow and defend my country as a patriot should, but I refuse to take part in making the stock-holders of the Military/Industrial Complex companies richer than they already are by taking part in the invasion of another sovereign country just because they stand in the way of progress for the United States and its Allies. And in so doing, killing millions, turning millions more into refugees, and bringing our own casualties' home in those metal caskets. Think about it, I'll give you a second.

If somehow, we manage to eliminate wars, in other words, eliminate reasons for sending our children to wars, that takes care of a large percentage of decent young men & women that enter the various branches of the military as normal people, and return, maimed for life, physically and mentally. Eliminating the need to send our children to other countries to kill and be killed, will

allow us, as a species, to concentrate/focus on those who are seriously fucked up due to childhood PTSD. Make sense? I think so.

Gee, what if we spend the billions and billions of dollars that we currently spend on the “Military/Industrial Complex”, on re-building our infrastructure, various things like bridges, roads, etcetera. What if we use that ungodly amount of dollars to fund research and development of cures for all diseases? What if we also use that money to defeat starvation, homelessness, etcetera? What if we spend those insane dollars on further development of mass transit and space exploration? Makes sense, right?

Currently as I write this, my Grandson is six-years old. I DO NOT want to see him going to war when he’s 19. Think about it folks, that is all I ask of you, is to think about it. If you have ANY common sense at all, you will wake up and realize that what I have been preaching, and what so many other like-minded folks have been preaching for a long time now, is the truth, and “The TRUTH shall set you free”.

Try to muster up some “Common Sense”, and use that common sense, (looking at the past few thousand years) to make the right choices in life. Making the right choice will set the stage for our species to enter into an age of Peace, Love, and true happiness in life. This means getting rid of the “old” and nurturing the “new”. What a concept. Think of a world living the Golden Rule as so many wise men and women have been preaching since time began.

All of the great teachers and prophets in history have used the Golden Rule as their basic philosophy/teachings. Wake up your Good Karma, shake off your Bad Karma. End of story and the beginning of a new age.

Scientists are at this very moment, discussing how we are going to go to Mars, which, if we are successful, will cost the tax-payers billions of dollars. Think about it. We are almost at a fork in the road. We can kill everybody off and kill the planet as well, while we are sending people to Mars, or.....We can change things. Change minds and hearts. Evolve! Evolve to a higher state of being, JUST by being nice to one another, just by following the Golden Rule.

War versus Peace?

As a child, we believe in things like the Tooth Fairy, Easter Bunny, Santa Claus, Rabbits Foot, the Stork brought our brother or sister to the house, and, if we were really gullible, and we were raised in a “Christian” home, we believed that there really was a Heaven and a Hell.

When we were of an age to be “Patriotic” enough, or to escape a Judges sentence, we joined (or were forced to join) one of the Armed Services. For my generation, “Patriotism” ran deep for those of us who didn’t know any better, and we lost our lives in some jungle in Vietnam, where we had no good reason to be.

Generations to follow have lost their lives in countries all over the world for “Demonocracy” which is what I call it even though I do not believe in the old religious fairytales that scared the shit out of me when I was a child. There is no “Heaven”, there is no “Hell” and therefore I also do not believe that that an entity we call “God” ever existed either.

What’s really sad is the fact that what used to be an injury that caused imminent death in the past, has become injuries that are not life-threatening, due to the advancement of medical science. Soldiers now come back with injuries that would have killed them, but because of our advancements in medical technology they survive. They survive without limbs, they survive with parts of their brain missing, whole organs missing, and for what, “Freedom & Demonocracy”, and I say BULLSHIT!

Some soldiers come home without a scratch on them, but are so traumatized by their experiences, they pull out their .45’s and kill their entire family and themselves. We call it Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). These patriotic folks, if they don’t commit suicide, end up

living a pretty fucked up life. Some of them end up in “Law Enforcement”. Aren’t WE the lucky ones?

We send them to some distant land, purposely trained to “Kill” the enemies we created in the first place, (all for oil and other resources I might add) and then they come home and become a “Policeman”. How very fucked up is that? I have long shouted out that ANYONE, especially those who served in any of the branches of the military, should be given a battery of physiological tests that root out the causes of violent behavior, like, say their military training as an example.

Here’s where I would stick in a GIF of a soldier attacking a dummy with a bayonet on the end of his rifle. Now that same dude is walking up to your vehicle from behind intent on giving you a ticket, and potentially a really bad experience, maybe even death by chokehold or gun.

Our species is the only species that kill each other for illogical reasons. Animals kill other animals lower in the food chain for.....hold on, pay attention,.....for food, that’s logical. Many animal species fight and sometimes kill others of their kind for Male Dominance, like two male bucks (deer) will lock horns in battle for male dominance, and other species battle each other for male dominance reasons. Our species kills for reasons that have NEVER been logical, except for the occasional reasons like declaring independence from a King or other ruler that treated his people like shit, or defending your land from invaders.

First it was some caveman killing another caveman over a dead animal’s rotting carcass, or because one dude had fire, and the other dude didn’t. Then, as our species evolved into tribal separations, one tribe would attack and kill (and sometimes eat) folks from another tribe for

territorial ambitions, or because the other tribe just looked mighty tasty to the opposing tribe, AND they didn't worship the same God (their King or tribal Chieftain).

Then tribes became nations and nations did what they all have done for thousands of years, seek fortune in another part of the world, i.e., like what the European countries did around the globe. Explore, plunder, and kill the indigenous people, take their wealth and resources, take that wealth home to your Queen, and then go to war with your neighboring countries that try to take those plundered riches from you and make it their own.

When you mix in ALL the wars and conquests by the religions of the day, it becomes apparent that our evolution as a species has been one crazy illogical ride through history.

I'm not saying that all wars have been illogical because if you were the country or people being invaded, you obviously have to defend yourself. I think the American Indian had a right to at least try and defend themselves. The people in the various regions in Africa had a right to try and defend themselves, although that's a completely different topic.

The Europeans looked at ANYONE who was not "White" as being less than human. Just ask the slave owners in the thirteen original colonies of the USA. Ask their slaves. Ask the people of any African region that was invaded and enslaved by the Europeans. Ask their slaves. Let's face it, this was a dark part of our evolutionary process as a species. The prejudices and Racism still exist today. Martin Luther King is still crying in his grave.

Now, along with all this we add Religion? Wow, it gets worse. One religion who also invented and set up our current banking/money system back in the early 1800's discovered that by backing BOTH sides of a conflict, they would also profit from both sides in times of war. Add

the Industrial Revolution part of our evolution early on at that point in time, creating industries that would eventually become the great Military/Industrial Complex.

In modern times it's still religion against religion, only it got a hell of a lot more sophisticated, and the weapons are different now than they were several hundreds of years ago. No more spears swords, bows & arrows, now it's nuclear tipped munitions called "Bunker Busters" and full-on Armageddon Nuclear bombs.

On one side you have the Zionists, both Jewish and Christian, and on the other side you have the Muslims and the countries they inhabit, Didn't I mention OIL before? Yes, I did, and guess what, wither it's for OIL and other resources, or really just because the Zionists desire to control the world, or the Christian Zionists (mostly the evangelicals) are trying to rush the "Second Coming of Christ", it ALL is still BULLSHIT. Bullshit that needs to be stopped if our species wants to continue to exist.

So, what's my point some may ask. There are only two types of people on this planet, the gullible, and the people with common sense. The gullible still believe in the Tooth Fairy, and the folks with common sense have figured out that it was their mother that put that quarter under your pillow when you were sleeping.

Do your own research if you must, but please try to develop what little bit of common sense you may have. Look at history to predict the future. Look at the evolution of our species, and look at the facts. Or stay a sheeple, part of the flock, because the powers that are in control want you to follow them blindly. Blindly meaning they want you to just go along, clueless, with

absolutely no fucking idea what's going on. As I have quoted many times before, "Sheeple will eat whatever grass their Shepherd leads them to"

War, sometimes necessary, but none the less, needless

Look folks, let's settle this. The human species, "Mankind" if you will, HAS been killing itself for thousands of years. We are the ONLY "Animal" that kills its own for ALL the reasons/purposes you want to cite. Greed, Ambition, Colonialism (the land grabbing part mostly for the resources), and "For the expansion of our EMPIRE).

Down through our brief history on our planet, MANKIND has used RELIGION, as a cloak to hide behind, i. e., as an excuse to slaughter literally MILLIONS of our species. So, don't sit there and think that RELIGION does not cause WARS. The most recent example of what I call CLOAKING is how the zionist supporting leadership of the USA, (and those behind it) concealed their involvement in 9-11, and then immediately, and successfully blamed it on MUSLIM TERRORISTS AND ISLAM. We all know it was a FALSE FLAG, this means, INSIDE OPERATION.

Now, think for a minute. Haven't you seen a rise in the hatred of one religion for another religion in your lifetime? In this case, the right and far-right CHRISTIAN-ZIONISTS (and you know who you are) spewing nothing but hatred towards people of another religious belief (Muslim)?

So, study our evolution as a species. Discover the TRUTH and the TRUTH shall set you free. There HAS NOT been one single major religion that was created for the purpose of torturing & slaughtering our fellow man. THERE HAS BEEN many a power-hungry sometimes insane portion of our species using RELIGION, using the name of GOD TO subjugate, enslave,

and massacre millions of people ALL IN THE NAME OF SOME GOD, HALLELUJAH. Think about it.

What can we do as a species to bring us all to our senses? Love one another, as you love yourself and your children, regardless of what GOD one might worship. Most of all, seek out and surround yourself with the truth. Share that truth with mankind through LOVE instead of HATRED.

The senselessness insanity of war

So many of our sons & daughters have died by their own hand, in the past fifty years of insane wars that they never should have been a part of (it's called Suicide). The numbers, compared to the actual number who came home in caskets, is staggering. Google it yourself.

All the deaths and destruction, in the name of Freedom and Democracy, and Oil/Money. It can't get more insane than that folks. The young people that did take their own life, did so after suffering from mental issues like PTSD, and physical issues, like missing arms and legs, but mostly, they were missing the ability to function as a human being because of the mental issues they struggled with. How sad for the families they left behind. Some not only offed themselves, but they murdered others as well, like their entire families before killing themselves.

Our Veterans Administration (VA) and the VA Medical system has failed those young people, and that's one of the primary reasons so many have, and will continue to, give up. They could not get the proper treatment, so they pulled the trigger, found a strong piece of rope, slit their wrists in a bathtub, and so many other ways of taking their own lives.

The insanity of producing a system in our society that basically brainwashes our youth into believing that they honor their families and their country by entering into the military service needs to be changed. Today's youth are slowly waking up to the fact that WAR, and taking the life of another human being is insanity.

So, you ask, what can we do as a species to make a difference and a make a change that will stop this madness? End the wars. Stop investing in the Military/Industrial Complex. If you already have stocks in companies that manufacture ANYTHING used in wars, such as military

aircraft, missiles, bombs, and all other items used to kill people, sell those stocks, re-invest in Cannabis stocks, or anything else that is not related to death and destruction.

Raise your children to love life, and to love all life in general. Teach them the ways of love and peace, not war. Give them all the love and support they need to grow and become part of society, not food for maggots. By teaching them something so basic as the Golden Rule, your sons and daughters, your grandsons and granddaughters, will still be alive to bury you or to sprinkle your ashes somewhere, someday, when YOU die.

I believe that our species is coming to a fork in the road. I believe that as a species, we WILL take the “Right” road/path and enter into a new age. Just for the Halibut, let’s call it the Age of Aquarius.

Religiosity (The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly)

I have preceded this chapter with chapters on “Warfare” because warfare is the “Bastard Child” of all religions. The majority of all of mankind’s wars down through history have a common thread related to, and pitching, one religion against another. Mankind's experience with religion has always been the isolation and worship of some thing or someone. What I am suggesting is that if we love ourselves, if we love others how we want to be loved, if we treat others as we would desire to be treated, we wasted a whole lot of time, and a whole lot of brick and mortar down through the years, not to mention all the EVIL and wrongful death we have beset upon humankind. My church? I am my church.

I’m not trying to attack or criticize anyone’s particular “faith” or belief system in WHATEVER it may be. They can believe whatever they feel they must believe in. Our universe and everything in it may well be a “creation” by some supreme being, and the universe also could be just an experiment in some dude’s Petri Dish.

Whatever your beliefs are, it’s not going to prevent others, like myself from believing differently. For myself, I have discovered true peace, and wait for it.....Forgiveness. For having the ability to truly forgive is the number one ingredient in the practice of following the Golden Rule. Forgiveness is NOT the mainstay of most religions, it’s preached, but not practiced.

Judaism and other organized religions, like worshiping a Golden Calf, had been around for a while. There was your basic run-of-the-mill pagan monotheism, including cults like Gnosticism, Dionysus, Neoplatonism, Mithraism, and Manichaeism. The original origins of Hinduism began in India between 2300 B.C. and 1500 B.C. Buddhism as an organized religion got its kick-

off around 483 B. C. The Muslim religion began back in the 7th century A. D. There certainly was a lot of competition for “Souls” back in the day.

Religion, Webster’s Dictionary, 1828: Religion in its most comprehensive sense, includes a belief in the being and perfections of God, in the revelation of his will to man, in man's obligation to obey his commands, in a state of reward and punishment, and in man's accountableness to God; and also true godliness or piety of life, with the practice of all moral duties. It therefore comprehends theology, as a system of doctrines or principles, as well as practical piety; for the practice of moral duties without a belief in a divine lawgiver, and without reference to his will or commands, is not religion.

"Every civil government is based upon some religion or philosophy of life. Education in a nation will propagate the religion of that nation. In America, the foundational religion was Christianity. And it was sown in the hearts of Americans through the home and private and public schools for centuries. Our liberty, growth, and prosperity were the result of a Biblical philosophy of life. Our continued freedom and success is dependent on our educating the youth of America in the principles of Christianity." Noah Webster ~ the guy who literally wrote the dictionary.

"Is God willing to prevent evil, but not able? Then he is not omnipotent.

Is he able, but not willing? Then he is malevolent.

Is he both able and willing? Then whence cometh evil?

Is he neither able nor willing? Then why call him God?"

— The Epicurean paradox, ~300 BCE

Christianity. Christianity is monotheistic religion which worships one patriarchal all-powerful God. The Holy Book of Christianity is the Bible, from the Greek word *Biblios*, which translates to 'Book', although technically the Bible is not one book but indeed 66 books.

There are many different denominations of Christianity, and it is incredibly hard to estimate how many Christians there are in the United States because there is no common belief on what defines a Christian. The most liberal view of everyone who says they are a Christian, being a Christian would place the figure around 75%, whereas the considerably more conservative belief that anyone outside your own denomination is not a Christian can place the figure as low as 0.1%.

Denominations sprout from the original idea of Christianity because some phrases from the bible contradict each other, and thus to harmonize this people say phrase A is literal whereas phrase B is symbolic. However, one group might say A is symbolic, but another might say B is symbolic. Thus, there are now hundreds of different denominations preaching slightly different versions of effectively the same source material.

Unfortunately, as Christianity is the 'big' religion of the Western World, it gets a lot of negative press. However, like all groups, Christianity has the best and worst among their number. The Christians who get the most press are the ones who give the stereotypical image of never doing anything wrong, and sitting on streets shouting 'REPENT OR GO TO HELL', or something similarly pleasant. Many Christians, most, in fact, are decent people who just want the

right to practice their own religion, like everyone else (or the right to NOT practice a religion, in the case of some). Christians believe in a single, patriarchal god. by Gunther August 29, 2004

Christian's belief in "Miracles". Whatever you desired, a healing, some sort of financial "miracle", the death of your worst enemy or your mother-in-law, whatever you prayed for, you have a 50/50 chance of it happening, or not. I suppose your "prayers" have better odds than at the Crap Table.

You say, "But I saw a woman who was paralyzed from the waist down get up and walk at one of the Reverend Hocus-Pocus Faith Healing Services last night". Listen gullible ones, if people could be "cured" by some dude swinging and hitting you with his \$3,000 suit jacket, all the hospitals in the world would be empty.

You say, "Oh, but it was the woman's "faith" and "God's" will that she was "healed" or not. It still was a 50/50 chance that God had anything to do with it. One thing's for sure, Reverend Hocus-Pocus took \$87,654 to his bank the next day, and I'll just bet you, again my chances of being correct are 50/50, that the woman is back to cruising around in her wheelchair, and her purse is \$100 lighter.

"Faith" is nothing more than your gullible belief that you are going to roll a "7" or "11" each time you throw the dice. The same thing is true with everything in life, be it our religious beliefs or anything else for that matter.

You say, "Ahhh, but my faith in God is believing in the unseen" which I respond, "Go for it, there's a 50/50 chance that you are wasting your emotional and mental well-being in vain. Still better odds than any game of chance" I suppose.

What is Faith? A word we hear all the time. “Keep the faith”, “Walk in faith”, “Having faith”. So, what is faith? Faith has several different definitions. Let me address the definition most used by religions.

“Faith” (insert gullibility here) is an absolute belief in a God or Gods, in the doctrines of ANY religions, based on spiritual apprehension, rather than truth or what is scientifically proven to be a fact. Let me repeat that. Faith is based on spiritual apprehension rather than truth.

Judaism. The monotheistic religion of the Jews, tracing its origins to Abraham who is venerated as the model for absolute faith, trust, and submission to God. Judaism, Christianity and Islam are known as the Abrahamic traditions or religions, because Abraham is the beginning point for the story of all three traditions. Its spiritual & ethical principles are embodied mostly in the Hebrew Scriptures, the Torah, and the Talmud.

It is the faith of the people of Judah and it's the developed faith of the Semitic people known as Hebrews or Israelites. It is recognized as the first religious tradition noted for its monotheism and deep commitment to ethical responsibility. The Hebrew tradition did not begin as monotheism. This developed over time. The theme of truth gained by experience through trial is strong in the Jewish tradition. The Jewish tradition is foundational for Christianity and Islam. Each build on the context of its predecessors and understanding the others helps to understand each.

Islam (from Wikipedia): Islam (/ˈɪslɑːm/ is an Abrahamic monotheistic religion teaching that there is only one incomparable God (Allah) and that Muhammad is the messenger of God. It is the world's second-largest religion and the fastest-growing major religion in the world, with

over 1.8 billion followers or 24.1% of the global population, known as Muslims. Muslims make up a majority of the population in 50 countries.

The bloodied saga of how the Spanish and Portuguese initially fell before the Jihad, but rose once again to liberate their homeland from the Jihadis and reaffirm Spain as a Christian nation. Islam teaches that God is merciful, all-powerful, unique, and has guided mankind through prophets, revealed scriptures and natural signs. The primary scriptures of Islam are the Quran, viewed by Muslims as the verbatim word of God, and the teachings and normative example (called the sunnah, composed of accounts called hadith) of Muhammad (c. 570–8 June 632 CE).

Fully developed Judaism, Christianity, and Islam share a common view of the human condition and how this is to be remedied. God chooses to take action to call human beings back to a proper relationship, to bring us in harmony with his will, and to restore order to Creation. In general, all three agree this is important, because there is life after death including a judgment, where all will be rewarded or punished according to their merit. Where the three traditions disagree is on the final means of remediation. Jews believe in one God. They do not accept Jesus as the true messiah and are still waiting for their messiah to come.

I have come to the conclusion that the human species is full of gullible people that have to have some sort of belief system in order to get to “their” version of heaven. The true Hebrew faith (Orthodox) is still waiting on their MESSIAH to come for the first time. They also believe that the State of Israel (Zionists) is illegal. Christians believe that their MESSIAH JESUS, is going to be coming back for the second time, and the Christian-Zionists are doing everything in their power to support Israel to bring, in some minds, a Nuclear Armageddon to hasten the return

of “their” Jesus. The Shiite Muslims believe that their MESSIAH will emerge from a well located behind the Jamkaran mosque. According to many Shiite Muslims, out of this well will emerge one day their version of an Islamic 'savior.'

They call him the Mahdi or the 12th Imam. Ron Cantrell has written a book about the Mahdi. He explained, "The Mahdi is a personage that is expected to come on the scene, by Islam, as a messiah figure. He is slotted to come in the end of time, according to their writings, very much like how we think of the return of Jesus". So, three different MESSIAHS. If what I have concluded is true, WE ALL ARE GUILTY OF THE PERSECUTION OF OTHER PEOPLE. We ALL are guilty of being ANTI something. More and more of our species are beginning to see the light, so to speak. None of Man's RELIGIONS are the answer to our survival as a species.

With something we call “Common Sense”, which is really not common at all, you will discover a far greater truth and wisdom based on “facts”. You will no longer have a fear (in the case of many religions) of going to Hell, or even of dying for that matter. You WILL embrace the simplest of truths, that we all know as the “Golden Rule”, “To treat ALL others as we ourselves desire to be treated”.

That’s what I believe, and continue to “preach” and I can tell you from first-hand experience in my own life, understanding and believing the foregoing is what has truly rewarded me with a permanent, true peace, in my mind and in my heart. Give the dice a toss folks, try the Golden Rule.

Now a moment of silence for the “passing” of Christianity. Christianity in all its sometimes-bizarre iterations, is the most radicalized and subsequently the most ridiculous religion of them

all. To so adversely and perversely change the intent of a prophet's words of Love, Compassion and Forgiveness into a religion that condones apartheid actions by others, (and sometimes because of their own actions), is, and should be, a "Wake-Up Call" for our entire species.

Many religions have their own percentage of Wackos, killing people because of the perverse radicalization of their beliefs, but Christianity wins the Grand Prize, the Big Fat Cigar. Just study the history of our species folks. I have, and I still do. Just like the so-called Pentecostal Revivals over just the past one hundred years or so.

As it morphed over the years, it spawned so much bad shit I don't know where to begin describing the absolutely insanity. We could begin with the modern-day "Prosperity Preachers", you know, the ones who laugh all the way to the bank with your "Tithes & Offerings" as they place their order for their new Gulfstream G650 and their third Rolls Royce.

The Catholic church, as it evolved probably pulled off the best magic trick of all, i.e., "Pulling a Rabbit out of a Hat" by creating this impossible story of a man dying on a cross and three days later, rising from the dead. It grew. Parts of the story were re-written and re-edited many times, and became the book, the so-called "word" the Sheeple believe in today.

I sure am glad that I was not living with my lack of religiosity during the inquisition, which began in France in the 12th century when the government system of the Catholic Church was torturing people to death to combat religious dissent. This horrid practice continued up through medieval times (15th century).

Throughout mankind's history, religion of some kind WAS the governing system/institution in the different cultures/societies. In some cultures, they threw you off of a cliff somewhere as a

“Sacrifice” to their gods, In some cultures, they chopped of your head, or dismembered your body, burned you on a stake, hung you upside down on a cross because you refused to believe their bullshit. In some cultures, the Witch Doctor would do the evil shit to you if you were “sacrilegious” or just pissed off someone else in the “hood”.

Now another moment of silence. This time for Zionism. Zionism is not a religion, it is a perverse political ideology, which began in the mid-1800’s, by kidnapping and radically distorting a religion (Judaism). Zionism shares that Big Fat Cigar with Christianity by the way., and they’re laughing all the way to their bank as well. Just ask ANY true follower of the Hebrew faith who does not believe in, or support zionism.

It is comforting, and a feeling of gratification that I have lived long enough to not only witness, but feel a small part of this “Great Awakening” portion of our evolution as a species. It has taken decades, with the advent of the age of computers, the internet, and social media, for ordinary people with extraordinary common sense to begin to wake up to this “New Age”, which IS part of the beginning, i.e., “The Dawn of the Age of Aquarius”. Time is bringing us to a fork in the road. You can follow all the rest of the sheeple down the left path, or, if you DO get it, come with the rest of us as we take the “Right” road into the new age of Aquarius.

God is NOT dead. News Flash people! He just never existed in the first place, and people are waking up and recognizing that. In place of religion, a new sensibility is emerging, watering the flowers on the graves of “Religion” in their own minds and hearts. This new awareness really isn’t new, it’s been there all along. It’s just more enhanced and “Shared”.

Along with mankind's insanely archaic religiosity, what is dying a slow death is everything related to it; Wars, Human Suffering, and so many other negative attributes that our species has been a slave to for thousands of years. To be just a small part of this significant change/process is humbling and reassuring to me that my six-year old grandson will see the completion/fruition of this part of our evolution as a species.

On one hand, it certainly is pathetic how the so-called modern day "Christians" are reacting to the world around them. How can one not be appalled by the recent statement by a so-called "Christian Pastor" who said, "Immigrant detention centers are good for kids because they can still have church services". How can a normal human being be OK with that, and also justify, and support the apartheid treatment of the Palestinian people because you think that will hasten the return of your Jesus? Someone needs to sit down and have a serious intervention session with that dude.

This is going to sound very sacrilegious to all the so-called christians, but I would rather be thought of as sacrilegious than hypocritical, and believe me, I have known many a hypocritical asshole that presented themselves to the public as being pious christians, including the famous televangelist caught with a hooker in a motel room, or the preacher (the one who preached against homosexuality) caught giving another man a blow-job in an airport bathroom, or the countless catholic priests who were/are sexually abusing young boys & girls (it's called Pedophilia). So many instances of Christianity in its full glory.

While we are at it, how about the TRILLIONS OF DOLLARS (of our tax dollars) that our government spends every year on the military/industrial complex and it's WARS all over the

world, especially in the Middle East resulting in MILLIONS of deaths, MILLIONS of people forced out of their homelands (I'm sure the BILLIONS of our tax dollars that is given to the zionist apartheid regime is a totally separate figure).

I'm am not amused at all that the SHEEPLÉ that bitch and moan about even the suggestion that SOCIALISM will take sooooo much of their money away from them, all the while, the government is FUCKING THEM IN THEIR ARSES (no lube) and they have absolutely NO CLUE whatsoever.

Even less amusing is the so-called "christian-zionists" sheeple whom widely support EVERY LEADER that is elected, because they believe they are helping to hasten the RETURN (ha-ha) of their Santa Claus by supporting the military/industrial complex and the zionists apartheid regime. (please note I refuse to CAPITALIZE certain words, deliberately, not out of disrespect, but out of LACK of RESPECT).

No, none of this BULLSHIT is amusing at this point. It IS enlightening however for millions of us that have SEEN THE LIGHT, so to speak, (praise be to you, Bojangles), for the time IS approaching for us to actually do something radically different for a change. If you read this comment and are curious, PM me and I'll tell you the next phase in our EVOLUTION as a SPECIES.

All of us are born with a natural instinct and desire for happiness, peace, and fulfillment in our lives. We share the natural ability to love one another, to have and feel compassion, and to live at peace with one another. We also have a learned ability towards selfishness, hate, and the destruction of the peace of others.

Our hearts and conscience will always guide us with our natural desires for love, peace and happiness. We do have a choice. It's called Free Will. Choose LOVE, not HATE. This should be as never-ending as our natural desire and search for happiness, peace and fulfillment in our lives.

Religion (“And on the Third Day, they pulled a Rabbit out of a Hat”)

One day recently, as I was walking to my car to get something, I almost stumbled over a cute little Bunny Rabbit in the driveway. I continued walking, and she/he, (the little Bunny) kept hopping along and then it disappeared through a small opening in the north gate into the side yard, and I thought, Ohh, oh, Cleatus and Ellie, the two wiener dogs are going to have fun chasing this bunny around the back yard, I hope they don’t actually catch it.

Through the day, into the evening, I kept asking Cleatus and Ellie if they had seen the little bunny. There was no blood or fur to be found so I figured that they hadn’t.

Fast forward, now it’s the following morning, and I’m having my morning coffee on the patio. Cleatus and Ellie are jumping on me competing for attention and loving, which I gave them, when I asked them again if they had seen the little bunny rabbit. Well, that little bunny rabbit obviously out-smarted TRICKED them, and was able to escape.

Immediately it led to this thought. What was the first time someone ever pulled off the “Pulling a Rabbit Out of a Hat, Trick”? Well it happens to be Easter Sunday morning, probably the holiest day on the Christian Calendar. I chuckled a little, here’s a new story to write. The first time that pulling a rabbit out of a hat was the story written centuries later, how this dude, OK Jesus, “Rose from the Dead” or perhaps some dudes removed his dead body.

This is going to sound very sacrilegious to all the so-called christians, but I would rather be thought of as sacrilegious than hypocritical, and believe me, I have known many a hypocritical asshole that presented themselves to the public as being pious christians, including the famous televangelist caught with a hooker in a motel room.

How about the preacher (the one who preached against homosexuality) caught giving another man a blow-job in an airport bathroom, the countless catholic priests who were/are sexually abusing young boys & girls (it's called Pedophilia). So many instances of wonderful Christianity in its full glory.

Wither those disciple dudes stole the body or not, or the whole fucking story was just made up from the beginning. It WAS the first time a rabbit was pulled out of a hat. A trick? You bet, and for 2,000 years they (organized Christianity) have been convincing the "Sheeple" that it was not sleight of hand. Give me a fucking break.

Judaism and other organized religions like worshiping a Golden Calf had been around for a while. There was your basic run-of-the-mill pagan monotheism, including cults like Gnosticism, Dionysus, Neoplatonism, Mithraism, and Manichaeism. The original origins of Hinduism began in India between 2300 B.C. and 1500 B.C. Buddhism as an organized religion got its kick-off around 483 B. C.

All of mankind's religions have this bullshit narcissistic belief that THEY are the only path to heaven/nirvana/moksha/paradise. Pick ME, Me, Me Me! We are the only way! THE ONLY TRUE PATH IS TO FOLLOW THE GOLDEN RULE! DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU!

There certainly was a lot of competition for "Souls" back in the day. The Catholic church, as it evolved probably pulled off the best magic trick of all, i.e., "Pulling a Rabbit out of a Hat" by creating this impossible story of a man dying on a cross and three days later, rising from the

dead. It grew, parts of the story were re-written and edited, and became what the Sheeple believe today.

I sure am glad that I was not living with my lack of religiosity during the inquisition, which began in France in the 12th century when the government system of the Catholic Church was torturing people to death to combat religious dissent. This horrid practice continued up through medieval times (15th century).

Throughout mankind's history, religion of some kind WAS the governing system/institution in the different cultures/societies. In some cultures, they threw you off of a cliff somewhere as a "Sacrifice", In some cultures, they chopped off your head, or dismembered your body, burned you on a stake, hung your body upside down on a cross. In some cultures, the Witch Doctor would do the evil shit to you if you were "sacrilegious" or just pissed off someone in power.

It's no wonder that our founding fathers here in the USA purposely wrote into our Constitution, the separation of "Church and State". Some very smart dudes with a lot of common sense they were then. Now, 200 years later, all of our governmental systems are just as evil as the "Inquisitions" because of greed. We CAN change that.

The human species has evolved to where now it's okay to kill someone just because they worship THEIR god differently. Folks, we really haven't changed much since the time when religion also functioned as a governmental entity, killing each other because it was one religious culture and belief system against another one that didn't have the same story/structure.

We are entering the "Age of Aquarius" and we need to get our shit together. As a species, we need to stop ALL aggression and war against each other. There is a whole lot of folk, like

myself, that are awakening to the REAL TRUTH, that we no longer have to be Sheeple, that there IS something far much better for us as a species on the horizon.

So, wake up! Smell the fucking roses! Open up your mind to one very simple thing that I have been advocating for three years now. The Golden Rule. If you have no idea what that is, google it. Once you truly discover that one simple truth, practice it, let IT become your guiding light, let IT be YOUR “Magic Trick”.

You WILL find Peace within, and Honesty, and Compassion, and Empathy, and Love, for others around you. Myself? All these wonderful things have replaced things that I used to suffer from, like PTSD, Anxiety, Depression, Anger, Pride, and all the other Bad Karma shit.

For all you Sheeple out there that believe the “Pulling the Rabbit out of a Hat” trick, Happy Easter! I’m sure that somewhere, some preacher is also adding a little bit of “Fire & Brimstone” to his/her Easter Sunday sermon, or whispering “Praise you Jesus” as he’s giving some other dude a blowjob. Now, let’s sing, “Just as I am” while the ushers pass the offertory plates/bags to pay for my 5th jet aircraft and my new vacation home in Hawaii. By the way, Cleatus and Ellie never did catch that little Bunny Rabbit.

Good versus Evil (and by the way, please pass the Salt & Pepper)

From the moment we are born, we begin to gather knowledge and experience, both good and evil, that we hold on to, and we call it intelligence, a learned habit, an experience, "growing", etcetera's. It may differ between cultures and societies, but individually we believe in what we think, or assume, is a good thing, along with everyone else in our culture or society, or state of mind.

Cannibals were humans that ate (as in food) other human beings. It started in Europe approximately 32,000 years ago. During famines, for the Neanderthal's, human flesh was a dietary supplement. Eventually, in some cultures becoming a ritual to ward off evil spirits. For some, it also was a warning to enemies.

Was that evil to those people? Apparently not. Evil to modern day cultures and societies? Yes, unless your aircraft you are on is the one that crashed in the Andes in 1972. Pass the Grey Poupon, please. Cannibalism. Evil or good. Ask Dr. Roberto Cannassa, a survivor. Horrible, horrible thing. Would you do it? Pass the Heinz 57, please.

Okay, so I sorta made this a topic NOT to be discussed around the dinner table with the kiddies, pass the mayonnaise please. Cannibalism versus farting in church. Is farting in church evil? I don't think so, especially if it's a little old grandma type sitting in the pew in front of you.

Just as naturally as the color of our hair and skin, our knowledge of the difference between right and wrong is a sensory part of our brain that separates humans from other species. Just as the animals in the forest naturally nurture their offspring teaching them how to fly, to hunt, to

fish, humans teach their offspring as well, except for one significant difference between the human species and ALL other species.

Humans supposedly are the only species with the knowledge or the very ability to think, of the difference between good versus evil, from birth as an instinct, that becomes tainted by external pressures and processes (playground bullies, parental guidance, DUI Court) along life's way. Tainted, changed if you will, by both good and evil.

What is "Good" you ask? What is "Evil?" The very first time that one of our cave dwelling ancestors picked up a piece of wood or a large rock and killed another cave man, there probably was no remorse or thoughts of good or evil. He just wanted something the other dude had.

If the killing was to prevent injury to oneself, or to the others, there only was a good feeling, which eventually would be accepted as the norm. Perhaps the deceased was stealing food, or sexually attacking the mate of the other? There was no remorse.

Eventually remorse became part of a set of human feelings, that differentiated us from all other species. Remorse was and still is, a feeling, not an instinct. Humans are the only species that feels that emotion, as far as we know. When my dog did something wrong, it MAY have shown guilt, because I trained it not to shit on the carpet right in front of the TV, but remorse? I don't think so.

An animal attacking another of the same species is seen as part of the familial rise of a leader, and is purely instinct, like two male deer fighting, or two male gorillas fighting. The simple fact is that two animals fighting for dominance is neither good nor evil.

An animal killing another animal of a different species for food is instinctual, and totally without remorse, neither good nor evil. A Lion bringing down a Gazelle is not sport, it's called food, i.e., survival of the fittest. Not evil. The loss of life by natural disasters. Not evil, not good either, and it falls under the "Shit happens" category.

How about the moment a human being feels that power and dominance from killing another human being, it can be considered good, or evil, i.e., you just shot a serial killer who was in the process of slicing your child's throat with a knife from your kitchen. You just saved your daughter's life by taking a life, GOOD for you, you're not evil!

Someone just walked into a crowded school and opened fire with an array of semi-automatic weapons, killing 47 children, and 5 adults. EVIL! Of course, not good. If you are protecting your loved ones, it's a good feeling to be the survivor, and winner. And it may come with a slight bit of remorse, not much, mixed in with your joy.

If you are killing another human being for no good reason at all, then consider it an evil deed. Tens of millions, hundreds of millions of humans have been killed because of the evilness in the hearts of human kind. Our species is the only species on this planet that has killed, and continues to kill those of our own species for the cause of our religions and so-called faith (add the other ludicrous reasons here, like oil/natural resources/military-industrial complex).

The answer to all this philosophical bullshit has been taught since that first cave man hit the other dude with a big piece of wood or a rock. Even if the survivor walked away and left the carcass of his adversary to rot, my guess is that at that moment, he not only was thinking about

his first "weapon", he maybe discovered wither "good" or "evil" was real, even though if just a fleeting thought in his mind. Remorse? Nada.

Triumph or sadness, and all other kinds of emotions are discovered. Some emotions, can be "good" to some, "evil" to others. If that caveman was simply defending his "family" and possessions, I'm pretty sure he was feeling good about the ordeal if he was the winner.

If instead, the victor was using his "weapon" to lay claim to that which was previously owned by the deceased, then we could assume that the rush of feelings that the winner felt were based on the evilness of his unremorseful deed? Think about it.

The people or tribe of the dead man are now feeling fear, loathing, despair, nothing good, and the people or tribe belonging to the winner is feeling nothing but joy and goodness, cheering his victory as they continue on with the slaughter of the rest of their enemy.

Good versus Evil, it's all relative. The ONLY species that recognize these particular FEELINGS is the HUMAN SPECIES, Homo Sapiens. However, I know that my dog felt joy when I came home. Or maybe that look, that smile, his barking, was because he was hungry? Basically, I believe animals do show basic emotions, but not human evil, not human good.

Throughout our evolutionary process, much evil, evil of all kinds, has also been characterized as "good" by many peoples, even entire cultures and societies. That same result is true in the opposite, referring to the millions of people, men women and children that have been slaughtered because of one religious belief or another. Mankind has been trying to understand these human traits since the beginning of time. Religions upon religions, all the various kinds of

worship of everything from the SUN, to golden statues of various animals, to Man-Gods, have in many ways, complicated our evolution as a species.

Religion, Racism and Bigotry and Intolerance

Is there such a thing as "Gentile Intolerance"? I thought a little about it, and these are my thoughts and opinions on the subject. Is it possible that there is a people on this planet that truly believes that they are superior than all other peoples? That the "gentiles" are less than human, some compared to dogs? White "Supremacists" certainly believe that they are the superior race.

The reason I use the term, "GENTILE INTOLERANCE?" is the use of the word "Gentile" can only be from a few people, Jews and Muslims. Throughout our know history, mankind has been dominated or ruled by religious groups or peoples. In our semi-ancient past, groups or peoples of one belief (religion) have been subjugated or been subjugated by another group (people) because their belief system was different.

Christians of our past history conquered and controlled lands and peoples. Muslims of our past history also have conquered and controlled lands and peoples. The Hebrew people of our ancient past history also battled other peoples for the same purposes, and today they have been taking more and more land away from Palestine and have been since 1948. I reference these three groups of peoples and do not mention any others, like Hindus or Buddhists to make it simple to understand.

Semitic. Semitic is an adjective which in common parlance mistakenly refers specifically to Jewish things, while the term actually refers to things originating among speakers of Semitic languages or people descended from them, and in a linguistic context to the northeastern subfamily of Afro-Asiatic. Both Arabs and Jews are Semites. by Anti-Zionist April 27, 2005

Any Group, Race, or People that feel that they are superior to others is just wrong. White Supremacists are wrong in their belief that the White (Gentile) race is superior to all other races. If you were raised in the Hebrew faith, more than likely you were taught that your people were superior to all other races. That's wrong as well.

I think it's important to understand that the Jewish people wrongly consider themselves as a "Race" of people, just like blacks are a "Race", just as "Gentiles" (whites) are a "Race" of people, just like the various Asian peoples are "Races" of people. What's wrong, and obnoxious as hell is that the zionists want to be considered as a race when Judaism itself is a religion, not a "race".

You have every right to believe in whatever god you choose, as long as I can believe the way I believe. Amen? Oh, and by the way, I'm a GENTILE, please be tolerant with me. Be. "Gentile Tolerant" with me, not "Gentile Intolerant".

If you are ANTI-SEMITIC, you are wrong. If you are ANTI-GENTILE, you are wrong. If you are ANTI-MUSLIM, you are wrong. If you are ANTI any religion, you are wrong. But and this is a BIG BUTT, maybe I'M wrong, but at least allow me to believe the way I do.

From the Crusades to the modern-day religious nut (insert your pastors name here) who preach Racism, Bigotry, Hatred, Intolerance, and Idiocy from their pulpits and street corners, I say really give Love and Forgiveness, Understanding, Tolerance and Humanity, to all of our species.

It's a threshold I believe we can cross. Let's catch up with our technology. Obviously, wither you believe or don't believe that Jesus is the Savior and Son of God, there have been many other smart dudes (and dudettes) down thru the ages who the knew the truth, and sought to teach that

truth to mankind. Gandhi wasn't a used car salesman. Mother Teresa wasn't a hooker. Buddha wasn't just some fat dude.

More and more today, I think that stupidity is genetic, and possibly linked to Religion, or eating too many Twinkies, or both. I have known far too many "Christians" that have publicly portrayed a Jesus-like persona, while deliberately fucking up other people's lives, doing shit that they KNOW they can wipe away simply by asking "God" to forgive them. Never mind that they demonstrated evil incarnate to other people, these Assholes made themselves feel good, AFTER the evil (Insert Bad Karma here) simply by crying their "Sin", away. Good example, that famous televangelist caught with a hooker. Getting caught with a hooker in a motel Room? Who cares?

A few more thoughts on “Racism”

As long as there is a need, for the NAACP, we will be a racially divided people. As long as white supremacy groups keep popping up, we will be a racially divided people. I believe our species, the Human Species is better than that.

Raise two blind children together as loving brothers, one white, one black, and they shall remain loving brothers for the rest of their lives. As a species, I believe that in spite of our differences, we can evolve to a virtual blindness when it comes to race, color of our skin, societal and cultural differences.

Sixty years ago, it was rare to see people standing together as one people. It was a social phenomenon to see whites marching and protesting alongside blacks. For sure you did NOT see people of color marching side by side with the KKK.

Now, sixty years later, as a human race, we march and rally together, regardless of the color of our skin, or what or who we worship as a god.

Evolution is shy. It takes place behind the scenes almost in a silent secretive, manner. A few of us can see it, as we study and compare the decades past, and contemplate the distant decades of our future.

It has become much easier to announce or proclaim what we can see happening to our species with the advent of the electronic age. The primary messages throughout our existence that were stifled by our early stages of evolution, are now becoming loud and clear, and are quickly spreading to others via tools like the Internet.

Love, not hate one another, treat your fellow humans as you desire to be treated. How simple is that? Think about it. It's called the Golden Rule.

You are not born with a "learned" hatred, but you ARE born with the ability to "learn" how to hate one another, (think of the image of a four-year-old white child holding a semi-automatic weapon, sitting in front of a symbol of white power). You are also born with the natural (human nature) ability to love one another.

Choose one. If you picked love, without any outside influence like religion, your parents or someone else's ideology, you picked correctly. This is not a one way street. ALL of us need to not only choose love, but reject any influence or teachings of hatred and bigotry.

Some of you already know my position. Good Karma forgives, Bad Karma does not forgive. Love forgives, hatred does not forgive. People, cultures, societies, that can LOVE one another, can live together IN love, and peace, regardless of what you call that piece of earth that you co-habitate on.

How about a country called "Israelistine"? Or "Palestisrael"? Think about it folks. We are coming to the crossroads of our evolution here on earth. I am convinced that love, Good Karma, can and will conquer the Bad Karma and hatred that we have lived with for thousands of years. Spread the word, spread the love. Experiment a little, be kind and forgiving to everyone just to spite anger and unforgiveness.

THE GOLDEN RULE

I capitalized the title of this chapter for good reason. It is the “Cornerstone” of what we, as a species and what we can build for our future. Boil it down folks. Strain out all the bullshit, and what you have left is something quite simple.....wait for it.....The Golden Rule.

All of the great teachers and prophets in history have used the Golden Rule in their basic philosophy/teachings. Wake up your Good Karma, shake off your Bad Karma.

How simple can it get? Treat your fellow man, as you want to be treated. For me, I hope for nothing but love and goodness from you, so my conscious being has a strong desire to love, respect, and care for you. Utopia? Maybe, but we are human, not animal. We have the option. Be good? Or be bad!

The real truth becomes the living reality of how to live our lives in goodness, and how we treat others, and so on. Think about it. Not hard to comprehend. You don't even have to come to my house to hear this simple message.

I love you from afar, no matter where or who you are. If you do come by to say hi, I can guarantee that you will feel goodness while you're here, goodness when you leave, and goodness when you get home. If you have nowhere to call home, we will fix that. If you are hungry, we will feed you. Everything is possible! Be kind to one another. Pass the bong, please.

Try to muster up some “Common Sense”, and use that common sense, (looking at the past few thousand years) to make the right choices in life. Making the right choice will set the stage for our species to enter into an age of Peace, Love, and true happiness in life. This means getting

rid of the “old” and nurturing the “new”. What a concept. Think of a world living the Golden Rule as so many wise men and women have been preaching all these years.

Age of Aquarius?

The “Light of Aquarius” (dawning of) has begun to shine brighter and brighter on the malignity with our species that has been there all along, just look at the news. Epstein? He has lived out his usefulness to the Mossad and it won’t surprise me if he conveniently and covertly dies of “Natural Causes”. If the headlines read, "Epstein found hanging in his cell with a baseball bat stuck up his ass", it won't be suicide, it'll be death by "Bubba". If it REALLY appears to be an unfortunate death due to a "Heart Attack, that will be one of his elite clients hiring a professional "Hit-man" who will use the “Heart Attack” gun (which is real). If he mysteriously disappears, along with his money, he will be living out the remainder of his life in the Zionist so-called State of Israel. Speaking of the Middle East? Shit's going to start happening that the zionists are not going to be happy with.

Our species HAS been in the early stages of a great awakening as we evolve. Religions of ALL kinds and types are dying, some religions will take a little longer to become just a footnote in our history as a species, but for sure, we are evolving into a different, more honest and humane species. One of the first to go? Christianity and especially the evangelical zionist christians. Along with them, hand in hand, we will also see the zionists who will be flushed down the shithole of mankind.

All of mankind’s religions have this bullshit narcissistic belief that THEY are the only path to heaven/nirvana/moksha/paradise. Pick ME, Me, Me Me! We are the only way!

THE ONLY TRUE PATH IS TO FOLLOW THE GOLDEN RULE! DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU! Think about it.

The human species has evolved to where now it's okay to kill someone just because they worship THEIR god differently. Folks, we really haven't changed much since the time when religion also functioned as a governmental entity, killing each other because it was one religious culture and belief system against another one that didn't have the same story/structure.

We are entering the "Age of Aquarius" and we need to get our shit together. As a species, we need to stop ALL aggression and war against each other. There is a whole lot of folk, like myself, that are awakening to the REAL TRUTH, that we no longer have to be Sheeple, that there IS something far much better for us as a species on the horizon.

So, wake up! Smell the fucking roses! Open up your mind to one very simple thing that I have been teaching for quite some time now. The Golden Rule. If you have no idea what that is, google it. Once you truly discover that one simple truth, practice it, let IT become your guiding light, let IT be YOUR "Magic Trick". You WILL find Peace within, and Honesty, and Compassion, and Empathy, and Love, for others around you. Myself?

All these wonderful things have replaced things that I used to suffer from, like PTSD, Anxiety, Depression, Anger, Pride, and all the other Bad Karma shit. I grew up and have lived a good portion of my life sort of believing there was a wonderful place to go after death called Heaven, and a terrible place to end up in called Hell. I really never bought in to that bullshit in a serious way (I tried). I did have a slight fear of actually dying someday, but I have conquered that ridiculous fear after discovering the truth.

Most of our species still live in the dark, because they don't have enough common sense to figure out what the light switch is for. They oppose that person with common sense that flips that

switch and turns on the light. Exposing the truth is that light, sometimes bright enough, that the blind see,,,,,the TRUTH. Sometimes too bright, and some ignorant fool flips the switch off, with a bullet, returning the mass of ignorant fools into the darkness and fear again. The few who flip that switch on disturb the rulers of the darkness and are eliminated, and thus, silenced forever, until the next “enlightened” person flips the switch back on. Eventually the switch will be guarded by an ever-increasing number of people that have been enlightened by the truth. Then and only then, will the rulers quiver in the light of the truth, a light that can no longer be switched off.

Please put aside whatever your opinions and Religiosity aspect/associations you may have, and try to garner just a bit of COMMON SENSE if you can. Consider the possibility that what is presented here COULD BE part of our evolution as a species. Interpret whatever you want, use whatever methods, religious writings or books you want for your own conclusions/opinions, there is information already available as "Facts" out there.

Success. What is “Success”? What is “Karma”?

What is the relationship, if any, between the two? Do you think ALL Billionaires and Millionaires, and people who make at least \$200,000.00 per year (or more) are ALL “Happy-Go-Lucky” and are Good Karma people? If you are the richest mouther-fraccker on the planet and you are a Bad Karma person, would you truly be “Successful”?

Success doesn't mean wealth. Success is based on that individual's true perception and acceptance of their “Station in Life”. Their happiness, their love, their peace of mind, their acceptance of others.....is their Karma, in this case, Good Karma. Yes, just a small percentage of those at the top of the financial heap are Good Karma people.

In spite of their egotistical display of their wealth disguised as generosity, the Bad Karma Assholes are either publicly known for their lifestyle of really bad shit, or in most cases, known apparently for their public persona of pretend happiness and “nar·cis·sis·tic” generosity, which in this case, a small percentage of us can tell that underneath the staged happiness, they are still vicious/malicious/malodorous mother-fuckers, i.e., Bad Karma people.

A vast majority of those extremely successful people, those Insanely Monstrous Mudder-Fuchsia's would poison their own grand-mother to get at her wealth quicker. Those people whose wickedness is right out there in the open too, exposing the true nastiness of their Bad Karma, versus the minority of those financially successful people that are Good Karma people through to their bones.

As I said, “Success” is not measured in terms of wealth. I have known people that had very little in terms of financial wealth, but they were Good Karma people that were happy with their

“Station in Life”, which equals “True Success” in my book. They were Good Karma people in spite of their lack of wealth because wealth has nothing to do with our perception of “Success”.

You can point at someone and say, “That’s a tough life that dude is living” and you think he lacks success in his life, when in fact, just the opposite, that person IS successful in my opinion, because of his Good Karma. Is he successful you ask? Knowing that he is a Good Karma person, go ask him if he truly is happy with his “Station in Life”. If he is, then he is “Successful”.

You can’t be both types of Karma at the same time, or have 80% Good Karma with 20% Bad Karma thrown in, or the opposite or some other ratio. You’re either 100% Good Karma or 100% Bad Karma. No in-between. Are you born that way? Were you raised that way? Who knows? Generally speaking, Bad Karma people come from generations of atrocious assholes before them.

Our actions and words are not just interpreted as corrupt and evil, or ignorant and unknowing, or compassionate and enlightened. The karma we project, wither it's good or evil, out of ignorance or enlightenment, is also recognized in our actions, and in our speech, from pure thoughts, therefore, do and say from purity of heart, out of kindness, respect, and compassion.

If you will just practice responding to evil and ignorance with love, understanding and compassion, and you do this in your thoughts as well, your karma, the essence of who you are, will begin to glow with more and more enlightenment, more peace, more completeness, more love.

Others around you will begin to respond in kind, transforming bad karma into good karma, evil into compassion, ignorance into enlightenment, spreading understanding, compassion, peace and love in place of ignorance, hate, bigotry, and violence.

Think about it. What are you "Recovering" from?

Recovering: Alcoholic? Dope Addict? Child Molester? Cancer Patient? Serial Killer? Wife Beater? Sex Addict? Religious Zealot? We could go on and on.

Stop. Stop recovering. If you no longer drink, you have recovered. Don't remind yourself or others you meet, "I used to get shit-faced drunk, but now I'm a "Recovering Alcoholic".....just so they know, and you know, it was a brave, life-long struggle to finally stop drinking, which in real life, it really is, for the true (medically addicted) alcoholic. So be proud of it for yourself. Consider not bringing up your past indiscretions connected to being shit-faced drunk.

If you happen to be at a company party, or with colleagues at a bar for your bosses 29th birthday party, if the subject about alcoholism is being raised, you're not going to raise your glass and say, "I'm drinking Seven-Up, because I'm a "Recovering Alcoholic". Change your way of thinking. If you no longer drink alcoholic beverages, good for you, you won! Keep it too yourself.

If someone is offering you a drink, tell them you'll take a Virgin Mary or whatever. You can tell him that alcohol causes a violent reaction for you when you've taken a Viagra. Your friend will laugh, you'll get your glass of tomato juice.

Your buddies really don't give a shit. At least those who truly are not addicted alcoholics. The one dude who just downed his sixth martini without a hiccup, really, at that moment in time, doesn't give a flying fuck if you used to drink or not. Point is, if you want to believe you are "healed", that you are in "recovery", that's okay. It's sort of like, "Forgive, AND forget.

If you feel THAT compelled to share your success with everyone, try telling your story of your "continuing recovery" in a bar full of "Social" drinkers. Chances are, they are going to throw your ass out at some point, or at the very least, you'll get your ass whipped. "Oh, I'm a recovering alcoholic"....."BULLSHIT! If you don't drink anymore.....wonderful.....keep it too yourself".

Unless you have the extraordinary skills, empathy, and desire to speak to people with a similar issue or problem, try going to AA. I'm sure at some point, your story, although unique, and inspiring, will sooner or later become boring. I know people that have died from the disease of alcoholism. I know a few that lived their whole life in "recovery", never ever drinking again after being a drunk.

Sounds a little bit presumptive on my part I guess, but if you no longer drink, good for you, you've been cured! Hooray for you. Keep it to yourself. If you happen to be a recovering "Dope Addict", best to keep your mouth shut except at AA type meetings.

Same thing goes for the recovering "Sex Addict" (you obviously are going to keep it to yourself in most situations). Same thing if you are a recovering "Serial Killer" or "Wife Beater", Congratulations! Feel good, but keep it to yourself.

If you happen to be a recovering, "I'm in remission", "Cancer Patient", it's not a "bad" thing to share with people going thru the same thing. Sharing words of encouragement with others who are suffering from the same thing, is generally a welcome thing.

And this can be applied to a lot of things not on the list tonight. Sharing your battle with cancer, with people who have no clue what you are talking about will be a waste of time, except for reminding your friend Bill that his wife just died of cancer a month ago.

If you happen to be a recovering "Child Molester", go ahead, tell your story, just tell your story to the general population at San Quentin during lunchtime. In fact, try dancing in the spirit, yelling, "Praise God, I used to be a recovering Child Molester, now I'm cured!" See how well that goes over in your church on a Sunday morning as well. Same thing with recovering "Sodomite".

If you happen to be a recovering "Religious Zealot", i.e., someone who has "seen the real light" so to speak, who's discovered that religion is just a man-made thing, designed to control your thoughts and your actions and your life, then you are correct if you keep it to yourself.

If you are in the middle of a crowd of enthusiastic Christians discussing Jesus, unless you can command their attention, and share your thoughts with them with spell-binding attention on their part, keep your mouth shut. You don't care what they believe. You are not an evangelist for atheism.

What? You think it's your obligation to convert your holy friends to atheism? Bullshit! You really could care less what they believe or not believe in, except that they treat others the way they want to be treated, i.e., the Golden Rule.

For, me, if pressed into giving a statement, I will explain what I think, and why I think it, in as few words as possible. When I am finished with my brief oratory, I will simply tell them that that I will make myself available privately for further discussion at their convenience.

This most certainly will entice the most zealot of your religiously zealot friends. As one by one, some of them respond to your open invitation for a private discussion, and come to you separately, hell bent on trying to "convince" you that you are going to HELL, unless you confess your sins, ask forgiveness, and believe in their dude.

A few of them may have some sincerity of belief based upon their honest ignorance, and genuine intentions to save your soul, however misguided they are. Some of the zealots, will attempt your conversion simply out of the same ignorance boosted by a false bravado and ego on their part, just so they can tell others that they made that attempt to convert you.

The extreme "Religious Zealots" have an issue with their hypocrisy being exposed, they're the ones that will leave you alone most of the time because they know, that you know, that they know, it's all a bunch of fabricated bullshit. That in many instances, they are as "sinful" and evil as they come.

Of course, the real question, and the real answer is, "Who are these people.....and what in 1958 Corvette's Name are you doing there in that particular crowd in the first place". I believe in science. I believe science when proven, or whatever proved, is the truth, as I "know" it.

Ask me any question at all, related or not to what I just wrote tonight. The answer is probably already somewhere in my blog. Aliens? Favorite recipes? Evolution? Life after death?

Sharing your story as an encouragement to another? Sure. One on one, when they have asked you about your experience with the subject.

Having lunch with friends, and bringing up your colostomy experience while everyone is working on their desert, is not a good idea. The next time you are eating at Taco Bell and a

stranger is staring at the hot sauce dripping down your chin, feel free to say, "I'm recuperating from a cupbala stroches". That's okay to share at that moment. Then just smile, and wipe the taco sauce off your chin.

P.S. If you are suffering from a mental disorder like PTSD, or depression, do share with someone who can help you combat your illness. Especially seek help if those close to you ignore your plea for help. Join a group. Seek out a therapist if you feel the need to do so. Do NOT bottle it up. There's even pages and groups on Facebook where you can share your feelings and thoughts with. My greatest therapy has been and continues to be, writing. It's not my job to make sense of my writing for you. You either get it, or you don't.

Dark Meat stories on Thanksgiving Day, and "Didn't I see you at Woodstock?"

On a recent Thanksgiving Day, I was sitting watching the Vikings play Detroit Lions with my neighbor Mikey. Trying some Blue Dream, just chilling, talking about nothing and the subject turned to Cannabis. Mikey asked about my favorite strain, etcetera, and I happened to answer, "I don't pay much attention to all the different strains that are available today, Blue Dream, Grandma's Belly Button Lint, whatever".

Back in the day, WHEN we were young, like the age of those cute young things behind the counter at the typical dispensary, we had one strain as far as I was concerned. In the 1960's, they had Panama Red/Punto Roja and Colombian Gold/Santa Marta, but the best as far as I was concerned was ACAPULCO GOLD!

Mikey and I also chatted about the measurement and pricing language today, versus the 60's. Eighths, quarters, etcetera. How complicated it is today, with all the strains, and all the different levels of pricing. compared to a nickel bag of yesteryear.

A nickel-bag, which stood for five dollars' worth of weed, was what you paid for 3.5 grams, and that was for mostly leaf and stem, with a few buds thrown in. Today, the typical dispensaries that I have visited, charge medical customers around \$10 per gram for the low end bud, which means that the "Nickel Bag" amount of bud, (no leaf) today costs you \$45.00.

Some of the strains can be pretty pricey. For instance, "Grandma's Belly Button Lint" can go as high as \$19.00 per gram. It's all good as far as I'm concerned, and MUCH better than the famous strains from the 60's. Long gone are the Nickel bags.

Another difference from when we were teenagers, and today, is the "Medicinal" angle. Today, we talk of the wonderful medical aspects of all the various strains. One strain is for aches and pains, another strain might be for mood adjustment and control, yet another strain controls seizures.

Back when I was a kid, you didn't think about curing some illness. All you thought of was getting high, and most of the shit that I smoked CAUSED.....Wait for it.....Paranoia!

The stuff I have smoked lately has been pretty darn good, when I compare it to the Acapulco Gold of the 60's. Very inspiring, this Purple Haze or what ever it's called. Blue Dream, that's it.

Almost forgot about Woodstock. This is funny. Mikey and I are still remembering the good old days, although I am 10 years older. So, Mikey and I have been having this conversation about Cannabis, when somehow, I mention Woodstock. The manner in which it came up as a subject, and what I had to say about it, would leave one on the edge of their seat, waiting for me to tell MY Woodstock story, and I'm thinking at that moment, especially my new friend Mikey. I had a great time talking to Mikey that day, sharing a few bowl loads, drinking a Henry's Ginger Ale. I told him, "Later for my Woodstock story, which I call, The Dead Armadillo".

Thanksgiving. A day for tons of food. Maybe 50 different menu items. From soup to nuts, as they say, and of course, the turkey.

So, my new friends Linda and Mikey, during our trip to the pot store yesterday, politely and graciously said that they were going to bring me a "Plate". I said quite honestly, just save me a piece of DARK MEAT. So later that day, when Mikey brought it up again, I repeated my

response, "It's not necessary to bring me a plate of food, really. My microwave doesn't work even if you brought me a plate, so just a small piece of DARK MEAT would be awesome".

Right after I said that to Mikey, the thought took off as I said, "In fact, if you bring me that small piece of DARK MEAT, I'll have it BRONZED! Hahaha". To remind me of my Thanksgivings past. When the kids were younger, fighting over the DARK MEAT.

I was always the last to sit down at the table, and although we did wait to eat until after blessing the food, before I made it to the table with the last item, the hot gravy in the gravy serving thingy, the family had already served up, piled up, their fucking plates with food.

Yes, we were all polite and normal, "Pass the mashed potatoes please". Not really. By the time I made it to the table, everyone else had filled their plates. Every year, it was my son taking almost ALL the fucking DARK MEAT, and leaving me with NONE! "Tommy, that's not fair, you took all the DARK MEAT, you big prick".

I really liked it when we went to Modesto for Thanksgiving. There were so many people, all related to my ex. One time there were at least 40 of us. When it was time to eat, we all got in line cafeteria style, which split off into two lines which passed both sides of the food tables.

It was cool, I didn't have to butt in front of Cousin Sara, whoever she was, no matter where you were in line, there always was.....Wait for it.....DARK MEAT. Those are memorable times.

The Modesto Thanksgivings were at least ten turkeys with plenty of leftover meat to pick over. So, the bronzing part of the story is fiction, but my saying that to Mikey the neighbor as we were sharing a couple of bong loads, made me think of how precious that dark meat was at OUR

house on Thanksgiving. That evening, Mikey and Linda brought me a plate with everything, mashed potatoes with gravy, green beans, stuffing, cornbread, and a nice thick slice of.....Wait for it....Breast Meat, NO DARK MEAT. I guess everyone likes Dark Meat.

Thinking later that evening, I came up with this terrific idea for a commercial for Cannabis:. About what the world would be like today if Cannabis had been "normal" from the early 1950's on to today. The opening scene is typical of the fifties. Black and White film, kid riding his bicycle on the street in front of his home, fall leaves on the ground, cameras from different shots showing different locations on Thanksgiving Day, gas station, "Happy Thanksgiving, Mr. Rogers", etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

Then, thirty seconds later, a camera zooms in from outside Jimmy's house, transforms into color, all the way through the kitchen where mom is grabbing the bowl of mashed potatoes, and Dad is just finishing up the gravy, camera moves slowly into the dining room.

Now we are actually experiencing the end of a Thanksgiving dinner in 2020, the audience isn't expecting what happens next. Grandpa is taking a big hit on the family bong, and passes it on to Cousin Mary. The audience thinks, "Whoa now, where the fuck is this going?".

No one at the dinner table is telling Grandma not to forget to take her evening pills as she takes a hit off the bong. Grandma's 157 years old. Great Uncle George over across the table is 184 years old. The beginning of the discovery of cures for illness and disease began in the early 1930's. By this time, people are living past 200. Use your imagination.

MAYBE, if pot had always been a normal part of our lives on this planet, there wouldn't have been WW1, WW2, Korean War, Vietnam, all the fucking wars going on today. After this, I

hope you go on to read a not so brief history of Cannabis/Hemp. Many scientists believe that it was the very first agricultural product that our species raised. Think of that!

What if Cannabis had never been criminalized? Imagine our progress in areas such as science and medicine continually advancing to the point where in current day, there are no wars, Cancers have been defeated, people love one another with no bigotry, racism and hatred. The "Police" are just a small token of what we really have today, and they don't carry guns. What police that we do have, are really looked upon as servants to the community.

Since there are no wars, there are no armies or military/industrial complex. There is no such thing as "overpopulation", after all, this planet is HUGE. there are no "Green House Gases". No pollution. The oceans are full of fish. Everything is cool.

In this imaginary modern age, power is generated 100% environmentally clean. Food is plentiful. Life is good. I guess what I am suggesting here folks, is much bigger than Cannabis, and our national holiday called Thanksgiving.

This is off the subject, but it's MY memoir. The "Golden Rule", what many folks think is attributed to Jesus, and maybe a few other people, has been around since our species first had free thought and free will, and that's tens of thousands of years ago. The people that got it right the first time lived good lives regardless of their life paths and outcomes.

My wish is for a world like the one I paint in this little short story of how I celebrated Thanksgiving this year, which started the whole process of thinking of what the future COULD be like. That little piece of DARK MEAT that I didn't get? It was okay as I ended up going to the store the next day and bought a small turkey.

Opinion: Cannabis/Hemp has been around forever. It's NOT a drug, it's a plant

It was the FIRST agricultural crop mankind ever cultivated. Take it off the Drug List now!
It's medicinal purposes far outweigh any dangers to society.

10,000-year History of Marijuana use in the World

I am not responsible for ANY mis-spelled names or words (that I failed to correct) in the following, I DID try to correct as many as I could and finally gave up. The following is taken directly from: <http://www.advancedholistichealth.org/history.html>

The oldest known written record on cannabis use comes from the Chinese Emperor Shen Nung in 2727 B.C. Ancient Greeks and Romans were also familiar with cannabis, while in the Middle East, use spread throughout the Islamic empire to North Africa. In 1545 cannabis spread to the western hemisphere where Spaniards imported it to Chile for its use as fiber. In North America cannabis, in the form of hemp, was grown on many plantations for use in rope, clothing and paper.

8,000+ BCE Use of hemp cord in pottery identified at ancient village site dating back over 10,000 years, located in the area of modern-day Taiwan. Finding hemp use and cultivation in this date range puts it as one of the first and oldest known human agriculture crops.

As explained by Richard Hamilton in the 2009 Scientific American article on sustainable agriculture "Modern humans emerged some 250,000 years ago, yet agriculture is a fairly recent invention, only about 10,000 years old ...

Agriculture is not natural; it is a human invention. It is also the basis of modern civilization." This point was also touched on by Carl Sagan in 1977 when he proposed the possibility that marijuana may have actually been the world's first agricultural crop, leading to the development of civilization itself (see 1977, below).

6,000 BCE Cannabis seeds and oil used for food in China.

4,000 BCE Textiles made of hemp are used in China and Turkistan. 2737 BCE First recorded use of cannabis as medicine by Emperor Shen Neng of China.

2,000-800 BCE Bhang (dried cannabis leaves, seeds and stems) is mentioned in the Hindu sacred text Atharvaveda (Science of Charms) as "Sacred Grass", one of the five sacred plants of India. It is used by medicinally and ritually as an offering to Shiva.

1,500 BCE Cannabis cultivated in China for food and fiber. Scythians cultivate cannabis and use it to weave fine hemp cloth.

700-600 BCE The Zoroastrian Zendavesta, an ancient Persian religious text of several hundred volumes refers to bhang as the "good narcotic."

600 BCE Hemp rope appears in southern Russia.

700-300 BCE Scythian tribes leave Cannabis seeds as offerings in royal tombs.

500 BCE Scythian couple die and are buried with two small tents covering containers for burning incense. Attached to one tent stick was a decorated leather pouch containing wild Cannabis seeds. This closely matches the stories told by Herodotus. The gravesite, discovered in the late 1940s, was in Pazryk, northwest of the Tien Shan Mountains in modern-day Kazakhstan. Hemp is introduced into Northern Europe by the Scythians. An urn containing leaves and seeds of the Cannabis plant, unearthed near Berlin, is found and dated to about this time. Use of hemp products spread throughout northern Europe.

430 BCE Herodotus reports on both ritual and recreation use of Cannabis by the Scythians (Herodotus The Histories 430 B.C. trans. G. Rawlinson).

200 BCE Hemp rope appears in Greece. Chinese Book of Rites mentions hemp fabric.

100 BCE First evidence of hemp paper, invented in China.

100-0 BCE The psychotropic properties of Cannabis are mentioned in the newly compiled herbal Pen Ts'ao Ching.

0-100 CE Construction of Samaritan gold and glass paste stash box for storing hashish, coriander, or salt, buried in Siberian tomb.

23-79 Pliny the Elder's The Natural History mentions hemp rope and marijuana's analgesic effects.

47-127 Plutarch mentions Thracians using cannabis as an intoxicant.

70 Dioscorides, a physician in Nero's army, lists medical marijuana in his Pharmacopoeia.

100 Imported hemp rope appears in England.

105 Legend suggests that Ts'ai Lun invents hemp paper in China, 200 years after its actual appearance (see 100 BCE above).

130-200 Greek physician Galen prescribes medical marijuana.

200 First pharmacopoeia of the East lists medical marijuana. Chinese surgeon Hua T'o uses marijuana as an anesthetic.

300 A young woman in Jerusalem receives medical marijuana during childbirth.

570 The French queen Arnegunde is buried with hemp cloth.

500-600 The Jewish Talmud mentions the euphoriant properties of Cannabis.

850 Vikings take hemp rope and seeds to Iceland.

900 Arabs learn techniques for making hemp paper.

900-1000 Scholars debate the pros and cons of eating hashish. Use spreads throughout Arabia.

1000 Hemp ropes appear on Italian ships. Arabic physician Ibn Wahshiyah's On Poisons warns of marijuana's potential dangers.

1090-1124 In Khorasan, Persia, Hasan ibn al-Sabbah, recruits followers to commit assassinations...legends develop around their supposed use of hashish. These legends are some of

the earliest written tales of the discovery of the inebriating powers of Cannabis and the use of Hashish by a paramilitary organization as a hypnotic (see U.S. military use, 1942 below). Early 12th Century Hashish smoking becomes very popular throughout the Middle East.

1155-1221 Persian legend of the Sufi master Sheik Haydar's personal discovery of Cannabis and his own alleged invention of hashish with its subsequent spread to Iraq, Bahrain, Egypt and Syria. Another of the earliest written narratives of the use of Cannabis as an inebriate.

1171-1341 During the Ayyubid dynasty of Egypt, Cannabis is introduced by mystic devotees from Syria.

1200 1,001 Nights, an Arabian collection of tales, describes hashish's intoxicating and aphrodisiac properties.

13th Century The oldest monograph on hashish, *Zahr al-'arish fi tahrir al-hashish*, was written. It has since been lost. Ibn al-Baytar of Spain provides a description of the psychoactive nature of Cannabis. Arab traders bring Cannabis to the Mozambique coast of Africa.

1271-1295 Journeys of Marco Polo in which he gives second-hand reports of the story of Hasan ibn al-Sabbah and his "assassins" using hashish. First time reports of Cannabis have been brought to the attention of Europe.

1300 Ethiopian pipes containing marijuana suggest the herb has spread from Egypt to the rest of Africa.

1378 Ottoman Emir Soudoun Scheikhouni issues one of the first edicts against the eating of hashish.

1526 Babur Nama, first emperor and founder of Mughal Empire learned of hashish in Afghanistan.

1532 French physician Rabelais's gargantua and Pantagruel mentions marijuana's medicinal effects.

1533 King Henry VIII fines farmers if they do not raise hemp for industrial use.

1549 Angolan slaves brought cannabis with them to the sugar plantations of northeastern Brazil. They were permitted to plant their cannabis between rows of cane, and to smoke it between harvests.

1550 The epic poem, Benk u Bode, by the poet Mohammed Ebn Soleiman Foruli of Baghdad, deals allegorically with a dialectical battle between wine and hashish.

1563 Portuguese physician Garcia da Orta reports on marijuana's medicinal effects.

1578 China's Li Shih-Chen writes of the antibiotic and antiemetic effects of marijuana.

1600 England begins to import hemp from Russia.

1606-1632 French and British cultivate Cannabis for hemp at their colonies in Port Royal (1606), Virginia (1611), and Plymouth (1632).

1616 Jamestown settlers began growing the hemp plant for its unusually strong fiber and used it to make rope, sails, and clothing.

1621 Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy suggests marijuana may treat depression.

1600-1700 Use of hashish, alcohol, and opium spreads among the population of occupied Constantinople. Hashish becomes a major trade item between Central Asia and South Asia.

1753 Linnaeus classifies Cannabis sativa.

1764 Medical marijuana appears in The New England Dispensatory.

1776 Kentucky begins growing hemp.

1794 Medical marijuana appears in The Edinburgh New Dispensary.

1798 Napoleon discovers that much of the Egyptian lower class habitually uses hashish. Soldiers returning to France bring the tradition with them, and he declares a total prohibition.

1800- Marijuana plantations flourished in Mississippi, Georgia, California, South Carolina, Nebraska, New York, and Kentucky. Also during this period, smoking hashish was popular throughout France and to a lesser degree in the US. Hashish production expands from Russian Turkistan into Yarkand in Chinese Turkistan.

1809 Antoine Sylvestre de Sacy, a leading Arabist, suggests a base etymology between the words, "assassin" and "hashishin" -- subsequent linguists study disproves his theory.

1840 In America, medicinal preparations with a Cannabis base are available. Hashish is available in Persian pharmacies.

1842 Irish physician O'Shaughnessy publishes cannabis research in English medical journals.

1843 French author Gautier publishes *The Hashish Club*.

1846 French physician Moreau publishes *Hashish and Mental Illness*

1850 Cannabis is added to *The U.S. Pharmacopoeia*.

1850-1915 Marijuana was widely used throughout United States as a medicinal drug and could easily be purchased in pharmacies and general stores.

1854 Whittier writes the first American work to mention cannabis as an intoxicant.

1856 British tax "ganja" and "charas" trade in India.

1857 American writer Ludlow publishes *The Hasheesh Eater*.

1858 French poet Baudelaire publishes *On the Artificial Ideal*.

1870-1880 First reports of hashish smoking on the Greek mainland.

1890 Greek Department of Interior prohibits importance, cultivation and use of hashish. Hashish is made illegal in Turkey. Sir J.R. Reynolds, chief physician to Queen Victoria, prescribes medical marijuana to her.

1893-1894 The India Hemp Drugs Commission Report is issued. 70,000 to 80,000 kg per year of hashish is legally imported into India from Central Asia.

1906 In the U.S. the Pure Food and Drug Act is passed, regulating the labeling of products containing Alcohol, Opiates, Cocaine, and Cannabis, among others. Early 20th Century Hashish smoking remains very popular throughout the Middle East.

1910 The Mexican Revolution caused an influx of Mexican immigrants who introduced the habit of recreational use (instead of it's generally medicinal use) into American society.

1914 The Harrison Act in the U.S. defined use of Marijuana (among other drugs) as a crime.

1916 United States Department of Agriculture (USDA) chief scientists Jason L. Merrill and Lyster H. Dewey created paper made from hemp pulp, which they concluded was "favorable in comparison with those used with pulp wood" in USDA Bulletin No. 404. From the book "The Emperor Wears No Clothes" by Jack Herer the USDA Bulletin N. 404 reported that one acre of hemp, in annual rotation over a 20-year period, would produce as much pulp for paper as 4.1

acres (17,000 m²) of trees being cut down over the same 20-year period. This process would use only 1/7 to 1/4 as much polluting sulfur-based acid chemicals to break down the glue-like lignin that binds the fibers of the pulp, or even none at all using soda ash. The problem of dioxin contamination of rivers is avoided in the hemp paper making process, which does not need to use chlorine bleach (as the wood pulp paper making process requires) but instead safely substitutes hydrogen peroxide in the bleaching process. ... If the new (1916) hemp pulp paper process were legal today, it would soon replace about 70% of all wood pulp paper, including computer printout paper, corrugated boxes and paper bags. However, mass production of cheap news print from hemp had not developed in any country, and hemp was a relatively easy target because factories already had made large investments in equipment to handle cotton, wool, and linen, but there were relatively small investments in hemp production.

1915-1927 In the U.S. cannabis begins to be prohibited for nonmedical use. Prohibition first begins in California (1915), followed by Texas (1919), Louisiana (1924), and New York (1927).

1919 The 18th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution banned the manufacture, sale, and transportation of alcohol and positioned marijuana as an attractive alternative leading to an increase in use of the substance.

1920s Greek dictator Ioannis Metaxas cracks down on hashish smoking. Hashish smuggled into Egypt from Greece, Syria, Lebanon, Turkey, and Central Asia.

1924 Russian botanists classify another major strain of the plant, *Cannabis ruderalis*.

1926 Lebanese hashish production is prohibited.

1928 Recreational use of *Cannabis* is banned in Britain.

1930 The Yarkand region of Chinese Turkistan exports 91,471 kg of hashish legally into the Northwest Frontier and Punjab regions of India. Legal taxed imports of hashish continue into India from Central Asia.

1933 The U.S. congress repealed the 21st Amendment, ending alcohol prohibition; 4 years later the prohibition of marijuana will be in full effect.

1934-1935 Chinese government moves to end all *Cannabis* cultivation in Yarkand and charas traffic from Yarkand. Hashish production become illegal in Chinese Turkistan.

1936 The American propaganda film *Reefer Madness* was made to scare American youth away from using *Cannabis*.

1937 U.S. Congress passed the Marijuana Tax Act which criminalized the drug. In response Dr. William C. Woodward, testifying on behalf of the AMA, told Congress that, "The American Medical Association knows of no evidence that marijuana is a dangerous drug" and warned that a prohibition "loses sight of the fact that future investigation may show that there are substantial medical uses for Cannabis." His comments were ignored by Congress. A part of the testimony for Congress to pass the 1937 act derived from articles in newspapers owned by William Randolph Hearst, who had significant financial interests in the timber industry, which manufactured his newsprint paper.

1938 Supply of hashish from Chinese Turkistan nearly ceases. The U.S. company DuPont patented the processes for creating plastics from coal and oil and a new process for creating paper from wood pulp.

1940s Greek hashish smoking tradition fades.

1941 Cannabis is removed from the U.S. Pharmacopoeia and its medicinal use is no longer recognized in America. The same year the Indian government considers cultivation in Kashmir to fill void of hashish from Chinese Turkistan. Hand-rubbed charas from Nepal is choicest hashish in India during World War II.

1942 U.S. scientists working at the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), the CIA's wartime predecessor, began to develop a chemical substance that could break down the psychological defenses of enemy spies and POWs. After testing several compounds, the OSS scientists selected a potent extract of marijuana as the best available "truth serum." The cannabis concoction was given the code name TD, meaning Truth Drug. When injected into food or tobacco cigarettes, TD helped loosen the reserve of recalcitrant interrogation subjects.

1945 Legal hashish consumption continues in India. Hashish use in Greece flourishes again.

1951 The Boggs Act and the Narcotics Control Act in the U.S. increases all drug penalties and laid down mandatory sentences.

1960 Czech researchers confirm the antibiotic and analgesic effects of cannabis.

1963 Turkish police seize 2.5 tons of hashish.

1965 First reports of the strain *Cannabis afghanica* and was used for hashish production in northern Afghanistan.

1967 "Smash", the first hashish oil appears. Red Lebanese reaches California.

1970-1972 Huge fields of Cannabis are cultivated for hashish production in Afghanistan. Afghani hashish varieties introduced to North America for sinsemilla production. Westerners bring metal sieve cloths to Afghanistan. Law enforcement efforts against hashish begin in Afghanistan.

1970 The US National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) forms. That same year the Comprehensive Drug Abuse Prevention and Control Act repealed mandatory penalties for drug offenses and marijuana was categorized separately from other narcotics.

1971 First evidence suggesting marijuana may help glaucoma patients.

1972 The Nixon-appointed Shafer Commission urged use of cannabis be re-legalized, but their recommendation was ignored. U.S. Medical research picks up pace. Proposition 19 in California to legalize marijuana use is rejected by a voter margin of 66-33%.

1973 Nepal bans the Cannabis shops and charas (hand-rolled hash) export. Afghan government makes hashish production and sales illegal. Afghani harvest is pitifully small.

1975 Nabilone, a cannabinoid-based medication appears.

1976 The U.S. federal government created the Investigational New Drug (IND) Compassionate Use research program to allow patients to receive up to nine pounds of cannabis from the government each year. Today, five surviving patients still receive medical cannabis from the federal government, paid for by federal tax dollars. At the same time the U.S. FDA continues to list marijuana as Schedule I meaning: "A high potential for abuse with no accepted medical value."

1977 Carl Sagan proposes that marijuana may have been the world's first agricultural crop, leading to the development of civilization itself: "It would be wryly interesting if in human history the cultivation of marijuana led generally to the invention of agriculture, and thereby to civilization." Carl Sagan, *The Dragons of Eden, Speculations on the Origin of Human Intelligence* p 191 footnote.

1977-1981 U.S. President Carter, including his assistant for drug policy, Dr. Peter Bourne, pushed for decriminalization of marijuana, with the president himself asking Congress to abolish federal criminal penalties for those caught with less than one ounce of marijuana.

1980s Morocco becomes one of, if not the largest, hashish producing and exporting nations. "Border hashish" is produced in northwestern Pakistan along the Afghan border to avoid Soviet-Afghan war.

1985 Hashish is still produced by Muslims of Kashgar and Yarkland in Northwest China. In the U.S. the FDA approves dronabinol, a synthetic THC, for cancer patients.

1986 President Reagan signed the Anti-Drug Abuse Act, reinstating mandatory minimums and raising federal penalties for possession and distribution and officially begins the U.S. international "war on drugs."

1987 Moroccan government cracks down upon Cannabis cultivation in lower elevations of the Rif Mountains.

1988 U.S. DEA administrative law Judge Francis Young finds, after thorough hearings, that marijuana has a clearly established medical use and should be reclassified as a prescriptive drug. His recommendation is ignored.

1992 In reaction to a surge of requests from AIDS patients for medical marijuana, the U.S. government closes the Compassionate Use program. That same year the pharmaceutical medication dronabinol is approved for AIDS-wasting syndrome.

1993 Cannabis eradication efforts resume in Morocco.

1994 Border hashish still produced in Pakistan. Heavy fighting between rival Muslim clans continues to upset hashish trade in Afghanistan.

1995 Introduction of hashish-making equipment and appearance of locally produced hashish in Amsterdam coffee shops.

1996 California (the first U.S. state to ban marijuana use, see 1915) became the first U.S. State to then re-legalize medical marijuana use for people suffering from AIDS, cancer, and other serious illnesses. A similar bill was passed in Arizona the same year. This was followed by the passage of similar initiatives in Alaska, Colorado, Maine, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Washington D.C., Hawaii, Maryland, New Mexico, Rhode Island, and Vermont.

1997 The American Office of National Drug Control Policy commissioned the Institute of Medicine (IOM) to conduct a comprehensive study of the medical efficacy of cannabis therapeutics. The IOM concluded that cannabis is a safe and effective medicine, patients should have access, and the government should expand avenues for research and drug development. The federal government completely ignored its findings and refused to act on its recommendations.

1997-2001 In direct contradiction to the IOM recommendations, President Clinton, continuing the Regan and Bush "war on drugs" era, began a campaign to arrest and prosecute medical cannabis patients and their providers in California and elsewhere.

1999 Hawaii and North Dakota unsuccessfully attempt to legalize hemp farming. The U.S. DEA reclassifies dronabinol as a schedule III drug, making the medication easier to prescribe while marijuana itself continues to be listed Schedule I as having "no accepted medical use."

2000 Legalization initiative in Alaska fails.

2001 Britain's Home Secretary, David Blunkett, proposes relaxing the classification of cannabis from a class B to class C. Canada adopts federal laws in support of medical marijuana, and by 2003 Canada becomes the first country in the world to approve medical marijuana nationwide.

2001-2009 Under President G.W. Bush the U.S. federal government intensified its "war on drugs" targeting both patients and doctors across the state of California.

2005 Marc Emery, a Canadian citizen and the largest distributor of marijuana seeds into the United States from approximately 1995 through July 2005 was on the FBI #1 wanted drug list for years and was eventually indicted by the U.S. DEA. He was extradited from Canada for trial in the U.S. in May 2010.

2009 President Obama made steps toward ending the very unsuccessful 20-year "war on drugs" initiated during the Regan administration by stating that individual drug use is really a public health issue, and should be treated as such. Under his guidance, the U.S. Justice Department announced that federal prosecutors will no longer pursue medical marijuana users and distributors who comply with state laws.

2010 Marc Emery of Vancouver, BC, Canada, was sentenced on September 10 in a U.S. District Court in Seattle to five years in prison and four years of supervised release for "conspiracy to manufacture marijuana" (e.g. selling marijuana seeds).

2010 Proposition 19 to legalize marijuana in California is placed back on the ballot (named The Regulate, Control and Tax Cannabis Act of 2010). Current voter poles suggest that the proposition has about 50% population support and will likely win or lose by a margin of only 2%.

Oct 2010 Just weeks before the November 02 California election on Prop. 19 Attorney General Eric Holder said federal authorities would continue to enforce U.S. laws that declare the drug is illegal, even if voters approve the initiative, stating "we will vigorously enforce the (Controlled Substances Act) against those individuals and organizations that possess, manufacture or distribute marijuana for recreational use."

Nov 2010 California Proposition 19, also known as the Regulate, Control and Tax Cannabis Act of 2010, was narrowly defeated by 53.6% of the vote. This would have legalized various marijuana-related activities in California, allowing local governments to regulate these activities, permitting local governments to impose and collect marijuana-related fees and taxes, and authorizing various criminal and civil penalties.

Nov 2012 The States of Colorado and Washington legalize marijuana / cannabis for recreational use; promises are made to the people that these new initiatives will have no impact on medical marijuana in those states. The country of Uruguay legalizes marijuana / cannabis for recreational use. The US District of Columbia decriminalizes personal use and possession of marijuana / cannabis.

July 07, 2014 Cannabis City becomes Seattle's very first legal marijuana shop for over-the-counter purchase & recreational use. This generated world-wide media attention and a serious discussion over the legalization of marijuana and a possible end to the American "drug war." The first purchase, by Deb Green a 65-year old marathon-running grandmother from Ballard, is part of the collection of the Museum of History and Industry in Seattle, Washington.

Nov 2014 The States of Alaska and Oregon legalize marijuana / cannabis for recreational use; the States of California, Nevada, Arizona, Hawaii and Massachusetts all begin to draft legalization legislation.

July 24, 2015 With the passage of Senate Bill 5052 Washington State medical marijuana comes fully under the control of the newly re-named Washington Liquor and Cannabis Board (LCB).

Those of you that DID make it all the way to the end of this, I sincerely hope you enjoyed reading this, especially my thoughts on.....Wait for it.....DARK MEAT. Oh, and Cannabis has ALWAYS been a big part of our evolution as a species as you can see.

“Perpetual Forgiveness” is not a “License”

The expectation of perpetual forgiveness is not a license to repeatedly commit the same offense.

Because of the variety of life over the years, I have come in contact with many diverse religious beliefs, primarily different beliefs among "Christians", including most Protestant beliefs, as well as Catholic beliefs.

Although most are good karma people, many are knowingly about as evil as they come (using their own learned interpretation of good versus evil), and they continue repeating their evil (sin) whatever that may be, because of their twisted belief and reliance on their "forgiveness" part of their faith.

Some religious beliefs conduct spiritual rituals for confession, penance, and forgiveness. In the Catholic faith, once a week, or more if necessary, you can confess sins that you and your confessor (priest) both know you have repeatedly committed most of your life (if you maintain that sort of life).

I think it's one of mankind's failures, to really not separate oneself from the wickedness and evil that we all have experienced. Jesus, pointing down the road, once said, "Go, and sin no more". Whether it was Jesus or someone from Mars that said that, the fact is that we are religiously taught to believe in original sin, guilt, and forgiveness, yet we just can't seem to get rid of the wickedness, whatever we acknowledge that to be.

If there is any remorse at all, we seek forgiveness because of a learned guilty conscience, adjudicating our guilt based upon what we have been taught, and believe to be the difference between good and evil, i.e., "The knowledge of Good and Evil". I say bullshit.

By nature, our species teaches our children good karma versus the bad karma shit, relatively speaking. The problem is that so many people have a twisted belief system wherein they truly believe that the bad shit they keep doing is okay because they will be "Forgiven" again and again anyway, somewhere down the road, and therefore they can maintain their Status Quo, their unhealthy guilty conscience and continue to knowingly cause suffering upon others. I classify them as the real sickos.

I have had close associations with so-called "Christians", even some Pastors and men of authority in a church who turned out to be as hypocritical and evil as they come, all the while keeping up the phony charade for others to see.

How can we flip off and curse another driver who just cut you off and feel good about ourselves, where is the good karma in that? It's quite simple. If you feel that something you are doing is negatively impacting someone or something else, STOP DOING IT! And if you really feel a need to still believe in the sin stuff, GO AND SIN NO MORE!

Figuratively speaking, when Jesus was pointing down the road, he was telling that person that as far as the eye could see, and for all eternity, that person had the ability to PERMANENTLY sin no more, whatever the sin was, he was saying, "Go.....And by the way, sin no more".

I believe anyone who is not just outright mad (crazy), has the power within themselves to recognize and shun negative karma, and to thereby exude positive karma without the need for saying 5 our fathers and 6 “Hail Marys” to achieve forgiveness.

Any religion that tells you, and trains/indoctrinates you from childhood on that you have sinned and need to repent, is automatically assuming, AND telling you (teaching you) that you are a sinner by nature and need to be punished for your sins, which I have come to believe is complete utter nonsense.

Regardless of your religious beliefs, if you allow yourself to be a brainwashed vessel for bitterness, hatred, bigotry, and racism.....if your thoughts, words and actions are a continuous display of everything we would normally recognize as evil or wickedness, you are what you are, a sorry, unforgiving asshole, full of bitterness, hatred, racism, and bigotry.

If you reject the nature of the evil, i.e., the negative karma in the first place, and instead, reinforce and instill positive karma in every moment of your life, you will enjoy true peace and happiness. You will not have a guilty conscience if you haven't accepted the negative or bad karma in the first place.

Without a guilty conscience, there is no requirement for forgiveness. Without the need for forgiveness, there is no reason to expect apologies from others around us because we have bestowed that same positive, or "good" karma on them. The Golden Rule. Think about it. Treat others how you expect to be treated. Pretty simple isn't it. Every race, color or creed has the opportunity and choice to be evil, or good for mankind. I choose good, how about you?

“Living Parents”

I was having a conversation the other day with a friend of mine who was sharing a few things from her heart. We will call her Mary. Mary was speaking, I was listening. She was sharing the fact that her 94-year-old Father was not doing well, and that she visits him every week.

Now, the front part of this is the fact that the love in her life, John, had passed away just a year ago, after a short, painful battle with cancer. On top of that, while John’s cancer was diagnosed, and being treated, Mary also was battling recently discovered cancer.

She continued to share with me. Despite her own illness, and dealing with the emotional trauma of losing John, she continues to spend time with her ill Father every week. I had shared with her before in a previous conversation, how I too had lost loved ones, and what I did to cope with the agony and sorrow related to losing four different family members, all at various stages in my life. Now, in this new conversation, when she was finished sharing these pieces of her life with me, I shared the following response, that I felt was important to share with you.

The most important relationship in a person's life is the one we hold dear to our hearts with "Living" parents. You, young lady, are THE most important person in your father's life. It is so wonderful that you see him as often as you do. You STILL are his "Little Girl", and will always be. As he is finishing the last chapter in his book of life, you are the lead character in his book, and probably have been for many years now. Keep it up. You are his Heroine.

I told her that whatever her father was dealing with, health-wise in this last chapter of his life, she was a comfort to him, that her relationship with her Father, was and continues to be,

THE most important relationship in his life right now. Of course, Mary is close to her Father and loves him very much. Again, despite her own health issues and her continuing grief and mourning over losing John, she continues to put aside her own troubles to visit her Father.

We all wish that our children remain close to us, and some of us fear living out our last chapter in our lives alone, in some Rest Home named Happy Days Adult Care Facility.

I continued to explain to Mary, that her love and respect for her Father, her weekly visits, will continue to be a wonderful part in the last chapter of his life. That in her selflessness, she would be blessed with healing in her heart as well as her body. I shared with her that it obviously was a normal thing to feel the intense pain and sorrow in our hearts immediately after we lose someone close. That over time, our hearts do heal, and that our memories of our loved one becomes part of the healing process. Goodness and mercy do influence our physical health in a positive way as well.

So, the message to people that read this, that have a parent or parents that are living out the last chapter in THEIR book of life, BE a part of your parent's life. If you place them in a "Rest Home" and forget about them, except for a holiday visit or two during the year, they are NOT resting, they are emotionally suffering, on top of their physical suffering whatever that may be.

I don't know how the word REST originally appeared in our vocabulary and was paired with the word HOME. We normally use it in the phrase REST IN PEACE, or RIP. When you are living out that last chapter in your life, the worst thing to happen is that you live out the remaining years ALONE, except for the caretakers, nurses, and the dude next door that just walked by with his pajama bottoms down around his ankles, leaving a trail of shit behind him.

This was the last chapter in Grandpoppy's life, my children's Grandfather on their mother's side. I was without a vote when the two sisters, (my sister-in-law married to a very successful, very rich doctor in NYC), placed him in a really shitty nursing home. I don't think my wife's sister ever visited her father in that "home". The alternative was to hire a full-time nurse to care for him in his home, which they sold for half a million dollars while he was still alive, barely existing as a human being in that fucking nursing home (scuse my French, it upsets me still when I think about it).

If you are suffering yourself, your compassion and love towards others is medicine for your body and soul. Goodness and mercy follow those that show goodness and mercy to others. Selfishness, (not a good karma thing) is something that brings suffering eventually, so work on being selfless.

Hate begets hate, try LOVE. It's actually quite simple. Become an overcomer. Overcome all the negative things in your life. You might say, "That's easy for YOU to say"...Well, I'm 71 years old, and STILL working on it. I HAVE overcome many negative things in my life, and replaced the negative with positive. I KNOW you can do it as well.

Quotes, and a few final thoughts

Here are a few simple quotes of my own, and a few final thoughts

"Real WEALTH is not measured in Dollars and Cents. Be RICH beyond measure in COMPASSION, HUMILITY, FORGIVENESS and COMMON SENSE"

I will remain "True to my course" in spite of spilling coffee on my map. In other words, if someone you know is a little crazy, just say, "Dude, I think you've spilled a little coffee on your map"

"Positive and lasting transformation in one's life begins and finishes in your mind and spirit, your physical body is just along for the ride"

"An educated person without Common Sense is like a person wearing a Red jacket trying to milk a Bull"

"Knowledge isn't necessarily a sign of strength, but the right awareness can strengthen, the wrong can weaken"

"Sheeple will eat whatever grass their Shepherd leads them to"

“Keep in mind, whatever you think of me, I am forgiving”

“We can truly love one another, just drop the pistol”

“Getting an evil person to feel compassion is almost as easy as getting a dead man to smile”

“Expecting your patience to overcome an angry person is like trying to teach an arrogant person the value of humility. An angry person could eventually be subdued by your patience, but an arrogant person is a complete waste of your time, in my humble opinion”

“Asking someone who is selfish to forgive is like expecting the truth when you ask a deceitful person a question. Best to apologize under your breath when faced with deceitfulness, because selfishness does not participate in forgiveness in either direction”

“Success in life begins with doing. Set your goals, strive for them, and never give up. DOING has a beginning but should never have an ending. No matter what your goals are in life, your continued persistence and refusal to give up, is what will reward you with success in your life”

“We are all like a single fly, farting in the wind. No one hears us”

“Anger, wither mine or yours, righteous or not, destroys our Peace of Mind, yours and mine, so take a deep breath, refuse the anger, let’s both feel Peace. As we achieve Peace even righteous anger becomes unrighteous, so sayeth my Peace of Mind”

“Being true to oneself, will sometimes be regarded as retarded, by those who could give a flying fuck about you anyway”

“I’ve been trying to procrastinate all day, but I’m having a hard time getting started”

“If we can truly love ourselves with the innocence of a newborn child, then we can truly love one another”

“The knowledge of good and evil, that's the difference between you and a Baboon”

“Don’t look back! You know what’s worse than failure? The agony of “Regret”

“When you are big enough that your threat of force can prevent wars, you’ve accomplished your objective without the useless killing of other people”

“Money isn’t necessarily the root of all evil, but GREED is”

"Intelligence, or lack thereof, and Common Sense, have absolutely nothing in common”

"My life hasn't been all THAT incredible.....except for all the INCREDIBLE things that HAVE happened in my life"

"The expectation of perpetual forgiveness is not a license to repeatedly commit the same offense"

"We all may be just one FUNNY FACE away from the FUNNY FARM, and I think that's FUNNY AS HELL"

Final thoughts on War and the “Golden Rule”

Warfare exists because of political, religious and ethnic differences and the historical “Colonization” of our planet. Nothing new, except today, “War” is a “Product”. Conflict and war have taken millions of innocent lives throughout our known history. 2,300 + years without a day of killing so far. Think about it.

We still use our differences as an excuse to start wars, invade sovereign countries, take down dictators, not because of our differences like a thousand years ago, but to feed the military/industrial money machine owned by a handful of people at the top of the pyramid (if you trust in that theory).

I don't think all of us are crazy. I don't think it's crazy to believe that every human being on earth should be treated with love and respect. I don't think our cultural, societal and religious differences should get in the way of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Love thy neighbor as thyself.

"With or without religion, you would have good people doing good things, and evil people doing evil things. But for good people to do evil things, that takes religion." - Steven Weinberg.

I believe that a simple thing like the “Golden Rule” will play a large part in the positive transformation of our species. New Age Order, not New World Order. Love yourself. Love your neighbor. Try showing the same love that we have for our children, our pets. Give that love to the world.

If you do ANYTHING at all, do it with sincerity, compassion, kindness and respect, if you say anything, say it with the same sincerity, compassion, kindness and respect. What you do is really perceived as how you do it, and what you say is really perceived as how you say it.....

Fighting with a Donkey over a loaf of bread

Since this is supposed to be my "Memoir" (of an unknown dude), and I earlier had said that I would end it with a "Memory" because I took the liberty of Preachn' for a bit of it, I felt that since I live in Ensenada, Baja California, Mexico that it would be fitting to end my memoir with a short chapter on my first visit to Ensenada in 1975.

It was August of 1975. I was engaged to get married to the only true love of my life that lasted for twenty years and produced two wonderful kids. Our son Tommy, and our daughter Tara.

The church that my fiancé and I were attending at the time, although not a Catholic Church, none the less had a membership that included a large contingency of Former Catholics from the Hispanic community in Wilmington, California. As such, incredible as it was, and because through those members who still had ties to their Catholic Churches, our official sister church was a Catholic Church in Mexico.

One of the members of a local Catholic parish also had a strong relationship with the same Catholic Church in Mexico. This member spoke one Sunday at our Church, an interdenominational derivative of the Assemblies of God denomination. He spoke of the dire needs in Baja especially regarding the number of "Orphans" and the number of orphanages in Baja. After church that day, I spoke to this brother and asked him how I could help.

He told me that the following week he was going to be driving a 55 foot big-rig down to Baja to distribute food, clothing, furniture, medicinal products and everything else under the Sun and asked me if I would like to take part in his "Mission" to Baja.

I said yes, of course and a week later I was riding shot-gun in a not-so-new big-rig, pulling that 55-foot trailer. This trailer was packed to the back, with everything you could imagine. Bread and other perishable goods like fruits and vegetables that the local stores had to throw away because of the expiration dates, canned goods of all kinds, clothing and shoes that many of the local Catholic Churches had collected, and clothing that my church had collected. In addition to the clothing, we had furniture, mostly bed frames and mattresses, the sorely needed medical supplies, all kinds of toys (that American kids had donated), things like rope, kerosene lanterns, lumber, if it could fit in this trailer, we had it. We even had a “kitchen sink”.

In total we dropped our load off, bit by bit, at seven or eight orphanages (owned and run by the various Catholic Diocese). Most of these orphanages were located in very remote locations, except for the one we visited in Tijuana and the one in Ensenada, which was our final stop.

Each time we stopped, the children would come running out from the buildings with joy, shouting hello, smiling, whistling, laughing, excited as if it was Christmas because they knew from previous missions, that we had toys AND shoes. Many of these orphans, little boys and girls were barefoot, so the shoes were a big deal to them, next to the toys of course.

I didn't see a child older than ten or eleven or so. I guess because older kids were strong enough to make the arduous, and sometimes dangerous journey with their parents to America. The sad part is the fact that these children were abandoned in a way, by a parent or parents. Charles, the Catholic dude that I was helping, explained that the parents, in most cases had no choice. The badly needed jobs, mostly as farm laborers, and hope, was in America, and the

parents left their children in Mexico because they knew the journey would be extremely if not impossible for their younger children to complete.

I understood why the parents left their children. It just saddened me. At least, I thought, it was a good thing that the parents dropped them off at all these orphanages, which by the way, we did not get to all of them. Charles told me that there were at least eight other orphanages that we didn't go to because we just didn't have enough "Stuff" to provide to all of them.

All these years later, I still have a few photos that I took, as a memory of my "Mission to Baja". Now I am living here in Ensenada, where one of the orphanages was located. It's a bittersweet memory, and one that I will never forget. Today I wonder if the same conditions still exist, forty-four years later.

"The Dead Martian in the Trunk along with the Typewriters"

The front end of the story about how I got into this predicament you are about to read on the following pages is going to have to wait, at least the bulk of it, for inclusion in the novel. The short explanation is as you already have read, I was fucked up. Childhood PTSD is real. I was AWOL from the Navy. Working for a Carnival Midway at the New Jersey State Fair in Trenton, putting up the "Hootchie Cootch" show tent for a once famous stripper that I had hooked up with several County Fairs earlier beginning in Maine. I ended up hitchhiking south for reasons that I will write in the novel.

It was about 2 o'clock in the morning. I had been hitch-hiking for three days from Trenton, and I was now walking through a small town of Folkston, Georgia. No skyscrapers, and you couldn't find the sidewalks because they DID roll them up at night.

Quiet, so quiet as I walked down the main street of town. The only sound being this interesting sound of electricity coursing through the pole-top transformers, and the even more interesting sound, hum really, of one huge neon sign, humming, "Murphy's Chevrolet".

Bugs. You also could hear the night time bugs. The large bugs flying around the six street lights, mostly moths, the other bugs, like the crickets, who apparently, we're suffering from insomnia as well. Not like there actually was a brick and mortar "Downtown".

There were no tall buildings to leap over in a single bound, and I didn't run through it like a speeding bullet. I certainly wasn't more powerful than a Locomotive, just a very tired, very hungry, scrawny teenager walking past the Murphy's Chevrolet, sign "Humming" above me.

Well, not quite past. I ended up walking around the lot with all the new cars lined up in three or four rows.

Dead balloons. I remember all the mostly deflated balloons lying across the cars, limp but constrained by the string that bound them, mostly deflated, like all the helium had leaked out, many had just enough helium left in them, that they were still round, but small, and not totally out of gas. Two of the balloons were still defying gravity and were floating just a little.

Well, look at this one! A Brand New Shiny Red Malibu Super Sport with 396 insignias on its front fenders. In the back of the building, I found myself crawling through an open window. You know, the industrial kind of window that flips open from the center. Window already was open, so I thought, “Well, I’m not “Breaking” but I am “Entering” (Breaking and Entering, get it?). I never would have entered the building, i.e., never would have broken a window to get in the place. The window just happened to be cranked wide open, inviting me to explore further.

I raided their refrigerator. Leftovers of every imaginable kind. Did I mention I was hungry? Actually, I really hadn't eaten a decent meal in two days, so yes, I was hungry. I ate someone's leftover tuna salad sandwich, 2 bananas, some soup, and what was left of a peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

After this wonderful gourmet meal, washed down by some Dr. Pepper, I decided to explore a little further. In those days, the dealers didn't have the sophisticated gadgetry and electronic doodads to monitor and control all the keys to everything on this lot. Nope. Just a big peg board with pegs of car keys hanging, new & used. Whoever designed their system should get the Nobel Prize for Stupid.

I went back out to the shiny brand new 1968 Malibu with pencil and paper in hand, (I didn't find ONE ink pen, that dude was Scottish). They hadn't invented Post-It pads yet, otherwise I would have used one. Wrote down the special code that was written on the front glass on the driver's side. 68Mr4. That stood for 1968 Malibu Red 4 Speed.

It took me a minute or two to figure out the coded location on the pegboard. There was a total of 40 pegs. Thirty pegs had keys dangling, ten pegs were empty. Ahhhhh, see? Simple. As I grabbed the keys with the correct code hand-written on a small circular tag in pencil, I noticed that this tag was almost worn out. Codes had been written and erased so many times, many of the tags were dying of overuse.

Anyway, not exactly a clever system, and like I said before, the owner has to be Scottish, (how much do paper tags cost anyway). Your very first listen to the revving of a 396 V8, putting out 350 horses. Along with three bottles of Dr. Pepper, which I had stuffed in my pockets along with all the "desk" change I could find in the unlocked desk drawers, I had grabbed some bags of potato chips, cigars & matches, and a typewriter.

OK! This was exciting! I made the typewriter trip one more time and snagged one of those mechanical adding machines and a slide projector and put it in in the trunk with the typewriter.

Down the road I go. Heading still, to Florida, only now I'm not walking. In the headlight's glare ahead of me I could see foliage on either side of the road, cut back to trees and open areas. I couldn't really tell what the open areas consisted of because by the time the scenery was even with my 1968 Chevrolet Malibu, 396 with a four-speed, it was dark again, i.e., no longer in the headlights.

Three miles to the state line? Folkston is the last small town off U. S. Highway 301 before crossing over the St. Mary's River into Florida. 54 miles to Jacksonville. I had a map when I drove away from Folkston.

Southern Georgia two lane country road at 3:00 AM, almost to Florida. Beautiful starry sky, nothing but dark on either side of the road. No other headlights in sight that time of the night, well early morning.

It was not a deer in the headlights I suddenly came upon. To me it may as well have been a dinosaur, or some creature from Mars. Seeing it from a distance, this strange creature was big enough to notice, and sat there, frozen in the high beams like Bambi.

I stopped in the middle of the road about ten feet from this strange creature, got out of the car, and walked up to take a closer look. This thing was still moving forward a little, in spite of having the headlamps of my car probably blinding it momentarily. I picked this odd beast up and walked back to the car.

Putting this monster in the trunk, I thought to myself, "Gee, maybe I can sell this thing to a zoo when I get to Florida". You will find out what this animal was later on in this story. Try to guess what I almost ran over?

No, it was not an alligator. At some point, if not now, one has to be just a little bit curious as to what this 19-year-old farm boy from Minnesota is doing in Southern Georgia at three AM driving a brand new 1968 Chevrolet Malibu SS (Super Sport) with a 396 and a four-speed. Story begins in Minnesota in October of 1963. That strange night and equally strange creature happened in the late fall early winter of 1967, four years later.

Remember, I'm a farm boy from Minnesota. I really had never seen this creature, even in a book. Our school was too backward in time to believe that something like an encyclopedia would have an influence on our education. In junior and senior high, I didn't spend a whole lot of time in the school library, and the mention of this creature must have been on a day I stayed home from school.

Honestly, in my stupidity, I had absolutely no idea what the fuck this thing was. Back to the 1968 Chevrolet Malibu Super Sport with a 396 and a 4-Speed. Dealers in those days, in order to prevent or negatively affect your little joy ride to a mile past dinosaur, did a few things recommended in their Dealer Ownership manual.

The needle on the gas gauge was just a hair or two above empty. Rule number one in your ownership manual "Security" section, don't leave a lot of gas in the tanks. Instructive advice number two in that same section, disconnect the alternator or generator, so the only thing running the spark-plugs on the car is the battery, which dies shortly after you ran out of gas, and out of ignorance, left the radio on, which worked great for a while, catching some cool jazz from a station in Jacksonville, Florida, to slowly dying radio signal.

No, you idiot! Slowly dying battery! Count Basie is down to a whisper for less than a minute before fading out to totally dead battery. Soooooo tired. It's about beddy-bye time. It's more than just spooky to be on a two-lane road, three miles from town. Dead battery. No lights. And now, no radio.

You start to hear all the sounds, almost like jungle music with monkeys and everything, as you climb into the tiny back seat to try to get some sleep. Remember, you haven't slept in two days, and you really are seeing too many things in the dark that probably aren't there.

Other than the jungle sounds, there eventually wasn't any sound coming from the trunk where the "Creature", one typewriter, one adding machine and one slide projector were sitting. I said eventually, when I first tried to fall asleep, the "Creature" from Planet X possibly thought it could claw, like through dirt, through the floor of the trunk. After about fifteen minutes of clawing by that thing from Mars, it stopped clawing, and I finally fell asleep.

I was abruptly awakened to a loud, tap tap tap of the barrel of a six-shooter on the driver's side rear window. Said six-shooter was in the right hand of the local sheriff. I immediately rolled that rear window down as he said, "Good Morning, son". I wasn't his son, but that's how they talked back then. Think about this. I've been sleeping so soundly, that I thought he was going to break the window, he tapped so hard. I wonder how many taps on the window it actually took before I heard it?

No gas, no battery, no license plates, no driver's license and registration. He asked a few lame questions. I told him that I had to pull over to sleep, as I did not want to fall asleep while driving, and possibly put other drivers at four in the morning, in grave danger. He didn't ask me to get out of the car. After I told him that I did not have the required by law, documents, you would normally think that the Sheriff would politely ask me to get out of the car.

"Yes sir! I would NEVER drive if I even thought for one minute that I was too sleepy to drive, that's why I'm in the back seat, and there's a box on the front passenger seat containing a

stolen Nuclear Bomb. And that hand cranking antique adding machine in the trunk is for counting up all the dead people after I leave this Nuclear weapon at the Pawn Shop in Jacksonville".

I obviously didn't say all that, I thought it, but whatever conversation that took place between the Sheriff and I was strange enough.

No. Instead we said our goodbyes. When he was out of sight down the road, I grabbed the stuff in the front passenger seat, the one remaining Dr. Pepper, the Slide Projector, and the old pull handle adding machine, put the cigars in my shirt pockets and started walking, in the opposite direction. He drove away, waving goodbye, and I hitch-hiked to Florida. My last ride was all the way into Downtown Jacksonville.

I knew I couldn't take the typewriters AND the "Creature" to Florida, and dummy me didn't think of letting the Martian out of the trunk either, sadly. Actually, I did think of it, but I had already walked about three miles before I thought of it, and I was not going to walk back to that car. They will certainly let that creature out of the trunk. Probably sell it to a zoo. What do you think?

First thing I did was have lunch at McDonald's, with most of that loose change from my pockets. I used up all the quarters and fifty-cent pieces and all of the dimes and nickels. I think I had 23 pennies left to my name.

"Hello, my name is Johnny Racket", kinda said with a Johnny Cash accent. No not "Rocket", Racket, like in tennis. "Yes, I'm A tennis pro in Jacksonville. Where do I teach you ask? I teach at the tennis courts. Where? Like specifically? All over really, any tennis court that

will take me. The slide projector? I use that to show my students pictures of my last tournament at "Widdlledumb".

That was my conversation with the old couple that gave me my last long ride into Jacksonville. At a randomly picked Pawn Shop, "20 Dollars for the typewriter? That's fine, what about this antique adding machine? Is two dollars the best you can do?" The Pawn broker gave me the \$22.00 and I headed out the door. At the same time, he starts dialing the Charlton County Sheriff's office to notify them that you have just left, his store, and they in turn radio Sheriff Jackson, who is waiting for you as you walk across the state line into Georgia. Yes, I got turned around. Thought I was walking south, but I was walking north, back towards Georgia.

Duuuuuu!!! No map, shitty, actually, deliberately false directions, means you are not heading farther south into Florida, it's noon. The sun is up there in the middle of the sky. You really can't tell East from West or from North to South as you are walking along.

Now sitting handcuffed in the back seat of the Sheriff's police cruiser, he's laughing his ass off about my lack of direction, and more so, laughing at the fact that the Pawn Broker gave me directions that would intentionally get me heading north towards Georgia. You really didn't pay attention to the highway signs that said things like, during that one nice long ride that took you to the driver's turnoff just before the state line.

Sheriff Jackson's vehicle was nowhere in sight until you were about a hundred yards into Georgia. Then he pulls up from behind you, driving ever so slowly in reverse, as you are sorta walking backwards, looking south, when you thought you were looking north, i.e., you are mostly walking backwards when cars are approaching, so you think the cars coming toward you

are heading to Florida. Walking backwards with your thumb out precludes a person from seeing the signs like, ten miles to Georgia.

Once I turned and saw the "Welcome to Georgia" sign, everything happened so quickly. You realized that you were an idiot, and Sheriff Jackson believed that you were an idiot. The welcome sign was NOT on the exact line. It was a hundred and thirty yards into Georgia.

This wasn't some major border crossing like into Tijuana, this was a highway crossing a state line in the middle of nowhere, not at the state line in Lake Tahoe. Jokes on you, you thought you were headed towards Miami. First words from Sheriff Jackson? "Welcome back to Georgia, son". I wasn't his son.

I sort of felt relieved. I look back now and realize it was all good karma. What was in the trunk along with the typewriters? We will reveal the "creature" shortly.

90 days later, still sitting on the lot is that beautiful 1968 Chevrolet Malibu SS with a 396 and a 4-speed, a salesman was opening the driver's side door to show a young couple the car, and the stench of rotting flesh, that dead dinosaur, had filled up the interior from the unopened trunk. The salesman immediately closed the door and calmly walked back into the office, asking everyone within earshot, "Isn't that the vehicle that kid took off the lot three months ago?"

Well yes, George said. Bob the salesman who was trying to show the car, said, "I think we need to call the Sheriff, that kid left a dead body in the trunk". Yes, everyone thought, dead HUMAN body. The Sheriff along with three other officers, the Fire Department, and an Ambulance shows up for the "Opening of the Trunk" along with a news crew from Atlanta that happened to be in the area, about thirty minutes away.

The "Opening of the Trunk" could not take place until the news crews from Atlanta and Jacksonville showed up to film it (where's Geraldo Rivera when you need him). Finally, drum roll please, after about thirty minutes of speculation and waiting for CBS Channel 46 out of Atlanta to show up, and another fifteen minutes for the news crews to get set up, one of the reporters is telling the TV audience, "They are about to unlock and open the trunk".

Who will it be?" By now of course everyone is thinking a dead person. Rumors are going around that this kid from Minnesota was high on Marijuana and killed his partner in crime. Flash forward to when the owner of the dealership had visited me in the cell at the county jail a few days later.

"Tommy, we all feel sorry that your mom died and everything, and quite honestly, you know we care because Jesus cares (Mr. Murphy was a Born-Again). We were potentially going to let the Navy take you back, but if it wasn't for that dead fucking Armadillo in the trunk, I would have let them take you. You have to be punished, and you will be punished, not by the Navy, but by the State of Georgia. We had to total the vehicle. Cost me \$2,300.

Yes, good karma. Had the U. S. Navy got a hold of me, it could have been 10 years or more in a Brig. Instead, the Wayne County Prison Farm in Jesup was my next home for what was supposed to be three years.

A "Chain Gang", like the Paul Newman movie, "Cool Hand Luke" if you have ever seen it. Lucky me, I made parole first time up, which was a miracle in itself, after 22 months, two months shy of two years. Jesup is close to Penholoway Swamp Wildlife Management Area, or as

George Carlin would say, "The Penholoway Alligator, Snakes, and Other Lethal Creatures Management Area".

At just under 5,000 acres, it's a much smaller swamp than the Okefenokee Swamp at 500,000 acres. Which Carlin probably would have renamed, "The Okefenokee Lots More Alligator, Snakes, and Other Lethal Creatures Refuge Area". Both swamps are places you do NOT want to get lost in, day or night, and they built the Wayne County Prison Farm in the early 1920's purposely backed up to the Penholoway.

“The Dead Armadillo Story”

Foreword

You read about what the circumstances were that gifted me an “Extended Vacation” at the Wayne County Prison Farm in a previous chapter titled "The Dead Martian in the Trunk.....". This last chapter of my “Memoir” required a special "Foreword" because today, the 30th of September 2019 is a new chapter in my writing career.

This chapter, is just a part of a story that I've been trying to write for over forty years. Each time I tried I soon gave up, partially because my memory for that part of my past was a little obscure to say the least, and partially because I lacked the skill to write it. Since I knew that I had to add this chapter to this "Memoir", tonight, I am swimming in a sea of inspiration.

I've had to plug this Samsung Notepad in when I have to do something like, in this order, eat, take a shit, load and smoke a bowl, and have a sip of my coffee, which I'm doing right now. THAT'S how important this chapter is to me, because for the first time out of dozens of times over the past forty years, I feel an inspiration level never before felt, and after I publish this memoir, I will continue with the story until I have a full-length novel ready to adapt to the "Big Screen". So, enjoy this chapter, it's as real as the rest of my memoir.

For those readers of this memoir that are really wanting more of my DEAD ARMADILLO story, like say, a Producer, or a Director, or a Screenwriter or someone or a company to option a yet to be written novel, you can contact me at any time, night or day. If you are a reader who is not in the industry, but you are anxious to read or hear more, I'm sorry, but you're going to have to wait until my novel hits the shelves. This is going to be beyond what you normally see on

Amazon Kindle, so thanks for your patience. So now, on with the chapter, "The Dead Armadillo".

“The Dead Armadillo Story”

After the suspenseful "Opening of the Trunk" and the discovery of the rotting carcass of the Dead Armadillo, and two days after the owner of the dealership paid me a visit, I was taken to a small nondescript office building in Folkston. This was the office of the Charlton county appointed Judge who was, as far as I could tell, just a local attorney that had been appointed to the position.

I was seated in his office, with the sheriff, Mr. Murphy the owner of the Chevy dealership, and a few other dudes that I did not recognize. Mind you, this was not a courtroom. It was this lawyer/judge's in a normal, sort of plain old ordinary looking office. Could have been the Dog-Catcher's office as far as I knew.

Not wasting time, they were very polite, and the judge, Mr. Brown, whom I guess had been told about the trauma regarding my fucked-up childhood and my mother's death, spoke to me in a very sympathetic manner, telling me like Mr. Murphy had, how sorry he felt for me. He asked me a few questions basic questions which I can't remember, and then read off three charges.

Breaking and entering, which I didn't do because the fucking side window was open, burglary, which was correct I'm thinking to myself, I had stolen a few typewriters an adding machine, a slide projector, some loose change, a few cigars and of course, that beautiful 1968 Chevrolet Malibu Super Sport, with a 396 and a four-speed ". The theft of the vehicle was the third charge he read.

It's funny that when he was reading off the items for the burglary charge, he included some of the food that I had taken and eaten from the refrigerator, plus the four Dr. Peppers, one Milky

Way Candy Bar, and three packages of Potato Chips. After he read the charges, I asked him, "Don't I get a Defense Attorney", and the "Judge responded, "Son, Mr. Jackson sitting over there will be your "Court Appointed Attorney" this evening.

Right after that he asked me how I was pleading to the crimes and without hesitation I said remorsefully "Well sir, I AM guilty of all of it, so I guess I plead guilty as charged". As soon as I said that, my attorney got out of his chair, and without a word, left the room. As he was leaving, I commented, "Where you going, Mr. Jackson, He was gone without saying good luck, good bye, nothing.

Mr. Brown, (the Judge) immediately answered for my attorney who had just walked out the door closing it behind him, "Well, you see Mr. Saxe, down in these parts, if you plead guilty like you just did, we figure you no longer need legal representation".

Several minutes later, some papers were being signed, and I received my sentences. Not guilty for the "Breaking and Entering" charge, guilty for the "Burglary" charge, three years, and guilty for the "Auto Theft" charge, three years, both sentences to run concurrently. That meant that I was going to spend three years instead of three plus three equals six years in prison. Whew, that was a plus. Fifteen minutes later I was back sitting in my cell at the city jail.

It's six in the morning the following day, and I was being transported, to where, I had no fucking clue. Jesup, Georgia is 55 miles of Folkston, heading north towards Savannah. That's where we were heading the Deputy said. It took us a little over an hour to get to Jesup, which was a much smaller town than Folkston was. As we got closer, I noticed that part of the scenery looked a little swampy.

We arrived at what I soon found out, was the Wayne County Prison Farm, bluntly, a "Chain Gang" kind of place, but being just a poor farm boy from Minnesota, I had no clue what a "Chain Gang" was. The movie "Cool Hand Luke" had just been released and I did not have the opportunity to see it yet, and I didn't even know it existed at that point. I eventually saw it for the first time on television several years, maybe even ten years later. I think I was living in Southern California when I saw it with some friends. Boy, did THAT inspire some conversation that day.

After stopping at the gate, I was removed from Sheriff Jackson's car, and taken into a small building that looked like an add-on type of construction to a much larger, main building.

The Wayne County Prison Farm. The main building, which I will describe for those readers who have not seen the Paul Newman movie for which he received an Oscar Nomination for his role as "Luke", I'll try to describe the prison farm in as much detail as I can remember as I write this chapter. For those of you that HAVE seen the movie, this prison farm was very similar to what you saw in the movie.

Inside the little add-on building I met my first inmate, who was part of the intake processing staff, well, just him, and a prison guard. I was given my prison outfit, a towel and a washcloth, a pillow, (which I found out later I only got the pillow because I was a white dude). I also was given an old, what appeared to be, an Army Blanket from the Civil War. I lost possession of the pillow AND the blanket that night (another part of the story for the folks that can wait for the novel). Okay, I can say I was a scrawny little teenager, and he was an African-American dude, twice my size, and twice my age. I did not put up a struggle.

"I'll see your three cigarettes and raise you five"

Here's a little "Teaser" from my book I'm currently writing simultaneously with this memoir.

My first week in, I was hired by another convict, a white dude named Jack, to make cigarettes. For every pack I rolled, he gave me a choice of payment of either ten cigarettes, or 10 cents. Sometimes I took the cash, sometimes I took the cigarettes, since I was a smoker. The cash doesn't sound like much, but after a brief tutorial on the hand-held rolling machine, I quickly became one of the fastest "Rollers" in the whole "Camp" as some of us called the place.

I could roll twenty packs an hour, and that was good money, \$2.00 per hour. The drawback was that Monday thru Saturday from six in the morning until sometimes as late as seven at night, we ALL were working. My big money day was Sunday, putting in at least five hours, and I usually rolled for a few hours every work-night while everyone else was kicking back from a hard day of labor.

My cigarette rolling money amounted to an average of \$30 to \$40 dollars a week. Within two months I had enough money to buy my own rolling machine, papers and tobacco. That dude, Jack, that I had rolled for? He sold those packs of cigs for 75 cents a pack. He had one other dude besides me rolling for him, and I figured he was clearing at least \$200 dollars a week because there were 200 hundred convicts in that camp, and most of them smoked. There also were two other cigarette manufacturing operations, but Jack's business was by far the biggest, I tend to believe that was because I rolled really good cigs for him, and everyone wanted MY cigarettes as opposed to someone else's.

Now we come to the reason for my chapter title. Poker. Need I say more? I was good, really good at Texas Hold-Em. Within my first six months I probably made an additional \$200 just from poker.

You will have to wait for my book to come out to find out more about my twenty months at the Wayne County Prison Farm in Jesup, Georgia. Just to dangle a carrot, in my book you will read about things like being bitten by a Rattle Snake, how we built roads, cleared trees, unplugged drainage culverts that were plugged up by Beaver Dams, my one and only time I got into a fight with a Con twice my size and age, and so many more memories. Hey, that's what a "Memoir" is for right? Memories? Well as I said in the Foreword, you'll have to wait for my book because there is just way to much to put in this memoir. My "Dead Armadillo" story was always meant to be a stand-alone work anyway.

Okay I'm being redundant here on purpose. For those readers of this memoir that are really wanting more of my DEAD ARMADILLO story, like say, a Producer, or a Director, or a Screenwriter or someone or a company to option a yet to be written novel, you can contact me at any time, night or day. If you are a reader who is not in the industry, but you are anxious to read or hear more, I'm sorry, but you're going to have to wait until my novel hits the shelves. This is going to be beyond what you normally see on Amazon Kindle, so thanks for your patience.