

*Dr John WorldPeace JD
Prison Journal 2008,*

Dr John WorldPeace JD



Dr John WorldPeace JD Poetry
<https://drjohnworldpeacejdpoetry.com/>

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to increasing the level of Peace and
WorldPeace in the world human society.

WorldPeace is a possible dream.

When peace becomes our priority,
WorldPeace will become our reality.

- Dr John WorldPeace JD

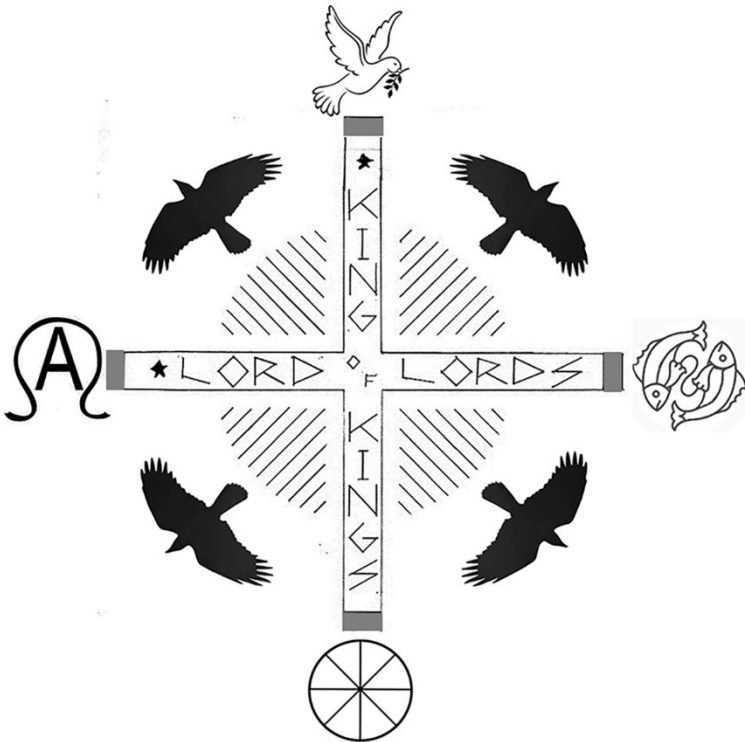
WorldPeace is a journey,
not a destination.

- Dr John WorldPeace JD

This is our cry,
This is our prayer
Peace in the World

ACKNOWLEDGMENT JESUS CHRIST

I am a Spiritual Christian, not a Corporate Bureaucratic Christian. I absolutely believe in the Resurrection. I absolutely believe in the following words of Jesus because I believe in Hebrews 8:10-11. *“Ask and it will be given you, seek and you will find, knock and it will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives, he who seeks finds and to those who knock it will be opened.”* Mt 7:7 *“If you have the faith the size of a mustard seed, you will say to the mountain move and it will move. Nothing will be impossible for you.”* Mat 17:20. *“Truly, truly I say to you, if you believe in me you will do the works I do and greater works will you do because I go to the Father. Whatever you ask in my name I will do it for the greater glory of the Father through the son. Whatever you ask in my name I will do it”* Jn 14:12 | We write our individual and group script in life. The Book of Revelation is a false book of a doom and gloom future set in stone and I reject it because it is contrary to the teaching of Jesus above and because in my day to day life I am a witness to the truth of the above scripture. We are presently living the beliefs and actions of the world human society in the past. Dr. Jwp JD 190829



NOTES: Dr. John WorldPeace JD

I was born in 1948, in Houston, Texas. I presently live in Albuquerque, New Mexico

In October 1970, I wrote my first poem. Over the last 50, I have written about 3500 poems in various poetic genres. Most of my poems could be looked at as a tiny biography of my life; one-page snap-shots of what I was thinking or experiencing at a particular moment in time.

I have also published selections of the poems. In June 2018, I began to self-publish the selections of poems and all the poems I have ever written to date in chronological order using Amazon's self-publishing software. There will be about 30 poem books in total. I did not try to publish the various books in chronological order.

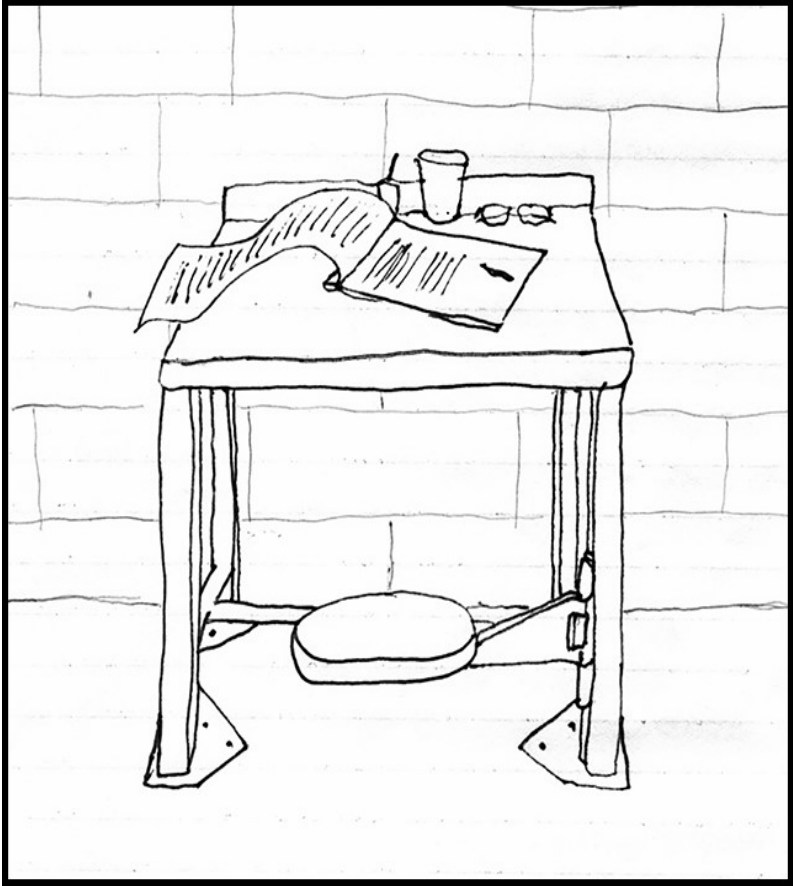
Along with my free-verse poems, I have published one line (not one sentence) poems and Haiku which are 3 line poems with 5, 7, 5 syllables per line.

My genetics and my current state of health make me confident, barring some accident, that I will live more than a few years past 100. I will continue to write poems and in fact, will probably increase the volume of poems over the rest of my life.

I do not force my poems. I don't write unless I feel inspired. I have no desire to set a world record for a number of poems written in a lifetime.

The poems are written in a couple of minutes, 2-10, then put away in a binder in chronological order. I have lost less than a dozen poems over the years. Usually within a very few minutes after writing the poem I have no real memory of what I wrote. The edits I make after writing a poem are minimal. Images of the original cursive of many poems are online:
DrJohnWorldPeaceJDPoetry.com

I do not write poems that rhyme except incidentally. To try to fit a poetic thought into a rhyming format, for me breaks the flow of the poem.



Dr John WorldPeace JD

The 2008, Political Prison Journal
of Dr. John WorldPeace JD

Dr John WorldPeace JD

December 23, 2007, to December 21, 2008,

I was incarcerated on December 23, 2007, in the Harris County Jail, Houston, Texas. I was picked up by the US Federal Marshalls and taken first to the Harris County hospital and then to the Harris County Jail in downtown Houston by existing protocols between the US Marshalls and the Harris County Sheriff's office.

I did not begin to write this journal until February 11, 2008, On July 3, 2008, I was moved to the Federal contract prison, Brooks County, Falfurius, Texas. It took about 3 weeks. I did not write in my prison journal between July 8, 2008, to August 13, 2013, when I settled into Brooks Federal Detention Center. I exited jail on December 21, 2008, I made entries daily in my prison journal until December 19, 2008.

This prison journal includes entries for daily prison activities and events. It also includes thoughts on my life to date, working out all kinds of things regarding my cosmology, my goals after getting out of jail, my abuse and denial of my rights by the Federal Courts, and many other issues. It provides insights to everything I have written since 1970 to date; all of which is on the SiteMap on johnworldpeace.com

So this is much more than just a journal about prison issues, acts, and events.

The prison journal is about 280,000 words.

Overall, in prison, I wrote about 700,000 words. These words were written on 8.5 x 11-inch tablets with 250 words on each page. This came to about 2800 pages. The majority of the writing covered both sides of the tablet pages.

I also read 55 novels while in prison.

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February 11, 2008, After The Morning Count

The jailers entered the 24 unit cellblock and announced that this morning they were looking for hooch; homemade booze made out of fruit juice and bread and a bit of sugar. You learn quickly in jail that the community knowledge of so many inmates from so many experiences can take what little is available and make free world substitutes; pencil graphite twisted in toilet paper to arc out an electrical sockets to make fire to light a contraband cigarette; broken disposable razor blades affixed to a comb to make a haircutting tool.

My name is John WorldPeace and I have at the age of 59 managed to confront enough judges in the great state of Texas and the fascist county of Harris to find myself held in contempt of court by these judges. For me, a now disbarred attorney, I was denied my legal rights. Anyone who has spent 20 years practicing law as I have understands a judge's ability to rule on evidence that is to be heard and has the ability to rule contrary to the Black letter law. It is a common matter of course. Almost any judgment can be contorted out of the law. The real legal system is only a façade of justice.

I live in a 6'x 8' cell made of cement cinder block walls with cement floors. I have a bed and desk made of heavy 1/8" gauge steel painted a rich green. This goes well with my orange jumpsuit provided by the county. The effect is one of perpetual Halloween. But only I have noticed I think.

My sink and toilet are one stainless steel unit with hot and cold buttons for water and a larger button for flushing the toilet. The metal always gives you a wake-up call if you have to take a seat. Toilet paper is valued because the system regularly brings 3 to 5 rolls less than the number of inmates in residence at any time. As one of the guards yelled at an inmate the other day, "You're in jail fellow." In so many ways even when you are in the best cellblock of a 9600 inmate facility, you never forget you are in jail. Nothing can be taken for granted.

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My two level cement and steel cellblock is always cold, probably 68° on the average. Most of my fellow residents walk around with their drab gray-green county-issued blankets around them like capes to keep warm. There are no windows and no clocks. The TV provides the time when it is on. Another clock is the delivery of food and medication for the sick. Lights are turned on at around 0430 and off around 2230 and this knowledge also gives a general idea of the time.

In this cellblock, the perpetual cold prays upon your body and mind.

My cellblock shares a glass-enclosed picket station where the guards watch their charges and control panels and video screens, except when they sleep out of boredom. I often think about whether we inmates or they the guards are the real prisoners here. The prisoners come and go but the career guards, even though they exit into the free world for a time after their shift is over, must report to their little glass prison five days a week.

The cellblock adjoining mine can be seen through the glass-enclosed Picket (guard post). My cellblock houses ex-cop offenders and children and parents and siblings of cops. The adjoining cell block is a mirror image on the other side of the common wall and houses murderous teenagers. Young boys whose crimes are so violent they will not see freedom for many decades.

Unlike my cellblock where we are seldom locked in by our solid steel cell doors with a horizontal slot for food and a small vertical window so we can see out and the guards can see in. Those kids next door are locked down 23 hours a day. They get to exit an hour a day to use the phone, shower and roam the 30' x 50' split level common area. It is impossible to imagine what it would be like to live their reality of no future. But who can imagine a teenage kid killing an innocent couple in a random act of violent manhood or taking apart their mother's head with a hammer?

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For me, I am Jonah in the belly of the whale. I am here for contempt, a six-month sentence. For those who understand the dynamics of jail life, I have been disengaged from my hectic world to ponder and reflect on my past and my future. The nature of my crimes is minor and deliberate. I knew what I was doing. But from these insignificant acts, I am being forced to prepare for a new direction in my life. I feel the foundation of that new direction is peace and worldpeace.

I have been a man of great anger at the injustice of individuals and their exclusive and corrupt organizations. Most especially at the kind of religious bureaucracies and justice systems not to mention the political bureaucracies of a myriad governmental unit. It is time for me to forgive the evil acts of one human being to another; the raw generic prejudice based on race, religion, nationality, and gender. But more so at the level of human to human, where all too often when a person is given a choice of doing the right thing or the wrong thing with no consequences of either decision, the inclination to do the wrong thing. There is nothing so tragic as to know right and not do it.

I feel I will not leave the belly of this jail until I have a change of heart and that means in part the ability to forgive.

In his letters to the Philippines, St. Paul states, "Brothers, I do not feel that I have fully understood or embraced what Christ is teaching me but one thing I have learned to do and that is to forget what is behind and past me and to reach toward what is ahead of me; my destiny. I cannot be what I must be to proceed as an advocate of peace unless, and until, I acknowledge that I must forgive or at least let go of the wrongs that I perceive have been forced on me. I know that this is critical to my spiritual well being but it is the one area that is the most difficult to release. Yet I feel deep inside that I will not be coughed up from this cold hell back into the free world of light until I let a lot of things go."

080211 After Commissary

On Monday morning the commissary cart enters the cellblock. Men who the night before perfectly filled out their computerized forms, lest they be rejected and the weekly mini Christmas be lost, stand anxiously along the wall as their names are called by the always irritated deputies.

The brown paper grocery sacks sit on the 3 tiered stainless steel cart with the cases of ice cream on top; 2 or 3 flavors, never the same. But it is the Blue Bell brand which is the best Texas has to offer. It has to be eaten immediately because even the 68° environment will not prevent it from melting.

Your name is called, you breathe a sigh of relief that your form went through and you are about to get a weekly taste of the free world. Your provisions are dumped on the stainless steel picnic bench and the brown paper bag is given to you. As each item is called you grab it and put it in your bag. Of course each week a new deputy has his or her own rules about touching your goods before being authorized. Best not to try to help, speak when spoken to, act when authorized, is the best plan.

Once you have taken all your weekly Christmas goodies you must sign the form and then ink and place your thumbprint next to your signature. Next, you quickly go to your cell like a mouse with a prized piece of cheese; back to your little hole in the wall, your home in the whale's belly.

Of course, there are those who have no one to fund their account so commissary Monday brings the pain of remembering just how alone you really are; completely cut off from the free world. No matter, these people were alone in the free world before they came to the zoo to be cared for by their unpredictable keepers.

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At these times I always think of my father's story about his mother always crying at Christmas as she was shunned by her sisters at the family Christmas gatherings. They made sure she received no presents.

One thing about jail that one needs to never forget is that both the guards and the inmates are psychotic and unpredictable.

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### 080211 After Lunch

The main cellblock entrance is one door to the main hallway, one of many in the maze. In the morning, breakfast is delivered in a plastic bag consisting of a piece of fruit, boiled egg or cereal, energy bar or small sweet roll in addition to a pint of 1% low-fat white milk. Very seldom chocolate milk is available but in a controlled environment choices always tend to create conflict. So it is best not to introduce a selection.

Sometimes the breakfast trustees bring in the bags and place them on the stainless steel tables and sometimes hand them through the door to the main entrance. Sometimes they are delivered through the slot in the inmate's cell door. The deputy on duty has the authority to do as he or she pleases.

We are awakened at 0430 by way of the bright fluorescent lights being turned on in our cells and the loud electronic unlocking of the doors. Even if the doors are not locked the electronic unlocking wakes you up.

We then go from our rooms in a half-sleep to the table and take a plastic breakfast bag and milk. That is usually followed by a short period of trading eggs for fruit and energy bars for cereal or just simply giving away part or all of one's breakfast. Some inmates do not eat breakfast and have designated some other inmate to get their breakfast every morning.

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The problem with the self serve method is that sometime an inmate will take two breakfasts and someone does without. Another problem is that someone takes warm milk they had from the prior day and drops it into the plastic basket containing breakfast and takes out two cold milks leaving someone to get sick potentially from the old milk.

One such fellow we called Bullet Head, a 22-year-old Hispanic on strong mind control medication made a habit of the above practices. Bullet Head got his name from the fact that he had been caught inside a house burglarizing it. The owner confronted him, and even though Bullet Head begged not to be shot, the homeowner could not resist.

He fired and Bullet Head took a slug right below of his jaw bone and it lodged in his upper spine in an inoperable position. Of course, this does not keep him from fighting anyone he feels like even with the potential of becoming paralyzed by the shifting slug.

I asked Bullet Head how it felt to be shot with a 44 caliber bullet. He said he did not feel anything. It knocked him to the floor but he jumped right back up facing the homeowner. Blood was squirting from the wound in his neck. The homeowner decided to put his finger in the leak as opposed to shooting him again and thus prevented Bullet Head from bleeding out. He said the wife went screaming and freaking from the bedroom and called 911.

Some people would have taken the incident as a God-given miracle and changed their ways, but alas, Bullet Head tended to ignore that enlightenment and instead considered himself bulletproof. It is hard for me to imagine a more dramatic way for God to get someone's attention. The lesson is to never assume that others process and evaluate information and events the way you do.

Within a few weeks, all the guys who laughed at Bullet Head and his antics got bored and several 'old schools' (old men)

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filed complaints against him. He was taken out of the cellblock and put in the general population and was immediately beat up.

Lunch and dinner come in white Styrofoam take out trays. They are handed through the main door to the cellblock (tank). The food is balanced but bland. If you want condiments you have to buy them; from the commissary, if you have someone to put money into your commissary account that is.

The big event at lunch today was ex-cop Joey was irritated at the fact that he did not have his two slices of white bread with the lunch he was given. He got the attention of the guards in the picket and made an ass of himself. Almost everyone else just takes this kind of thing in stride. Or most guys have a circle of friends who would give away their bread. Or they just speak up and ask if anyone is going to throw their bread away. But Joey feels he is better than others and so even if he made such a plea it would have fallen on deaf ears.

I saw the same thing in boot camp when I was in the Army in 1970. Some people just have no social skills and in a place like this, they suffer a bit more than most.

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080211 After Supper

Supper was the usual bland food, filling and adequate but tasteless. The TV loudly echoes off the concrete walls as per usual and the inmates settle into their routine of TV, visiting and playing chess. I played a game of chess trying to concentrate but as per usual I lost interest as other real-life things occupied my mind. I made several foolish moves, mindless moves and lost. So it has always been with me and games.

Later in the evening, an inmate named Mark held a prayer service. As he did a few nights ago, he kept it to about 10

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minutes. I had been asked by several inmates to begin a nightly prayer meeting but I did not feel that I was the one to do this and declined. A week later Mark came to my cell and immediately began to minister to those who were looking to me for guidance.

I thought about the scriptures which state that all people have to do is to ask in order to receive. God sent Mark to these men. I participated in the prayer meeting even as other Christian inmates criticized Mark's small ministry. It is all part of the dog and pony show.

After the meeting, I asked Mark to see his Bible. I found that it had been read often. It was marked on every sentence of every page. I have no doubt he had read it cover to cover several times and was thoroughly familiar with all of it.

It is said, Mark is a murderer. He allegedly killed his neighbor. He was a police officer. He was tried and found guilty and sentenced. But his case was overturned on appeal. I first met him several weeks ago in a holding tank on the way back from court. He said then that a jury was being selected.

When he arrived in the tank I asked him how the trial went and he said after selecting and dismissing several juries his new trial was put off until June. He said the Lord was taking care of him.

You never know the truth about any of the inmates. They tell you only what they want you to know. It is best not to ask. If someone wants to tell you their story they will. A few of these guys are children of guards who work here. And those relatives can get the truth about anyone in the cellblock.

Criminals are an interesting group of people. I know burglars from the time I was practicing law who were perfect fathers and husbands and attended church each Sunday and did not curse or drink. But they would break in a house and steal. It is hard for me to discount an entire life under these

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circumstances. The world is full of good Christians who are lesser men than criminals I have known. There are no easy answers when it comes to human beings. The truth is often paradoxical.

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080213 0300

The guard in the picket announced someone's name. I had been asleep for more than a few hours so it awakened me. Normally, after about 2 ½ hours of sleep, I am ready to get up but I usually sleep about 4 hours if not disturbed.

The speakers are difficult to hear because of the concrete walls which create a multiple echo effect. As it turns out he was calling Ronnie Gin. Ronnie and I had become friends. He is a light-skinned Black guy and close to my age. He is also is an intelligent man with whom I discussed religious matters and life in prison. Ronnie had been convicted of conspiracy in what was allegedly the largest Ecstasy bust in the world, millions of pills. But at trial, Ronnie was only tied to the selling of 10 pills of some other drug. The judge refused a special verdict to the jury. A special verdict would have asked the jury whether Ronnie was guilty of selling 2 specific drugs as opposed to the 6 listed on the indictment.

Due to the judge's refusal, the case law ruled that he could only be sentenced to the crime with the lowest minimum sentence, and with Ronnie's clean history he would have been sentenced to 5 years under the Federal guidelines as opposed to the 15 years he actually received.

Ronnie's lawyer was appealing the case but since Ronnie had already been in jail for 5 years he had the option to file a writ of Habeas Corpus for immediate release. He did not have to wait for over a year to get a ruling on the same issue in his appeal. We had been working on getting his documents together.

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As is typical, he had done a lot of case law research and had stumbled on a case that was right on point. He had given it to his lawyer but the lawyer as is typical never sent a copy of his appellate brief to Ronnie so he did not know if the lawyer had included his cases or not.

Now Ronnie was being transferred from the Harris County Jail back to the Federal Prison where he had been. In the Federal Prison, he would have a lot more access to the law library. In Harris County, we had an hour a week in the law library, which after the lecture comes to about 15 minutes. He would also be in a dorm facility without bars as opposed to a low, medium, or high facility so he would have plenty of time to pursue his case and call his lawyer which is not possible in county. The 9600 inmates County Jail is set up for short term, less than six-month sentences, and the transfer and holding of inmates for many different purposes. The reality is that the system is somewhat fascinating, the managing of all the inmates coming and going to various courts and being transferred to and from prisons all over the US.

I will miss our conversations, chess playing and exercise periods, mostly just walking the first level, then up the stairs, around the smaller landing on level 2 and back down the stairs. Often we would include push-ups and pull-ups on the stainless steel benches and underneath the metal stairs.

I have his SPN number but inmates in prison are not allowed to communicate with other inmates in other prisons. So to communicate with other inmates you have to mail your letter to a relative or friend outside the system and have them forward it. It makes staying in touch complicated. Friends and family are well-intentioned but they have their own lives to deal with. So a letter sent to the family for another inmate may take three weeks to be delivered.

My life has been very busy and I have had little time for socializing in the traditional sense. My clients provide that socializing through our business relationships and my family

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fills in my free time. Most people who see the same dozen or so people at work each day seem to need more traditional socializing with friends outside of work. Having even casual non-business friends has not been something I have experienced. Even though Ronnie and I became friends it was more in the nature of an Army friendship where you connect with someone at a duty station and then say goodbye as you are reassigned never to connect again.

Death of a friend or family member is different. With death, you know that you will never see that person again. Death means that the memories that only you and the friend or family member experienced will not be discussed again because the only person you could re-live the memory with has left the planet.

February 13, 2008, After Count

Every morning and every night we have to be counted. All the inmates must gather downstairs. Sometimes on the weekends, the guards will count from the picket window. The majority of the time one of the guards comes down and personally counts. In the morning the guard usually brings his index cards and calls each name. You are required to answer with the last 3 digits of your SPN number. 02335115 is my number.

Tonight we were told to lock our doors. Usually, if we are not told specifically to do so, I don't lock my door by slamming it shut until it clicks into position. I close my door leaving a 1/2" inch crack. I prefer not to feel locked up like a criminal.

There was a time when being locked in a cement cage would have caused me anxiety. For some reason, I do not have that experience now. I always have food and water or some kind of drink and my own personal lavatory. One thing is certain, with a locked door no can enter your room at night unless the guard flips the switch on your cell. The magnet-like sound of the releasing steel door is very loud bouncing off the walls and can not help but awaken you.

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When I first arrived here, several inmates would gather in one cell and then they would chat all night. The TV is off at night and the noise in this cellblock is much reduced. The inmates tell me that when they stay up all night, they sleep until lunch which is served at about 1100. They say it makes time go faster. Most of these guys sleep 8 – 10 hours a day. I sleep about 4 so I feel I am actually serving a longer sentence because I am conscious more than they are.

Last night for some reason, after everyone locked themselves in, about 5 inmates started yelling at each other through the feeding slot in their door. The effect was that of the monkey cage at the zoo. Just random hoots and hollers and calls between human monkeys. At times like these, I wonder if there was something in the food or some show on TV that hyped them up. The guard became irritated and slammed his fist on the window because his voice over the speakers was not being heard. Since he was alone he could not come down and make a threatening appearance.

It occurred to me that he began to lock everyone in at night so that he could sleep in the picket. With the cell doors open, he would have to monitor the traffic between cells.

A few of the inmates who are religious in here or have found Jesus on entering the system and have stayed for a significant time have read and studied their bibles extensively. Many can tell you the location of most any verse or story. And each seems to have a verse or two which they claim has changed their lives.

When I say changed their lives, I use that phrase with reservation. It is easy to find and follow Jesus in a cage where the temptations of the free world do not impact on your daily routine. Choices are extremely limited here and the temptations of your home environment do not exist.

Too many of these fellows lose Jesus on exiting confinement. They can still talk the talk outside but they can't



walk the walk in a totally free world when choices of doing wrong or right exist at every moment. Not to mention reconnecting with their criminal friends and family.

The religion of the cellblock is basic Jesus Christianity. Simple teaching, basic lessons, and examples that are easy to understand. I have found no religious philosophers in here. No discussions of the nature of God. No abstracts. Just Jesus said or the Bible says.

God is an abstract concept. The Infinite Immortal spirit which resides in the human body is limited by that body. Hearing, sight, taste, touch, smell are all limited. We can't hear or smell like a dog or see like an eagle. Our bodies are only conscious to a limited degree as well. There is an infinite amount of reality of which the human being is unconscious. And the human soul's greater awareness cannot come to consciousness in the limited capacity of the human mind.

Buddha became awakened. He was able to expand his consciousness and consequently saw more of the nature of things but by no means all. Jesus achieved the same. He told his disciples and followers that they could not fully grasp this reality so they had no chance of understanding the kingdom of God. Buddha, in fact, refused to discuss it. His focus was on living right and the eightfold path.

The Tao Ching opens with the concept that the God that can be described or defined is not the real God. Any human logical linear attempt to describe God is immediately limiting. God is all-inclusive.

Westerners understand that God is all-inclusive but still tend to visualize God as an old man in the Old and New Testaments and the Koran. There is only One God. There is only one all-inclusive essence but the West has only one name for God. In the East, there is Brahma which is this all-inclusive essence and any concept of God in human form is a manifestation of this all-inclusive presence.

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Hindus are accused of having many God's. This is not really true. There is only one Brahma but Brahma is abstract and not really defined. The many gods of Hinduism are prophets, saviors, avatars. So there is one God but many Jesus figures. Hinduism is not one religion but many, each centered around its own Jesus incarnation.

In the Old Testament in the Christian Bible which are the five books of Moses in Judaism, God identifies himself to Moses as "I am that I am." In other parts, he describes himself as "Beyond understanding." This comes back to the Tao pronouncement that the real God can't be defined or described.

Essentially there is nowhere that God is not. All things are manifestations of what I call the Infinite Potential. From this Infinite Oneness, all things manifest and back into this Infinite Oneness all things in time disintegrate. The Infinite Potential is an all-inclusive indescribable unknowable infinite immortal concept of God. This is as expansive a definition of this aspect of God as the human mind can create.

God is described in anthropomorphic super being terms in order to make it easier for human beings to relate to God and this spiritual Oneness within the Infinite Potential all-inclusiveness which it refers to. The Infinite Potential still falls short of relating what God is. It is just a term I use for communicating, no different then "I am that I am" and beyond understanding.

February 13, 2008, After Lunch

After 8 weeks here the bland food is becoming too repetitive. I have eaten everything they have on the menu. I am drinking milk which I have not done for thirty years and I am eating more fruit than I have in my life. The fruit keeps a high level of Vitamin C in my system and prevents colds. I had a very bad cold about three weeks after I arrived and I don't want to repeat it. The cell is cold and visits to the doctor usually come

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after you are well, if at all. The cure-all is Motrin, 500 mg tablets.

Each day my self imposed routine expands. Today I decided that instead of washing all my socks, underwear and such when I showered, I would wash one thing each day. I can do that in my lavatory sink. I have also learned to take an empty peanut butter jar and place 2 or 3 bars of soap in it and fill it with water. Over a few days, it creates a liquid soap detergent. That can be poured on the clothes instead of soaping them with the bar of soap. It is a lot easier.

February 14, 2008, Pre-dinner

The cold has returned to the cellblock. Everyone is again wrapped in their pseudo wool blankets and those old guys like me with little hair have towels on their heads. I remember my father's father wearing wool long underwear in the middle of summer. He weighed 135 pounds. I weigh about 190 now. My feet are my thermostat, if they are cold, I am cold.

At night, every night, I wear two pairs of socks and a headpiece made from the elastic tops of two socks. I carved a needle with the blades of a disposable razor out of a plastic spoon that comes with every meal. I carefully pulled a thread from my torn sheet to sew the socks together. All sheets are torn and dingy. I don't know if the sheets were ever white.

I fold the sheet and wrap it around my chest and I double my blanket and lay it on top of me. I then put my towel over my head and eyes to block out the light that dims down at night but is never off. Actually, during the day, there are two florescent bulbs and at night one forty wat incandescent bulb. If I lay perfectly still on my back I stay relatively warm during my 4-5 hour sleep. If I move, the cold air infiltrates under the blanket and wakes me up.

The only experience I have to compare this incarceration to is my tour of duty in Italy from September 1971 to May 1972

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while in the US army. I was stationed in Vicenza, Italy, and The Snake and I lived on the economy. We had a small apartment on the fourth floor of a five-story building. The walls were cement and stucco and the floor was marble. The radiant heaters never raised the temperature to more than 68° the same as this cell.

I was only twenty-three back then but I did not get warm until I returned to Houston after my discharge in 1972.

February 15, 2008, 1 AM

I went to sleep at about 10 PM and so I had to wake up for count at 10:30. I could not go back to sleep. There is no noise right now. No yelling from the other cellblocks near or far. No sound at all. The quiet is so wonderful.

[ASIDE: As I often do, I stepped back from this 18" x 28" desk and observed it from my bed a few feet away. I look at my tiny desk with my condiments, shampoo and other hygiene items, oranges and my tumbler which I use to keep things cool for a few hours. I may get an orange juice that I want to drink later and so I keep it cool in the tumbler. My underwear is hanging off the end of the desk drying. I look at these things and I wonder about other peace advocates writing their epistles. I have a sense of this experience now. I mostly think about the Apostle Paul. I read Acts in the New Testament over and over. I read his letters as well. But I also think of Gandhi who is closer in time to me.]

February 15, 2008, After Breakfast

After eating my peanut butter and jelly on graham cracker energy bar I went back to sleep. I was awakened about 30 minutes later due to my heart beating rapidly. I got up and began to walk off the gas in my stomach which was putting pressure in my heart making me feel like I was going to have another heart attack. Since my 1997 heart attack, I have found

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that I am adversely affected by hot spices and peppers if I eat them in the late evening.

My friend Robbie gave me a flour tortilla with some spiced up Ramen noodles inside. Eight hours later I woke with the unusual gas problem. I have found that once those spices get into my lower intestine they create gas in my stomach. It makes no sense to me but that is the reality. After I got out of jail someone told me I had erratic bowel syndrome. The only problem was that we were locked in last night and I only had my 6 x 8 cell to walk off the gas. Had the door been open, I would have walked it off in the common area. For me, asking the guard for anything is to be avoided. In 30 minutes the feeling had passed and I began to wash my T-shirts in my sink.

February 16, 2008, After Supper

For the last several days I had begun to consider shaving my head. The hair, on the top of my head, is so thin that it could not be seen except close up and the baldness was extending down the back of my head.

When I was a young boy in the 50's I remember going to church and seeing all the old men with hair just like mine has become. I never liked that look. I also have always had an aversion to personally wearing a toupee.

In addition, my life is definitely in transformation and it seemed appropriate to do something to my physical appearance to remind me of that change.

February 17, 2008, After Lunch

Lunch today was meatballs and macaroni, one of the better meals they have here. I have decided to change my eating habits a bit. I am not going to drink the milk any longer because of the cholesterol but I am also not going to take food

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from the other inmates except boiled eggs which I will eat after removing the cholesterol-containing yoke. I am also going to eat the entire meal and not break it up into smaller meals during the day. The reason is that I had lost about ten pounds since coming in here but when I weighed a few days ago when I went to get my heart medicine, I had gained four pounds back. I had already lost about thirty pounds since Kay left in January 2007 and I needed to lose another twenty to get down to one hundred seventy-five, a good weight for me.

This morning they left the lights off until count time which is about 7:30. They did not require anyone to get up until about 10:00 am. This was great because the TV was off and it was very quiet. I could not help but think of the SPA atmosphere as I did my exercises this morning. We each have a room and we are fed three times a day. The only difference is that there is nothing on the agenda except boredom. I have more than I can do even if I serve out the additional four months I am illegally sentenced to. When my enemies read that I feel like I am in a SPA when this material is published, they will be upset after they verify that I was in protective custody the entire time I was in the Harris County jail.

This morning, as every morning, I wrote with event after event coming to me that needed to be included in the book. I have about thirteen pages of two hundred items to write about. I still believe the book will be about eight hundred pages.

February 18, 2008, After Breakfast

I am a person who has been blessed or cursed with a very active, creative, disciplined mind. I also am fearless in that I do not restrict my thoughts or my actions. I obviously misjudged somewhat or I would not be in jail right now but then had I did not misjudge the law, I doubt that I would be writing this book. I feel this book is a critical part of my destiny. I have been in the Army, raised a family, acquired an education, learned to write poetry and now I am writing a book about jail. Funny I enjoyed books like Pappion, The \_\_\_ \_\_\_ and Cool

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Hand Luke and The Birdman of Alcatraz and Shawshank  
Redemption and The Green Mile.

It took me many years to discover an art form that I was happy with. Now that I have that process refined, I have the tools to visually express what is in my thoughts. I have also developed a poetic style to relate what I see in another format. And now I am in the first steps of refining a method of narrative communication.

I have also found a way to produce income on a rather high level. The problem now is a limited amount of time. I cannot be a master poet, writer, artist, businessman, spiritual leader, fortune teller for the human society. I have been truly blessed with many talents and I have been blessed with a great deal of energy but like all humans, I have been given only so much time to live in this reality. During this stay in jail, I feel I must decide how I will allocate my time when I get out. I must decide what I will prioritize. In truth, I will try to do what I feel will most benefit the human society and plant the seeds of peace for the individual as well as social peace.

My life really means little in the sense of typical pleasures and creative comforts. The amount of living space I have or the car I drive and other material pleasures mean nothing to me. My thoughts and visions are so rich and dynamic that I don't need those other things. I do need female company to complete me. I need a normal woman who has little interest in deep philosophical discussions.

February 18, 2008, Before Chow

The deputies came in unannounced as per usual to perform a shakedown. This happens about once every three weeks. We take our blanket, towel, sheet and move to the common area to the stainless steel picnic tables. There we put our heads down on our blanket, towel, and sheet and put our hands behind our head with our fingers crossed. No talking, no looking up until they get through tossing each room. The blanket, towel and

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sheet and our orange uniforms are the only things we are allowed to have in our room other than things we bought from the commissary. I can have legal files and books too.

This was the second time they threw away my prescriptions from the prior month. I will know next time I get my refills to combine the medicine in the newest battle. They left everything else of mine scattered all over my room. All I cared about was my pens. I have about 45 of them because I get the other inmates to order them for me and I order commissary for them. I am limited to ten pens per week and a pen writes on about four 8.5 x11 sheets of paper. They left them alone but I can't be sure they didn't see them and may take them next time. My ability to write is my sanity.

When I first got here I made a Trojan helmet out of twisted newspaper and strips of plastic bags we get our breakfast in each morning. Everyone liked it but it was trashed in the first shakedown. I had also made a pillow out of newspaper wrapped in the plastic bags and that was taken. My little empty milk cartons I used to organize my razors, soap, salt and so on were also trashed. I had bought a diet drink which comes in a plastic bottle so I could easily mix my cool-aid and that was trashed. One guy mixed his regular and dandruff shampoos and that was trashed. It was the wrong color.

One of the inmates started yelling the other day because of the noise. He was having a bad day. When he would not shut up the deputy came out of the picket into the cellblock. He was a very tall Black man and in a deep loud voice, he simply told the inmate that he is in jail. In other words, I don't care fellow. You're in jail so shut up and deal with it. If you can't I have ways to deal with you. That is the bottom line. I am in jail.

February 18, 2008, After Supper

I have noticed for some reason that since I shaved my head my cell looks lighter and less cluttered. I don't know why. I have



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not changed anything. There is just a feeling that somehow a load has been lifted from me. Each day brings me more peace. Things are becoming clearer. It just seems strange that the room seems to reflect what I am feeling mentally.

Taking a break, my fellow inmate laughed as I excited my cell. They have begun to refer to me as the Emperor from the movie Star Wars. I wear my deep orange county-issued clothes. On my shoulders is my cream-colored sheet folded like a shoulder cape for warmth. On my head is my bright blue towel that they say makes me look like the Emperor looking under the blue towel. I am the oldest guy in the tank but I have more energy than all of them put together. There are no jerks in this tank. We mostly laugh, b.s. and tell lies to pass the time. They call me WorldPeace. It seems like the Army but we have no work or mission. Just monkeys in a cage, isolated in the penalty box of life. I keep thinking about Gandhi and what he laughed about for all those years in prison. And what about the Apostle Paul, in and out of jail two thousand years ago. Paul was a saint and Gandhi was a great soul but in prison their humanity kept them grounded and humbled by the injustice foisted on God's chosen.

February 19, 2008, Prior to Supper

Last night I visited with an inmate named Mark whose Bible was so marked up and understand that I would not have been surprised to find that he had memorized large numbers of passages and verses. I have been reading a book titled "The Purpose Driven Life." The theme of the book is that we should completely surrender to God. I had thought the book was about how to find my destiny and then pursue it. The reality is that the book was teaching the reader how to be totally in sync with God. The book has many scriptures to bolster its message.

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I thought it would be interesting to study this book with Mark because it seemed to be in total sync with his philosophy. So I gave it to him to read last night and to tell me if he wanted to carry on a discussion group. Early this morning I thought if we did begin to study it we could include other inmates in the discussion.

Just before supper Mark came into my cell with the book and commented that the first line of the Table of Contents “What On Earth Am I Here For?” was in fact what he had said the first night he was here as he began a prayer session. For me, that would have caused me to immediately read the book. So much of what I have read so far is right in my line with what he has been communicating with me and others since he has been here.

After Mark made a few comments and we had a short discussion he gently laid the book down on my desk. It was an act of saying he was not interested in an ongoing discussion. I immediately understood that Mark like other inmates in here essentially believes that and Bible commentary is evil and from a false prophet. In other words, he felt that to read anyone else’s opinion would be to give one’s self over to Satan. I find it hard to understand how someone can believe that anyone commenting on the Bible is a false prophet. So much for Mark. I reached out to him to find we have very little outside of the Bible in common. The word is that Mark murdered his neighbor. But the truth is hard to come by in jail. When directly asked, Mark told me that he did not want to discuss what he had done.

[Note: In taking on any kind of serious endeavor like this book you have to understand that there is no instruction book. You have to begin on faith, you must begin with some act or nothing will happen. As you proceed you begin to understand how to best proceed. Since I began the endeavor I have been making lists of things I wanted to discuss. But my life is so long now that I have a monumental job just organizing the list to determine how best to integrate all the ideas. What I

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realized works is as I get these ideas (actually remember past thought, events, and people) I just need to go ahead and write them down at that time. Let God organize the book. What I am thinking about is what needs to be next written. With my poems I just let things flow but those poems are only twenty line creations. My feeling is that this book will be 1600 handwritten pages that will be reduced to an eight hundred page printed book.]

February 20, 2008, After Breakfast

Unlike yesterday, the breakfast packs were delivered in a plastic milk carton and we reached in and retrieved our bag and our milk. Yesterday they just dumped the packs on the floor between the double exit doors. To exit the cellblock you are required to go through door one which enters into an 8 x 10 room. The door closes behind you and then the door to the main hall opens. I felt like a dog having my food dumped on the floor not to mention the dirt.

Like in the movie the Green Mile, we have a little brown mouse that visits often. He comes under the entrance door, turns to his right and enters the first cell on the right. He was last seen yesterday morning. Corey, the inmate occupant of that room, has a lot of commissary (food). I think Fred, (that is what he has been named) goes in there and has breakfast each morning. If he is not killed, I am sure he will be bringing a family soon. It is interesting how a mouse can get into an all concrete building. I wonder if he has an exit to the outside or if he lives in here somewhere. He has to move down the hallway and there is no way he could not be seen. I have to say he is smarter than some of the inmates.

Dennis, a Newhouse (the generic name for a new guy to the cell), is about 21. He is the second youngest kid that has come in here that takes heavy medication. He is small and very thin. It looks like he has been sleeping in the streets. These

guys act like they take their meds but don't unless the nurse crushes the pill and they have to swallow it. They sell the pill to someone for commissary. The meds essentially make you sleep. And since time goes faster when you can sleep it away, the pills are in demand. I guess other pills give a little buzz. The bad news is that when these mental cases don't take their pills, they do stupid things. Last night Dennis dumped his supper in his toilet and apparently jammed his baked potato in the drain hole and flushed the toilet until it overflowed. He was in a cell on the top floor. The guys moved him down to level one where it was colder. These guys need to be with others like them who need to stay medicated. I guess life in here is not as boring as it seems.

One thing interesting is that these guys were watching a show called Jail on TV last night. I guess it is a weekly TV show about bad boys in jail. IT would seem that they would rather watch a show that did not remind them of the fact that they are in jail. But I guess it is fun to watch how some of the bad boys act in other jails. Also, you get to see how they live. The cellblock I saw last night was a lot nicer than this one. If I had not seen some of these things for real, I would wonder if the show was scripted. They tell me that some of the cellblocks here continue fights and the guards just let it happen. I am told that the tanks that have the most violent offenders are very quiet and everyone is very polite. I guess all those guys have a hair-trigger and try to manage their anger. They tell me prison is really hard if you don't follow the code. Borrowing a candy bar and not paying it back the next week when commissary comes can get you stabbed. Lying will get you stabbed. Associating outside your race can cause major problems. I am fortunate to be in a cellblock with cops where I don't have to worry about that nonsense. They tell me if you can't cope you can ask to be locked down and then protect yourself. Some of these cells have three beds and a shower in a room just a bit larger than 8 x 10 room.

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Often at night, I will hear what sounds like heavenly choirs echoing through the halls. I have 90% hearing loss in my left ear and this whole concrete structure causes echoes all over. My hearing does play tricks on me but I swear I hear choir music frequently when it is very quiet between 10:30 PM and 6 AM.

Robby is getting out in twelve days due to a new law reducing the sentencing guidelines for crack cocaine to be in line with powder cocaine. He is thirty-two and has been in jail eight of the ten last years. He was not due to get out until September 5, 2008, so he got lucky and now he is out on March 3, 2008, the first day his judge can reduce his sentence. He has begun to write rap songs. He was written ten in three days and even though I don't like rap I think what he has written is pretty good. He has a lot of talent. Too bad it has been subordinated to his cursing. He is in that place I often visit where the creativity just flows. When that happens you have to stay working until it leaves. If not, you will lose whatever the universe (spirit world, God) was sending you. From twenty-two to thirty-eight I kept my creative connection by writing short poems. During that time I fine-tuned my ability to recognize and receive my inspiration. At thirty-eight after finishing law school, I began to paint and that creative was changed to receive paintings more than poems.

This morning is the first time I have seen a painting in a long time. I do not see them unless I am very much at peace, and I don't see them unless I am going to be in a position to paint. I see these paintings in a dream or a vision during the day. I see them as finished works and unlike the poems, which have to be immediately written or lost, the paintings stay with me for years.

[INSERT PICTURE]

When I was in the seventh grade I was put into a special art class taught by the art teacher in his off period, Henry Gadbois was his name. I remained in the class until he went to another

school when I began ninth grade. In ninth grade, I took art from another teacher who gave me a “D” because I would not finish moronic projects. With Mr. Gadbois, the nine of us did whatever we wanted for a long as it took. I refused to take art during my last semester of Junior High. I tried again the first semester of High School but even though I made a B as I tried to conform, I never took another art class in school.

While I was with Mr. Gadbois I determined that I was not going to paint traditional paintings. I wanted to paint something unique, out of my head. Much later I realized that my art would be very symbolic and metaphysical using primary and secondary colors to make them bright and uplifting and to take some of the edges of the intellectual hard-line form. I only use oil on canvas which I build and stretch. I finally found my technique in 1986 with a little painting I titled “Running Man.” My son Davis said he liked it and that somehow drew my attention to the fact that tinting colors was going to be part of my style. I have tried to paint two or three paintings a year since then. The demands on my time have not allowed much more. The larger paintings take up to one hundred and fifty hours. I draw them out like paint by numbers and then color them in by mixing a color and dabbing that color in the areas I want and then painting that space. Kay for a couple of years did the fill in. She liked it after she quit worrying about “messing up” my art. She loved to do ceramics and so painting was easy for her.

My intention is to return to my art as soon as I get out of jail. I hope to find a couple of high school or college girls who like art and let them do the coloring. I will mix the colors and dab the spaces. I feel I can have them work near me so I can do other things as I...

“INSERT ART”

...supervise their work. I tend to work an hour then look at the art to finish it in my mind for an hour. I do this until the work

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is finished. I may see the painting with bright reds but when I begin to actually create it, I see that colors of red will not work. That is why I spend as much time painting in my head as I actually paint with my hands.

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Right now I have these legal matters associated with my incarnation. I may be free in a week or four months. I don't know if I will continue to live in Houston or move. I don't know if I will restart my web design business or not. I don't know how this book may affect my future. I only feel that I will finish it before I exit the jail. I feel it is the reason I am in jail. All I can do right now is to proceed to write. There is nothing I can do about what is going on outside this jail. My son John, Kay, and to some degree my mother are taking care of things. I know that all things are as they should be. I feel I have significant work to do that relates to advocating peace because that has been my life focus. I can see where I have been, but my potential future and purpose are several. All my life has been cleared. I would be blind to not see that the only reason to clear my entire life would be to engage in something that will take all my energy. But what that path will be is still unknown and unclear. Each day I write my past and my philosophy and my spirituality and I contemplate my future. In some ways, I feel like Christmas is coming and with it a path of life that will be dynamic. That is all I feel certain about.

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About eight inmates went to the gym. We have not been allowed to go because we are in protective custody. When they came back Fred made an appearance and all the inmates became kids as they tried to catch him. After a lot of excitement, Fred was caught. Now the question of what to do with him. Some suggested flushing him but if they do that he will just pop up in another cell in another commode. Some want to make him a pet like in the movie the Green Mile. I just checked and the vote was that Mark the preacher would

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become his keeper at least until the next shakedown. The guards think he was flushed in cell B but he is alive and well in cell P. Fred is on borrowed time. Fred had chewed his way out of the plastic tumbler he was in and tried to escape. But since he was on the second level he was disoriented and in the process of trying to escape he entered the wrong cell and was stomped on. He crawled into the other Mark's cell and died just beyond the threshold. This is not the movies. Not to mention that Fred was just a mouse.

February 23, 2008, After Breakfast

Things here in jail have become more and more routine. I am becoming more a part of the landscape in here. I get along with everyone and talk to everyone and that irritates some people. There is a definite hierarchy of criminals in here. The ones that have been to prison and survived that much harsher environment tell stories about that experience that assure me that I do not want to go there. It is a place where you are hassled at every moment and you have to be prepared to fight or live in hell. I feel like these ex-cons who have survived four or five more years in the main prison system are as hardcore as soldiers who have been to war. In war, it seems there is a lot of time between battles but in prison, you have to watch everyone around you all the time. Sometimes you have to just make sure you are not close to someone who is about to get seriously hurt. Another thing that these ex-cons say is that in prison it is all about respect and telling the truth. If you run into someone accidentally you need to say excuse me. If you say you are going to do something you had better do it.

The other thing is that there is little tolerance for child molesters on any level, even flashing one's genitals. I feel sure that the child molesters in here would have been already been harmed if it were not for the fact that no one wants to deal with the possibility of being put in the general population. I was asked last night why I was in the pervert tank. Actually, it was a cell where three sex crime inmates were kept.



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I don't really judge any of these people. There are a lot of unindicted criminals running free in society and like I tell all these guys, they know how unjust and corrupt the legal system is, you can never really get at the truth. I tell them that I give my input based on the facts that I am given. I always assume I am not getting all the truth. But for me, the way people present their case is interesting. And how they deal with their alleged criminal acts is interesting. Every human being on the earth has stories to tell about their life experiences. I find them all interesting. I have no intention of ever returning to this environment and so I am making the most of it. As with everything I do, it is important for me to come away with some degree of knowledge or enlightenment. I may one day find myself in prison. I want all the knowledge about that environment that I can get. You can get killed in prison if you are stupid.

Another reality of this environment is racism. There is a certain number of Whites and Hispanics who talk about the Blacks in a racist way. I believe that America has a chance of taking a great leap forward toward a more equal and just society if Barak Obama becomes president and Hillary becomes Vice President. Both Blacks and women will gain significantly in all aspects of society.

We live in a masculine society that is too eager to go to war. When the Senate and the Legislature are 50/50 male and female that war mentality edge is going to be significantly dulled. When America becomes truly color-blind it will take a giant leap towards realizing its destiny to lead the world into a true democracy where all men (and women) truly have equal opportunities regardless of skin color.

I spent many years wondering why racism so dominated the old south in the United States. Then one day I was reading something about WWI veterans. It was a story about how they were dying off and with them the first-hand memories of that war. In fact, just a few days ago there was a newspaper outside about the last surviving American WWI veteran. He was 107.

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I then realized that when my grandmother was born in 1905(?) there were a lot of old Confederate veterans around. And there can be no doubt that these old men had not changed their attitudes about the Blacks that they fought to keep enslaved. The KKK was a viable organization, a terrorist organization, by today's definition.

So these old men passed on their prejudices to my grandmother's generation and that generation passed it on to my parents and my parents tried to pass it on to me. The reason that racism continued to dominate the South is that even though the Civil War had been over for one hundred years when I graduated high school in 1966. The very last confederate veteran did not die until the late 1950s. The dark side is society cast a long shadow. I often watch a nine-part series on the Civil War by Ken Burns. I am mystified about that war and Americans dying for a cause that was so un-American: slavery.

080223 After lunch

Lunch did not settle well in my stomach I think. The food is starting to get to my system. I have not recovered completely since getting sick last week. That is the problem here in jail. It is hard to recover from any sickness. Medical attention is slow if even existent. My stomach problems feel like minor heart problems and that tends to keep me a bit on edge. My father has had stomach problems all his life as did my mother's father. So I have to be careful about what I eat and stay with a bland diet. That is not a problem because my sense of taste and smell seems to be about 20 % of normal. I doubt that it was ever more than 40%.

I also learned when I had my heart attack that I have a very high tolerance for pain. I also know my hearing has always been off in some way because I could never hear the words to songs that were not slow and clear. In addition, I had a bad cold at the end of 2006 and my left ear was marginally closed. I have had problems with that ear for decades. Hearing in it

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would come and go. On December 30, 2006, my granddaughter Sarah had come to visit with Kay and me, along with Kay's granddaughter. When Sarah went home she told a lie about me. The alleged event took place at the dinner table with Kay and Emily present. Steph called me up and started screaming on the phone about what Sarah told her had happened. She screamed so loud I pulled the phone away from my ear and Kay could hear her from ten feet away. Shortly after that, a few hours, the hearing in my left ear was down to about 10 %. It has not returned to normal.

I told Stephanie that Sarah was lying which did not surprise me. The Snake is a very deceitful person and Stephanie is a natural-born liar. I was not surprised to verify that that trait was passed to Sarah. I told Stephanie that Emily and Kay were witnesses and that she needed to have a talk with Sarah. Stephanie hung up, talked with Sarah, and called me back stating that Sarah admitted to lying. Sarah is ten. Stephanie did not apologize she just said that Sarah admitted lying. My hearing is gone in my left ear and I can never trust Sarah again.

February 25, 2008, After Breakfast

I woke up this morning when someone slammed my door shut. I did not lock up last night. I guess from now on I will do it continuously just to avoid any hassle from the guards. The next time I woke I found that my breakfast was on the floor inside my cell. So apparently when they delivered the breakfast door to door, that is when they slammed my door. I picked up the breakfast and put it on my desk and tried to go back to sleep but could not.

I began to receive information in my mind regarding this book and another book that will really be a very small pamphlet in book form. This information comes to me the way my poems and art come to me. The information just begins to flow. I think most creative people experience this. The problem is that after this information comes when I am in a semi-awake state if

I do not immediately write it down if I try to hold it in my head, I lose it. When a person becomes inspired it is important to immediately act on that inspiration or record it to think about later. I keep a pen and paper by my bed and I write down these little revelations. Unfortunately, in a half-awake state my writing is bad and when I read it later when I am fully awake I can't always read what I have written.

In this in-between sleep and wake consciousness, many complex relations and thoughts become perfectly clear. But when fully conscious they are not clear. It is like in this state I have expanded consciousness and I can see how specific things fit in the global picture.

Due to being in this cellblock, and due to the fact that I have few distractions, and the fact that I am spending all my waking hours meditating, praying and writing, the information that comes to me in the morning is increasing in volume and importance. I know that I will write a lot in here and I will not leave until I am finished or I can see the end of the project.

Ms. Williams, the mean Black female guard, came into the cellblock this morning raising cane. She had some sergeants with her and she was inspecting each room. What she should have done is just have a short meeting with everyone and then give us thirty minutes to get our cells in order per her specifications. Instead, she just went room to room and in each room focusing on one problem and ignoring others. It creates a lot of inconsistency when things are done this way. It is obvious she has never been in the military. All she really did was create a lot of unnecessary tension.

She delayed the commissary delivery and I am sure that made these guards mad. Her actions have sent a negative ripple effect throughout the entire jail now. Most people do not realize how significant the smallest act is in the whole of society. Every action of every individual ripples through the entire human society. That is why we should try not to create

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any negativity with other people. A negative act creates the same chaos as does a cue ball breaking into a rack of balls.

I hate these kinds of mornings because after getting my morning revelations, I am in a very peaceful even blissful state of mind. Even the slightest negativity sounds like a fire alarm going off in my head. This is the reason I stopped meditating before going to court. If you walk into a courtroom in peace you will be abruptly awakened by some judge, attorney or client. The experience is not pleasant so it is best to go to court in full armor and ready to fight.

When Ms. Williams came into my room she threw away my origami peace cranes. I had taken them down from my mirror and put them on my desk hoping that they would not be thrown away. But I was wrong. I had found colorful pictures in the newspaper and then made origami cranes from them. I then put them on a string and hung them from my mirror. It gave some color and emotion to my cell. The slow turning also gave me peace watching them. I had also made some very small ones from the foil wrappers of some energy bars. She threw them away too. She is not spiritual. She has been trained to destroy anything that looks like art. I will make more but I will keep them folded and in one of my Bible's. No problem. I remember the deputy yelling the other day, "You are in jail! You are in jail! You're in jail! You're in jail!"

One interesting thing is that I associated with everyone in here. But in so doing I have more than a few people telling me that I should stay away from the accused and convicted perverts (sex offenders). Others tell me to stay away from Blacks. Others tell me to stay away from the dope offenders. All these inmates feel they are better than the other inmates. I tell them we are all in this cellblock. We all wear orange. We all have been accused of some antisocial illegal behavior. Not only that there are times you need a favor and you don't know who might be able to help you. Like a child, molester is selling me a free world pen. I need a pen to write this book. It is back up. This morning Henry did not get any

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toilet paper because they constantly give us only half as many rolls as there are inmates in the cellblock. I always keep a few rolls and partial rolls on hand. Henry was out so I gave him a roll as well as another inmate.

080226 After Lunch

The commissary cart came with one of the nasty female guards. She goes out of her way to create tension when handing out everyone's purchases. Things went somewhat OK, but I did not get a writing tablet I ordered because it was not worth confronting her. The last inmate that had a real problem with her was Corey who had ordered five pens for me. She claimed she could not read his wrist band and was not interested in having the picket verify who he was. It is nonsense to think he was not Corey Evans. She left with his commissary.

The first time I saw her I thought she was just strict but fair. After the incident with Corey, I realized that she knew that I was short one tablet and that I did not realize it. She deliberately let me get ripped off. It was a \$1.25 tablet. It was not worth \$1.25 to confront her. One thing you learn in jail is that they can do whatever they want to you. I could have gotten the tablet but I would have to deal with her retaliation. It was not worth it. I just considered how many others she ripped off during the days

Ms. Williams is loud and likes to scream a lot but after her morning inspection, she will go out of her way to take care of problems in her control. Part of that is due to her not wanting to stay in the picket. I would say she spends, on average, less than 2 hours per shift at her part in the picket. The other six she is gone. I always think about the fact that I will be leaving here but she will have to report here every day until she gets to retirement.

I also wonder about the nasty guards. I wonder if they are nasty and mean at home because they are just unpleasant

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people or if they are super nice at home because they have released all of their aggression at work. Like the deputy said, "You're in jail!"

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Ms. Williams returned to the cellblock with some bathroom chemicals which she poured into the toilets and sprayed on the outside on the wall and the door. My door had a lot of toothpaste on it that was used as glue. A piece of plastic was used by the inmates to cover the open food slot to cut down on the draft created by the AC. Toothpaste is used to glue the plastic around the slot. The net effect is that the cell stays several degrees warmer when we are allowed to close the door. My cell is directly across from the picket and so they can easily see the plastic. I was told to take it off six weeks ago. I did and did not replace it because I did not want the hassle. Like everything else in here, unlike the Army, the rules are not daily enforced. So usually the day after someone is told to take down the plastic, it goes back upright after shift change.

The TV is not on but the inmates are very loud this morning. Corey has a loud mouth that never closes. Right now he is making a lot of noise. Just being his normal self. I understand that in the general population the chatter never stops. The inmate density is four times what it is in this cellblock and there are no cells. Just open areas with a cage inside for the bunks stacked three high. The noise would be intolerable for me. Even in here God is watching over me.

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One day the cloning of human beings will be possible. The question will be whether a clone has a soul and is therefore enlightened to have citizenship rights as natural-born human beings. Without a soul, it is just a clone. Who knows if a soulless clone can exist. I doubt it. When a human vehicle comes into existence a soul of light or darkness will inhabit it.

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For now, it is important to understand that we must always remember that our life on this earth is temporary. And when I say our, I mean our spirit, not our bodies. Our bodies do not return to heaven, our souls return to heaven when our bodies die and rot.

The problem comes when we become confused in the manifestations of this reality such that we believe that this finite reality is the true reality. This reality is finite and mortal and the spiritual reality is infinite and immortal.

When we remember God and do not become attached to this reality, then we do not become confused in the pleasures of this reality by believing that we can hold on to anything in this reality.

If we are going to find peace and remain in the light, we must stay vigilant moment to moment and not lose sight of the fact that we are just temporarily residing in this reality. We must remember we came here for a purpose. We must never in the pursuit of our destiny forget that one day all we have accumulated will be taken away when our bodies die. At that time we will return to the spiritual reality with only our memory of this experience. And that memory will be what determines whether we lived a life that uplifted the human society or one in which we simply indulged in the pleasure of this materialistic world, became attached to it so that in death we long for it, and have doomed ourselves to returning. And upon returning potentially further spiral down by increasing our attachment to the slavery that is the dark side of the Infinite Potential. What Christians call sin and evil.

February 26, 2008, After Dinner

The food is getting harder and harder to eat, this morning breakfast including a boiled egg. On these mornings I usually get about five other eggs from inmates who do not like them. I then take out the yellow yoke and hold the whites to see what we have for dinner and supper. If there is something I do not



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like, I eat the eggs. The yokes have all the cholesterol which is bad for my heart. Today we had some potatoes that were not that bad when I added salt but they were cold and that made them unpalatable to me.

I am using my free world pen and it is so high tech and smooth writing that I am having trouble using it. I have to use it as much as I can hoping to use it up before it gets confiscated.

The inmate that did not get his commissary yesterday was told that he would not get it this week. It was simply due to the deputy delivering the commissary yesterday. It was her call. But the real underlying reason is that the main guards have refused for a month to get Corey a new ID. He did get one yesterday. Now we will see what happens next week. He owes me six pens. If he would have gathered his commissary yesterday he could have ordered ten more next week. So I would have increased my inventory by twenty. But now I will only be able to increase it by fourteen. Four from yesterday and ten next week if they do not rip him off again. It is ridiculous that four pens, sixteen pages of ink become a big thing. But I cannot write without ink. Pencils are not allowed.

It is like toilet paper. I had 2 ½ rolls yesterday but I gave a half roll and a new roll to two guys that got none yesterday. So now I am down to less than ½ a roll and I have to sit by the door in the morning so that I can be sure to get another roll. I am sure they will follow their rule of giving half as many rolls as there are inmates. It got so bad a month ago, Ms. Williams had to step in and demanded a second delivery with a roll for everyone. Again it is ridiculous that we have to deal with toilet paper as a big issue.

We had laundry today. It is Tuesday. We also have another laundry day on Saturday. We have to have our orange top and bottom and towel and sheet or we don't exchange what we have. The kid who did not think to get his towel and sheet a week ago was again denied clean clothes. No guard will deal with it so on Saturday we will rip a towel and sheet in half and

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fold it like it is a full one. The guards don't look that close. Just more stupid games between guards and inmates. Truth is that most free world, not people would even consider using these sheets. They look dirty, smell bad even after being washed, and most are torn.

We got another Newhouse (new guy) tonight. He is an older Black guy with AIDS trying to hustle the rest of us for a phone call. The last kid that came in, the one without a sheet and towel has made it clear he is gay and who he would like to be with. He is not a threat but the showers are open and I and others don't want to deal with two gay guys. They would normally be in another cellblock but since they have a law enforcement background or have been police that classification overrides the gay classification. The AIDS guy was picked up on a Galveston County misdemeanor so he should be on the bus to Galveston in a few days.

Everyone knows I am writing a book now. It is hard to miss anything like that in here. I am just concerned that some guards want to look at it before I can pass it off to my son, hopefully, next week. I have hidden the two hundred pages among my legal pleading. I have in under a current letter from the court and a letter from my Federal public defender. I feel they are safe for now. Again I do not have a high profile and they have no agenda to teach me a lesson. I could recreate all I have written about this but it would be a lot of work. You have to be paranoid about everything in here. I can't imagine what it would be like in the general population. I am not curious to find out.

It is about 9:00 pm and about one-third of the inmates are making their nightly spread (dinner). It is a big meal they just set out at 5:30 pm but now they make this second meal from the commissary. Mostly it consists of Ramen noodles, some kind of summer sausage or tuna, or both and maybe some eggs. They heat their water and pour it over the noodles in a big plastic bowl they bought from the commissary. They have another hot pot where they put the purchased meat to heat

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it. They mix it all together and eat it on saltine crackers or wrap it up in a tortilla. They eat about a quart plus of this spread. Almost all of them put on weight from all those calories which they have no way to burn off.

I can't eat the noodles because of the seasoning and the hot sauce and even the meat. There is too much spice and it affects my heart. Also, I cannot go to bed with that much in my stomach and not get sick. I tried a taco from the spread about a week ago and was sick for a week. In essence, eating is just relief from boredom. When I first arrived here there were only about four of them participating in the spread, now there are about ten. They remind me of a bunch of old women.

February 27, 2008, After Count

This morning was uneventful in the tank except for one stupid 19 year old. He refused to get out of bed and disrespected Ms. Williams. He is a robber. He got yelled at. I doubt it phased him. I fished a couple of oranges and a banana out of the trash. Some of these guys feel like oranges go bad in a few days or an apple with a cut on it renders the whole apple bad. A broken peel on a banana means it's spoiled. I wonder where these inmates grew up.

February 27, 2008, After Lunch

One of the reasons that I am in jail is because of my mother's bankruptcy. In October 2006, I helped her file bankruptcy because the house I was living in was in the process of being foreclosed in by two companies. Bankruptcy was filed because the state or Federal district court or the bankruptcy court, the bankruptcy court seemed to be the best forum. My mother owned the house she was living in and had no other significant assets or creditors. We needed to find out who actually owned the Texas Home Equity Note on the Heights property. I believe that the original note holder illegally sold the note to two different companies.

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In June 2007 the bankruptcy Trustee declared in his pleadings that GMAC, not Deutsche Bank owed the note. The truth is that even now we still so no know who owns the note. We have been trying to get this information for 18 months.

After the Trustee declared that GMAC owed the note, my mother was no longer functionally bankrupt because the Heights property was worth more than one note but not two. In fact, she filed eight motions to dismiss the bankruptcy all of which were denied.

The trustee decided he would sell the house in order to get a \$17,000 fee. The house had been sold in March 2007 with an April 2 closing but the title problems stopped the sale. The sale was for \$450,000. The trustee told the realtor to accept a contract for \$420,000. Se he was selling the property for \$30,000 less than value and taking a \$17,000 fee as well. At that point, I aggressively went after the trustee by sending emails to his law firm to point out his illegal acts against a senior citizen. With no creditors and my mother not being functionally bankrupt, his acts were illegal. In addition, there are very specific rules for foreclosure on a Texas Home Equity Note and the trustee sale under the circumstances would circumvent the foreclosure laws.

The trustee in retaliation turned the bankruptcy into a WorldPeace circus by attacking me. He ran up \$9000 in fees in the process. He has yet to obtains a clear change if title to the property.

The trustee attempted to get the court to approve the sale when my mother changed her homestead exemption and stopped it.

The judge then issued a bench warrant for my arrest for not attending a show cause hearing. The problem was that I was never personally served and so the bench warrant was illegal.

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The warrant was crucial in nature which meant that the US Marshalls could not break down my doors and come into my house and get me. They had to catch me

y outside of my home or gates. I put myself under house arrest because it was obvious that the court was going to illegally sell the property. The bench warrant was issued on August 8, 2007.

On November 13, 2007, a US Marshall pulled into my driveway as I was about to enter the gate. I had my hand on the security door when I turned to look at him. He was in an unmarked car with blue and white lights. He just sat there looking at me talking on his cell phone. Then he saw I was about to enter the gate and his eyes got big and he opened his car door and I stepped through the gate.

The gate was a six-foot chain-link gate with a cane screen on the outside which prevented someone from putting their finger on the chain links. At night it limited the ability to see through the gate to the driveway. The Deputy Marshall screamed the word MF over and over as he charged the gate in an attempt to approach me. When he got to the gate he had no way to gain and leverage to open it except to grab the center vertical end of the right side. The gate consisted of two panels, 6' high and the one on the left anchored into the driveway. He grabbed the gate and pulled it open with all his might however there was a third chain between the panels and as he pulled the gate that chain caught and he fell to the ground. He then got up, again yelling his MF word, and fell again.

He got to the gate but as he would push I would pull and as he would pull I would push I would pull. I had all the leverage. After a minute of this, he gave up. I had told him over and over that he could not come in. I latched the gate and jogged around the back of the house. He got in his car and drove off. I was surprised he did not call for backup to come and get me. I thought it was because it was a civil warrant and I was behind a locked gate.

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The deputy went back to his office and filled out a report that I had resisted and impeded his attempt to arrest me. He also said that he had grabbed e and I had turned, knocked him down and kicked him and then entered the gate. This was a lie. I was charged with violating Title 18 USCA. The max penalty is 20 years in Federal prison.

I have never been arrested and never had a fight in my life. Further, I have a heart condition and I would not embarrass my song who is a police officer and I would not avoid two hours in my mother's bankruptcy case as a witness by gambling on a 20-year prison sentence. The deputy lied.

On November 20, 2001, the bankruptcy judge signed an order for the US Marshall to kick down my door and approach me. They did not okay her order because she was out of line. They only kick in the door when they are after criminals. The police do not kick-in doors on a civil matter.

The problem was that I had a Federal criminal complaint about resisting arrest. I continued to work and live at the property and prepared to turn myself in. I work at home.

On December 22, 2007, I orchestrated my arrest by having a girlfriend pick me up in front of my house in plain view of the surveillance team so they could see her driver's license. We went to her house in Dickinson. I did not want the cops in my house or office because the deputy who tried to arrest me had threatened my mother with the destruction of her house, not the one I was living in. I also had to turn myself in because the arrest warrant for resisting arrest was a criminal matter and so was the NCIC database and would be seen by any officer stopping me for a traffic ticket. I had seen the deputy complaint a few days after it was filed because it was sent to my son. I know the deputy had lied and the charges were serious.

I decided to let them arrest me just before the holidays because I would not have to work for several weeks.

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Pat picked me up at about 7 PM and we arrived at her home at about 8:00. We visited and went to bed. About 2 AM in the morning she got a call from the local police that she needed to come down to the police station on some matter she filed months earlier. I knew it was a play to get her out of the house. I got dressed and went into the living room before she left.

When she left I called my son to tell him I expected the cops to come in and get me shortly.

About 10 minutes after she left I was standing in the living room when the front door was opened and the deputies came in with mini 16's pointed at me. Just like you see on TV. I was told to lie down on the floor which I did and they came right up to me with their guns with about 18" from my head. They rolled me over and handcuffed me. I told them I was having chest pains and I needed to go to the hospital, they laughed.

Right after Pat left I turned in a digital recorder I had with me and put it on a bookcase by her front door. So I have the entire incident recorded. They did not see the recorder and Pat found it the next day and gave it to my son.

The deputies refused to give me my nitroglycerin for my heart for about 30 minutes. They made all kinds of obscene jokes about me and Pat and laughed at my chest pains. I had on a medic alert bracelet.

They finally called the ambulance. Then they demanded that I get up and walk to the ambulance. I refused to move because of the pain. I was on my stomach. Two men then grabbed my arms which were cuffed behind my back and dragged me outside. When I did not stand up two more men grabbed my feet and then threw me into the ambulance gurney. They refused to give me my nitroglycerin.

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The ambulance drivers also laughed at my pain. They took me to the county hospital in Houston. It took over an hour and a half to get there. I could have died. A deputy road with me.

At the hospital, a female intern joined the fun. The doctors said I was OK. The intern said I was fine. Then I told her to look at the EKG monitor and pointed out how my heart was misfiring. She laughed and said it was nothing. She was wrong.

Because I was taken to the county hospital I was sent to the county jail instead of the Federal detention center. The deputies had laughed because they said that the Federal detention center was like the Hilton Hotels and the county jail was the worst-case scenario.

As it turned out, because I had been an attorney and because my son is a police officer I was out in protective custody in the Harris County Jail. I have my own cell and are not locked in. I am in the best cellblock in the county and it is better than the Federal Detention Center. It is still jail but God was looking out for me and I have done the best possible back up.

I did not resist arrest. I had not had a single problem with any deputy or inmate in the 68 days I have been in jail. The only person who has claimed that I assaulted him in 60 years of my life is the deputy that tried to arrest me. And he is lying. My father instilled in me to turn the other cheek and I have a lifetime of doing that. I have no doubt that I have waged war on the internet and in court pleadings but I have never had a physical fight in my life.

Due to my son being a police officer, the deputies processed me immediately after I arrived here from the hospital. I remember being rolled out into the cell in a wheelchair and I thought I would freeze to death. The deputy saw me shaking and brought me back in until his partner got the van.

I was processed in and as the deputy left he called back and wished me a Merry Christmas. It was a sarcastic goodbye.



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The courts were mostly closed for the holidays and I was not taken to the Federal building to see a magistrate until the 26th of December. The magistrate asked me is I was going to hire a lawyer and I said I did not know so she reset me for the 28th.

When I arrived at the Federal building they processed me into the Federal database. The deputies tried to harass me and see if they could make me strike out at them because of the lie that Deputy David Pyka has told about me knocking him down and kicking him. I only told them it did not happen.

I was in handcuffs with a chain around my waist to hold my hands close to my body. They also had a leg chain on me. I felt like I was in a movie or something. No one can get a reaction out of me. I felt like I was in a movie or something. No one can get a reaction out of me in high tension situations and cutting words from silly people never affects me. Lies are what affect me. Even still if I am lied to my reaction is not to hit someone. I will deal with their lies on the internet or in legal pleadings if it is a lawsuit. Or I may just do nothing more than make a note about the worthlessness of the person who lied.

When I have court they tell me when breakfast is served. Breakfast is served about 4:30 am and do around 5 am I am taken with all the other inmates to a central check place.

There are usually about 200 plus inmates going to court on any given day. Sometimes after you are taken from your cell you are taken to a gym which is always cold because the vents are open to the outside. There we have to strip, shake out our clothes on command and then put them back on. It is sort of useless because if someone wanted to bring a makeshift knife into court they could. They don't check us that clearly.

You can make a shive out of a toothbrush with a razor blade you take out of a disposable razor. In here it is like the free world. If someone is determined to do a thing, they can usually find a way to do it.

On the 28th the judge decided to assign me a standby Federal Public Offender because I have never had a case other than bankruptcy in the Federal courts. I had two holds at that time. One, for the civil bench warrant in Judge Karen Brown's court and the other the criminal resisting arrest complaints. Up until that day I had been told that I was charged with a misdemeanor but at that hearing, the prosecutor Bert Isaacs told the magistrate that it was a felony with a range of punishment of 0-20 years. I was a bit taken aback but I did not believe it. The judge talked down to the prosecutor and humiliated him. I did not know what was going on about the 0-20 years did not seem real.

[Note: It is about 11 pm and we have been locked in our cells for about 30 minutes. Two deputies are let into the cellblock and they began a cell by cell shakedown. They just looked around my cell, looked under the mattress and left. It was not like a regular shakedown where they open all storage containers and dump those out on the floor and the bed. They checked all the cells within 10 minutes and they were gone. I hid my pen in my sock. I have used about 40% of it since Monday. I want to use it up before they find it. The pen not only writes a lot more but I can write faster with it because I do not have to press down hard to make it write. One of the inmates told me I could take the ink from the authorized pens and refill the tube in this free world pen. I don't think I want to bother with that. I will try to get another free world pen and in the meantime go back to using the authorized pens and not this contraband pen. I can hear things in the next cellblock slamming the cell doors short after they inspect as they did in here. Every time one of these events takes place I wonder what sort of things Gandhi and the Apostle Paul had to endure while they were in jail. Baha u llah was in jail for 45 years in Iran.]

After the count, I was taken back to the holding cell and then to see my lawyer Margaret Ling. In court the judge made the deputies take off the handcuffs and the leg chain. No other

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judge has done that for me. Margaret and her investigators were very excited. They said that Bert Isaacs had agreed to a misdemeanor if I agreed to plead out. A misdemeanor topped the sentence at one year if I agreed. And they left to accept the offer, the deal was that I would plead guilty and I would be given a PR band next time I come to court. Then a PSI (pre-sentence investigation) would take place and I would have a sentencing hearing in about two or three months. The Federal sentencing guidelines for a plead out dictated that I get 0-6 months probation since I have no criminal record.

I would get a year in jail with 54 days off for good-time if I went to trial and lost. Going to trial was not an option. I had practiced criminal law for a time in the 1980s and all those who went to trial were foolish. The system is stacked against you. Your best route is to lead guilty and hey the lesser sentence. An inmate in here who was a probation officer said he believed the 25-33% of all people who pled guilty were in fact innocent.

My court date was reset to January 10th for the plead out and the PR band. On the 10th Bert Isaacs was not present and the prosecutor who was would not take the plea because it was not his case. I waived my right to a preliminary hearing in which I could have argued why the charges should be dropped. Since I had the bankruptcy hold the PR band would not get me out of jail so I waived the band hearing as well. The plead out was reset for January 23rd.

When I arrived in court I was told that I had been indicted for a felony resisting arrest. But Bert Isaacs had done this and again he was not in court. My attorney, now Richard Ely, told me that the Supreme Court of the US had ruled over and over that a plea agreement was like a contract and they would not be able to break it. In mind, they had already broken it because I now had a felony indictment on my record. Now my record is marked and when a cop stops me for a minor traffic offense he will see my record and the indictment for resisting arrest and

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may pull his gun on me or search my car. In a word the felony indictment puts my life in jeopardy any time I get stopped.

Since Bert Isaacs was not in court the judge reset the case again. The next time I went to court I had to plead to the felony indictment before the case would be assigned to a judge by the magistrate. I reluctantly did so after questioning my lawyer in detail.

I was assigned to a US Federal District Judge Lynn Hughes who had presided over a lawsuit I filed against Telemundo TV when I ran for Governor of Texas in 2002 in the Democratic primary. I did not like or trust Judge Lynn Hughes and he did not like me because I know that he knew that I knew he had screwed me. Judge Hughes is an old white super-conservative judge and I am a flaming liberal wild man in his opinion. The good news is that he hated me but Issacs more than he hated me. But Issacs had lied to judge Hughes in the past and the judge banned him from ever appearing in his court again. So it would seem that the misdemeanor plea was going to hold. But the length of the sentence was not in question. You can't make a Federal Judge who is appointed for life to do anything he does not want to do.

Tomorrow my son John is supposed to meet with the prosecutor and my attorney and finalize the misdemeanor plea. If everything goes alright I should be able to finalize that matter next week. But it has taken two months to get to this point.

February 28, 2008,      After Court

Breakfast was delivered on time this morning. Every time I wake up I wonder if I have missed it. As a result, I decided last night to start locking my door shut. Normally I close it but don't lock it all the way shut. If I lock the door shut they have to unlock it so I can go downstairs to get my breakfast. So if I wake up and my door is still locked then I know that I have not missed breakfast. Sometime the trustees come around and put

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the food in the clot. When they do this they do not unlock the doors. That is fine because I will have my breakfast.

Ms. Williams was not supposed to work today. She is usually off on Thursday and Friday. At about 6 am when they get us up I heard a voice on the speaker. I can't understand a word that comes over the speaker because I have a hearing problem in my left ear and the words come out of the speaker in a range that is hard for me to understand. I did hear Ms. Williams say my name. As it turns out she thought that because my door was still closed and not locked in the open position that I was laying in bed. I was not. I always get up is I am not already up and make my bed and clean up with the door shut because it keeps the room warm. A few degrees make a lot of difference. And last night was cold because the temperature dropped to the low forties outside in the free world.

The rule book says that an inmate must not keep any leftover food. You are supposed to eat everything at each meal. So Ms. Williams tells everyone to get rid of their food. For me, that was two oranges that are necessary to keep from getting colds in here, an apple and two containers of cereal. I usually eat one at 10 pm. I went ahead and ate them this morning to keep from throwing them away. Since Ms. Williams had already singled me out and I could not afford to push things and take the chance on keeping the food.

As I exited my room she began to tell me something else over the speaker that I could not understand. So I asked her to speak through my cell speaker. She refused and told the inmates in the room next to me to repeat what she said. What she had said was that I needed to get rid of the peanut butter jar that I had cleaned and was using to hold my candy and cough drops. They want you to buy a tumbler and use that for storage. Just more nonsense.

I took my free world pen and put it in my container of skin lotion. I did not want it found. I also gave 10 of my convict pens to another inmate to hold. I have 50 of those pens and I

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was concerned that they would see I had too many. I have the commissary sheet to show I have bought 80 but I am sure that would not matter. "I am in jail."

The cellblock is very quiet. We are supposed to be waiting on a sergeant to come and inspect our cells. He will do a mini shakedown. I guess this is why they come in and did a courtesy shakedown last night. In the meantime, everyone is in their cells sleeping. I guess some are asleep because they had to eat up their food or throw it out. They overate and not they are asleep.

My biggest concern is for this book. I have it hidden in my legal papers and no they should not mess with it but who knows. I have handwritten over 240 pages now and there is only the original. It would be depressing to have to start over again. I have the tablets I am using under the letters and enveloped from my Federal Public Defender. So they should not look at it. All my legal papers are in the plastic bags they serve breakfast in. We can't have paper clips or rubber bands etc. and the bags are the best way to organize those papers. I have a stack of about 17' high. All legal pleadings except three of these tablets which I am writing this book.

I have worked hard in my life to be able to work for myself and avoid anyone having control of my life. But now I am in a place where I have no choice. I have to stay completely under the radar. I keep in line because as it stands now I have been here 10 weeks and I should have been free in two weeks at the most. It looks like I could be here several more weeks. My business is almost completely shut down. My personal things are in a house subject to vandalism. I am a burden on my son who is trying to get all these judges to proceed with my various cases. That is why this book is important. I hop it gets published. I am accomplishing something I have wanted to do for 21 years. This book and its potential are what keeps my attitude positive in this dungeon and around these guards and their harassment. You can never forget they are like snakes. No matter how friendly they are some of them are

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capable of turning and biting you for no reason. The best thing is to stay away from them and not to talk to them unless you have to. All we can do now is to hope this bid inspection in over sooner than later. In the short run, I find peace in the fact that Ms. Williams should be off for a few days and there will be no inspection on the weekend.

February 28, 2008, After Supper

I called John from the cellblock phone. You must set up an account with one of the phone company affiliates in order to be able to receive collect calls from the county jail. My son John set up an account and I speak with him every night. Were it not for him I would be almost completely isolated from the outside world and at the mercy of business associates, the courts, my attorney, my parents.

When I first arrived here I was calling my mother every night as I have been since her companion died in December 2005. After a few weeks, she decided that she did not want to pay the \$3.60 per call so she did not put any money in an account that would allow me to call her. The bankruptcy that is causing so much grief is her problem. I have written four letters to her since she quit taking calls. She has not responded to any of them by writing to me. My son John is working with her after he and I discuss her problems.

When I called John to see how things went with the4 prosecution and my court-appointed Federal Public Defender attorney Richard Ely, he said things went OK and that he had talked to the head prosecutor who he also said was a very good friend of my attorney. He said that they realized that John was an almost perfect witness. He served 6 years in the Marines, is working in this Ph.D., and in the seven years at the Houston Police Department he has risen to the rank of sergeants as soon as he was eligible, was on the elite SWAT team and is currently a personal liaison to one of the Deputy Chiefs. He has an almost perfect record and over a dozen commendations.

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The prosecutor also has my first Public Defender attorney and her investigators who along with my son agreed to let me plead out to a misdemeanor. The law is clear that the prosecutors must honor that commitment. But the nature of prosecutors is to not be reasonable. You read stories all the time how convicted people are later cleared by the DNA evidence and yet the prosecutor wants to keep them in jail. It is just a flaw of these people to be more concerned about this conviction rate than justice. But justice is hard to come by in the courts. And hardly ever seen in Harris County, Texas home of daddy George Bush and Dubya Bush, our current war managing president.

John assured me that there would be a resolution to the matter next week. I hope so. It is very hard for me not to go on the attack when a legal issue that is so Black and white is deemed gray by another attorney, especially a prosecutor.

In the gospels, Jesus advises people not to go to court. He says if you go to court no matter how good your case is you may be the one who goes to jail. So he advises to settle your case is at all possible. This is really a profound remark. It is something that someone outside the court system would not understand. I refused to believe how corrupt the judicial system is until I was disbarred after a long history of fighting the State \_\_\_ of Texas. (All justice systems are corrupt, as in all.)

Before I lost my law license, which I am still fighting, I told my lawyer and judges that if I was disbarred, my license was not worth the value I put on it. The laws of legislation are generally sound but it is implemented by judges are often skewed. And it is skewed due to monetary and power influences. I do not think Jesus would have made such a statement had he not been closely and first hand associated with the justice system of his day. I have always suspected that Jesus had more education than the gospels reveal. Human marks of that history are gone because after Jerome organized the official Christian Bible for the sake of Christianity and control on the members of the Catholic Church, the Christian soldiers began a book-burning



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campaign that included the library in Alexandria, Egypt where one million ancient manuscripts were kept. They burned in the name of Jesus. The Dead Sea Scrolls have given us a glimpse of some of what was burned. I am sure in time more information will come to light. I am sure the Catholic Church has the truth in its archives. The truth about Jesus.

In the end, Jesus was crucified by the corrupt lawyer of the Jewish bureaucracy with the help of Pilate. And the law persuaded Paul and the other apostles virtually everywhere they went. The fear of new ideas by society is as old as history. I have no fear. And neither did Jesus, Paul, Gandhi, MLK Jr., Nelson Mandela and many others throughout history. But to take on global social change is to put one's life at risk. This is undeniable. I have had death threats. The CIA and FBI have watched me. I have been careful to not start an organization to encourage followers or disciples or use any words in my emails or writings that could be considered as a terrorist. Advocating peace and WorldPeace is not for pacifists. The truth is often paradoxical.

Because I have this book to distract me, I can disengage my frustration and anger as to what is personally happening to me in the three courts I am engaged in. My son John has the ability to work with the system and he will go far because of his talents in the area. In the meantime, his father is by most observers a crazy anarchist that must be watched. I have always been paranoid with regard to all bureaucracies. When I was a child between 6 and 10 I often had dreams of cops chasing me. But they never caught me. In real life, on November 13th, I carelessly was not paying attention and now I have a criminal record. Due to my son, I will probably exit these matters unscathed and with little jail time. But I have no doubt there are many who would like to see me with a life sentence. It is not going to happen. I now have a very vivid reminder of being careless with the law. I have looked over the edge of the judicial abyss and what I saw was very dark indeed.

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As I have said, I chose to go to the root causes and issues as to why there is no peace on earth. As part of that road less traveled my time in jail was on the mandatory experience list for this lifetime.

Most people do not try to keep an eye on the global impact on their lives. That is why they are only loosely connected with God. They are confused about their little closed-end reality. They do understand that one day they will die. This life will end and they will have to account for what they have done. I know why I am in jail and it has just a little to do with being prosecuted for a minor infraction of the law and for defying a malicious bankruptcy judge. It has to do with being able to speak from experience. People read what the trial and tribulations of the Apostle Paul but they can't really imagine what he experienced on his path to spread the gospel of Jesus to the world. I often say I am playing chess while my opponents are playing checkers. Mainly I understand and relate every simple act in my life to God's will and purpose for me this lifetime. I never, as in never moment to moment discount from that global infinite immortal soul that I am.

It is about 5:30 am. I have been up since they delivered breakfast bags at about 4:15 am. It is quiet in the zoo. Then monkeys are asleep. The TV is not blaring. The silence is sacred. The writing of this book is my prayers. It is my meditation. It is my time with God and I am sharing it with the world.

February 29, 2008,

On or about January 8th, I was taken to the bankruptcy court to answer questions by Judge Brown. I wanted to fight repeatedly to her questions because I thought it was all just harassment. I had legally stopped the trustee from selling the Heights property. The trustee had filed a motion to dismiss the bankruptcy. My mother had filed 8 motions to dismiss with no results. The day after the judge signed an order for the

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marshals to kick in my door, the trustee filed a motion to dismiss, it made no sense.

I am being held day to day illegally for no reason. I followed the directions of my son and answered all the judges' questions. At that time much of her misconception about the case was dispelled. I answered every question. I was only a witness. At the end of the questioning, the judge should have dismissed the case. There were no creditors with an interest. Both my mother and the trustee wanted it dismissed. It should have ended that day. Instead, the judge said we have a trial on the 29th and it has already been rescheduled. She kept the hold on me so that even if I got out on the other two cases, her order would keep me in jail.

Her bench warrant was illegal because it was based on my failure to appear in court per an order she had issued but had never been served to me. To hold someone in contempt you have to have personal services. But she is a Federal judge appointed for life. She does what she wants.

My son John began to talk to the trustee and his assistant about settling the case. They came to an agreement of \$9,200.00. My mother paid the money on or about the 14th and the trustee held the money in his law firm's account. I hated the fact that money was paid because I felt it was just Blackmail money. I had stopped the sale and saved my mother \$30,000 because the trustee was selling the property for \$420,000 when we had it sold for \$450,000 except for the title problems. I also saved the \$17,000 in fees the trustee would have received for illegally selling the property. So we were ahead by \$38,000.

The trustee claimed the \$9,200 in expenses which per their detailed billing was 95% getting me and 5% cleaning the title on the property. One of the main reasons I did not want to go to court was because I know the trustee would turn it into a dog and pony show about John WorldPeace and no emphasis would be put on cleaning the title which is why the bankruptcy was filed in the first place.

The trustee told my son that the judge would not sign the order of dismissal until the 29th. I told my son that he should not believe the trustee. The trustee proceeded to get my son on the chain of the title documents to show who owned the note.

As a result of the settlement, I did not subpoena the real estate agent who was originally our agent and who had gotten a contract on the house for \$450,000 in four days after listing it. I also did not subpoena Litton Loan Servicing to bring the title document to court. I had been trying for 16 months to find out who owned the note. My mother even hired an attorney for that specific purpose. He was unsuccessful as well. In addition, the trustee sued the attorney to harass my mother by putting pressure on his attorney.

On January 29th I was taken to court. The judge came in and acted like she was going to proceed to trial and proceed on the trustees' 6-month-old note to hold me in contempt.

I told the judge that we had a settlement and there was a motion to dismiss and what were are going to trial for. The judge acted surprised that the trustee had already been paid. Something went wrong because my mother who had been ordered to appear in court on the 29th had apparently though the trustee told my mother she did not have to come to court.

So in the say of court my witnesses, my mother, the real estate agent and the loan service had not been subpoenaed and there was no one to rebut any lies the trustee would tell. The judge knowing there was a settlement went to trial anyway. At the trial, the trustee was on the stand and I questioned him. The judge eventually stopped me from asking any more questions.

The trustee told several lies on the stand under oath. The main one was that he had not told the real estate agent to accept to offer for \$420,000. That was a lie because prior to that point I was working with the trustee and the agent to sell the house. After that, I did all I could to stop the sale.

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I did not get as aggressive as I wanted because we had a deal and I wanted the judge to sign an order ending this matter. I would file documents in the state district court to find out who owned the title to the note.

At the end of the proceeding, the judge said that she would write an order but she refused to read it to me in court personally and so she refused to release the hold on me. This is illegal. But again since I had the other matters holding me, I said nothing.

It has now been a month and there is still no order. My Public Defender in the resisting arrest case asked the judge three weeks ago if she would sign an order and she said yes but has refused to do so.

The problem is that my mother is not obligated to pay two more notes of \$2500 each which will reduce the note balance by only \$500. So she has lost \$4500 due to the judge's refusal to sign an order. The judge is deliberately harming my 81-year-old mother.

Many people will find this unbelievable but it is true. The justice system is corrupt and full of petty judges like Judge Brown.

Yesterday my attorney told my son that he would again try to get an order from Judge Brown.

In addition, the trustee's assistant promised my son, at the time he delivered the \$9200 to her, that she would send the title documents from Litton Loan Servicing as part of the agreement. She has not done so because she says they will not send them to her.

I have said from the beginning that the assigned loan company sold the note twice. Or there is some legal problem they have. There is no reason that these documents should not be readily available. As I said, when the bankruptcy is over, I will

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deal with this matter in the state district court. I thought the best court to solve the issue would be the bankruptcy court but I was wrong. We should have gone to the state district court in the beginning. In the end I will be vindicated.

February 29, 2008, After night court and lights out

When we go to bed the main fluorescent light in our cells go out and the incandescent light comes on. There is still enough light to see but it is just a 60-watt bulb.

I always sleep in my clothes. It is too cold not too. I have a three-inch mattress with a plastic cover. The sheets are all torn and are flat sheets that don't stay on the mattress. We only get one. I fold it and use it as an additional cover for my chest. I also wear two pairs of socks and a cap I sewed from two socks. The bed is about 30" wide and the blanket we got in twice that width. I lay on my back, with the sheet on my chest and the blanket folded in half for more warmth. I move very little at night and I am sure I look like a corpse. I have a towel over my small pillow and another towel I fold and lay over my exposed head to block out the light above me.

The weather is supposed to turn cols on Monday so I will be chilled for several days no matter what. Exercising keeps me warm for about an hour as does a shower. When I first came here it was colder and everyone would wear their blanket all day. Then the stopped that and insisted the beds were made. They also don't allow you to cover your head with a towel. That is hard for us with little hair. We are not trying to make a statement with a towel on our head, we are just trying to stay warm. Hey "I am in jail." That is what the deputy said.

March 3, 2008, Night court

Last night I tried to exercise too soon after supper and I had a workout partner that increased the pace of the workout. The results are that I got sick at my stomach which always feels a lot

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like a heart attack about to start. I quit exercising and began to walk slowly instead. I felt better.

This morning commissary came after lunch. I only ordered pens and paper and some granola bars and I treated myself to some ice cream. I think the ice cream really helped my attitude. IT was sort of a gift to myself.

Last night I was able to finalize the organization of my notes regarding the things I need to put into this book and this morning I wrote the twenty-page introduction. All I have to do now is to follow my outline and write the book. I feel like I will be finished by the middle of next week. Being able to see the final organization felt like a major burden had been lifted from me.

I have been trying to write this book for twenty years but I could never see how to put it together, all that is resolved now.

In addition, I just feel like I have crossed some threshold. Something has changed in my reality. Something is going on in the inner planes (the spirit world) that are going to have a positive impact on my life. Good things are coming, I can feel it.

More and more I see this jail as a tomb. I think of Jesus laying in his tomb for three days. I feel the cold sterile walls. I feel that my stay in this tomb in much longer than three days but I feel that I will rise from the death of my old self. I'm excited to begin the rest of my life. All the past will be left in this place. But I feel this nook will always mark my metamorphosis.

I can hear the breakfasts being delivered down the long concrete hallways. And now the lights have come on and the doors have propped open like cascading dominos.

I received my breakfast which today is an egg, an apple and cheese crackers and milk. I will eat my granola bar and save

the cheese crackers for later in the day. They are a bit too nasty for this early in the morning.

I was the first one out of my cell and I see a few guys who always seem to be awake. The one guy John Harrison, whose grandfather was the mayor of Pasadena, is always up and he is the one who usually retrieves the tray of breakfast between the door to the outside hallway. A couple of time I retrieve it.

After I get my breakfast I climb the stairs as the zombies in orange come down the stairs. It really increases the Halloween effect in this tank of green steal and orange county jail clothing.

One or two guys hang around to see if someone has not gathered their breakfast or if there may be an extra one. If you don't get up, then you are not going to eat. I missed breakfast once. I stayed up too late writing and I was not locking my door then so I was not awakened by the unlocking. I really like that sound of 12 cells downstairs unlocking in rapid succession and then the ones upstairs. Funny how the simplest things make me smile.

We had eggs yesterday and I was given seven. Most guys can't stand the smell of boiled eggs so they give them away. And if you don't buy salt they don't taste too good is at all. I take out the yokes that have all the cholesterol in them and put the halves in a tumbler. Then I supplement my lunch and supper with them. Like last night we had popcorn shrimp which is more an appetizer, not a meal. I needed the extra calories. I gave Bill two eggs that I did not break apart to supplement his supper. You have to eat the eggs the same day or throw them out. The bacteria grow very fast in eggs and more than a few inmates have gotten sick eating eggs the next day. The eggs come without the shell.

I am getting a bit chilled and I have been up for several hours. The cold wakes me up. When I wake up after an hour or two hours of sleep I can't go back to sleep so I just get up and work. When I was a kid I would just lay in bed. It never



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occurred to me to just get up and do something until I got tired. I don't understand taking pills to go to sleep. My body will get plenty of sleep when I am dead.

I like milk but I will not drink it at home. Then I will drink the cholesterol-free milk I buy. This is 1% milk but it takes me back 50 years when I used to drink whole milk and loved it. For a time it gave me a stomach ache. I drank chocolate milk every morning in the Army. I tried pouring my cool-aid in the milk but it was nasty. I thought I could create a strawberry shake effect. I was wrong.

March 4, 2008, After Lunch

I have begun on most days to take a nap after lunch. It usually lasts an hour. It compensates for me staying up after breakfast between 4 and 4:30 am. I find that it is easy to write in the quiet that pervades the cellblock at that time.

Many of these inmates have a prejudice against each other and then have a hierarchy of those they don't like. They don't like some inmates because he was a parole officer, but they dislike someone else more who was a child molester. Most of these inmates are harmless in here because they don't want to go back to the general population. But have no doubt some have a violent history that could manifest under the right circumstances.

I have no idea who is talking about me or why. But since I have heard conversations about almost everyone in this cellblock I have to assume they are talking about me too. I am beginning to feel that I should have been locking down my door every night. I have heard enough about prison now to know that you want to lock yourself in when you go to prison. I tend to look for the good in people and forget that some people are not to be trusted, ever.

March 5, 2008, After lights out

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Several days ago I got sick while exercising. It was a strange sickness. My heart was jumping a bit and I thought it was due to not waiting long enough after I ate to work out. But tonight John told me that my father had fallen Sunday morning and damaged his pelvis and cracked his femur. I think what I was feeling was his pain.

I have always been very physically close to my father yet on a logical level he has always found me hard to understand. He and I live different realities in life but are very much in tune spiritually. These have been many times over the years, especially the last 10 years since he turned seventy when I would feel sick or bad and yet did not believe it was me. I learned to call him when I felt like this and when I did I would usually find that he had been sick or in distress. One time when I lived on Woodhorn I fell to my knees in the kitchen. I could not get up. I had to crawl between two countertops and put my hands on them in order to get on my feet. The next day I found he had fallen.

Now when I feel strangely sick I go down the list of all of those close to me and mentally try to find out who is in trouble or in distress. I then make calls to check on everyone. Sometimes I do not find out who it was. But I know it was someone pulling my energy.

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When I was fourteen years old I built a lot of model airplanes. These were flying models. Most of them were control line models that flew attached to two sixty-foot wires that entered the left-wing and controlled the tail elevator.

One year I made a small Biplane. I painted it red. It was a free flight planning meaning you started the engine and let it go. It would circle clockwise as it rose and when the engine ran out of gas in about two minutes it would begin to circle counterclockwise as it descended.

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I finished the plan in winter and I insisted on flying it then. It was too windy. Those planes best flow when there was no wind. I finally convinced my father to take me to bellman stadium to fly the plane.

I know it was way too windy to fly the model but I was going to do it anyway. I fueled up the plane and started the engine. I should have held on to it for a minute or so to shorten the flight time but I didn't. The plane took off but was circling and climbing at about a 10-degree incline do to the wind. It was obvious that it was going into the woods across the street.

We watched the plane as it peaked and began to descend into the half wooded field. We then got into the car and went to look for it. My father was upset about the loss. I was not. I would make another one. We could not find the airplane even though it was red and should have been easy to spot. It was Sunday night. I had not put my name on the plane so whoever found it would not know who to return it to.

After school the next day my father picked me up from school. He did not normally do this. He was in front of the school and told me to get in. He would not tell me what was going on but as we drove I thought it had something to do with that little airplane. After about ten minutes he told me that he had had a dream the night before about the airplane and that he was going to re-enact the dream. It started with picking me up from school. As we drive along he was verbally relating his dream. He would say we needed to turn here and stop there. I found nothing unusual in all of this even though we had never done anything like this before.

He drove to a feeder street by the woods and then spotted a traffic sign be recognized from the dream and pulled up over the curb and into the grass and stopped the car. Hew told me to get out. He kept relating the dream and we moved towards the woods. I guess we went about fifty yards when he spotted a group of trees. Is was obvious from the way he was talking

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that the dream was not an exact match because he had to look for the trees.

He told me to go to the right of this little group of trees and he went left. He then said that the plane should be right there as he pointed to the center of the trees. We both looked and there was the plane. It was in the middle of the thirty plus small pine trees in a patch of sunlight about ten feet in diameter.

I could tell he was amazed at the accuracy of the dream and relieved to find the airplane. I found the whole event interesting but not surprising. It was the first real psychic event I had been exposed to. Over the years there would be many more.

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PEACE EXALTED

I awake to the silence of this tomb  
Not a sound but that of death  
the quiet blessing of day vision  
the pure open channel to  
the one God

Upon my knees, I pray  
I listen  
my mind receives  
the message, the lesson, the knowing  
and my closed mind  
cracks open to Heaven

I am shown the path that I travel  
but I see the sky above me  
with golden rays of sunlight  
striking magnificent clouds  
the glory of the Lord

What bliss this day  
what a blessing this life  
I see the portal of my  
birth through these cement walls

I see a New Age Now Begins  
and I am an instrument of its peace

080304  
0330

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March 7, 2008, After Breakfast

I went to bed at lights out last night which is about 10:30. I am up and wide awake and bored and some of the noise that I have learned to identify echoing off the cement hallways. It is about 3:45 – 4 am. They are laying out the breakfast trays in the hall. I have not heard the outside door open yet. I just heard it.

The doors opened and I was the second one down to get breakfast. Harrison is always first. I think he sleeps less than I do. After the outside door opens and then closes, which is harder to hear, the inside door opens which is unmistakable. Then the cell doors cascade open. I am lately waiting at the door to my cell when it opens. This morning we have milk, as always, cereal, an orange and cheesecake energy bar (one of the best). The oranges are noticeably smaller (25%). These must be a bad crop and I will bet the prices in the stores are high.

There are several inmates who do not eat breakfast and have designated others to get their breakfast. But then someone else is taking on extra breakfast on his own. Fortunately, one of the designated guys gave up his second breakfast to the one who got up too late. (The guard did not turn on the main cell light before he popped the doors. That is probably why this guy didn't get up in time.) You have about six minutes from the time the cell doors open to get you breakfast. Few go hungry because almost everyone has a commissary back up in their cells (the food they bought). But we are like rats and it is frustrating to not get what is yours.

My father is supposed to have surgery this morning. He is 81 and fell and broke his femur and pulled the top of his bone out of his hip joint last Sunday morning. He has been in the UA hospital since then sedated because of the pain. The surgery is high risk because of his age and his heart but I don't think they have any choice but to go in and fix it. He was in the hospital about a month ago for stomach problems.

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I have these holds on me on these different matters all of the holds are due to corrupt judges and the justice systems reality. I am still being held going in six weeks by my bankruptcy judge. She was supposed to sign an order dismissing the bankruptcy on January 29th after trial and releasing her hold on me. She should have released me on January 9th when I was brought into her court based on her bench warrant after being arrested on December 22nd. I am just a witness in the matter. She is illegally holding me day to day until she writes her final order in the case. She says she wants to read it to me personally. In addition to illegally holding me, she has cost my mother \$5000 because she has had to make two note payments on her property that she would not have had to make.

Karen Brown is like a lot of these Federal judges. They get appointed for life and then they burn out on the job. They want the status of being a Federal judge and they don't want to have to go out and work for a living so they stay on the bench. Not to mention the pay and benefits. They also like the political connections. She is well-liked because she brings donuts and cakes. But she does this while due to her procrastination, apathy, laziness, and boredom she harms those before her court with her unnecessary delays.

I am also being held on a resisting arrest charge related to Judge Brown bench warrant. The Deputy Marshall who tried to arrest me on November 13, 2007, and was unsuccessful because I was behind my fence, he wrote in his affidavit that I knocked him down and kicked him. That is a blatant lie.

I am 59 with a heart condition. And I am not going to risk twenty years in prison to avoid two hours in a courtroom as a witness.

On January 4th, 2008, I was brought before the Federal Magistrate and assigned a public defender. After court, she came back to my cell and said I was being offered a misdemeanor plea is I took it immediately. That would cap my

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sentence at a max of one year in jail. But due to the Federal guidelines, I would get 0-6 months probation. I have never been arrested and no history of fighting anyone. The potential max sentence was twenty years for a felony which is what I was confronted with in court that morning. I accepted the deal. I was to return on January 16, and plead guilty to the misdemeanor resisting arrest and bail out on of my personal recognizance.

When I returned on the 16th the prosecutor was on vacation and the prosecutor who was there would not stand for him. I waived my right to a preliminary hearing. The case was reset for the 29th.

Something after the 16th I was indicted for a felony resisting arrest. This was against the plea bargain. It also put the indictment on my record even if I plead to the misdemeanor or the case is dismissed the felony indictment is on my record and any officers with a modern computer will see that I resist being arrested and the situation will increase the tension. It is the way the law is. Just accusations and the feeling of suits are looked as truth on matter what the distortion. In a word, I have been harmed by a lying prosecutor.

On the 29th of January, the prosecutor was again on vacation and the case was reset to the 5th of February to have the prosecutor who made the deal present. The prosecutor at that time denied he made the deal.

In the Federal system, when a prosecutor makes a deal as he did in this case, they are held to it under contract law, especially when I agreed to the plea to my defendant. I waived my rights to a preliminary hearing.

Last week my son, who is a police officer, and the public defender and his investigator who cut the original deal, along with my attorney and the lead of the public defender office not with one of the chief prosecutors. At that time it was undeniable that Bert Isaacs had made the plea agreement for a



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misdemeanor. A decision was supposed to have been made yesterday to go forward with the misdemeanor plea.

Further, this prosecutor lied to the judge whose court that I have been assigned and have banned from appearing in that court. So he is a proven liar but he is a Federal prosecutor and firing him is impossible.

So I am being held on the resisting arrest matter for almost two months after I was supposed to plea out and be released.

Also, regarding the BR matter, I did not appear in Judge Brown court because she and the trustee, who also lied in court. We were going to sell my mother's property illegally for \$30,000 below market and the trustee was to get \$17,000 in fees for his efforts. I ended up in jail but my mother settled for \$9,200 which means we were \$38,000 ahead. Also, every time I appear in court, it turns into a dog and pony show about John WorldPeace. The \$9,200 was to pressure me. This issue in the bankruptcy is who owns the note on my mother's property. It appears that the original lender twice sold the note. This issue is still unresolved.

My anger over these two matters is justified. It has been enhanced now that I cannot visit my father.

The third matter I am being held on is a contempt of court having to do with my disbarment. That order and the underlying judgment will be set aside as soon as I file my Federal writ of Habeas Corpus. But that matter will not be considered if I am in jail anyway on the other two matters: So I am caught in a crossfire. This is just the way the system works.

The point is that I should have been out of jail the first week in January on all these matters. Two months later I am still in jail as my father has surgery from which he may not recover.

As always I acknowledge God's plea. Were I now in jail, this nook may not have been written. Yet I am human and I am

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angry at the corruption. The justice system is also a focus of my WorldPeace advocacy because it is so corrupt and unjust and is an impediment to increasing the secular aspects of peace in the world human society.

March 6, 2008, After Morning Count

I want back to bed after writing and putting up my laundry. I usually choose to wash my socks and underwear in the shower which is more comfortable than using my sink which hurts my back. I usually get into the shower with my socks and undershorts and t-shirts and my arm warmers which are socks with the bottoms cut out. I then use the bar soap they give you in here and rub it on the items and then remove them and hand-wash them one at a time. When I finish, I bathe myself. I shave my head and beard when we have good razors. When we don't I shave at the end of the shower so my beard has a good soak and is soft. Otherwise, the razors are painful.

For the first time, this morning the deputy came to each cell asking for a name. After he finished the doors were unlocked.

I have not seen Ms. Williams for several days. I told someone I thought she had been moved but someone said she was probably off because her children, if she has any, were on spring break and she was home with them. We will see if she returns tomorrow, Saturday, or Monday. If not she is out of our life. It may be that it is her time to rotate. All I know is that it is more peaceful in here, much less tension.

March 8, 2008, After Supper

Seventy-seven days ago I orchestrated my arrest. I could have turned myself in with my son John's help but that is not what I decided to do. I had been under self-imposed house arrest for twenty-five months. I had a lot of things that had to be done before I could enter jail, seventy-seven days ago, the time was right to enter the belly of the whale.

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I look back and I know that all that happened in the last two years had to happen in order to finish out the 3rd score of years in my life. I had more to endure before I could rest in this jail.

The concrete walls in this cell of cinder blocks look much like the stone wall with the arched oak doorway I saw after I was given the magic bullet injection in me IV on December 27, 1997, just five days short of ten years after that night I entered this dungeon. The metaphor is so real.

Was that door ten years ago a vision of this time in jail? Or was that death's door and this a different death. That door is one way, this is just a resting place. I am sure over the years I will find more and more parallels to the two white walls.

Like in Italy is 1972, I have thinned the barrier between this reality and heaven (the spiritual reality). It is like hallucinating but I know this place well and I am aware of what is happening. I have no fear of losing my mind. I know this place and state of being very well. It promotes a sense of peace and well being.

My dad survived his surgery. He was given a spinal instead of being put under. They fixed his leg and hip and I feel he will recover and live into his 90's. Several men here responded to my request for prayers. These are men I know to be touched by God regardless of their crimes.

Kay has gone to my house to pack things for me. John says she will not be able to come back for several months. I know in my heart that this will be the last act between us. I can feel that she will move into her own life. For her, I think the packing is bringing closure. We will talk in the days and years to come but somehow this weekend the bad between is will be severed. It is the final act.

Her leaving also means that I will be getting out soon. I believe as soon as I finish this book or very slightly thereafter I will be released. Within days actually.

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I took some time off last night and today and read a 500-page novel. I can see myself becoming a writer. But I can also see a very large web design business.

I will emerge a new man. I will emerge with my past reconciled and closed. I will emerge with a new mandate, a more formed mandate for the future. My body, through my exercise, will be stronger and lighter. My head is shaved. I will be traveling light. I have many years, at least forty, left in this life.

There is a time warp in here, the days are all the same, divided into parts. Breakfast starts the day and a period after it until lunch, a period after lunch to dinner and dinner to lights out. I eat a small snack at lights out so a meal designated the end of each watch (period).

I will emerge with my father and mother and my son John and to a limited degree, Kay.

I expect one or two more women who are designated to travel with me will emerge within days of my exit from this tomb. I expect that women, significant women will come and go, on friendly terms, for the rest of my life. I have had companies, a wife, for thirty-eight of forty-one years. I am not one to live alone. Yet I do not see a third full-time wife. As I move through the next four decades, I see women coming to fill specific needs and leaving when those goals are accomplished. I'm reading the gospels again since being in jail. I noticed passages about women following Jesus and taking care of his needs. I had never seen that before.

I can feel my soul resting on a much deeper level each week. My power is growing as my life is being purged of the past and I write in this book. I know absolutely that I came here at this time for the purpose of withdrawing from life. Jesus took forty days and I feel my time here will be eighty or one hundred and twenty days. 2x or 3x forty.

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For the first two or three weeks, I read the novels in this cellblock, contemporary novels by John Grisham, Steve Martini, John Sanderson, Dean Kuntz. They allowed me to settle in. I read about thirteen of fourteen in succession.

The next several weeks were spent preparing my write and dealing with my legal situations.

In the last three weeks, since February 11th, I have been working on this book.

I know I will finish on or before March 23, Easter Sunday. That will mark twenty years since my name change. It would be interesting to be released the day week after Easter Sunday.

I don't know what I expected to happen while I was in here. I just know it was time to come here. I have no doubt I will emerge from this tomb cleared and renewed. I know that I will emerge transformed by the light.

March 9, 2008, After Breakfast

Yesterday went by very fast. The main reason was that I read a novel that I have had for about a week. Morked mark William Lasner. I thought I had read everything in the cellblock but someone came up with this book when he cleaned his cell. I did not like the writing style of the first chapter but after that, the book moved faster then any I have read in here. It was five hundred pages.

I know that I can write a novel and I can do the first draft in about two weeks. I have the ability to come up with endless plots. Once I have the storyline, with a few twists and turns, it is very easy for me to write the text. I have the ability to take any idea and just begin to write. Through all the poems that I have written over the years, and the way I meditate, where things flow sort of like a movie I can easily see the book in my

head. The only difference is that I have to keep the storyline in my mind so as to direct my mind to focus on a particular scene.

This last book was written in about sixty chapters of about four to six pages each. I have a logical as well as a creative mind. In fact, I have what someone called a right brain left brain fusion meaning both my logical and creative abilities are equal and highly developed, as well as integrated. I don't know but I think this is unusual. If I create the storyline, it will be easy to make a grid and put a few sentences in each cell to make a sort of two-dimensional outline, the book will write itself. I am feeling that my writing and poems and art will be the source of a lot of my income in the future. I feel I will do a lot of religious, spiritual writings but I also feel that I will develop the web design business into a very large and profitable company.

When I get out, I will try to read a couple of novels a week in the genre I am writing the novels, just to keep myself tuned in. I also want to write a classic novel like *The Old Man and the sea*, if not several of them. I will have to keep the novels conservative with little emphasis on sex or they will cause confusion with my religious writings.

The religious writing will be easy because all I will really have to do is to take the most popular religious texts and write a responsive book. This may be a new genre. It is what I have done in newsgroups on the internet for ten years. I just respond to something that is published by someone. The only difference is that the response will be to an entire book and not just a small article. Also, I now see that those years of writing legal pleadings were my groundwork for writing novels. The legal work required me to take apart each fact scenario with a rebuttal as well as respond to the legal arguments. I think I was too detail-oriented in my legal briefs. I know that judges could care less about the finer points of the law. They have an opinion and a bias on many levels and ignore the law.

The better law firms always hire top graduates from law schools. The reason is that those straight-A students are

conformists. They don't color outside the lines. To make an A in a course you have to carefully pick up on what the teacher is relating as well as read the text. The top students learn the system of learning. So in a law firm, they do not get creative. This applies to LPA's and doctors as well.

The majority of judges in this state come from the tax law firms and so the judiciary is always going to be conservative. They don't get creative with the law. They don't see alternate facets of the law. All to that their conservative global nature and you have a decision or ruling that does not always follow the law. Most of these judges are politicians. They have to run for office and so they have to satisfy a constituency. Then to stay in office they have to interpret the law literally or conservatively depending on there supporters. All in all, there is little real justice. And for an analytical maverick heretic like me, justice has been hard to come by. Justice is about money and political influence and not too much about the law.

Like many things, I see now that many years as a lawyer were not about justice but about learning to thing and unite. I am too liberal and too intellectual to practice law. I was a lawyer and maybe I will regain my law license before I leave this jail or shortly after. But that career is over. I told several judges and attorneys that if I lost my license for the reason the bar was suing me, then it was not worth the value I placed on it. I am glad for the experience and I am glad to be out of that career. To those who judge me for my illegal disbarment, most have never been lawyers because of the lack of discipline or intelligence and so I discount their opinions as unqualified. For those people who have the shifts to read the pleading of my case, most are too apathetic to do so.

One day, if I have a lot of extra money to spend, I will set up a scholarship fund and award annual funding to the best argument for and against my case. I will immortalize those honorable men and women in the judiciary who supported my disbarment. As they say, what goes around comes around. Judges don't realize or acknowledge that they are a

tiny individual part of a much larger society, that they can be put on trial in the larger social arena. The bet every judge makes is that those he has wronged don't have the money to successfully appeal a corrupt judgment. And 99% of the time that is true. This will tell how I am treated and evaluated in the larger society.

The way that I have to write on this desk is creating a significant pain in my neck. It is getting worse and I am having to take aspirin and ibuprofen to relieve the pain as well as to get up and exercise my neck to reduce the pain. I have been writing in the front and back of the pages of these tablets and I may have to stop that because of the way I have to set the pad on this small desk. I don't want to write on one side of the paper because it will increase the number of tablets and bulk. I am hiding the tablets under legal pleadings hoping that the deputy's don't throw my manuscript away. I am less paranoid about this each day. I could rewrite all of it but it would be a boring endeavor. I am going to make a more detailed outline as back up and mail it to myself.

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As is usual in my life, while I am in jail here, an investigation has been launched by the Department of Justice to investigate the abuses of the Harris County Jail. The major complaint is the lack of medical treatment, but the cold food and the editing of the meat are bigger issues with me.

I do not think we are going to be harassed by Ms. Williams to any large degree now. The feds will be all over this place and the inmates will now feel free to write their complaints. There is also an overcrowding problem here.

I have been wanting to buy a commissary bag that will hold all of my things. Yesterday the deputy came in and gave us the bags. They are only ours to use. They are covering their backsides. In the general population, there is a significant theft



problem. Unlike in this cellblock, the inmates do not have private cells. So it is hard to manage the commissary they buy.

I have found that all the little things I want and need, like the commissary bag, came to me as a matter of course. I just have to think about needing these things and they appear. I have been through three pairs of cheap reading glasses here and when Lira left last week he left me his free world reading glasses. In the spirit reality, things manifest as they are thought. In this reality, things move through molasses. It takes a lot to attach them to you. I have not bought in a traditional manner the last five of six cars I have owned. They just came to me as I needed them. It is important when you pray for something like a car not to get distracted in how it comes to you. In other words, don't limit the way the universe can deliver it. Don't say you have to get a new job to get the extra money to make the payments. Just see the car and the universe, God, will make the delivery. But know that things come faster is you are actively pursuing the car and praying for it daily. You can't just sit and do nothing. That is not how it works. Visualize then take some action. In the car scenario, start looking in the paper each day at the car classifieds. Not to buy as much as a way to keep focused. Jesus said ask and receive. I say ask and focus and act.

It will be interesting to watch the changes around here. I hear the Federal prisons have plenty of medical attention but the prisoners are not treated. The food is better and you have more access to the law library and your mail is not held up or thrown away. And you have access to typewriters and all the writing tools you need. So this jail has a long way to go. The problem is that in this county, there are too many convictions and no desire to promote proper housing and relocating criminals. The coming changes are going to increase county taxes. There are a lot of things that can be done to improve the situation. I have listed them in my appendix to this book. But the main thing is to legalize marijuana and some other minor, non-violent offense. Drugs should be handled the same way as

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alcohol. Admit that people are using it and then sell it in the liquor stores. The quality can be controlled and will go a long way to putting the drug dealers out of business. Also, it's like the lottery, liquor tax and \_\_\_ tax will generate a lot of tax revenue. The problem is that it will reduce the number of police and the need for jails and this supports staff. In a word, a loss of jobs and therefore a negative impact on the economy. Not to mention the reduction in contributions to politicians. But this is liberal thinking in a conservative state. I am a liberal cowboy who does not and has ever used illegal drugs and who drinks very seldom; for the record.

March 11, 2008, After Breakfast

Yesterday morning we were awakened from our post-breakfast sleep by the deputies delivering the commissary. This was about 6 am. This was very unusual. Most of the time it comes at about 11 am to 1 pm.

The most interesting thing is that they changed the pens they were selling. The pens that I had been using used black water ink and I could only get seven pages per pen. In the beginning, I could only get four pages. I had about thirty-five pens in my inventory and I had purchased ten more this week plus I had another inmate purchase eight for me. I can only buy ten at a time. So I have to get other inmates to buy pens and I buy their commissary for the same value. After delivery, I trade their commissary for my pens. Not having ink has been a constant concern of mine for months. Even before I began this book I needed ink to do my legal pleadings and to write my letter.

Another inmate also had a free world pen that had about 2/3 of the ink left in it. He got it from one of the trustees. The trustees go cellblock to cellblock delivering food, mop buckets and so on. So they are couriers for contraband. You buy things from them with the commissary. Many inmates have no

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one to fund their commissary accounts and so this is one of the ways they get it. They also gamble on chess and other games and sell their art for it. There is no money in here. I paid \$6 for the pen. I will get about sixty pages out of it.

So I expected to increase my pen inventory by eighteen commissary pens and one free world pen that was equal to about one commissary pen. So an increase of my thirty-five pens inventory to sixty with yesterday's addition.

What amazed me about the new pen was that they were made of clear acrylic, flexible like a child's pen, with a golden ink cartage inside. The ink is blue and it is real ink. So I have seventeen new pens that are like 2/3 the size of a regular free world pen. Each pen should write about sixty pages. The free world pen I had two weeks ago wrote 120 pages. So now I have an ink inventory of about 1400 pages I will not have to buy any more pens while I am in here.

From a metaphysical perspective, something I always consider, the pens are golden. That pen translates into money coming to me from this book, I will be writing from now on with gold pens. Time will tell is the pens are a prediction of the future or not. I feel they are because I have had so many positive visions about this book. In truth, it is my life's work along with my poems and my art. These are things that will survive me. The question is whether the public will have access or whether they will gather dust in someone's closet. God only knows.

The pens have a rubber shaft so I took apart a razor for the blade and but a two-inch stripe for a page of my writing tablet. I wrapped it tightly around the shaft and then I fastened it with a self-adhesive flag that comes on the bottom of the stamps you buy in here. Now the outer is rigid and the pen is easier to use.

A problem for everyone is that the commissary order forms have to be filled out with Black ink and these pens write in blue. So I am the only source of Black, non-contraband

pens. I could trade these thirty-five pens for twelve of commissary or just trade them for working gold pens. This jailhouse economy based on commissary makes me smile.

Last night they made jailhouse pizza. They took five bags of ramen noodles and poured them along with hot water into a large trash bag. This allows them to make a sort of round pizza base about 3/8" thick. They cut away the bag and topped with meat, chili and such that came in sealed bags from the commissary. They warm them by placing the bags in a quart-size water heater used to make hot water for coffee and hot chocolate. Actually, the water is very warm when you take the pot apart and increase the thermostat. Then the water boils. But the catch is that the "goon squad" when they do a shakedown check the pot. If the thermostat is inverted they trash the pot. The pizza is topped with the same stuff as a regular pizza. They eat it with the spoon we get with each meal. It is a communal feast with the participants eating the pizza spoonful by spoonful like some jungle tribe eating from a communal pot.

They also make "hooch" in here. I have not seen this yet. They take some big trash bags, double them and fill them with about two to four gallons of water. They then take an accumulation of oranges we get every two or three days in our breakfast and put the juice in with the water. I understand they add bread for the yeast. They close the bag leaving an air hole in the top to bleed off the air as it ferments. They ferment it for one or two weeks until the alcohol content rises and then all those that want to get drunk. Remember people come in here from all walks of life with all kinds of skills. People who know how to make all kinds of things from what is available. I will get the recipe for the "hooch" before I leave.

The following is a partial rogues galley of inmates that are here now. Mike R.: contempt of court regarding child support. He spent ten years as a prison guard. Bill N.: ten years as a police officer, twelve years as a probation officer accused of trading sex for probation favors. Jason D.: mother is a cop, DWI and a

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lot of prior running illegal's over the border, theft, etc. Mark F.: ex-cop, allegedly shot and killed a neighbor who was having an affair with his wife. Jamie G.: 22, his father is a customs cop, for stealing a computer from school with priors related to drugs. Mark G.: ex-cop, for carving someone with a knife in the past and from carrying a knife in violation of probation. Henry E.: drugs and child molesting, several priors. Danny G.: 22, drugs, marijuana and selling drugs both are Houston Police. Nick L.: ex constable padding his side job payroll reports, grandfather was a Luftwaffe bomber pilot. Mike L." parents cops, armed robbery. Eric E, a fourteen-year constable, having sex with a sixteen-year-old. John H." father cop investigator, his grandfather deceased ex-mayor of Pasadena, multiple violent offenses, law student, has colon career. Joey R." schools cop caught masturbating in his car looking at girls. Wooton constable Precinct 7 stole \$80,000 county money by having cops mow his yard, run errands, etc. Troy G." 36, mother prosecutor, 7th-time unauthorized use of tractor-trailer due to coke binging. Corey E.: 22, armed robbery, seven years of many many armed robberies but never caught, his father is a cop. These are my fellow inmates. Troy is a top chess player who will help me with my game starting tomorrow. He is the most recent "new house" (new guy).

Two other notables are Ronny G.: 52, ex-cop alleged apart of the largest Ecstasy bust eight years ago, millions of pills. Jon W.: special forces army, two tours Iraq and other places around the world in the Army, reserves for trying to steal rims from a retail store, needed the money since no one would hire him since he was in the reserves.

Most of the cops will appear on TV when sentenced and then show up on the cellblock five or six hours later. I have cut some of the newspaper articles out of the paper. I am friendly with all these guys. Some I like and will connect with them on the outside. They all have their stories. This tank is a gossip mill. These guys tell their stories and then their fellow inmates call their family members who look up the inmate records and

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tell the truth to their son or whoever. I think that is justified. The family wants to warn their relative inmate of any potential danger who knows what the truth is. Like on the outside everyone has his or her agenda. John H. might not have cancer but maybe a snitch wand that is why he supposedly goes to the clinic every night.

Oh, I forgot counselor, Mike M. He just pled out to five years on his tenth DWI. It is getting \_\_\_ now. All he wants to do is get out and drink and do coke. I am sure he will be disbanded. He was a criminal lawyer.

March 12, 2008, Before Supper

Being in jail is like being in the Army and being in the hospital. In all these situations a person is taken away from his normal environment and isolated. I have been in the Army and in jail and I have worked at MD Anderson, a cancer hospital. In all cases, I see how depressing it is for those who her no mail or phone calls.

It is interesting that between ages six and ten I had a lot of dreams about the police chasing me. They never caught me. When the police tried to pick me up, I thought about that dream.

I thought for a while that they would never catch me because I was never caught in the dreams. I could have continued to avoid arrest because the warrants were civil in nature and they could not come into my house to arrest me. I avoided arrest since Nov. 2005 by simply putting myself under house arrest. By the time December 2007 came around I was tired of dealing with watching my every move and it was a good time to go to jail. So I allowed myself to be picked up. I think the dreams meant I could avoid being arrested and I could have. But the warrants hanging over my head just got too oppressive. I thought I was only going to be in jail for a few weeks. I was prepared to be gone longer.

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I am still in jail because the justice system is set up to keep you in jail as then drag their feet on processing your case. Judge Brown is an evil malicious woman because I should have been released from the hold on January 29th. For some reason she despises me. Some of that has to do with the fact that I am too liberal for her. There is also a problem with Federal judges when you show them no respect. I was not openly disrespectful to her; I just ignored her illegal warrants for my arrest. Who knows how long she will keep a hold on me. One of these days she will read her name in this nook or on the Internet and she will see that I have immortalized her corrupt and malicious acts against my mother and myself. She has held me in contempt of her order to appear as a witness in my mother's bankruptcy case. Her bench warrant was illegal because I was never served with notice of the hearing. I hold her in contempt of peace.

One thing that I keep going over in my head as I write this book, is that evil is like a tar baby. When you try to strike it you get drawn deeper into it. I have decided that I no longer have time to engage dark souls. I am too old to divert my energy away from my WorldPeace agenda. The courts are all corrupt. Best to do what Jesus says and settle before you go to court or you, even if you are in the right will end up in jail.

I am in jail to write this book, have closure with the past and envision my future. That is the global issue. Judge Brown Hughs and Harris are just instruments of that plan. Life is paradoxical. These judges are all the dark souls who sucked me into the bet before I was born. I know they don't know me. They don't remember that discussion. Life is paradoxical. They thought they were destroying my life but they renewed it. They thought they could do their evil in darkness but I will bring it to light. They tried me locally in their courts. I will try them in the world human society. In the end, God is the one who determines what will be. I am in jail, but it is more like a SPA. More like a retreat. When they find out they will be lived. Lifetime after lifetime they have sought

my ruin but never accomplished it. If God is with me, who can succeed in harming me?

As they say in jail all the time. "It is what it is."

March 13, 2008, Before Breakfast

Age of the Universe

A few days ago an article came out in the paper about how scientists have determined more precisely that the age of the physical universe is 13.73 billion years old. Ten years ago this seemed like a long time. But now with the computer age, we have storage drives with 250 gigabytes (250 Billion) capacity. 13.73 billion is no longer a large number and soon terabyte capacities will be common.

It seems that the physical universe is one that expands to a certain limit overtaking everything in the path of its spherical projection and then at some point, it begins to collapse in on itself like a Blackhole until it reaches some critical mass and then in a trillionth of a second it explodes outward again.

The void into which the universe expands and collapses is infinite. Everything in the physical universe is constantly changing. From the Infinite Potential, all things manifest and back into everything disintegrated.

As the matter in the physical universe continues to expand and collapse the essence of the universe, the non-tangible essence, remains unchanged. It is unaffected by the violent convulsions of the physical universe.

As the universe begins to expand, the energy, beings, essences of the non-tangible universe began to use their consciousness on the matter and direct into development in order to



accomplish some objection; like creating a place to incarnate and acquire certain experiences.

The biggest problem for most human beings is that their minds cannot grasp the concept of infinity. Regardless of how massive the universe seems to us, the reality is that it is, relatively speaking, nothing when speaking of the void into which it is expanding. In terms of physical space, there is no end to the void which curtains our universe and as an infinite member of other universes. The concept of infinite space is essentially beyond the human mind because our human side resides in a physical finite space. We have no tangible examples of infinite anything. As numerous as are the grains of sand on the earth they are non-the-less finite. There are a definite number of them.

Time does not exist with the non-tangible universe; all things exist in the now. Only when there is something physical does time become a factor, because all tangible aspects of the universe have a beginning and an end. The concept of no beginning or end does not register with the human mind because there can be no experience of it.

What I have just discussed is what I know but cannot prove. It is an abstract theory. For science, that which cannot be measured does not exist. Even my logical linear description of the abstract is almost comical. I have used language as best I can to describe what cannot be described.

The Toa te \_\_\_ begins by pronouncing that the God that can be defined or described is not the real God. This is true because God is an abstract and you can never adequately describe an abstract using a logical linear language to try to communicate it.

The most esoteric of all religions, Zen Buddhist, attempts to communicate to the student through the use of koans and other teaching tools. The fact that you cannot gain spiritual enlightenment with the mind, it can only be experienced and

never communicated. Only a crude concept of it can be achieved.

The Tao says, that those who know, don't speak. That's because what they know can't be communicated in logical linear or even in the abstract rendition of it as art.

So all that I have written on this matter is just in the wind. It is the best that can be done with human to human communication. It is a point of beginning of a discussion of the matter of the indescribable undefinable in deceivable but knowable Infinite Potential.

I have written this book as an opening to a conversation. It is a starting point for those who are interested in trying to awaken their conscious minds to an unconscious abstract reality. What I have written is what I have experienced and seen in my mind eye. I put it forth as an example of how I think. I am not trying to convert anyone or convince them of the truth of my visions.

As Jesus said, "Let them who have eyes see." Those, like me, and those who want to expand and experience what I have, can take this book and use it as a marker or starting place from which to seek their own understanding. For those who have lived a frustrating life of no one to talk to about these matters, I am the encouragement of a kindred soul. You are not alone. I am just one of many who have gone before. I give you my reality, do with it what you want. I am presenting it in hopes that in some way, it will increase the peace in the world human society but the reality is that radical thinking promotes chaos and conflict and this is why it is found by conservative minds like from what I can see and what I cannot.

This is what Jesus meant when he said, "I do not come to bring peace but a sword." His truth was so beyond the conventional wisdom of the say that it caused conflict and chaos and cost him his life. And so it is as with every radical heretical alleged

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anarchist who appears in the world human society. And those of us who put forth such a thought in truth place this like in danger of the majority of human beings who want to maintain the status quo and end change.

The reality is that our high civilization has not been able to find people. So it is time to examine why. But that examination brings fear. The paradox is that those who advocate peace are subject to the most vicious attacks. Jesus was hated but the Jews but his death did not extinguish his truth. Christians formed around that truth and now that bureaucracy is under attack as the internet begin to expose Christians to other religions through the Internet. Now the whole world human society begins to connect and questions are asked about common denominators of \_\_\_\_\_ cultures. Change is coming. I was one of the messengers who is speaking about the new world society.

To parrot John the Baptist I am a voice crying aloud in the wilderness, change is coming. In fact, a great change has already begun to engulf the entire world human society. And the battle lines are being drawn between those who embrace change and those who fight it, even as I write.

We will not dispose of God, but we will begin to conceive of God in a different way and relate to God in a way that corresponds to our greater awareness.

March 13, 2008, After Lunch

Willie Simms came by my room just after I had seen a very clear vision of all the things I have written come together in this book. For twenty years I have been working on putting this together. I could never understand the format I needed to use. I had also made the decision not to try to leave here until the first draft was written and all the other things I had on my Internet site over the last twenty years had been integrated. The book should end up to be about 800 pages when finally edited. I had been thinking about writing Kay and asking her

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to point out the parts of the Internet that I needed. I was feeling peace about the matter for the first time. Like I had finally received what I needed to complete this book which I consider to be the core of my destiny.

Willie has no money and no one paying a lot of attention to him. He has no one filling his commissary. He was here when I first arrived and he slept all the time. He left for about 6 to 8 weeks and returned about a week ago. I had a very short conversation with him. He said he came back here because he had no place to go. I think his brother is a deputy sheriff. So many of these people come from good functional families of which they are the Black sheep.

He told me he had a big hole in his sock and he saw mine drying on my commissary bag. He asked if I had a pair he could have. At first, I was reluctant. Then I thought about how fortunate I am and to dry something that is so insignificant to me, and such a large issue to him. I then felt somewhat ashamed that I had to think about it for over a second. This is where Kay is so much more than me, she just gives, no thinking. She is like water, she gives to good and bad alike. I know she is an angel and over the years I had come to worship her.

March 14, 2008, Before Breakfast

My on talked to my attorney in the Federal resisting arrest matter yesterday. I did not like what I heard and do I sent a letter off to my attorney this morning. The entire legal system is corrupt in any ways. On or about February 16th I went in from of the 5th magistrate in my case. This in itself is nonsense. I should have gone in front of two at the most. The issue is the fact that on or about January 4th the prosecutor offered a plea of misdemeanor resisting arrest. I took it but then he illegally indicated one for a felony and lied about even agreeing to a misdemeanor.

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At the February 16th hearing before I was forced, as a matter of course, to plead not guilty to the felony I asked my attorney if he was ready to file a motion to hold them to the misdemeanor the following day when all motions were due as the trial was set for March 18th. He said yes and then I plead guilty.

Instead of filing a motion to hold them to the misdemeanor he filed a motion for continuance without my permission. In the intervening months, nothing happened except that 16 days ago my attorney and my son and he chief of police defenders office met with the prosecutors to discuss that in two conversations with my son and one with my first attorney but I agreed to a misdemeanor plea. The prosecutor was supposed to talk with Bert I and a plea set on the docket. The prosecutor has not talked to Bert Isaacs who she saw every day.

What the prosecutor is trying to do is to stall until time of trial expecting that we will not purpose for trail and then expect the judge to rule against the misdemeanor, which would be an abuse of discretion and go to trial with my attorney unprepared. It is a play that I wrote my attorney and told him no way that was going to happen and to either set the plea for a hearing or start subpoenaing witnesses.

This matter is also holding up my life of a writ of Habeas Corpus to overturn the State Bar contempt and possibly ser my license back. Time is running short because I have already served ½ of the six-month sentence. If I serve much more the Federal court may consider my writ and not be truly filed.

The part is that the justice system is significantly stacked against a defendant. As much as I know and understand about the process, they have gone a long way to put me in jeopardy of being convicted of a felony. The appeal courts are a joke. I can't fight the misdemeanor plea there as an abuse of discretion. I have to fight it before trial and if overruled I have to prepare for trial. When I start subpoena witnesses then the

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matter gets serious and the prosecutor has to work to get his conviction, not by default.

I have a good attorney but the reality is that I am in jail not home. This is always the case. Attorneys are not sympathetic to their clients needlessly sitting in jail. This applies to paid for attorneys as well as court-appointed attorneys.

When I talked to my son tonight I will tell him to email my attorney and tell him my letter is coming and what is in it. Going to court is always dangerous.

March 14, 2008,

Just before lunch, we had a minor shakedown. Every room was checked but little was taken. This was a small crew of five with a sergeant. I have been expecting it because of the DOJ. They gave us the commissary bags last week and UI knew the next step was to have a shakedown. The crew that does that walk in this building has about fifteen people. It takes about two weeks to make the entire building.

With a chance of the DOJ coming through any day, I thought they would have to put on one or two more cows so as to cover the whole building quickly. That is what I think went on today.

Normally they dump things on the floor and the bank. They did not do that today. The deputy just rummaged through my commissary bag. The bags made it harder for them to search and again because of the DOJ they don't toss things around. This is the first time they took nothing of mine. I thought I saw the deputy bring something very small out of my room and throw it away. But I have found nothing missing. I always worry about this book but it is hidden among legal papers that they, for the most part, leave alone. I am feeling more relaxed about the safety of my book.

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I did not go to recreation today nor to the law library because I didn't want to leave my cell. I have more concern about the inmates than the deputies now that the DOJ is here. They sis this normal strip search which is always humiliating.

The good news is that the sergeant told one of the inmates that Ms. Williams would not be coming back to the picket. It has been very nice and peaceful without her in here. Most people have gone back to sleeping late and that means the TV is off and the cellblock is quiet and I have more time to write in peace.

What seemed to seal her doom was an incident at morning count three days ago. Jamie, who Ms. Williams and the other dragon lady Ms white had focused on several weeks ago due to his big mouth, was in the shower when they came in. Ms. Williams yelled at him because he was supposed to know not to take a shower before the count. I had never heard that bit it makes sense if women come to make the count. Some of the guys would provoke a confrontation by exposing themselves.

Jamie got out of the shower but he had not taken his orange shirt with him so Ms. White jumped him about it. Then she grabbed him by the shirt when he tried to go upstairs to get it. Jamie tensed up and as I watched his face I thought he was going to knock her down. Then Ms. Williams and Ms. White got intense and Ms. White was going to handcuff him. About that time Deputy Gonzales quickly came over and took charge of Jamie to get him away from these two women. Both know a bad reputation and both have been here eighteen years.

Jamie was put into a holding cell all day. If the DOJ was not here, I think he would have been beaten up by the deputies. He got lucky. I was mad because he was acting stupid and could have caused trouble for everyone. As it turned out the sergeant today said Ms. Williams would not be back. Life is so tricky. So often something that looks bad turns out good and vice versa. I feel I will have a peaceful stay here on out. Today is twelve weeks. Next Friday I will hit the

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halfway mark if I end up serving the whole term, which I doubt. I have passed the 100-day mark yesterday. I have 96 days to go in the worst-case scenario.

March 14, 2008, After Supper

Kay sent me two letters yesterday that she wrote at work. She did a lot of work last weekend packing all my things in preparation for the sale of my mother's house, where I was living. When the house sells, the last tangible part of my old life will be gone. One of the reasons Kay and I moved to Colorado was to get a completely fresh start. I have absolutely no doubt but that the hand of God is in my life. Everything from my past is being cleared.

Kay's letters show that she is gaining self-esteem and confidence and faith that is so important to her. As long as she was with me she would not help but subordinate her life to mine. It is not what I wanted or she wanted but she was having problems breaking out of her subordinate role. The Snake was much the same. She had low self-esteem but after being with me and being faced to go to work in the bookkeeping business resulted in her eventually getting her CPA. She had to take the test several times. I have to give her credit for not quitting. She was obviously not the same person I married.

Kay's letters were like a breath of fresh air to me. They were loving and open. I miss her a lot but I loved her enough to let her go. Nothing has been as painful to me as her leaving. I am very happy that it seems that our friendship will survive our divorce. Just the knowledge that someone outside this dungeon really cares about me is a great boost to my morale.

I have lived an intense life on the edge with not much happiness. That is going to change. I will have a more balanced life when I get out of here. I will make myself



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socialize in the enigmas. To date mostly all of my socializing has been my interacting with my clients.

If it were not for Kay, I would not understand the true meaning of love.

The criminal justice system (my bar lawsuit was civil, not criminal) can force an accused to plead guilty to a crime he or she did not commit by keeping a person in jail for weeks or months by manipulating the amount of the bonds and putting off court dates. Most people cannot keep their jobs if they are off for two weeks. Not to mention the fact that they have to tell their employer that they have been indicted for a crime.

One of the inmates in here was a parole officer for ten years and a probation officer for twelve. He estimates that 15% of all people who plead guilty to an indictment are not guilty. I think the number is high.

When I am called to court I am part of a chair of about 200 plus inmates that go to court from jail every day. Typically there will be over two Asians (even though there is a large Asian community here) 5% white and a varying mix of Blacks and Hispanics make up the rest. When you get to the courtroom you see those percentages change dramatically as the whites who have the money to bond out appear in court in their street clothes as opposed to orange jumpsuits.

In Texas, there is no public defender. The judge of each court appoints an attorney to represent the indigent criminal after a hearing to determine \_\_\_\_\_. The judge appoints one attorney who he knows will dispose of the case. The judge will never appoint an attorney who is going to cause trouble and actually put forth a real effort to defend his client. If the appointed attorney does that, he will get no more appointments. The net effect is that the judge, the appointed attorney, and the prosecutors work together each day to dispense justice. I don't

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know of any prosecutors who are interested in justice. All they are interested in Harris County, Texas are the conviction stats. This is one of the most conservative law and order counties in the state of Texas where George Bush was governor had the distinction of being the capital punishment center of the world.

Now the Department of Justice is investigating this jail because of civil rights violations due to overcrowding and lack of medical attention as well as too many deaths. The voters rejected expanding the jail system while at the same time electing judges who will get criminals off the street. A showdown is coming in the next few years over this conflict.

Believe me, you never want to be accused of a crime in this county. It has taken me sixty years to realize that I need to hey away from the borderline fascism that exists in this county and move to someplace where people are more liberal in their thinking. I may have to move out of the USA to find what I am looking for. America is the best hope for a democratic free world society but there are many problems. There is much hypocrisy and many like George Bush are dedicated to eroding as much of our constitutional rights of freedom as possible. A police state is a county ruled by criminals.

When there is an apology from the President of the United States supported by both houses of the US Congress for the abuses of slavery and the genocide against Native Americans then, and only then, will I believe that America has regained her commitment to freedom and justice for all.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

This day begins without sunshine  
as the night went by without  
moon or stars

I live in a cement hole  
within a concrete block  
one among many engineered  
by determined men

The days and nights  
are one cold hell  
of community solitary confinement

I am fed like a rat  
and treated like a mongrel dog  
day by day until  
my time reaches the sentence court

Some in the free life outside  
who knew me smile big smiles, big laughs  
As they think about the  
punishment they believe  
is my moment to moment  
incarceration

I keep warmly dressed in my  
orange top and bottom  
dropped in prison's torn and  
tattered duty washed  
sheets and towels

I am the ragman  
in the jailer's concrete tomb

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Yet behind my eyes  
shines a light unseen  
one of quiet worship  
as the me I am  
renews and heals  
from within

My God, my spiritual clan,  
my angels and guides of light  
tend to my spiritual needs  
as the jailer dutifully  
feeds my earthly flesh and bones

What I see, no one sees  
what I know no one knows  
what I am God only knows  
but rest assured I will  
return to an unjust earth  
  
as blinding light  
with composed scrolls in hand

080314  
0830

Dr John WorldPeace JD

The morning began with  
a breakfast delivery to my  
special room

Another day without the weather  
in a limited personal cell  
with 21 brothers in 24 cells just the same

My spirit is limited  
by the shroud of the human flesh  
As this flesh is for now deprived  
of the earth, wind, water, and fire

I only have my mind  
and its memories to embrace  
in this sterile place  
and visions I can create  
  
and God's telepathy  
of clarity and expanded  
awareness

I was locked into this stone cave of perfect geometry  
- a space made sacred for a limited time

I feel a wave of change  
firing all my atoms  
radiating from my heart to head  
and heart to toes

I have seen no angels  
or radiant light  
I have heard no voices  
from inside this human kennel

But I feel the vibration within my being

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just the same

Layers of confusion and chaos  
dark and light  
are being swept away  
and radiant golden light  
placed here and there  
within the rainbow's  
sparkling lights

To this body another same same day  
To this mind memories swept away  
To the soul a lighter burden  
and a thin veil between  
earth and heaven

I breathe deeply  
waiting for yet another  
birthday  
on this penal finite timeline of life

080315

March 16, 2008, After Breakfast

There are so many misconceptions about what jail that people have because of their lack of experience. I cannot in jail with a bunch of psychopathic criminals. Some times are those kinds that are locked up as they should be. But the vast majority of people in this tank should not be here. I would say that long periods of probation would be an adequate and fair sentence. Their punishment does not fit their crimes.

The night before last, I was doing my exercises which consists of walking around the bottom level then up the steps to the second level and at every lap doing a set of pushups. Every night about six guys put in a spread, which is part of a communal meal, where everyone prepares their Ramen Noodles to which are added various meats, cheeses, and sauces. This takes place at about 9:30 pm at night and is way too much food for me to eat at that time.

After the meals are prepared these six men seated themselves at one of the three stainless steel picnic tables, bowed their heads and said a rather long prayer of thanks. It was not for show. These people have no need to impress each other but the point is that regardless of what they have done the still acknowledge God in their lives. No guards saw them. They got no points or write-ups. They do this because they acknowledge God. They know what they have done in society. They know they are not perfect. They know that they have been a disappointment to their friends, family and to their God.

It is too bad that on earth all that people can be brought into court for is their crimes against society. We cannot judge the soul that resides and controls the body. I know evil people. I know people who will for thousands of lifetimes continue their dark ways and those people belong in jail more than these men sitting at the table praying without the necessity of a minister to encourage them.

Prison, jail is not like it is portrayed in the movies. Have no doubt that it is a dangerous place. Have no doubt there is a controlled level of ever-present anger and frustration. But even in a den of criminals, there are rules of social behavior that applies and maintains order.

There are men here that have my respect and trust. There are men here who I consider more moral and ethical than people I have dealt with in my life. Many of these men come from good families of educated successful people who are upright and law-abiding citizens. But something in them \_\_\_ and they become the Black sheep of their families and criminals in the larger society.

In some cases, their families have abandoned them. In other cases there siblings and family supports them, prays for them, and caters to their needs hoping they will turn their lives around.

Several of these guys are repeat offenders. They are in their thirties and early forties and they seem to have awakened to the tremendous waste of a decade so of their life in jail. One fellow told me that every time he has been in jail he knew he would be back, except for this time. He says this time he will not be back. The problem is cocaine. His life gets to going well then he snorts a little cocaine which leads to a bunch of dope and sex until he is arrested for some belligerent act. If he comes in again he will get a life sentence as a habitual criminal. That would be twenty-five years to life.

Last night, these men all of which were police officers were having a discussion in my room. None had prior offenses and ten to twenty years as a policeman. All have support systems outside this place. Wives and children whose lives have been disrupted. None of them belong in here. They have all lost their jobs. They have all been disgraced as criminals. But they should not be in here. They should be out on probation.



Dr John WorldPeace JD

One fellow was in here when I arrived then left for TDC. He said it took a month for him to get settled into the care of Texas' prisons. The problem is overcrowding. The Texas jails are full and the transfer system is full and in Harris County the jails are full. According to him TDC is now turning buses around and sending them back to the local jails. So Texas' justice system has filled all space available. Harris County rents six hundred cells in Louisiana to handle the overflow. This is ridiculous.

There are several fellows in here who have been convicted of non-violent crimes and due to the overcrowding will serve about seven and a half months of a five years sentence. What a joke.

Eric M. said that in prison he got up at 3 am, had breakfast, followed by a few hours of sleep, then two hours of recreation, then lunch at about 1:30, then another two hours of recreation followed by supper at about 4:30 and another two hours of recreation, then freedom in the day room, a communal meal at about 9:30 and then back down at 10:30. This is seven days a week. He came back here in better physical shape then he left. He was assigned to work in the agriculture unit but apparently, they had nothing to do at this time so he never went to the fields.

He is a cop in the general population and had no problem being harassed or attacked. From what I can tell there is a small percentage is young angry aggressive males who essentially fight among themselves. The majority of inmates live and let live. Like in any other society, you follow the rules or you get punished. And the punishment is going to be physically violent and comes quickly after the transgression.

I am convinced there is a better way to handle criminals.

And there is a problem to be solved with judges who daily sit in their positions of power committing criminal unlawful acts as they disperse justice? Like Karen Brown who has an illegal

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Federal hold on me for two months now and who is costing my mother \$2500 month because she cannot sell or rent her house in the Heights. Karen Brown needs to be impounded and put into jail. But she is white, educated and politically conservative so she won't be doing any jail time. In the meantime, she is free to daily committing malicious crimes. Daily she does so with me and I am just one person in her power.

I know where are some good judges out there and I don't want the job. But when you spend your life looking for the common denominator as of peace as I have and when you are actively engaged in life, then you witness dark souls like Karen Brown and you understand why there is no peace. The courts are the arbitrators and dispensers of justice and when there is no justice, you have chaos confusion and even anarchy. Without social justice, there can be no real peace beyond what exists now. So a new method of appointing, electing and monitoring judges will go a very long way toward increasing the peace in the world human society.

I just wrote six pages in my 8.5 x 11 tablet and almost used up one of the pens I have been using since I have been here. They cost \$.80. The pens I got this week are much different. The one I am using now has written almost one hundred pages and will write another fifty or so more. The price is the same, what a joke. I have spent about \$150 on pens since I have been in here. If I had one of those new pens from the beginning I would have spent about \$6.

My nature is to always ask why things are happening to me. Why do they change pens after twelve weeks of my being here and being angry at the lack of good cheap pens every day I write? Why is it that after ten weeks of being here all of a sudden there is a Department of Justice investigation into the mismanagement of this jail? Why for the first time was there a riot in the Federal Detention Center where I was supposed to be taken but was not because I went to the hospital?

Do I think these things are part of God's everpresent miracles and blessing in my life? Yes, I do. Why do I get drafted in 1970 when almost everyone in my position was being shipped to fight and kill in Vietnam but I went to Italy? Why have I almost died four or five times in this life but was always saved? There is a God. There are angels and there are other beings of light always with me and this is true for every human being.

I believe it takes dozens of spiritual beings to protect each and every human being. The problem is that most people just don't pay attention. Most people deny this reality and even work against these lightworkers who are their constant companions. This is a core reason why there is not a greater level of peace on earth, the denial of God.

The overwhelming majority of human beings are not awakened to their infinite immortal spirits. They become confused in this reality. They begin to think this finite existence is THE REALITY as a result. Most live in hell on earth, awakened only after death. It does not matter what people believe. What they believe does not change the reality that truthfully God is everpresent in every life. Justice and issue corrupt orders and ministers and other holy men can cloud God's light with their bureaucratic darkness but at the core of every human being is a spiritual light that is precious to God.

How foolish people are? How ignorant of how things can be if they just acknowledge God in their lived and embrace the light. If I am a minority of one, the truth is still the truth.

If you have the faith the size of a mustard seed you can move mountains. Imagine a world human society where each individual spoke directly and purposefully to God free of the many physical and social barriers that blind human beings to their infinite immortal nature. Imagine what kind of world this would be.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

When the views of faith and love and light infect a critical mass of human beings, then all of society will wake up at once to a New Heaven and New Earth. A new realization of what has always been there, always available. Within our faith resides our potential for peace. As it is written and prayed so let it be done.

March 16, 2008,

One of the problems that I have had to deal with in my sabbatical in jail is my anger. I am not a violent person but I am an angry man. My anger always has to do with lies and liars who cause trouble. I simply cannot abide a liar.

The problem that I had in the law business was taking everything personal. Every case became my case. As a result, I spent too much time working cases that were not going to pay me what I should have been making per hour. To most people, especially those who have money and who can afford the best lawyers, lying is just part of the game of life that for them is about nothing more than money and power. It is a totally predatory attitude that taking advantage of someone for personal gain is OK. The world human society is about materialism and for most people you can never be too rich.

I was never able to understand this mindset. My reality was from ago eight that all you take from this life is your experiences. So accumulating an untold amount of money never impressed me. I wanted to be wise more than I wanted to be rich. I wanted to enjoy my life as opposed to doing something just to make more money.

I also realized that people buy things no matter how expensive and then within six months they are bored with them. I am not talking about assets which generate money, I am talking about expensive cars and boats and places and secondary residences. I never understood the part of all that materialistic baggage. But I don't look down on people who accumulate for the sake of accumulating. I just think it is sad that they do not

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

realize or remember that when they die they will lose it all. Nothing tangible accompanies you after death. After death, your heirs live high for a time and squander all the money the deceased accumulated and hoarded. I guess such people believe that somehow the rules of life will change when they die so they will be the first to take it with them.

In the long run, they are just a box of rotting flesh and live in some unknown and forgotten boneyard on the planet. When a deceased only legacy to his heirs is money, his legacy is essentially nothing. People who don't know how to accumulate wealth usually don't know how to manage wealth. It is like giving a box of fine pearls to a hag.

In the family courts, I see lawyers who make \$500 an hour create misery for the children of the divorced parents. American justice is about money, not wealth. In the family courts, you have a typical adversarial proceeding but it has a significant emotional charge.

People who once loved each other now hate each other. In some cases, there is no amount of pain that is sufficient to impose in the ex-spouse. Children are nothing more than collateral damage. Lies and skewed and false evidence is commonplace.

In this society, there are businesses that have a long history of praying upon the public like car dealers. When people go to buy a car they only ask two questions, how much down and how much a month. As a result, some car dealers can't help but take advantage. To be simplistic is you could by intelligent shopping and reading the proposed contract by a car for \$350 a month but you said that you could pay \$450 a month, I assure you the car dealer would play with the numbers to get you the high price of \$425. And you are happy because you are under your budget with such a deal. There are twenty ways to rip off an unwary buyer.

There are very lucrative car dealerships who use those tactics for the benefit of the owner. If such a business owner thought he would have to pay a significant price for every person he deliberately took advantage of, maybe he would have been a little more interested in honesty and a little less interested in the joy he received from screwing a customer.

When someone challenges these car dealers then again the corporate lawyer comes along with their usual witnesses to lie about the transaction. What is unfortunate is that a person could get ripped off for \$2000 and the defense attorney could make \$10,000 on the case. The defense attorney has no incentive to settle the case. His incentive is to do whatever it takes to win to discourage other buyers from suing. This problem could be easily solved by passing a law capping defense fee. In other words, if the buyer made an offer to settle for \$2000 and the seller rejected that offer, the attorney fees would be capped at \$2000. In a situation like that, the playing field is level and the case would settle in pre-trial mediation.

I have spent too many years of my life suing car dealers, attorneys, my mother's church and others and accomplishing nothing. In other words, winning or losing those cases did not change the system of justice. To business owners lawsuits are just a matter of course.

In the case of car dealers, as just one example of predatory human practices, as an organization, they have enough power to influence the politicians not to work harder for the buyer to get a fair deal or just a trial. The problem is that the dealers are organized and have a very deep combined product. The buyers are unorganized and don't have a large pool of money. So the buyers are not really adequately represented in the state government.

This same situation exists with regard to peace organizations. Before Iraq, and even now, George Bush had an awesome monstrous organization of the military-industrial

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

complex and the oil industry supporting and funding his and the Republican party. Peace groups were individual and disorganized with no designated speaker and no common fund to confront the President. So the peace organizations turned out huge crowds of people to protest but at the end of these quiet rally's everyone just looked at each other as if to say "What now?" and then went home. The devastation to Iraq and the skyrocketing price of oil and the economic problems due to war managing has harmed all Americans. George Bush laughed with his buddies at the little peaceniks bringing their little demons.

There were no weapons of mass destruction. There was no Al Qaeda / Saddam link. It was all a lie fashioned on the public by George Bush. This is the kind of thing that makes me angry. Angry at George Bushy and angry at the peace organizations and their ineffective ability to take a mo..ted opportunity and confront lies, injustice, and war. Every peace organization is elitist and exclusionary. So they stay ineffective as just a long list of ineffective organizations.

I have found that evil is like a tar baby. If you hit it, it gets all over you, and if you try to remove your hand you get even more on you until you are covered in black goo. There is little light within those who choose darkness either deliberately or out of confusion in the manifestation of this reality. I have fought all the battles I intend to fight in this life.

I took on these battles because I wanted to understand the core issues that created them in hope of finding a solution. I found out why politics do not work when I ran for governor. I found out why the justice system does not work as I practiced law. I found out why church bureaucracies don't work as I have studied religion and sued the Presbyterian church for theft.

By not working I mean the politics, the justice system, and religion cannot bring a significant amount of peace to the world human society. In fact, in all these cases the tendency is to create more chaos and confusion. I now understand the

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

problem. Now the rest of my life will be devoted to finding a solution.

For the rest of my life, I will focus on doing as much good as I can. I will not engage evil head-on. I will attempt to cut away its foundation the only way it can be done and that is to educate people as to the problem and then teach them to connect with their higher spiritual purpose and begin to create a more just and sane human society.

I know that we can increase the level of peace in the world human society as well as within the family. Most people think I am silly to think this way. They do not matter. Those who matter are the true believers who are as determined as I am to make a difference to make a peaceful change by peaceful means in the world human society.

One of the things that I hear very often from fundamental Christians is that it is a waste of time to try to change the world. They say that only when Jesus returns will there be peace. This is an excuse for apathy. It is a negative defeatist excuse to do nothing and I totally reject such a ridiculous philosophy. Jesus will come when he comes but in the meantime, John WorldPeace is going to try and make a difference and increase the peace in the world.

I doubt if Jesus will fault me for trying. I doubt he will call me stupid or tell me I wasted my time. And if I die before Jesus returns then I don't expect I will be judged badly for having a determination to confront apathy with a life dedicated to the advocacy of peace and WorldPeace.

I will leave my anger in this jail. I will exit with an agenda to bring some level of increased peace to the world society by doing as much good as I can with the hopes that evil and darkness will be to some degree overcome with light. Not with direct confrontation.

March 18, 2008, After Breakfast



Dr John WorldPeace JD

Ms. Williams returned yesterday but she was very docile. The word is that she got a week's suspension.

There are more new deputies and white shirts (not deputies) in the precinct. They are not fully trained because they don't know how to open the cell doors and turn on and off the lights. And they don't know to put everyone to bed at 10:30 pm.

This morning the breakfast was delivered between the inside and outside doors but everyone stood in line until the guard figured out he had to open the inside door so we could get the tray of food.

Also, after everyone went back to bed one of the guards came door to door asking about mail. This is what they have to do in the cellblock next door where they are locked down 234 hours a day. Here we just attach the mail to the inside door, all this is due to the Department of Justice investigation. They are understaffed and so they are rushing to fill the empty positions. The problem is that not having experienced people in here could be dangerous.

I talk to John every night and last night he said my father had a heart attack. He is still at the hospital recovering from surgery, I guess he had a minor heart attack and they gave him something to relieve it. They think he is amazing in his ability to recover. I think it has to do with a determination to live and prayers. Both my grandfathers beat cancer. My mother's father was a medical miracle ongoing. He held onto life.

I pray I get out of here before my father decides to leave. I know now when he dies it will be quiet. It will be his heart that stops. And just like his father, he will be totally lucid.

It is sad that the acts of my youngest son with regards to our business drove a wedge between my father and I. This is \_\_\_\_

Dr John WorldPeace JD

to his \_\_\_\_\_. Life in this reality is hard even under the best of circumstances.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

SEVEN WHITE WRITING TABLETS

Seven tablets in a plastic bag  
453 pages of penal history, now and future

Written words  
some blue and some Black  
strung together  
in a loose 453 page story

What is the destiny of these  
handwritten tablets  
Will the chain of words  
impact anyone, everyone

or was it just an exercise  
a WorldPeace delusion  
to pass the days of  
incarceration

At the least  
they are a work of art  
each page handcrafted  
in a pre-bound 50 page tablet

There are infinite combinations  
communicating English  
- will these particular strings of words  
amount to anything  
other than the art of my pen  
over a six week period  
in my life

Or is there a global destiny  
for these meandering words of WorldPeace

Another day begins

Dr John WorldPeace JD

more words  
more of me to be revealed to me

The day begins in this  
cement and steel dungeon  
no sky, no day, no night  
sun or moon

Today 23 human inmates occupy  
the 24 spots in Hell

From here  
I cast a finite string  
of words to earth from Hell

I think of my father's mother  
crocheting geometric art  
from one long cotton string

080317

Dr John WorldPeace JD

March 18, 2008,

I went down to play chess after lunch and found the guard picked up the chess set last night because Jamie and Henry E. were playing after everyone was told to go to bed. So again, Jamie has done something that has affected the ten guys who play chess all the time. This is the kind of thing that gets someone hurt in here and actually faster in the Army. The problem, in jail, is the possible retaliation from the guards. That is not a problem in the Army. In the Army, it is expected that the platoon will take care of screw-ups.

Kay sent me a nice letter which is happening more and more frequently. She enclosed a small 2 x 3-inch decal with a unicorn and two stars on it. Then a new female guard kept it as contraband. It was a small thing but just another reminder that I am in jail. I cannot afford to make an issue out of it. It was the thought that counted.

Eric S. just came to my room. He was a constable who allegedly used his position to have sex with a 16-year-old girl. The first trial ended in a hung jury. The prosecution experienced another judge who as gatekeepers disallowed some of the evidence favorable to Eric. He was convicted on two issues and the sentences were run consecutively meaning he has to serve one before he can serve the second one. This is hardly ever done. In addition in that scenario, he will not be eligible until he serves half his time, which is 7 ½ years.

Now he says they are going after his wife for allegedly prepping and coaching his mother as to her testimony at trial. They have offered her deferred probation for six years, a \$1000 fine and 350 hours of community service. If she successfully does the deferral there will be no record. If she makes any mistakes on \_\_\_ they will revoke it and she will probably do two years and have a felony on her record. Of the two years, she may get out with three months of jail time and parole. If Eric's sentences had run concurrently (at the time) he would have been out in about 11 months. The reason for the small amount of time

served is that the jails are overcrowded. I told him to tell his wife to take the deferred adjudication. She wants to fight and I reminded him of what happened to him.

Further, Eric had been offered five years probation prior to the second trial. He believed he would get another hung jury and refused the offer. It was a big mistake. If his wife goes to jail, their three and five years old will be without both parents for a time and both parents will have felony convictions.

I just learned last week from Eric that he had served the county a year before he was indicted over some civil matter. He was a constable for fourteen years with a clean record. Chances are they were out to get him for the lawsuit and just waited for a complaint to come up where they could make an example out for him.

Every day, people are forced to make these kinds of decisions. Going to trial is a major gamble. My advice to Eric was to tell his wife to plead out. She wants to fight. If she loses, he will lose his appeal because his appeal is based on her testimony. In my opinion, he is gambling for more than he can afford to lose.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

The morning begins  
with the hard plastic breakfast baskets  
hitting the cement floors – loudly echoing  
and trustees moving down  
cement halls  
cloning another day

My strength grows  
in my body and mind  
as this desolate place  
requires me to focus  
with a disciplined mind  
  
on things to be done  
and problems to be solved

My life is very full  
the mandates I have placed  
in this life are  
significant in number  
and complex in character

The makeshift exercises  
strengthen and empower me  
my mind sharpens  
and focuses with cutting edge  
on long unsolved  
problems

And my immortal  
spirit begins to peer  
through larger windows  
of each job to be done  
now and when I am free

My anger is controlled  
- evil withers with the lack of focus

Dr John WorldPeace JD

and is slowly washed away  
in the winds of change

I deep breathe life

I finally grasp the tasks at hand  
and my light begins to  
overwhelm the darkness

My faith breathes new energy  
to bend the future  
as history

I compose on the void laden  
corridors with  
artful walls of  
infinite timelines

My determined steps  
echo those destinies  
I have chosen to empower  
this life

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Dr John WorldPeace JD

KEEPER OF SMALL THINGS

I am a keeper of small things  
nothing of intrinsic value  
just little trinkets, coins, and  
scraps of paper

It is the memory  
that holds my heart  
to touch and view  
and takes me back  
to old-time places  
and long gone faces

I reviewed a letter today  
from my second ex-wife  
- the one I loved

The jailers opened the letter  
as some do and kept the  
envelope and a small  
decal of two stars and  
a unicorn

The letter called it  
a little miracle  
a small thing

Even when I was living large  
as opposed to this desolate cell

I would have kept  
the letter and envelope and stick the  
bright decal to a random page in my Bible

I tried to brighten this

Dr John WorldPeace JD

stark white concrete box  
with little origami peace cranes  
I made from cut newspaper photos  
and foil food wrappers

The keepers of this little small-time hell  
trashed them all  
This is no place for  
pretty small-time things

I am wrongly held for a few  
months and will soon be free  
but the memories of this place  
and its keeper who choose  
to work inside  
will stay with me

Sometimes the small things I keep  
are no longer real  
but just a loving memory  
from a loving heart

A little mental picture  
stored where no one can see  
or touch with hands  
that cannot feel

080318  
1000

Dr John WorldPeace JD

March 19, 2008, After Breakfast

We are in mid-March and there should not be more than one more very cold day before summer. It has not been as cold in the cellblock as it was when I arrived. The outside weather definitely has an effect on the temperature in here.

Three guys left the cellblock yesterday; Danny G., a friend, Juan Garcia, 22, a whiner and mocker, excuse maker, and a fellow who I did not trust.

As an ex-lawyer or someone with legal knowledge, all the new houses (guys who are classified to this cellblock) came to me after three or four days if not earlier. Counselor, the other attorney who was in here is now in the hospital on infirmary in this building was a criminal lawyer, but all he does is sleep now. They kept him doped up in here. He is addicted to pills and alcohol. They say he had ten DWIs. Now he can hardly stand, urinates on the floor and falls out of bed. It is sad what drugs and alcohol abuse can do to a human being, so I am the tank counselor now.

We got the chess game back last evening. For some reason, that relaxed me. Chess is a good break for me throughout the day. I never play more than three games in a row because I lose interest and play like I am stupid. Troy G. has taught me a lot in just an hour or so of lessons. He is a chess master.

In three days, I will be here 90 days, half of my state bar sentence. The three months went extremely fast. Doing the last three will be easy if I, in fact, have to do them.

I was looking at my legal documents in the Federal resisting arrest and found that the deadline for mother in the court's order was March 17th. I don't have any reason to believe Richard Eli filed a motion to enforce the misdemeanor. I was mad about this because when we get an agreement or enable

Dr John WorldPeace JD

another continuance, I will have to deal with it at trial if the judge allows it. I don't want to have to plead guilty to a felony. I will still not have to do any more jail time because I have no history but a felony means no voting and no gun possession. It also makes it look like I did some harm to the arresting officer. I don't want this on my record but if I go to trial I could get 8 years jail time.

Normally, I would have stayed up all night writing a memoir and a letter to my attorney. However, I instead began to work on this book. That gave me some time to think about what I was going to do. A lawsuit is like a chess match. You have to think ahead. You have to anticipate the judge, the opposing attorney, the witnesses, your attorney....

I will write a letter to my attorney today that is going to put him on edge. I am going to put him in front of a bar grievance. And a black mark in the Federal Public Defender's affair. It will make him get aggressive and hopefully resolve this matter next week. I have given him all the time he needs. Now it is time to pressure this matter.

I am also going to file a writ of habeas corpus motion on the bankruptcy judge Karen Brown. She has also had plenty of time to do the right thing. She is costing my mother \$2500 a month and is keeping me on edge with her illegal hold on me. I just have to tone down my anger at her corruption. No matter what happens her bold acts will be immortalized in this book.

Court and the justice system are very treacherous especially if like me you have enemies. I agree with Jesus that no matter how sure you are of your case, you need to settle out of court.

March 20, 2008, After Breakfast

Yesterday, Troy G., the chess master, went home. Troy is 37 and spent a lot of time in jail due to his coke habit. His father is a retired pro. Football player and his mother is a prosecutor for Harris County. He finished his time in Brazos County, 14

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

months ago them plead out his Harris County problem for time served and was on hold for 3 warrants out of Georgia. He wanted extradition but Georgia said they were not coming to pick him up. So he is free now but every time he gets stopped by the cops in the US he will go to jail due to the Georgia hold.

I like Troy a lot because he is a nice guy. We got along. He reminded me of my sons and it was nice to talk to him. For that reason, I was sad to see him go. And he taught me more about chess than I had learned in 52 years in just a few days. He taught me global game concepts. Most things I can learn by reading a book but I have not been able to get in sync with any chess book.

Henry E. took charge of Counselor's commissary bag when he went to the infirmary. I ran out of peanut butter so I asked Henry if Counselor had an unopened jar that I would like to have it and I would replace it Monday when we get commissary. He said he would check on it tomorrow. Crazy. It is in a bag under his bed and I can guarantee he knows everything that is in that bag, The delay is about Henry trying to figure an angle as to how he can get something for himself out of the deal. That is how things work in here. Nothing is free. I gave John H. 2 envelopes and two stamps a few days ago and I had people ask why I was so foolish. That I should have gotten something in return.

I have a little vertigo which I get periodically. It came to me when I was exercising last night. I take over the counter bonine for it. So now I have to fill out an IGO form so I can go to the clinic and get some. Normally that takes about a week. Maybe with the fed investigation, it will be sooner. I hate to deal with the hassle. But I don't like to deal with the dizziness either.

The new pens that I was using the new ones with the blue ink just ran out of ink. I have been using it for 9 days. Normally I use the old ones for about 30 minutes. The old ones wrote about 7 pages more. This new type wrote over 150 pages.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

I have learned to hang as many of my socks and underwear as I can in the food slots in the door. It is about 18" wide and the AC circulates the air between the cell and the outside through that hole. So it acts, like a drier. The problem is that sometimes the guards give you static about it. When I came here almost everyone had plastic over the hole. It was held in place by toothpaste. The reason was to slow down the air circulation and increase the heat in the cell. Lately, the cellblock is about 5 degrees warmer than when I got here. No one walks around with a blanket with them now. When I came here about everyone had their blanket draped over them.

Last night I realized that my attorney missed the filing deadline for my misdemeanor motion in the resisting arrest. This would have the effect of making me go to trial in the felony if the judge wants to be a jerk. Which he is. So I asked Jake to call the attorney and demand an immediate visit. He has to file the motion immediately and a motion for a continuance. The prosecutors were supposed to make a decision on what they were going to do 3 weeks ago. They are playing games with my future. I don't mind if I have to stay here another 90 days so that I never have to come back. But I don't want a felony on my record and the judge giving me 2 years jail time instead of the probation that the Federal guidelines require. The whole legal system is very dangerous. And this is America I can't imagine how it is with other countries.

The way I have it figured now is that I need to resolve the misdemeanor matter then the bankruptcy matter then my state Bar matter. I have to go this in order if I don't want to get screwed by the system. The truth is that I should not be doing any time at all. As of today, I have been here for 88 days. Most people would have lost their job and had chaos in their families. That is why they plead guilty to things they did not do. It all makes me sick. Prosecutors could care less about the law and to a lesser degree that goes for the judges too.

I talked to John today and he said my attorney said that the prosecutor was on vacation during Spring Break for his kids

Dr John WorldPeace JD

and that he would talk to him Monday. He said the deadline was not a problem. I told John that there had to be a meeting next week to finalize the resisting arrest matter.

I did feel somewhat relieved. I have decided that we must finalize this matter first, then attack Judge Brown on the bankruptcy matter. Then lastly my right to overturn my state Bar contempt order and maybe get my house back.

Right now this book has all my attention. I feel strongly that it will sell because of its varied content. This is a jailhouse storyline. True love stories. Religious commentary. Legal revelations a guy named WorldPeace and 20 years experience as that, a governor's race. And it is nonfiction. This book is my life. As I write it I can see that roller coaster ride. It is a tragedy, but in the end, I am sure there is redemption. I think that people will read it as a novel but keep dealing with the fact that it is true. Just an ordinary man, advocating peace. But what a ride. So it is about a fearless guy with unbounded faith. My intuition says it will sell. It is about a road less traveled.

For me, this book is a revelation with closure. And that is the loss of my Kay.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

In this place of isolations  
sometimes comes a kindred spirit  
who uplifts my day  
and reminds me of  
good family days long ago

I am an old man  
among many the age of my  
estranged children

This younger generation  
(discounting their criminal nature)  
brings back memories of  
active fatherhood

My own parents  
at the outer edge of their lives  
have gone their own  
solitary ways

My adult life which began with such  
idealistic dreams has  
crashed headlong into a reality  
where I am still alive  
  
and my memories of family are mostly gone

Soon I will be returned to  
the world that left me behind

My joy and bliss wait  
outside these cold calls  
I, like a Rip Van Winkle  
will re-enter a world  
that is familiar  
but realigned

I know I am in a place of death



Dr John WorldPeace JD

I have been visited by many ghosts  
of days gone by

I have a week more of entertaining the rest  
then I will make ready  
to embrace the future

These walls absorb the past  
like a sponge  
and as the layers peel off one by one  
the joy and bliss can be seen  
through ever-thinning veils

The epiphany is coming  
but not until  
I am cleansed and  
reassembled and realigned  
by the ever-present  
hands of God

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## Dr John WorldPeace JD

March 21, 2008, after breakfast

Today is the halfway mark in my state Bar contempt sentence of 180 days. I thought today was Thursday but in fact, it is Friday. Good Friday. This is the day 20 years ago when I made the commitment to God to do something about increasing the peace in the world human society. I saw in my veins that this path would be hard and that no one wanted the job. In my vision, I saw the WorldPeace word on the ground and no one would pick it up. They were walking by it and around it. It was like on the ground in a crowd of people not like on a sidewalk. I chose to pick it up after understanding what it represented. I did not care what pain is involved. I was determined to live what Dr. Warren called a purpose-driven life but not the one so strictly defined and Christianity limited as his definition. Everyone has a purpose or destiny in this life. Happy are those who connect with that purpose and make it a template by which they live this whole life.

In the days following my commitment, I made a wand like the one I saw. Over the years I have added things to it like a beaded belt that looks like the vision. I later had of the great void and its belt of souvenirs within.

My life is divided into three distinct twenty-year sections. The first twenty were about growing up into adulthood. The second was more or less conventional life with The Snake. The third which I can finalize now was the WorldPeace fund. I believe the coming forty years will be about traveling the world creating WorldPeace beacons. The next twenty living more active than the second twenty. After that one hundred years, then a time of peace which could last another fifty years. God only knows. I know I will not leave until my work is done and as long as God wakes me up each morning I will continue to further the course of WorldPeace.

My reasoning may be flawed but if it is, it was not intentional. I am following my God-given divine guidance. That is all I can do because that is all I have ever done. Happy Birthday to me.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

Yesterday when I was on the phone talking to John they installed a complaint box. The interesting thing is that it is between the inside and outside doors and so you have to be allowed entrance to put anything in the box.

Some of the guys who have been here before say that these boxes were taken down at some time in the past. I asked why not put them inside the cellblock and the answer was that they would tear them down.

March 21, 2008, After Supper

### Heaven-Nirvana

The vast majority are the major religions on earth believe in an afterlife. There is a common belief in a soul and after death the human body releases the soul (spirit). Christians believe that that soul is then judged and based on that judgment of how it preferred on earth either goes to heaven or hell. The eastern religions tend to believe that is the soul has not deemed detachment from the earth then it will reincarnate and try again. The \_\_\_ goal is to merge with God.

I believe heaven and hell are one and the same and are nothing more than a mirror image of what we see in the world human society on earth. The world human society is extremely dynamic. Each human being is unique and human beings group in different characteristics and beliefs. Heaven and hell must just be a larger more dynamic version. The Bible clearly says there was a war in heaven between the angels. Is that is so, then there are differences of opinions there as well as on earth. Also, Satan and his followers lost the war and were cast down to the earth. We don't know what that really means but we do know that some angels are stronger and more powerful than others because one group won and the other lost the war.

The fact that there are different opinions in Heaven and there are different kinds of power means that heaven is just like earth. We are a more tangible life form than spiritual beings. But the same problems that exist on earth, also exist in heaven.

I have never been satisfied with the simplistic definitions, explanations, and descriptions of heaven and hell. For me, the cause of all chaos is the churning nature of the universe. Things come into existence and then they disintegrate. The nature of the universe is one of creation and destruction. This constant manifesting and disintegrating means constant change. A perfect peace would be a told static state of being. In other words, a state where nothing changes, a state where something's begun, unlike growing (manifesting) and dying (disintegrating).

Probably the most peaceful thing we can relate to is a rock. Yet it appears to us to be inanimate and without life. That is true. It changes very slowly but it is at peace because of that lack of change. So the perfect peace that Christians discuss is one of the spirit being frozen. Any change no matter how small over any period of time no matter how long it creates chaos and a lack of peace, being frozen in Heaven makes no sense.

What does make sense is that in this reality there is a non-tangible and tangible aspect and both are interrelated with each other. The spiritual side whose essence is much more ghost-like in its thinner density is longer lived, probably infinite and this spiritual essence being incarnated into the tangible, heavy, human form.

In the human form, these beings attempt to create a more tangible heaven on the domed earth. The greater diversity of earth highlights pleasure and pain. Emotions are more real and significant.

There are also many limitations to the more dense earth which to me is like existing in molasses when everything moves slower. In a word, things cannot be thought into existence. Things have to be slowly created. Atoms have to be slowly assembled to create a greater density. Flesh and blood are extremely dense and extremely complicated and dynamic. But this compact density reverberates like a gong. The music that is this reality holds the notes like steel as opposed to air.

In death, are spiritual consciousness moves into its natural state until it descends to reincarnate or pursue some other endeavor such as helping others who are still on earth. Through the human body, the spirit can clearly see matter and experience a primal life with greater intensity. Prior to death the spirit walks out of the body, disengages fro the senses and waits for the silver cord and that connects the body and soul to be severed as the body dies.

Buddhist assume that all human beings in this reality and desire not to reincarnate. The truth is that even the pain of salvation and suffering in a million ways presents an opportunity for the soul to grow, learn, experience and joy in the heightened experience.

The infinite immortal spirit is infinitely curious and seeks to experience endless reality externally and forever. The realm of the Infinite Potential is forever. Yet there is no beginning or end, only the perception of such in their tangible reality. In truth all exist in the now, past, present and future are one. Everything has always existed.

Through the projection of thought the Infinite Potential, reality manifests and spirits shape the development of physical worlds for the purpose of experiencing a different vibration of existence.

The models and metaphors presented by contemporary religions are too simplistic to even begin to describe heaven

and earth. But the metaphors are simple in order to allow the majority of human beings to have some concept of how this reality is ordered and constructed.

Jesus and Buddha referenced to discuss these truths and abstracts because they were relevant to life in this reality. They taught an ignorant populace. Few could experience what Buddha and Jesus experienced and knew. Jesus and Buddha were great souls who incarnated here to help enlighten the human population and further evolve religion and spiritual understanding on this planet in the human population.

Through the Internet, the human population is being organized so that like souls can physically find and communicate with each other. As these like souls of greater enlightenment connect they are going to create a critical mass of physically liked human beings and the world human society will be uplifted. We are all connected spiritually but that connection is weak. When those of the same spiritual clay begin to connect physically it will significantly bolster each human in the connection. Though the spirit information is disseminated to the world human population. Now that spiritual enlightenment will be consciously communicated from human to human.

Heaven is always interacting with human beings. That is how society moves forward. The spirits incarnate and become active participants in advocating the human spirit. That being said, it must always be remembered that there are good and bad, light and dark souls and so there is a constant battle taking place in heaven. Hell on earth. The Infinite Potential is a mental force and can be used for any purpose. If positive prayer works, so do negative prayer. This is only as important to remain consistently vigilant so as not to be drawn into the dark side of the fence (the way of God, or whichever term you prefer).

March 22, 2008, After Breakfast

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I am now on the downside of my six-month sentence for contempt. I have eighty-seven days to go if I have to serve the entire sentence.

This morning my feeling is that I will not need to serve more than a month. I can feel this book coming to a close. I have received my outline of what is left to be released and it is not that much. I had hoped to finish by tomorrow Easter Sunday but that is not going to happen. But I believe it will be finished by next Sunday of not April 1, 2008, I made the commitment to change my name on Good Friday, April 11, 2008, Since Easter does not fall on the same day each year I have sort of a split birthday or anniversary of my name change. April 1st and Good Friday. It seems very appropriate that I conclude this first draft on one of those two days, whether I will have already done some editing by April 1, or not is the question.

Part of me wants to leave here with a manuscript that only needs to be typed. I would not edit from this original because it is like my poems, which never need any editing. Recently I have begun to clarify the words that look too scribbled. The editing I will do has to do with the flowing of the book; changing the order in which a few things appear at the same time insert things I wrote years ago that are on the internet. I asked Oscar to put them out and send them to me but he did not put enough postage on them and I have never received them. John has not had time to do it and Kay who was starting to write regularly is now too busy to do it.

When you try to make things happen in life and they do not happen, then you know that God has a reason for it. This is a minor issue but I am not to have those articles from the Internet at this time.

When I get home I will do the grammar punctuation etc. editing as I type the manuscript with final form and then send it to Harper in NY. When I sent off the Book of Peace in 1993 to Harper Collins, the executive I sent it to Harper Collins a subsidiary in California. Just now I felt that I should send it

again to NY and not to California. This book is much more than BOP.

Right now there are several issues that I feel will solve themselves in the next few weeks. The two main ones are Kay and the house in the Heights.

I do not have clarity with Jay and it is hard to look at the fact that she left me. With all her love and all her little acts of love, she left me and she left me in circumstances similar to those The Snake left me under.

When The Snake left I had four children and three businesses that had to be dealt with. I could not run the businesses alone and I could not raise my children alone. I saw my children metaphysically in a burning house, I felt I could get two or three out but not all four. I lost Stephanie almost immediately as she quit school and moved in with her pizza manager got pregnant married then divorced. Brian was lost five years later to alcoholism and his mother's influence. David twenty years later to his mother's influence. As it turned out only John survived seared but still a part of my life. The other three have done evil things and in their own way, under The Snake's influence tried to destroy my life. Their acts have been vicious.

There was a Kenny Roger song popular when The Snake left that I will always associate with her; "You picked a fine time to leave me Lucille, four hungry children, and crop in the field. I ran some bad times, been through some sad times, but this time the hurting won't heal. You picked a fine time to leave me Lucille."

Now Kay is working in a dealership and I have no doubt that she will do well in life. She will make her own way and be very successful. The sad thing is that she had a proven track record of performing miracles with the web design business, except for actually writing the programs and doing the actual graphic layouts. She could do all the rest. Had she not left me on March 31, 2007, but instead had a determined attitude to not let



Dr John WorldPeace JD

David destroy our business by now, today, March 22, 2008, we would have been millionaires. I do not know if she left me because of her fears and lack of faith overwhelmed her or if she had just found a way out after twenty years, or what. And I don't know if she is helping me because of the guilt of leaving or if she loves me still to some degree.

Neither Kay nor The Snake had the ability to discuss their issues, feelings with me. The Snake is evil. Kay is an angel. But they both left. They have refused to discuss the real problem. I realized this morning that before I leave this jail I will have had closure with Kay. As I write about my life with her, or as I go through each year I feel a release of the past. I just thought that when I am out of jail we may carry on some relationship but I feel now it will rapidly disintegrate with occasional letters.

One of the reasons that I did not like Kay working outside the home was because she would become totally committed to the job. She would work overtime for free and take abuse from her employers. I needed her commitment to our business. But like The Snake, it was always referred to as my business and not ours. I feel that both at the close of their lives will look back and see that had they stayed with me, their lives would have been many times more dynamic and fulfilling that whatever they accomplished. But the truth is that that could never happen as long or they saw themselves as employers as opposed to what they were, full partners. Their dreams were just not a large as mine. But no one is. I have a WorldPeace mission. A global agenda. A WorldPeace Advocacy.

As the old Christian spiritual says, "We'll understand it all by and by."

The other issue is the house in the Heights. It will be sold and then all my ties with the past will be severed or it will become the center of the WorldPeace endeavor. The first beacon of peace as it will become the first center (home) of time. The others are in Paris France.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

I'm beginning to realize more and more each day that I am living among people who will never accept my vision of WorldPeace. I am living in a super conservative community in Houston, Texas. The home of both George Bush's. I need to be where all true heretics and radicals thinkers go, Paris France. The only center that tried to hold by George Dubya Bush warmongering. 4000 Americans have died in July and tens of thousands have been injured permanently. There is some change if and only if America stops the cause of it as it did in past war Japan and West Germany that Iraq many became a bastion of democracy in the middle east and because it will be a child of the USA in the Middle East will reduce the influence of Israel in Armenian politics. Who knows.

Judge Brown appears to me as an impediment to my freedom and a cause of my mother's asset drain. Yet her actions are holding Heights from being sold. If Heights is to remain my house then it will not sell. If not it will sell and I believe as of right now that I will leave America for France and only return to visit now and then.

I have no intention of rejecting my American Citizenship. I see America still as the best hope for the future of the World because it is an undeniable proof that all races, all religions, all nations, and both genders can live in peace. And if radical conservatives like George Bush are stopped from destroying the US Constitution America will have a second new birth of freedom. America must live the higher moral ground of its founding fathers if it is to be a light to the world as opposed to a predator on all the lesser developed nations.

It is my hope and intent to remain a-political to transcend the world creating lessons of peace and leaving the leader of the world to stop destroying the planet and demonizing each other is the name of capitalism (what I believe in) and/or God. My mission will have its hand greater in Houston, Texas or Paris France on earth. I have not been given that mission at this time.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

My prayer is simply that I will be made an instrument of God's peace. For that, I am willing to do anything except murder human beings or destroy the planet.

Date????

I had a very strange dream this morning. I was dreaming that I and another friend about my age and a man about fifty were discussing my legal matters and my destiny I believe. A woman in her early forties, very attractive, was about to reveal some important information to me. We took a break to move to another more private room in the house to discuss the matter. The fifty-year-old guy went back to work. We were in the kitchen getting coffee and I was standing by the icebox.

Then a bright light filled the room. The woman said I \_\_\_ the police have more indictments.

But in reality, the guard had turned on the bright overhead lights, which meant breakfast was downstairs. I normally sleep in here with a towel over my eyes and I don't see the lights. But apparently, the towel had fallen off to the side.

Several things of interest. First almost every morning I wake up with a revelation of one kind or another. Basically, I would say they are my instructions for the day. A priority list of things to do. But I only get the first two or three items on the list. I have long believed that during the night I am active on what I call the "inner planes" working out things in my life. If that is true, it would explain my morning list.

I do not try to remember my dreams because to do so would waste my daytime. I don't want to dream at night and review the dream all day and then dream again at night. I would get nothing done in my life.

So this dream was about indictments and I am dealing with legal matters in my day-to-day real world. So I think my belief

that I work at night on my real-world problems is a valid assumption.

Second, I have had dreams where something in the real world bleeds into the dream. It is like the dream integrates the sound in order to keep me asleep. But in sixty years I have never had light bleed into a dream. This is a very interesting phenomenon to me.

It seems that I am seeing my dreams with my real eye mechanism. It is not like meditation where I feel the vision is taking place somewhere deep in my mind unrelated to my eyes. This event this morning was more like I was at the movies and then someone turned on the light from behind me and it blacked out the image on the screen. What this seems to mean is that there is one screen and when my body uses it to play out dreams on my retina and then light coming through my eyelids also strikes my retinas. So two images are being imposed. Maybe this is how it works with sound too.

The question is, what part of me is in essence turning on my retinas while I sleep and describing dreams to be recorded in my brain? It would seem like my soul would be doing this as a way of passing information to me indirectly. If that is the case, and I believe it is, then the spirit is much more dominant in my day to day reality than I thought. And it means our bodies and minds are subordinate to our spirit in this reality. This is pretty dramatic.

I have always believed that the lives between this reality and heaven are not seamless and that there is evidence, physical experiences, which prove the two worlds are interacting. And more important is that as it is in heaven and hell so it is on earth. In other words, if we want to know what heaven is like just look around, reduce the diversity of everything and you have heaven.

It is getting warmer in here as the weather outside is getting warmer. I have not seen anyone where a blanket in the

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common area for a couple of weeks. The first night I was here everyone was wearing their blankets to stay warm.

Last night a decision was made to watch the 10 Commandments, the 1950's movie. I remember seeing it at the outdoor movies when it first came out. The NCSS basketball championships have been on all week and I thought there might have been a small fight about which one we should watch. There wasn't. I watched about half the movie and then went to bed. The guards left the TV on until 2 am and the noise woke me up so I began to read this book. If I wake up after a couple of hours of sleep there is no point in trying to go back to sleep so I have learned to get up and start the day.

I am having trouble staying on my exercise plan. This book is taking up a lot of time and I don't like to take a lot of time away from it. But I am going to have to make myself exercise. It has been a few days since I last exercised. Time just flies in here. I laugh every time I think about it. So many people think I am suffering in here and I am not. I am really happy to have this break in my life to work through all of my past. And this book is giving me understanding and closure on all of it. A huge burden is being lifted from me. I am recognizing the fact that I am OK with that has been my life. I have begun to see why so many things happened and I see that it is my destiny to experience all this chaos. Few people have done as many different things as I have. Few people have my education. I am happy with my life so far.

For most people, the only measure of success is money and material possessions. That is not true for me. Living a significant life is what counts. That being said, money is easy to make and when I get out of here I will make it flow. Of all the things I have tried to do, that has been the easiest. The problem has been putting together a team of dedicated people who could keep up with my marketing skills. I think I have that worked out now. My Internet web design business is the right business for these times. The potential is unlimited. I will find my team and I expect right now that my art and my

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writings will also bring in significant money but not as much as the web design business.

Unfortunately, having a lot of money is what impresses people on America so I am fully aware that no matter what I do to increase the peace in the world human society if I don't accumulate a multi-million dollar estate I will be written of as just an old hippie living the WorldPeace dream which everyone knows is a waste of time. The ridiculousness of it all makes me laugh, sadly.

March 25, 2008, After Breakfast

This is the day the Lord has made. Let us joy and be glad in it.

I feel a shift in the force, energy, universe for the positive in my life.

Ms. Williams is apparently gone. Maybe she was in fact suspended for a week. Then she was allowed to come back for a few days to save face. But then again Bobby W. wrote another grievance and sent it right after she came back. I don't know only he did it because I thought they had already decided what to do with her. All I really can testify to is that she has not been here for almost a week now and the tank is so much more relaxed.

Yesterday began with an early (6 am) commissary delay. I only ordered about \$20 of stuff mostly writing pads and envelopes, granola bars and some peanut butter which is a great filler and some ice cream. I have started ordering a pint a week. We have to eat it as soon as we get it or it will melt.

Later in the morning, a white shirt (new deputy guards) came by guiding and told me to hide my underclothes that were laying on my bed. A few minutes later a major and a top sergeant came into my room. He was looking at all the rooms but I guess since I was in mine he came in for a chat.

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He noticed the pens on my desk, one Black and one blue, the old and the new. He asked is the blue one (actually gold) was the new pen. I said yes and told him how they would write 120 pages as opposed to the old ones, which only write about seven. He seemed pleased with that answer. The sergeant was very \_680\_. I am sure he worried about what each chat like this would bring up. This jail has a lot of administration management problems. Also, there is a lot of little inmate related problems that could be solved with limited monies and would reduce the tension in here dramatically.

He then asked me my name and I said WorldPeace. He asked why I was in here and I told him because I made a lot of enemies when I ran for governor and I was disbarred and then accused of being in contempt of that order. He acted mildly interested. I don't know if he really caught my name or not. He seemed to be one of those people who heard it but was not sure they heard it right but did not want a deep discussion of WorldPeace if they did.

He then left and I could see the relief on the sergeant's face that I did not complain.

I have been playing chess with a guy named Joey R. who is an ex-school cop. They said he was caught playing with himself in his car on the school grounds but he says it was a female officer who caused him problems. I tend to believe the sex-related issue. He is also a professional drummer for the last forty years and a whiner and a mammas boy who has no social skills really.

I play chess distracted most of the time. I find it hard and always have to stay focused on games. Playing a game is a diversion, never a matter of ego. But with Joey, each game is ego related. It must be hard trying to justify your life in every game.

Sometimes when he wins he gets too cocky and annoying when he does that I focus and like five weeks ago I beat him 38 out of 40 games before I lost interest. Because of his ego, he is

subject to easily having me playing with his mind. So when he gets too annoying I move my hand over the board to redirect his attention, move pieces incorrectly and other such things.

We normally do not bet as the games in here but it does help me to concentrate so I challenge him to a bet to keep his mouth shut. He would not bet because I think he is too Christian for that. So two days ago the self-appointed house mother (not gay) John H. put up a jelly roll that came with breakfast. I let Joey was the first out of three games and as usual he puffed up. I then beat him the next two and returned some of his 682\_ to him.

Yesterday another inmate Corey E. bet John T H that I could beat Joey. He also told me he would give me a Butterfinger to play Joey. He bet two soups (Ramen noodles which the paper yesterday the jail sells three million of a year and make \$900,000 in profit) Soups are \$.45 and are eaten by some all the rime and other once in a while when the regular food is nasty or not up to their taste. There are a significant number of exchanges in the jail. Each night when they have a spread four of five guys eating their soups together after an elaborate cutting, chopping, dicing of other things like pickles and meats. The MSG in the soups will probably kill some of them.

So anyway I beat Joey and then he started attacking me but this time it got really personal.

He is obviously upset that he twice lost the bets for others who bet on him. It also bolstered my constant claim that I could beat him anytime I want. Robby W. calls him a box of rocks and asks him hot I can even let a box of rocks beat me.

I told Joey to shut up that he as getting too personal. Which instigated but did not bother me. He is not in my league or any level except he says he is a professional drummer. But people say a lot in here. I got up and went to my room because I was too tempted to return his personal attacks tithe statements about his crime. All that would have done was make him an



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enemy which I already have enough of in life. I have only one real enemy and that is the Snake. But mostly I am other people's enemy because I will not call black white. I am too candid and truthful and as a salesman with experiences as an attorney, they can't really get an edge on me in an argument. I don't really have enemies because I don't believe there are but a very few people who can really harm me.

Joey is supposed to get out on parole in a week. I hope he does so I don't have to deal with him. I think I will avoid him and just not play chess with him anymore. Funny he was the first one to speak to me when I came into the tank.

At about 11 PM, after we went to bed, the light came in and they gave everyone new wristbands. We were in tank 2L1 and they moved us to 2N1, one corridor over. My understanding is that they are going to clean up 2L1, clean the vents and redo the shower and fix some of the plumbing and fire sprinklers. Again all thanks to the Department of Justice investigation.

The new tank is a mirror image of the old one and most of us took our same rooms. Again I see the hand of God in all of this. First, there is a TV to deafen me in this tank. So I will have quiet to finish this book. We are only supposed to be here a few days but I think it may be longer. I expect to defiantly finish the first draft by Sunday. I am on page 710 in my tablets and expect another 200 pages will finish the first draft. With the inserts from the internet and editing, it should expand to about 1100 pages on about 550-600 pages in a printed book not counting the Table of Contents and the Appendix, etc.

Another thing is that it is about 5 degrees warmer in here which makes it almost normal. I did not wake up to the cold last night. It was getting warm in the other tank because I had to take off my arm warmer (socks with both ends open) while I exercised.

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One of the things I found interesting is that my mirror which is just a piece of horizontal chrome about 14" x 18" is flawed. About 1/3 down from the top there is a ripple line. There is, therefore, an image in the top and one on the bottom. I feel it is sort of a metaphor about John WorldPeace the spirit and John WorldPeace the human being. This is a minor thing but I mention it just to show how I tend to notice things that have a symbolic abstract or metaphysical aspect.

I just noticed that the piped-in music pond does not work either. So I will have the quiet I am used to at home. Most of the yelling that goes on in here has to do with the TV. So things should be about 80% quieter in has now. Thank God for small blessings.

I have noticed that my body is starting to lose weight and my exercising is having an effect. My muscles in my arms chest and back are getting bigger and tighter. I am doing more push-ups and pull-ups than ever before. It is interesting that I can build muscle at sixty. Conventional wisdom is that is not typical.

I think it has to do with the testosterone levels in my body. I have always had a high sex drive which I have kept for the most part within the marriages. My sex drive is as high as it was in my early thirties. I believe this is the reason I can increase my muscle mass.

I have also learned over the years that sex and thinking about sex can boost my ability to heal. If I am sick, often I will exercise the sickness away. And if I am exercising like jogging I can reduce the pain by thinking about sex.

I have never chased women because I did not have the time. I just had too much to do. It was one of the reasons I married. It was to relieve my sexual desire in a conventional way. My ego is not connected to how many women I sleep with. Also, my father had an issue with me who chose women and even though he did not lecture me about it, I heard him

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talk about it enough that it became part of my attitude. I know there are people with higher sex drives than me and sex controls their lives. I am not one of those people.

I have a lot of discipline and mind control and always have. The most obvious example is all the years I went to college while working full time. I sacrificed a lot of socializing to acquire the experiences and education I have. Now I find myself alone for whatever reason and I know my social life will increase, I like to be around people and I no longer have a family or a wife. I noticed when I was single right after divorcing The Snake that people like me build a sort of surrogate family out of their friends. I still have some remnants of family life but I feel in the future, friends, and others on the WorldPeace path will be my family.

March 29, 2008, After Breakfast

It looks like the radios do work so it won't be as quiet as I thought. Also, my door does not pop open so I did not have that noise to wake me up for breakfast and I missed it. Oh well, that is why I have some food in reserve and buy oatmeal and granola bars. I have gotten used to the cold milk with my breakfast bar. When I get home I will substitute rice milk for the milk.

I am normally up before breakfast anyway but I just remember \_\_\_ moved late last night and I probably did not get to bed until 1 AM. I don't sleep that much but the first three hours are pretty deep. I will make sure one of these guys wakes me up from now on if they don't see me get up.

March 25, 2008, After Supper

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Bill N. gave me a second breakfast that he got this morning. Nick G. does not eat breakfast so Bill N. gets it. I did not ask, he just gave it to me. God always takes care of my needs.

Also, Nick G. said today that he heard the same church choir singing that I heard. No one else has mentioned it but he also heard it like a church gathering with an organ and some other people talking.

I think that where this jail is located there is a lot of history. It may be the early Houstonians singing. I find it interesting that someone else has heard the choir.

I have plenty of pens now but the new guy Anthony J. brought me one from court this morning. He got it from his lawyer. You are strip-searched coming back from the court but it is easy to hide a pen in your socks.

I have just about used up my Black pens so I will quit using them since I cannot get them anymore. I have two free world pens and I will try to use them up before they take them in a shakedown.

March 26, 2008, After Breakfast

It does appear that Ms. Williams is permanently gone. I am just realizing how much tension she created. She managed to create enough tension every morning to keep everyone on edge. I am still having trouble getting used to not worrying about her presence. You never knew when she was going to start screaming over the speaker or show up in the tank.

Stevenson, the deputy today is the most lax. He does not check the mail. He walks by and counts each morning and does not call everyone out into the big area. No one but Ms. Williams has created any problems. You learn over time which guards to leave alone. If you need something you just wait until a guard comes on the next shift. Guido works the night

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shift. He is a white shirt and is the most user-friendly guard. But he can only handle minor problems in the tank because all major things have to be done in the daytime when all the staff is present.

It is definitely warmer in here. The cold did not wake me up last night. Like Robby, W. says the change makes time go faster. Who knows when we will go back to our cold cells. There really is no difference except the warmth and the lack of TV. So for me, it is really better in here. The problem is that these guys have less to do and so they congregate more often in my room which stops me from writing. If I want I can just tell them I have to go to work. So it is not a problem.

Jason D. is going home today. He has done his six months. Actually, he got a year sentence in county but in county, you get two for one credit so he only had to do six months. When I got here he had three months to go. It is good to see these guys leave because you know that you are not forgotten about.

MG seems to be bi-sexual. I have been wondering about it for a while. He keeps doing and saying little things that make me believe he is interested in me. I have no interest. And since he is not overly pushy I ignore him and he backs off the comments. I am too old o let his actions bother me. I have no interest in being with another man any more than I would like to have sex with a monkey. I enjoy the feel of a woman's soft body not a bearded heavy hard body of a man.

I was glad I did not miss breakfast this morning but the truth is that I don't really care if I miss it or not. For some reason, I just don't have the desire to eat as I did. I think I may be under 190 pounds now. When I get down to 170 I will be on a 1600-calorie diet like I was in 1987 after divorcing The Snake. I just stayed busy and food was not a priority.

I have been in jail for three months but I was under self-imposed house arrest since November 2005, avoiding arrest. I

had too many things to get in order before I came in here. Had I not been under house arrest I would have lost all my excess weight within about six months. But since I could not go anywhere I would walk over to the Mexican bakery in the next block and buy a half dozen cookies. They were bad for my heart but when penned up or stressed they are my friends.

The book is coming to a close. I am on page 740 and I believe I will end up at a little over 900 tablet pages. That should reduce down to about 450-500 not counting the Table of Contents and the Appendix I will add. I really hope to finish by Monday and get it to my son so I don't have to be concerned about something happening to it. I am not really concerned now because I understand the drill here. I keep a low profile and so there is no room for them to focus on me. I am writing with a free world pen I got yesterday through "Swishy" the gay guy. The new house Anthony J got it from his lawyer yesterday and smuggled it in. I will use it up and then throw the top and bottom away and then cut the plastic tub up and use it on the new pens, which are too flexible.

They have been remodeling this tank and I found this 1/2" x 5" piece of metal that I was going to use to tear the paper. Eric E. looked at it and pointed out it was a sharpened blade that goes into a scraper. So I will clean it off and keep it. You never know when you are going to need some of the things you find. I have no fear of my life but it can be used to cut my nails and shave down a spoon to make a needle for sewing because it is heaven then the razors we get by taking apart the disposable razors they sell for shaving. I hear they have gone back to the old razors which but your face really bad. I hope it was just for one week. I can't shave my head with a dull razor.

Other than one radio that is on playing 80's music it is very quiet in here. Most of these guys will sleep until lunch if not disturbed. The loudest time begins after supper and peaks between 6-10:30 in the evening. Then lights out are quiet. But the problem is that at lights out they turn down the lights and it is a bit harder to read and write. Usually, I don't stay up for

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more than thirty minutes unless I have a need to write and feel in sync when the words flow.

March 27, 2008, Before Breakfast

The tank was much quieter yesterday. A lot has to do with the fact that there is no TV. Another factor is that Ms. Williams is not here creating tension in the morning that keeps everyone wound up all day.

Jason D. went home yesterday. He was one of the guys I talked to more than others. Eric M. the guy who was in the same police academy class as my son John goes for shock probation day. The judge may let him go here. If not he should get parole in June. Bill N. also goes to try and bond out. Bill eats in my room every day. If these two guys go, I will only have a couple of guys to talk to.

I don't really care to interact with the new guys because I have to much to do. But I do feel a need to know why they are in here. I want to know is they have a potential for violence or theft.

I refuse to play chess with Joey R. after he acted stupid and personally attacked me. He is a jerk per everyone who has had to deal with him. I don't care, I just want to be out of his energy. If I am lucky he will get out on parole next week.

It is getting warmer. I did not wear my arm socks last night and I don't have them on now. The temperature is just about right.

My exercise routine is becoming more regular and I can feel my whole body tightening up. It occurred to me last night that I have been in here longer than boot camp. All my sons dramatically changed their physique after Marine boot camp. I continue to find humor in the fact that people expect me to

leave jail beat down and the fact is that I will exit much stronger and more focused than when I entered. Not to mention with the manuscript of The WorldPeace Advocacy and is I am here to the end of April, a novel as well.

The Federal Public Defender continues to do nothing and the corrupt judge Brown continues to do nothing as well. On April 1, 2008, she will have cost my mother \$7500 in house payments that would not need to be made if the house was sold. I told John last night that I am going to sit back on these problems until I finish this project which should be Monday. I finished the new Table of Contents this morning. I will begin to finish the final 200 pages.

The way I have structured the book, the major issues and events will now be presented as both marriages come to an end. That means I'm writing about forty pages a day and I have not been able to do that so far. It is quieter now but at the same time, I get man visits to my room. That will also end if Bill and Eric go home today. If they don't, I will get out before they do.

As per usual I am looking at all that is going on. I will either get out of here in the next ten days as I will be here to the end of April I think. If I am to write a novel two then I will be in here to the end of April. I am ready to get in sync with whatever happens. I like just watching how God works in my life. I have total faith that I am on the right path and God is engaged as my partner.

I still get angry at injustice and stupidity of all kinds. Like the nineteen-year-old in here Name L. He wanted a video game player worth about \$200. Both his parents are cops. So he got a pistol and went down to a video store and took one at gunpoint. Yesterday they offered him twenty years, parole in ten since he used a gun. That had a lot to do with the tank big guest yesterday because it was a reality check for everyone.



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When I start thinking about all my visions and such are nonsense I remember the reality that I am going to do. That means this reality will go away and I will go to heaven and there I will have to account for my deeds. It always wakes me up and keeps me on track.

I have been collecting the 1920's framed pictures of clipper ships. I have about twenty. I always understood why. I felt maybe because they represent freedom and travel to me. They are big ships which mean big trips across oceans. Yesterday the Chronicle had a big picture of one used by the Coast Guard coming into Galveston. For my crazy abstract mind, it is an indication that I am about to get out of here and begin my real life's work, The WorldPeace Advocacy. Again we will see what happens. It may be a picture of a ship on notice for me to get ready. It does not matter. I just find it all interesting.

I think people would have much more peace in their lives if they would just pay attention to what is going on. Look at the coincidences and little miracles. Many times they are guideposts, god communicating with us all. Most ignore his revelations. Too bad, God has a sense of humor. I am not delusional I just pay attention and I find this really interesting and constantly fascinating.

Too many I am an enigma spreading nonsense. I'm the back of Acts in the New Testament 26:24 "While Paul was still standing up for himself. Festus interrupted. 'You are out of you mind Paul' he shouted. 'Your great learning is driving you crazy.'" It is all quite humorous and interesting to a curious mind like I have.

March 27, 2008, After Lunch

Richard Jenke- The Unfaithful Servant

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Leon Keyser was a ninety-one-year-old member of Heights Presbyterian Church, where my mother had been a member for sixty-two years. Leon K. had a son who was twenty but who only had the mind of a twelve-year-old. Vernon was in a nursing home. Leon's wife Evelyn had died about five years ago and his dog about a year prior.

Leon had congestive heart failure and was not going to live for more than six months. No one in the church cared about helping Leon. He was just a smelly old man who collected newspapers and cans. Leon was an active supporter of the Boy Scout troops sponsored by the Heights Church.

Richard J. who alleged he was a WWII \_\_\_ who joined the Navy at 14 decided he would help Leon as much as he could. Richard was eighty. Leon lived among junk and filth. His house was a huge mess as was his garage and the rest of his property.

I went with my mother, Kay, and LeAnn to see Leon in the hospital after church on Sunday and he asked me to help Richard get his affairs in order. His primary concern was that his son is being taken care of and then the balance of his estate go to the Boy Scouts after Vernon died. I told him I would help all I could.

Leon was moved to a lower end nursing home which I am sure would not pass through state inspection.

Leo told me that both his grandfather had fought in the Civil War, one for the North and one for the South. His father had come to America from Germany and had changed his name from Kaiser to Keyser, to disassociate himself from the German Kaiser. When his grandfather came to Ellis Island and completed his paperwork he joined the Union Army. Leon said his grandfathers met on occasion but did not like each other due to the Civil War.

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What I found interesting was that in talking to Leon, he had had direct contact as a young man with two Civil War veterans. It was the year 2004 and I was talking to a man who was really only two generations away from a war that was fought 140 years prior.

I found Leon's financial affairs a gigantic mess and I found that he had about \$350,000 in assets and no heir except his son Vernon. His money was scattered in several bonds, his wife had died without a will and he never processed her estate. He also had retirement monies coming in and so did Vernon. And Vernon had his own assets but some assets were in the name of Evelyn, Leon's deceased wife.

I went with Richard to all the banks and the nursing homes and told him what he needed to do to get all the money together. Leon had a will. He also signed a power of attorney for Richard to take care of his affairs including selling his house. I talked to Leon alone at the nursing home and he told me he trusted Richard to do the right thing.

Over time the house was sold and all the monies except Evelyn's personal assets were moved to Richards control. Richard was diligent about getting everything sold including the house and its contents and the money in his name. Then he paid all the debts and paid for Leon's funeral as well as Vernon's who died about six months after his father. Leon's last four months were spent in the same nursing home as Vernon.

Leon was buried in Rock Island, Texas next to his Confederate grandfather. The water table was close to the surface so his coffin was lowered into a watery grave.

When all was said and done Richard had about \$180,000 in assets of Vernon's and Leon's. Leon did have a cousin who should have gotten some of the estates.

Richard did not file Leon's will. He also kept Vernon's money. I said nothing for several years and then I had Richard to come to my house to discuss the estate. His evil wife Irma came who had been friends with my mother for over fifty years. I refused to talk with Irma present because after cleaning up Leon's house she was never present when Richard and I talked to Leon.

The conversation ended with Richard saying he gave the scouts about \$3000 and that was all they were going to get. I told Richard that some money had to go to the scouts. It seemed his intent was not to honor Leon's desires.

Right after Vernon died, Irma and her daughter came to my office. Irma is also eighty. Irma said all the money was his and would go to his kids and not Irma's. Irma said she was ready to divorce Richard if he did not give her half of the money. At our last meeting, Richard had put a \$120,000 CD in his and Irma's names.

As things stand not I am in a position to file for an administrate with the court and the court will have Richard account for the money he has stolen. The question is whether I wasn't to get involved or just let God take care of it. It is possible if I turn it over top the court the judge will hire an attorney who will end up with the entire estate. I doubt if the Boy Scouts will step into the matter.

Before Leon, Richard was making \$7 an hour working for an attorney in the municipal courts. Richard nor Irma have ever had that much money in their lives.

This is classic evil. I have spent the last years fighting things like this; The Snake is evil, the courts, Heights Church, car dealers, attorneys, and others. There is no end to evil. It is time for me to devote my life to something positive. I need to let others handle these matters. I have already done my time trying to challenge wrongdoing and injustice. And right now I

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am fighting my own legal battles. I am not inclined to open and more legal matters.

I do have a tape of Richard and Irma and myself where I spent 45 minutes telling Richards that what he was doing was criminal. I could send that tape to his lawyer. It amounts to an admission and I could hope that it would motivate Richard to do the right thing. Or I can send it to the DA or I can file for an administration of Leon's and Vernon's estate and turn it over to the probate judge. Or I can do nothing and let God deal with it.

March 27, 2008, Before Supper

Bill N. went home tonight and Eric M. will go home in a month. It is a bit depressing to see someone leave who I spent a lot of time with and got to know. I don't perceive the majority of people in here to be criminals. I see them as people who just made a mistake. But have no doubt there are some real criminals in here. Bill and Eric are not in that category. Neither is Nick. They were all guilty of bad judgment; one mistake is a long career in law enforcement. In this case, the punishment does not fit the crime. I'll miss Bill and a handful of others who I met here.

In the Army, people come and go together. In here they come and go one at a time. It is interesting how that works on my mind.

March 28, 2008, Before Breakfast

It is now 2008, and it is hard to remember all the Christianity chatter about the end of the world and the coming of Jesus that circulated just before the year 2000. And when nothing happened there was lesser chatter about the year 2001.

The Christian preachers gave a lot of airtime to all the doom and gloom from the Book of Revelation. No one knows who wrote the The Book of Revelation. The Protestants have

decided with on evidence it was the Apostle John on the island of Patmos. The island of Patmos is where one went to use the sacred mushroom, *Amanita muscaria*, to see visions. The Book of Revelations sounds a lot like one that was the result of a drug-induced hallucination.

The New Testament admonishes Christianity not to use psychics for telling the future or conjuring spirits or whatever. That would not have been the case if there was not a lot of that kind of thing going on. The question is why does the Bible endure speaking in tongues and the Book of Revelations and at the same time condemn these kinds of psychic experiences. The Book of Revelations even opens with a statement that it is prophesy. All the old Testament is filled with visions and interpretations of visions and dreams. So the Bible included these stories of prophecy and yet in the new testament condemns it.

The Bible is full of contradictions. It was written by men and edited and manipulated by men. In the year 400, Jerome assembled the official Bible of 88 books then every other gospel and commentary that was not included was excluded. The Gnostic texts were removed. They were the original Jesus texts but were about looking within for knowledge and a Religion like Christianity needs control of its members. So it would naturally try to delete any Gnostic references in the New Testament.

Some of those excluded books are part of the Dead Sea Scrolls and the Nag Hamadi Library. The gnostic texts and the ideas of reincarnation were excluded from the official Bible. Gnosticism believes that you can seek and know God on your own. This was contrary to a Catholic bureaucracy in 400 that wanted to consolidate all Christians under one official text. The church wanted to put forth the doctrine and dogma that you could not come to this God-knowledge on your own but instead had to get the official version solely from the church bureaucracy. And of course that brought in money.

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Nothing in the Book of Revelations has been verified by real events. All we can really say is that WWII and Adolph Hitler and Hirohito in Japan sure looks like the things described in Revelations. Except that Jesus did not appear after WWII or since.

In 1972, I was reading a lot of books about Edgar Casey, the Psychic, who did seem to be able to perform some astounding psychic feats. I was meditating every day and working with card reading to see if there was any validity to psychics and metaphysical phenomenon. Then one day I had a blackout period. I had come home from the Army post and I could not remember the last six hours. My days were moronic but not so much that I would have a blackout. And I never used alcohol or use drugs or pot. I do not count 5 or ten drinks a year drinking. So it was not an alcoholic or drug (I call pot drugs) blackout.

I had read in some of the psychic books that one needs a guru or a mentor to help one reach the upper levels of the psychic realms in meditation. I understand and acknowledge the need for a metaphysical teacher to some degree but I tend not to embrace the idea that I need someone to run my life. I believe I can talk straight to God. Jesus said ask and receive, seek and find, knock and enter. He did not suggest a need for a guru or mentor. He said I could talk straight to God. Somehow the Catholics allowed Hebrews 8: 10-11 in the New Testament which said specifically that not one needed to teach anyone because God wrote his laws on the hearts and minds of humans.

I decided that I needed to wait until someone appeared who could help me discover the psychic world. The Bible was full of psychic phenomenon and I believe that nothing has changed from the time of the Old Testament in this reality. In other words, if there was psychic phenomenon and dreams and visions and prophecies in the Old Testament and the Book of Revelations and speaking in tongues in the New Testament

then those things should still be valid in the spiritual experiences today.

The idea of a soul incarnate in a human body is a metaphysical reality. So it would seem that religions should be all about psychic phenomena. But bureaucratic religions can't endorse dreams and visions because they can't be controlled. To embrace them means to have to answer to every vision of every church member. It was better for the church to just label them sinful and fear the devil even if people often experienced personal prophetic dreams and had valid intuitive and psychic experiences. All the conservatives did was to stop people from admitting that they had these experiences.

The wall between this reality and heaven is blurred. In other words, there are times and places when and where you can see a glimpse of heaven and ghosts can appear to see this world. There are some legitimate psychics who can clearly see the other side and tell the future. The problem is that no psychic is correct all the time. So you can't really verify what was said until it happens if it ever does happen. Psychic phenomena should be looked at like any other input in a decision making process. Consider the information but don't bet your life on it. It is not that reliable even though it is sometimes remarkably valid in hind sight. What good is having your fortune told if it may never come about or it is unclear and you have no idea what it means. 90% of Nostradamus quatrains have never been associated with any factual event. and most of the rest are contorted to fit some even.

As we live and experience life we come to understand and trust our personal psychic connection. To be simplistic, when a big toe aches, rain is coming. Every time we think of a person when we wake up, that person will call that day. God and your angels and guardians find all kinds of non-traditional ways to communicate with you. You just have to learn how to listen. Or you can choose to ignore is all.



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According to Jesus we script our futures. So what good is a script that you do not agree with.

In March 1985, a woman came into my office to discuss her legal matters. Just before she left she said she was going to see a psychic. I decided to pursue the matter and call the psychic. It had been thirteen years since I quit working with psychic phenomenon and this seemed like a sign for me to re-engage.

I called PL the psychic and made an appointment. It lasted forty-five minutes and during that time PL told me what no one but I knew and gave me a perception of my life so that for the first time all my past seemed to make sense. I could see how all the events in my life fit together. PL gave me a lot of clarity.

I had been given a tape recording of the session and I came home and played it for The Snake who agreed it was amazing. I then suggested that she go see PL. Her response was "I don't need anyone to tell me how screwed up I am." I thought this was a very strange statement. I did not know what she meant. But in the coming years, I would come to realize just how screwed up she was.

The Snake refused to touch a Bible while we were married. Would not read or discuss it even though she would attend church. After we divorced, with the help of my sister, The Snake was born again and embraced the Bible. She saw me reading and studying the Bible and related texts our whole marriage but she never entered into a discussion with me about any of it.

I enrolled in classes PL had and went once a week. After class, I would go with her to Denny's and stay until 3 AM. I did not sleep much at night anyway. We would discuss all kinds of psychic things. She was mentoring me but she was also manipulating me. She began more and more to play games

where I had to perform certain things before she would reveal things to me. She was abusing her gift.

I saw and learned many things and was introduced to other psychics on her level, people who had amazing abilities. All of this scared The Snake. I think it scared her because she had no spiritual understanding and I know that it scared her because she worried about what some of these people may reveal about her to me. She talked to PL, I found out later.

One time The Snake and I went to the Gem Show in Houston and we happened to meet up with PL there and about ten other psychics. We all sat down at a large round table and these people began to read The Snake like a book. When you are with these people and they trust you (remember they burned people at Salem Mass) they open up and speak freely. Nothing major was revealed except that The Snake had a lot of animosity for me. I did not pay enough attention what they were saying. I should have seen our marriage coming apart but I was just too busy with work to notice.

One time PL began to fake her trances and gave me bad information and to manipulate me. After about six months, I significantly cut back on the amount of time I spent with her. She was trying to control me. I have never allowed anyone to control me.

The problem with psychics is that you just never know when they are really connected. Only time will tell. Many are just fakes.

Anyone who has read Nostradamus or the Book of Revelations knows how unreliable fortune-telling is. We all see through the veil of this life to heaven now and then but not all the time. Nostradamus's quatrains and Revelation need to be taken generally. What I know is that WWII sort of resembled the Book of Revelation. This is the way most psychics material is. It is generally corrected in ways we did not expect. We see later we were expecting a red bull but instead, it was a pink

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balloon. A dark blue Ford and it was a light blue chevy. The car manifested but not the one we saw in our dreams.

The psychic phenomenon is real but it is personal. You have to develop it and understand how information comes to you personally and how to distinguish the more valid revelations you receive. God does speak in abstracts and metaphors and dreams visions and miracles. We just have to pay attention, pray and meditate. God seldom speaks to us directly and in plain English. Heaven is abstract. God is abstract. An abstract vision of a piece of cake can mean dinner is about to be served. A golden sun can mean morning coming.

There is one absolute rule about psychics, do not dedicate your life to them. Take what they say, apply your logic and then move on with your life accepting and discarding what has been communicated to you.

Expect Jesus when you see him. Act as if he is always at the door.

March 28, 2008, After Breakfast

They just delivered the toilet paper and there was a mad dash for the door. We have an average of about eighteen guys in here and they only deliver about eight to ten rolls every Monday and Friday. It is not quite enough. I just always laugh at how much a mundane matter can be elevated to a major event in a place like this.

It looks like we will not go back to our old cellblock for a few more days. They are apparently painting it. What it means is that the TV will be non-existent over the weekend and I feel very confident that I will finish this book by Monday. Finish the first draft I mean.

I have been playing down the book aspect to those who ask. I just tell them I am working on a plan to restart my business, take care of my legal matters and trying to work through some

of my history. I tell them it is just for my kids. I do not want anyone to know how important this book is to me. That it is the core of my WorldPeace endeavor. I have been here long enough to have a few potential enemies. By the time I finish this first draft there will be about 700 pages I think. It would be very difficult to rewrite it.

Hopefully, I can hand it off to John next week through an attorney visit. I will put bankruptcy pleading on the front of the plastic bag that will contain the fourteen or fifteen tablets. It will look like legal pleadings. People are going to be shocked to find that I have written this when I was supposed to be suffering. They will be astounded if I also finish a novel next month as well. Who cares. This is what I have to do and it makes me feel good doing it. It means I did not waste the time I spent in here.

It should just be another example for others that good can come out of even the worst of circumstances and situations. Everything in life comes down to how you perceive it. There is always the opportunity to make lemonade out of lemons; to turn a defeat into a major victory. I love the challenges of life.

I did not choose this jail experience. But like my heart attack, I have risen above it. I have taken life's blows and put it into its place. I did not freak out in here. I did not cry or feel despair. I wrote. And I wrote without any real experience at such things and I did it in less than seven weeks. I should be able to do a 400-page novel in three weeks. You see, I already have a plan to follow after the completion of this book.

I will spend a few days working on legal pleadings and then a few days rest. A few days roughing out the plot and the storyline of my novel and then begin to write. I have developed the habit of writing every day. It will be easy to continue. I also developed a method of dealing with a lot of facts and integrating scenes into a coherent novel.

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I believe the key to a successful fulfilling life is to always look for God's agenda in every situation and for me a determination to never retreat, never surrender and always turn lead into gold. I thank God each day for my indomitable spirit. I love to answer questions and I love to solve life's little problem. I have taken the road less traveled and it has made all the difference. I am at another fork in the road and I am excited about creating something great where nothing presently exists.

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March 29, 2008, after breakfast

14:20

Last night was Friday night and that means lights are not turned out until about midnight. Last night it was very noisy downstairs. I went to sleep but was awakened by the noise. The church choir singing loud and I could not sleep which is unusual. When they shut down last night the music stayed. It is sort of disguised among the other music and sounds. I think it is like a hidden signal or like one of my radios playing. But I hear that choir music above all the rest. There seemed to be several small groups singing last night and not one big choir practicing together.

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Friday nights are always hard for me. I do not know why. I never went out that much on Friday night but it was always the end the week and as much as I hate the TV noise it is still a link to the outside; a minor sense of the free world. So the lack of a TV in here means Friday nights are a lot to bear.

I wrote over 30 pages yesterday. And it may be that 30 pages are about my limit. It seems hard to acquire a connection to the source for more time each day.

When I write, I make sure that I allow myself time to comment on that section's source. When I do the words flow and the section that I am working on is coherent. I have one long poem about the Infinite Oneness, Jesus and Buddha. I fixed it and it is disjunctive. I will not put that in this book. I rewrote it as a narrative part of this book already. I have been writing other poems that are my typical one-page poems, but there is no real inspiration so far in here for them. So I have not written but 7 or 8 poems so far

I realized yesterday that I will finish (771) this project in a few days. The two love stories and the response to TPDL until done, as well as the important events of my first 20 years for my biography. But the jail storyline will not end until I leave here and the legal may not end until later still. So after I give this project to John next week for safekeeping I will still be adding more events day-to-day.

John received an email from Richard Ely, my attorney on the Federal Resisting Arrest. John sent him a stern email to communicate what is happening as we would have to complain. Ely said that the prosecutor he's been with for 3 weeks will have a decision on whether they will fight the misdemeanor or not. I don't see how they can. If not, I should be able to plead it out at the end of next week and be done with it. Then we will focus on the BR Judge Brown.

After I finish the project on Monday or Tuesday, I will shift for a day to work on that BR writ of Habeas Corpus and try to free the House on Heights to be sold.

(772)

I took a 2 volume Christian novel from the Christian cart yesterday and began to read it last night. I need a break from my routine and 2 or 3 days will help.

It will also make next week go faster. It will also let me focus on it's style, I have about 4 novels in my possession now and I

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will study their form before I start on my novel probably next weekend. I hope to write a 400-page novel in about 3 weeks.

I do not need to submit my Federal Writ of Habeas Corpus until I resolve the Federal matters or until I have less than 60 days until State Bar matter. I should be bonded out as the State Bar matter within a few days of filing it. If I have to come back to finish the six months sentence, I will only have to be here 60 days. I may not fight the Bar Sentence because I may not want to take the time to write up the pleading. I don't want to spend a week on it. But I do want to be vindicated from the injustice of my disbarment. I will not have to decide on this for several weeks. But as usual, this is in God's hands, if I am to write a novel before I leave here, then I will not be free until it is done.

Like so many things in life, you have to go with the flow and go bit further down the road before you can see more clearly the choices that are available. It is always easier to see phase 9 from phase 7 than phase 4.

I just used up a free world pen I got 4 days ago. It was brand new. I was able to write a lot more with it. Now I am using another free world pen I got about 10 days ago. It will probably run out of ink tomorrow. Then I will be back to using the new jailhouse pens. I only have about 10 of the original jailhouse pens that only write 7 pages each. I have kept about 25 empties to go with this manuscript. I hope the guards do not try to throw them away when I leave. They should not.

The novel I am reading is about a man who reaches the pinnacle of his profession and then is filed on for divorce by his wife. It appears the book is about his transformation and might have a happy ending. The first volume is 200 pages and the second is 554. What is strange THE UNSEEN ESSENTIAL AND TENDER JOURNAL, BY JAMES P GILLIS, MD. I can't help but wonder how much will apply to my marriage with Kay. I don't think Kay will try to get back together. But I do find it interesting that my ring finger still has an indentation left by my wedding band. That seems unusual a

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year after I took it off. Tomorrow is the 1<sup>st</sup> anniversary of when Kay moved out last year, I also think it is Brian's birthday.

As I keep saying, I pay attention to strange events and happenings. I have prayed for an understanding of why Kay left. Even after 9 months of therapy I still don't have the truth of why the Snake left.

I am going to return to bed for a bit more sleep. I am not fresh enough to continue with the governor race I began to work on yesterday.

(797)

March 29, 2008, After supper

The Department of Justice definitely has the attention of the sheriff in regards to the jail. Today when we exchanged laundry, we got brand new sheets and towels. They are the first white linen I have seen in here. Brand new. They also said that next week we get socks and underwear that we will turn in like we do the sheets, towels, and top and bottom orange jumpsuit.

In addition, they did a short shakedown while we were out changing clothes. They did not take my free world pen that was on my desk and they did not take my extra towel. I don't think they have the personnel to do the elaborate shakedown anymore because they have to put their people in the pickets.

All this means is that I will have no hassle for the rest of the time I am in here. It took the Feds 2 years to investigate the Dallas County jail. I will be out of here in 83 days at the outside.

We have not been moved back to the old cell yet. It has been so nice without the TV blasting. I did miss it a bit last night because Fridays are a bit depressing to me and the TV is a connection to the outside world. I would still rather not have it



on. Everyone here shifted to dominoes and chess to occupy their time.

I seem to be getting stronger faster now. I guess I have crossed some threshold when I will make rapid progress for a while. I am doing about 130 pushups a day. I want to get up to 300 as soon as possible and stay there. I am also bathing every night now as an attempt to keep my psoriasis under control.

With a bit of luck, I could be going home next week. It will all depend on whether I can plead out on the resisting arrest or not. I don't feel like I will be here much longer. God has a plan. All is as it should be.

(802)

I have no real idea of what time it is. I am not sure if I have missed breakfast or not. My door on this cell is not working properly so when the deputy releases the locks in the morning for breakfast, the door does not pop open and so there is not enough noise to wake me up. I stayed up until about midnight last night and so I may have slept through the breakfast wake up. I have enough food to eat from the commissary and some uneaten food from what they feed us. I am only commenting to relate how disoriented you can get in a place that does not allow clocks. It creates a low-level anxiety.

An attorney came into the cellblock two nights ago. Greg P he was held in contempt by one of the most vicious judges in the family court. You never know if what someone in here tells you is true or not. But knowing this particular judge. I tend to believe it is true. She demanded something from him that was out of his power to make happen. When he questioned her about what he was able to do, she found him in contempt and sentenced him to 6 months in jail. Something does not ring true.

The only reason I am thinking about it is that he is a possible vehicle to get these manuscripts out of the jail. If he gets out on

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a writ from the administrative judge who is capable of overriding the contempt order because attorneys by status must be allowed to get out on a PR ( Personal Recognizant) bond while they wait for a rehearing of their case.

If he gets out, he can call my son John who can come over here, and Greg can have an attorney see me and I can then get these 13 tablets to John. This is one of the many cases in my life where I have to decide if this is what I am supposed to do. I have a bit of paranoia about getting this manuscript out of here under any circumstances. This is part of the fact that I am an inmate here with no rights. One malicious deputy can throw this manuscript in the trash even if it is disguised as legal documents which it really is because it will form the basis of a contract to publish.

I will ask some more questions of Greg this morning to see if I can trust him to represent me in the simple act of removing this transcript out of the jail. In these kinds of matters where you don't know what to do, you just have to hold off on the decision as you move forward trying to get additional information that will make this decision clear

After I lost the Democratic Primary for Governor, I continued to watch the general election unfold. Tony Sanchez saw a lot of high tech ads. His web page was up to date but not high tech ad organized like Barak Obama's is now.

When Morales and Sanchez had this Telemundo debate the pictures in the chronicle were set up so that Sanchez was closest to the camera and Morales was in the background. The effect was to make Sanchez look a bit taller than Morales. In fact, Morales is a good five inches taller than Sanchez.

When Tony Sanchez and Governor Perry debate took place the newspaper showed a factual picture of Sanchez behind his podium and another of Rich Perry behind his. The pictures were printed the same size with text between them. The point was to disguise Sanchez's height. I took the two pictures and

resized Sanchez's picture so that the two podiums were the same size. Then I put the two pictures side by side. It made it obvious that Sanchez was a full 12 inches shorter than Perry. It made Sanchez look like a child and Perry the parent. The point is that you can't believe what you read in the newspapers or the pictures you see there. The editor always has an agenda. Or his boss has an agenda.

(805)

The money Sanchez was spending on ads was not going to allow the newspapers to reveal the truth. Ad money skewed the truth about Sanchez's size but ad money in particular reduced the emphasis on his corruption with regards to the Tesoro Savings and Loan matter and the laundering of the \$25 million Mexican Mafia money.

### The Internet

There is a huge transformation taking place right now in the world human society, one is psychic metaphysical and one is economic. Metaphysically, all human beings are connected spiritually. The ability to communicate between spirits carries over into the human body. So people of like minds are connected intuitively. Well, through the internet people can find each other physically and can literally make a physical connection. This significantly boosts the volume of communication and the impact as well. Consider that there are 100 men in the world who would want event "A" to happen, but they can only communicate intuitively. In other words, they know there are others in the world population like themselves but they don't know where they live or who they are. So their ability to promote event "A" is limited. However these men connect through the internet by searching for each other, then they connect in the real world; in real-time and in real-space. Then through the internet, they can significantly boost their connection and move quickly to do event "A". If they determine to have a face to face gathering, the power of their interaction means they will be able to go to maximum

productivity. This is what is happening on the internet right now. People of like minds are finding each other and coming together to promote their agendas. Some of these agendas will significantly uplift humanity and others will bring darkness and evil.

Consider that it takes about 10 billion atoms to make a human cell, and 10 billion cells to make a human brain. In both cases when that 10 billion number is reached, life on earth experiences a major transformation. Now the population of the earth is increasing to 10 billion and in time all those 10 billion humans will be connected through the internet. When this happens, the entire world human society will transform into a higher state of consciousness. 10 billion human beings will have the power to change the orbit of the earth.

The second impact of the Internet is that money is transforming a few 1000 individuals over time. Here is how that works. Consider the savings and loan services. Millions of dollars were loaned on property worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. Then the loans defaulted. The person who borrowed the money makes a huge profit. Since the loans were guaranteed by the Federal Government the public bailed out the loan. So the owner of the S and L (savings and loan) transferred money from the citizens of the USA into the hands of the very small group of S and L owners.

Consider the war in Iraq. War is good for the economy. The economy will produce the weapons of the war. You have what President Eisenhower warned about; the military-industrial complex. The government buys arms from a few companies. The owners of the companies get rich on the backs of the general population. The rich get richer and the rich buy politicians to make it all legal and wars on the planet are encouraged and supported behind the scenes.

Now the internet is having the effect of closing small brick and mortar businesses in favor of online purchases. The larger the online vendor the cheaper it can sell goods and the cheaper it

can sell goods the more goods it will sell and the more the small retailer suffers and go out of business. So this is how money is flowing from the bottom of society to the top; from poor to rich.

What is also happening is that the cheap labor in the Third World is being utilized. So manufacturing in the world is moving to China, a country with huge resources and a gigantic cheap labor force. People can manufacture things in China for \$1000 and sell in the developed countries for \$35,000. Here again is more money moving into fewer hands. The problem is that it is a global phenomenon. In the next 50 years, the wealth of the world is going to consolidate into a very few individuals families in relation to an 8 billion world human population.

So the rapidly changing economy of the internet is being superheated by the third world labor supply coming online. 80% of the factories in America are in jeopardy. Virtually all manufacturing will move overseas because the cost of labor in the USA is too high to make a product and sell it at a profit.

So in general terms, like minds are coming together and learning from each other and conspiring for economic power through the internet which is also a vehicle for economic manipulation in a capitalistic system that will move unlimited fortunes into the hands of a few men of understanding.

### Negative Prayer

It is not often talked about because it is such an evil concept but negative prayer works the same as positive prayer. It is an undeniable fact that some people have miraculous recoveries from terminal illnesses due to prayer. Prayer works and a gang of like-minded in sync humans with the ability to communicate can create miracles.

Dr. Rick Warren suggests that monks in a monastery are not engaged in the world society. This is absolutely wrong. The prayer of these men and women do impact the world human

society. They do impact undeniably when focused on particular issues.

The same energy that is used to make miracles happen, can be used for evil. People die of unknown illnesses even today in the modern world with all of its medical miracles.

When positive prayer and meditation are engaged, a huge number of light beings come together to help make the prayer a reality. So you have a human spiritual alliance for the purpose of manifesting some positive event. There is an alliance because the spirits who are incarnate are of the same class as those who have not incarnated. They work together and bridge realities. Many spirits come here to work with the spirit world. They use themselves as human conductors and conduits of spiritual energy.

There is a great war in the universe that is always hot. It is always active. The forces of good and evil constantly war with each other. The Bible tells of a war in heaven and in that war Satan was cast down on the earth. But the truth is both sides of that heavenly war come to earth and the battle expands in a more tangible battlefield.

The majority of the world human society is asleep. They do not understand that the war is the war that the Bible discusses. This is how it works; both sides of good and evil use the neutral energy of the universe through prayer and meditation to accomplish their objectives and goals.

The sacred texts of the world all speak of this war. But few really understand just how real that war is and how they are affected by it.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Saturday morning has come  
to this sterile environment  
when more lights on is day  
and less light on is night

I have 59 years of Saturday mornings  
in Summer, Winter, Spring and Fall  
- now it is Spring  
in the free world

This desolate place  
offers only what the mind  
and soul can conjure up  
in meditation  
and memories of the past

Closer to God and Heaven  
you are in this place

I have much to do before  
I am free in 84 days at most I expect

These Saturdays will  
stand out among all  
the rest  
for the rest of my

stay in this prison planet  
in this body jail

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March 31, 2008, After Breakfast

One of the things you learn about jail is that you have no control over what goes on outside the walls that hold you. No matter how hard you try, you cannot influence what people outside do.

I have been living on my mother's property and running my business from there for four years. Last year, after my son David destroyed the web design business, Kay divorced. The house is up for sale but is maliciously tied up in Judge Brown's court. My mother has decided to go through my possessions and throw away what she deems has no value to her. I was told by my son yesterday that she had thrown away a significant amount of things that I had in the garage. Some of it would be sold in a garage sale when I got out and some I wanted to keep. It did not matter to her.

There is nothing I can do to stop her. No one has control over her. I pray that she does not throw away my paintings and I pray she does not throw away my writings and poems. All that I am is in her control including forty years of my family pictures and other family pictures of both my father's and mother's ancestors. Nothing that has happened to me since I came to jail has bothered me as much as these evil acts of my mother. I can make no excuse for her actions.

My mother has a loving side, but she has a very vicious side as well. She was relentless in her determination to control my father and treat him like a personal servant. The lists of things she asked from him was endless. No matter what he wanted to do she had a more important project.



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My father always succumbed to her demands. I never understood it. It was so bad one time when I was 14 that I followed him out to the garage one night after she had cut into him and told him that if he wanted to leave and divorce her it was OK. I told him I would be OK and don't let me be a factor in his decision. He did not say a word.

He stayed with her for 36 years and would have stayed longer if she had not pushed a divorce. My father had his faults, part of which was alcoholism of which I never saw any signs; ever. I never saw him lose his temper or abuse her in any way. He was not that kind of alcoholic. For 10 years after they separated he continued to go to her house and do whatever she wanted.

In 1988, when she and Vernon II, my dad was Vernon I, got together she treated him the same way she did my dad. She was just as vicious and unrelenting. She never stopped criticizing him. Never stopped working him like a field hand. Vernon II played games to thwart her. But like my dad he took care of things for her. In the end, she was so vicious that I think he killed himself. Not with a bullet. But like Kay's father. He pushed his body until it gave out. He was 80 and he began running two miles a day. Pushing his body. He had run track in high school. Every time I saw him during the last six months of his life he said he was ready to die. All his affairs were in order. He was just waiting on the call.

My mother also hated her father. She gave him due respect and care but she had a lot of animosity for him. He gave his attention to her younger sister and her mother gave her attention to her older brother.

With regards to my father, my mother bought a Mercedes in 1978, which she still drives. She was working for the Harris County Appraisal District. And she always made a big issue of how she made the payments. But I worked with my father and I saw the monthly bills from one store where she liked to shop for most of her life. It amounted to \$800 a month in 1974. That would almost her entire salary at the County.

I must say that her manipulating did increase their wealth through real estate. He made the majority of money by far and it was his income that paid for the real estate. But on a personal level, she was venomous.

I can only remember about three times as a child when she said I love you. She was not as vocally critical of me as was my father. He was not that bad until I turned eighteen and started college. The word stupid was used a lot by both of them referring to me. My name change and my participation in the governor's race was highly criticized.

When I sued my mother's church for theft, the people at the church who were against her kept bringing up the fact that she told them how stupid I was for running for governor. I ignored it. I knew how she was.

But now I am 60 and in jail where I have a lot of time to think. I have discovered a couple of things from this latest incident. First, my anger is pretty much gone. I think through this book I have reviewed and released so many things and that release has given me a higher lever of peace. Anger is a loud negative vibration now. I know that people who do evil will repeat darkness. I do not need to insert myself into such matters. Evil and darkness are a tar baby and you cannot engage it without getting it on yourself.

When I get out of here, and even now, I will spend my time doing good, not getting even as was my job as a lawyer. There is no end to the evil that people do. I can accomplish so much more by doing good and letting evil deeds reap payback from the universe.

Second, my mother's animosity for my grandfather, her brother, my father and Vernon II also extend to me. That is life. What she had done with this most recent vicious act of getting rid of my things is to make it OK for me to move to Paris when I get out of jail. I may moving to Las Vegas. Both are world human magnets. I will take care of her financially if

that becomes necessary but I am disengaging from her negative behavior.

When I was much younger, I use to joke that when a person has a child, he should take that child to a child-exchange, and leave it and then chose a child who likes him. Well, I am an adult and I don't need to exchange my parents. But I know I can find a woman who has a loving family and I can become part of that family. I need to be where I am wanted and can find love and not viciousness.

Another lesson is reducing my attachment to natural things. I guess it took my mother's vicious acts of throwing away my things to make me realize how attached I was to things. Nothing she threw away had any intrinsic value. They were just special things to me. The whole Buddhist, Christian, Muslim, Hindu philosophy is about releasing things and not becoming attached to them. It seems to be a universal truth.

I wrote a letter to Kay yesterday asking her to stop my mother's vicious destruction of my possessions. I pray that she has some influence.

Tomorrow I am supposed to get a final resolution on my Federal resisting arrest matter. I expect to plead out to a misdemeanor and get time served so I have no probation. With some luck, the matter should be finalized this week.

After that, I will do what is necessary to end the hold that Judge Brown (mother's BR judge) has on me in the bankruptcy court. The attorney Gregg left last night. He got his contempt matter dealt with by sending a complaint to the administrative judge. I feel that he was here for a few days to show me the way out of the BR hold. I will get John to look up who the Administrative Judge is over Judge Brown and write him a nice letter asking him to deal with her. This matter is simple. She has no reason to hold me. I am not in contempt. All she wants to do is read me her final order in my mother's BR. With luck that hold should be released this week as well.

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In regards to my contempt in the State Bar matter. I very much want to file my writ of Habeas Corpus and get out. But at the same time. I do not want to get out and then have to come back in a month or two. I also don't want to spend time writing a 100 page pleading. I have 83 days left and then I can walk out of here with no stops attached. I can use these days to finalize the book and to write another novel. I will deal with the two Federal matters and then decide about the state Bar matter.

For the first time. I am warm in jail. I no longer wear my arm socks or walk around with my towel around my neck. In fact, if it gets warmer, I will start taking off my orange top and sleep in my T-shirt. Or not wear my T-shirt when moving around the day room. You can't leave your cell without your orange uniform. I am sure that when we go back to our other cell block, which I expect to be this week, it will be colder but not freezing cold like it has been in this cell block. I hate the cold but I would also hate to be in a hot tank with little or no airflow. The warmth has to do with the temperature rising outside. It is in the '80s and by June when I am due to get out, it will be in the '90s and it may become very warm in here.

In a place like this our time thing begins to get on your nerves. In the first ninety days everything is new and you are just learning to adjust and to keep busy. After ninety days, you begin to settle in and the pettiness begins to wear on you. An example is the newspaper we get two each morning. one for the top floor and one for the bottom. Once read it gets passed from person to person. But many times it goes to someone who is not going to read it and it sits hidden in their room. So you have to track it down like a private detective. Then when you locate it, you have to deal with a lot of attitude from whoever has it.

Another irritant is there is someone who always wants to be the house mother and make rules and treat others like children. I can see how in general populations there would be constant

fighters. I can also see how as the temperature rises in the cell block, tempers would get shorter and shorter,

You always have to be aware of the possibility of retaliation. So for me, I don't want someone to come into my room and take this manuscript. There is only one copy and it could be rewritten for the most part but these day to day events in the jail section could not be rewritten. The main events in my life can be remembered but some of those sections are very labor-intensive and are hard to create, With regards to a novel, you could never recreate a section of 60 pages that went missing. So I just keep to myself and interact with some of these inmates because you need someone to watch your back. An extra pair of eyes on your room, someone to fill you in on the daily rumor mill and someone to make sure you wake up for meals. Once the food cart leaves, you don't get fed. The trustees love to have extra meals because they trade them for commissary in the next cellblock. One day last week three guys did not get lunch. They slept right through it. I ran to wake them up when I realized what happened but they were too late and missed the cart. That is one of the reasons I wish they had a clock in here.

## GENETICS

Humanity is on the edge of a metamorphosis. It has already begun, and it cannot be stopped. The internet and DNA research are each at a threshold of a new humanity; one that promises to take the primal caveman and evolve him into a specialized being with a destiny to bring a new enlightenment immediately to the earth and from there to the galaxy and then beyond. 848

We are entering the time of a great awakening. We are going through the last gasps of a dying predatory mentality which pits every human being against every other human beings who is not of his race, religion or nationality. We are entering a time when women will be elevated to an equal status with men and

God will begin to be perceived as neither male nor female but as having the aspects of both.

God is beyond the primal biological separateness of gender. God is not associated or biased sexually but is asexual. God is not anthropomorphic. We are in God's image but we are not a reflection of God's physical presence. God is perfectly clear. God cannot be seen or sensed with the human senses unless God projects such an image. God is known intuitively abstractly but not physically. God is a presence, not a being. God is not a father or son but a Holy Spirit. A perfect presence of pure clear energy. God projects God as every single image on earth. God is not a flower but he projects his essence into every flower. God is animate and inanimate. It is a holographic universe and where we differentiate flower from a bee, there is a distinction but only God – perceived as one or the other.

The time is upon us when we will break free of our patriarchal religion with its corporate political reality and embrace a more spiritual, less tangible, more abstract concept of God and human beings. The façade of shape and form will disintegrate and we will see the perfect pure clarity of in which we cannot see the difference between the essence of God and the essence of us. It would be like a clear glass of water which only when light shines through it can you perceive the colors.

The time has begun when we will stop projecting heaven as a reflection of an earthly political kingdom and instead understand heaven to be a more sublime pure \_\_\_ spiritual essence where all things blended merge into oneness separate yet not. Separated only by perception.

This is the new enlightened awakened view of God. As long as we continue to perceive God as an anthropomorphic sexual being, we will continue to subordinate women as not God and all other human beings as inferior based on their perceived race. God is not political or religious.

The human body is a genetically manipulated creation of superior beings; these were the Elohim and \_\_\_ of Genesis. Now human science has unraveled the structure of DNA and we have the ability to manipulate it. Human beings will live longer and surgery will no longer be crudely performed with knives but with injections of DNA that will create new body organs within the existing one. Brain cells will be mapped in that memory can be downloaded and reinjected into new brain cells.

In time, we will locate the mind soul connection. The human body is a machine that has no life or its own. Without an attached soul, it is nothing more than a zombie; a mindless, senseless mass of flesh and bone.

There is nothing sacred about the human body. It is just a vehicle/container and as such there are no spiritual repercussions associated with ridding it of its imperfections.

850.5

In the Bible, there are two uses of the word God. In Genesis God says let us make man in our image. God has no equal so the Bible is saying it was not the all-inclusive God but a anthropomorphic superhuman who made man. Genesis 1:26

God the superhuman, was one of the Nephilim. Gen 6:4 He was talking to the other Nephilim in Gen 1:26. The sons of God were the pure sons of the Nephilim. Man was a genetically manipulated human being who was made less than the Nephilim. Humans were not immortal like the Nephilim but only lived 120 years.

The serpent was Satan, a Nephilim, who fought with Arch Angel Michael and was beaten. He encouraged Eve to eat from the Tree of good and evil. The tree had a \_\_\_ giving fruit and when you ate it you awoke. Adam was a mindless drone until he ate of the Tree of Good and Evil.

The Tree of Life was the knowledge of DNA that would be manipulated to make man immortal. In 1954 Watson and Crick unraveled the shape of DNA. They had metaphorically eaten of the Tree of Life. Actually, the Nephilim who still work on earth gave them the vision. The same way Ferme was given the secret of the atom.

Revelation is a book of metaphors and cannot be read literally. WWII was Armageddon and it ended with an atomic bomb. Then 9 years later the potential of heaven on earth existed when man was given the structure of DNA. **The Tree of Life. So now we have a New Heaven and Earth.** Earth will be new with human immortals and heaven will be new with man's understanding of heaven as another dimension that spirits manipulate the course of destiny through reincarnation. There will be a new understanding of the heavens and earth connection. Therefore a new Heaven and Earth.

There is a war going on to keep non-ignorant and Christianity in fighting to keep man ignorant by labeling the \_\_\_ our DNA knowledge and stem cells to lengthen the life of man as evil.

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There is a war among the Nephilim who run the earth to stop the Nephilim who want to elevate man closer to the Nephilim.

The Dead Sea scrolls have begun to undermine the uniqueness of Jesus and therefore undermine the Catholic church and Christianity to break the grip of religion and replace it with spirituality.

By condemning DNA and stem cell research, the church can keep man in the dark longer. But change is already coming and it cannot be stopped. The Nephilim want to keep the status quo so they can figure out how to remain in power.



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DNA is not evil but inevitable. DNA and stem cell research will first reduce pain and suffering and then move to create immortality on earth. As above so below.

DNA research has traced all human beings back to Eve who lived in sub-Sahara Africa in 250,000 BCE. Scientific evidence shows that the flood was 12000 BCE and 10800 BCE All the human beings were not wiped out. If they were then all humans would only be found back to 12000 BCE. not 250,000 BCE The flood was either caused by an asteroid strike or a planet like an object that passed very close by the earth. But the Nephilim knew it was coming and that is why they were prepared.

Further, Noah Ark could never hold 2 of each living creature. But it could if it was not the creature but its DNA that was put on the ark. The ark is another metaphor. The Nephilim may have survived the flood in spaceships above the earth and the Ark was one of those ships.

The history of the earth is preserved in the earth close to the ancient high civilizations, one of the oldest being in Jerusalem. The Christians burned the library of Alexandria and destroyed the history of the Aztec, Incas, and Mayans. But it is not all gone. In time the truth will be recovered.

When a greater number of humans are connected through the internet, knowledge will reach a critical mass and overnight there will be a new awakening and humanity will step away from it primal cause man maturity and rise to the level of the Nephilim. A new social order and new spiritual dynamic will then emerge.

March 31, 2008, before supper

Mark Floeck. the preacher guy, came to me with a petition to sign to have a TV put in here or to move us back to the other tank. He had not signed it. I told him to sign it first and he would not. Said he would sign it last. Of course, he did not

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want his name on the top line if there was retaliation. I signed it and told him unless he signed he was not going to get others to sign. He left and signed it and came back and showed me. I just smiled. Everyone signed it and he gave it to the deputy. We will see what happens

April 1, 2008, after breakfast

Twenty years ago on April 1, 1988, I made a commitment to dedicate my life to the advocacy of peace and WorldPeace. It was April Fools Day and Good Friday both. Much has happened in those 20 years I met Kay five weeks after I changed my name and she left me 19 years later, 2 days before my 19<sup>th</sup> Anniversary. The book is primarily about those 20 years. I find myself in prison on my anniversary. And somehow it feels like being in jail has been a birthday present. It may be that this book and what will follow from the book is the present because had I not been in jail, this book would have never been written. Only by cutting me off from the world was I able to write it.

My mother sold some of my possessions for no reason except she has always had an abusive and mean streak against men. After her father, my father, and Vernon II, I am just the most recent. I may be the last on the list as her father was the first. There is no excuse for her behavior.

Also, Kay came and picked up my bedroom set this weekend. We did not have a formal agreement on it. But she had done a lot to pack up my things to protect them from being thrown out by my mother. If she wants the bedroom set, it is OK. I loved it but at the same time, it was the furniture of Leon Kyser's son Vernon. I am sure from the receipts we found it was brought new and Vernon slept on it for about 60 years. I pick up vibrations on these things and I am not totally comfortable in the bed. It is also the last bed that Kay and I slept in so it is taking the memories of my life with her. Symbolically it is another event ending our marriage.

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My mother's hateful acts have had the most negative effects on me since I have been in here. It has caused me confusion for the last three days but I feel that I can emerge from those feelings. I have a clearer version of what is coming now than I had.

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Kay had removed the last of her presence from the house. I also believe that my mother's acts mean that the home on Heights will not sell and that I will have it as my home base for the rest of my life.

One of the problems that I have with people close to and involved with me is that I rely heavily on my intuition about my path. So what I am saying is that my logic and my intuition seem to indicate that I will stay on Heights Blvd. Now, something could happen tomorrow and change that. We make our decisions based on the input we have at the moment. And my input indicates that I will stay on Heights. It is possible that some action will happen in the next hour or some input will come to my attention that will change my perception of things. If that happens, I will modify my view of the future.

For Kay and the Snake, when I would say something based on my best logic and intuition, they would believe it was set in stone. Nothing is set in stone. Things change all the time and they change more for me than others because I have so much going on in my life. My life is complicated and integrated. The truth is that very few people can understand what I am doing because of the many facet of my life. I am a polymath.

People tend to think that my life is not focused. That is not true. My whole life has always been totally focused and everything has contributed to my WorldPeace Advocacy. The problem is that I have done inconceivable things like changing my name, and run for governor and challenged the abuses of the Presbyterian church and the State Bar of Texas. Those things were in furtherance of my WorldPeace Advocacy. From a materialistic conservative

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viewpoint, they are a waste of energy. I have a purpose-driven life and that purpose is global. It is global because I have the capacity to think globally.

From my perspective, I have lived a totally conventional life but my hobbies, art, politics, etc have occupied my free time as opposed to watching sports, going to bars and chasing women.

I say it all the time. I am playing chess while most people I know and with whom I am interacting are playing checkers. when I would try to explain things to Kay and the Snake, they would become bored in the first five minutes because I would have to lay a long foundation of things before my explanation would make sense. Neither Kay or the Snake ever helped me with the conceptual aspects of what I am doing. They worked long hours and were an integral part of our income but they refused to take part in designing the future.

There is an old saying, “Nothing grows in the shadow of an oak.” Kay and the Snake had to get away from me because they were unwilling to help me create “our dream”. they only supported “my” dream. I know now they were never onboard with a united future. In the end, they wanted their own life. The Snake would not be a CPA now had I not forced her to join in the bookkeeping and the tax business. The sad thing is had she showed some initiative when we were married, which the CPA absolutely show she was capable of, she would have been a millionaire two decades ago instead of working 8 to 5 struggling all those years.

I don't know what it would be like to have a woman as my companion who was focused and engaged in crafting a common future as I always was.

In the Snakes case, she was not only a non-participant on the visionary bandwagon, I always viewed myself as a huge Cruise ship and she was a huge anchor dragging behind. Again she was a hard worker. But she not only had no vision she tried to destroy me (and our futurr) and continues to do so. She will not succeed in doing anything but incurring the evil that she must confront when

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she dies if not sooner. I have no doubt that in death she will spend a period in a very dark place. She will not immediately go into the light.

This is the way it is. I was sleeping with the enemy. She was one of the dark souls who confronted me before my birth. Then she incarnated behind me and we married. But even though she had my children and created a life for us and the children on a deeper spiritual level she was always a dark soul trying to destroy me.

Early on in my friendship with Penny, she showed me that the Snake had a black heart. I saw it clearly. But I refused to believe it. 33 years later I have the evidence that she was my nemesis. As recent as one year ago she manipulated my youngest son to destroy my lucrative web design business and ended my 19 year marriage to Kay in the process.

All is as it should be and God plays multi-dimensional chess all the time. So very often the worst experiences turn out to be the best of blessings from God. It requires faith and experience to know this. Everyone who hurts you is not your enemy and everyone who helps you is not your friend. I have many problems with the Snake's father (Tiger) but he got me into law school. No one is all evil or all saint. All of the great heroes of the Bible had their shortcomings.

Life is not easy. Even the best of lives have tragedy attached. Just look at movie stars. So much fun, so much loneliness and misery. The truth is often paradoxical

We all have our own demons that hound us. I do not agree with the nonsense that everyone wants to avoid suffering. Some people like me understand that a large agenda comes with more than average suffering. Anytime you go against the conventional wisdom, you create a bit of hell. Jesus was crucified. It was the best case example of all that is wrong with religious bureaucracies. They do a tremendous amount of good but they are run in whole and in part by evil men.

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Religions are like the story of the blind men and the elephant; each feels a part and thinks it is the whole elephant. To know God better, you must read and embrace the spiritual wisdom that exists in every major religion. The problem is carving away the huge amount of bureaucratic misinformation to get to the truth. Religion has its place but if you want to talk to God, you sometimes must leave behind your religious training (brainwashing).

When Jesus comes, and each religion is expecting their own messiah, he be attached and relentlessly pursued because messiahs always come to straighten out the established religious orders and new religions grow behind them.

I say we have enough religion. We need spirituality. Let a person work in the sacred place of his choice and support his preferred religion. To know God you have to be spiritual, devoid of religious bias. You have to be all-inclusive because God is all-inclusive. You have to see people as human beings first and everything else second.

WorldPeace is a secular/spirituality that is all-inclusive. It is not religious and it is not, cannot be grounded in any race, religion, nationality or gender.

April 2, 2008, After Breakfast

I am not sure if we are going to stay in this tank or not. I hope not because it is borderline hot in here but more importantly, the air feels stagnated. If we stay in this tank, it will get worse as the temperature increases outside. I have found that the heat has caught me by surprise after freezing for 3 months and it is in a small way depressing. I no longer wear an undershirt except at night. I wear my sliders and not my shoes and two pair of socks to keep my feet warm I don't wear my arm socks. I slept in just my undershorts last night on my sheets. I did not have to pull the blanket over me later on in the night as per usual. It will take me a few days to adjust to this new environment.

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Ms. Williams is back. She was only here for a few hours yesterday morning and she is more restrained. I was heating some water for oatmeal when she came in with cleaning supplies. She made some comment about me boiling water while others were cleaning. I did not respond. There are 3 guys in here who clean up and there are only cleaning supplies for those three. Also, they like to do it and act like they have become institutionalized. My room was already clean. I will hold off on heating my water in the future or I will do it as soon as I get up. Just another minor adjustment.

I have not received a letter from Kay in 10 days. She was starting to write regular but when I started to talk about moving to Paris she quit. I think she is sorry she left in some ways. Last summer I went to Florida to meet a woman I had been talking to online. Kay went ballistic and used it as an excuse to take Bailey. Bailey is a long hair dachshund that was given Kay by her daughter-in-law, Heather. She left Bailey with me until she could get a place to stay on her own because I was home all the time. Bailey did not have to be penned up. It did not matter what was best for Bailey she demanded him as soon as she found I went to Florida. We were starting to communicate and she packed up a lot of my things to keep them from being stolen. She began to write short letters frequently. Then I started talking about Paris and she has quit writing. In her last letter, she said she would help me in any way. She also came in this past weekend and took my bedroom set. I told her she could have it but we had not firmed up the conditions. It is not a big deal but it reminds me of Bailey.

My dad has not written to me since I have been in here. I have written to him about 4 times. Kay has stopped writing. My mother wrote a short letter. My mother has begun to trash my things and more than anything else that has depressed me and made me angry. It is depressing because I do not know what she is capable of now. I am concerned that she will throw away my manuscripts and or my paintings. She is capable of significant meanness. John has said that he cannot control her and Kay only has a small amount of control. I am going to have to write her a letter. I have wanted for 3 days to cool down my anger. I am in here mostly because of my trying to stop the Bankruptcy judge from making mother destitute. So that increases my frustration

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John is under tremendous pressure because My-Le has opened a Chiropractor business and she is now beginning to see the stress involved in running a business. I warned her a year ago. John and My-Le thought they could make all these plans and avoid all the problems associated with every business. They just smiled when I mentioned the hell of owning your own business. I feel for them and if I were not in here I could help. It is another thing that frustrates me but I can do nothing. I am pushing as hard as I can on my case but John has to file things for me and he is slow to do it. I don't know if he knows something that I don't know or if he just wants to take a more conservative approach. Or if he is just lying to me. My Fed lawyer is dragging his feet and if something does not happen this week, I will be forced to file something with the court to keep me from being blindsided. I plead to the misdemeanor my case, the BR hold and State Bar hold should be lifted and I can be free. But I must plead out first.

On the good side, I had a major revelation about this book yesterday. This is a unique book because it is about a fool who changed his name to WorldPeace. There are several storylines going on. Also, it is truth, not fiction, I have written about the equivalent of 540 printed pages and I feel this book will go to about 700. I have (910 pages x 250 wpp = 227,000 words). My intention was that I would extend this book another 700 pages by writing a fictional account of my life from 2008-2018 when I will be 100. I can use my future fictional life as a way to project a more sane world human society. Then, in reality, I can write annually a supplement to the non-fiction reality. It would take about a month to do the fictional part. I have been thinking I would do a novel but could not get comfortable with a particular storyline until now.

I am also going to begin to edit what I have already written; mostly clarify my hand written script. Some words are hard for me to read. The deputy has never touched my legal papers during a shakedown. So I feel that they are safe. But I can't afford to leave here and go to the law library or to recreation for concern of other inmates looking in my room. When I get a chance, I fell like I should pass what I have onto John.



Dr John WorldPeace JD

## GLOBAL WARMING

There is no question about the fact that the earth is warming due to our overuse of fossil fuels. We are courting disaster to ignore the particular havoc that global warming can bring on.

The earth is balanced. The amount of heat coming to the earth from the sun causes the seas and air to circulate in a certain way. If the planet heats up a few degrees or cools a few degrees, these weather patterns could shift dramatically.

The areas that now yield abundant food could become useless due to drought or too much rain. The fortunes and future of a country like the United States could be put into jeopardy if the wheat belt across America shifted north to Canada or south to Mexico. What would happen? The US economy would change and we would become dependent on other countries to feed us. Would we invade Mexico or Canada to take over the new land for farming?

As the heat rises on the planet, the ice in the Arctic and Antarctic melts and overtime the sea levels rise and many coastal areas become submerged. River delta lands become inundated – fish move to different locations or die out. major changes occur because so much of the human society lives on the coasts.

It is possible that if the ice caps melt the earth may become unstable and if the poles shift then as the earth cooks the ice forms in new places due to the poles shifting.

That would mean new directions for the wind and the seas. Everything would be in chaos because our history of weather patterns would change.

There could be internal land changes in certain areas due to deserts and mountains ranges become flood zones and green belts becoming deserts. The changing weather destroys concrete highways

In the worst-case scenario, one or two billion people could die. Those numbers would seriously affect the world economy and war would surely break out because nations with the military power could not resist using it to take over farming lands.

The other problem is that the world's genetically modified seed supply may not be able to flourish and produce in the new farming regions.

A hungry world would strip the land bare and then starve to begin to starve to death.

The real problem is when the weather changes just enough such that a critical mass is reached, then the entire world goes into convulsions for periods of months or years as the world's weather tries to readjust.

Volcanos may become active due to the earth's wobbling due to the melting ice caps, tidal waves of gigantic proportions slam back and forth between continents. Ash from the volcanoes block out the sun and deny crops their necessary sunlight to grow and produce.

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Large herds would not be able to be fed and would die off. Big cities would evacuate to the rural areas as the food supply is stripped from grocery stores and warehouses. All food would cease to move as national guards protect food for their local populations.

America saw the inability of its bureaucracies to deal with the Katrina and Rita hurricanes in New Orleans in 2005. How would it deal with 10 such disasters happening at the same time?

And there would be migrations of people from one country to another. Mexicans would flood into America. The numbers would be too great to stop. Migrants would die all over the world as they sought food and eventually became too weak to move.

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These are the major catastrophes. Locally people would kill their neighbors for food. And in the worst cases, cannibalism would take hold.

The tragedy is that it could all be prevented. If we get a firm warning sign from Mother Nature there could be an immediate ban on the burning of fossil fuels for a few weeks or a month. But that would send shocks waves into the world energy markets and the stock markets. Fossil fuels would have a deep crippling effect in the world economy. Maybe the 30 day ban would settle down the weather but then there would have to be a slow coming back online. Hybrid cars would be in great demand and gasoline cars would become worthless. Again more economic chaos.

The major and minor ripples could last for a decade or more. There is no way to predict such a global ripple effect.

There is a saying “Don’t gamble with more than you can afford to lose.” Global warming could trigger a catastrophe that could come close to returning humanity to their caves as the earth tried to shake off the virus of human beings and their ecological contempt for the earth.

April 3, 2008, after lunch

I took a 24-hour break away from writing because I need to gain some perspective before I finish the last 100 pages of this book. I need time to process several things in my head. One was how to shift gears from this book which is a non-fiction review of the past and the novel that it will shift into. The real shift over needs to be the legal problems. It just occurred to me that the legal problems can go forward in real-time as can the jail if necessary. So it just occurs to me that all the storylines do not need to end at the same time. There can be a bit of a slack between shifting from fact to fiction. I can create an author’s note to inform the reader of what has happened.

I have already seen in my mind 1000 tablet pages for the novel, or an equivalent number of pages for section one as section two.

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Most of my chapters averages about 4 pages. So a thousand pages will mean about 250 entries or chapters.

I also saw the storyline as a two-month build-up to my 100<sup>th</sup> birthday. So the main storyline will be my future wives or wife and another will be WorldPeace

The evolution of the second book is sort of working the same as when I am into poetry. (There is another storyline, the artist.) When I am about to finish a work of art, I begin to sketch the next canvas and then begin to draw so as I near completion of one canvas another one begins to take shape.

I could not release the energy from my mother trashing some of my things. John had related this to me on Sunday, I believe. My anger was strong and so was my depression. Most of the things I keep have memories of events and things. There is a conversation in a movie call *Twins* about Danny Divito's coin collection. When he mentioned it, you think about a traditional collection. But when he displayed it, it was about coins with memories associated with them. Like this is the coin my father gave me when we went to the circus. This coin was when we went to Disneyland. This silver dollar was the one my grandfather gave me. Well, almost all my possessions are like that. The rest are my paintings and my writings. So the thought of destruction of any of those things by my mother made me feel raped.

Also, in this jail, you live in a sterile environment and so a person like me feels even more deprived. To have everything I own outside the jail and to have my mother taking things away from me as the guards do here, is very depressing. Nothing really bothers me about this place. But my mother through her actions can do to me what no one here has done. It makes me feel alone.

I wrote a letter to my mother and then mailed it to Kay so she could relate the contents if possible to my mother. But that had not given me the relief that I needed. So last night I wrote a very frank 3 page letter to my mother. I printed it so to make it easy to read. Kept it concise and on point and did not get personal. I just

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

wrote with as little emotion as possible and told my mother that I was not dead and she had no right to trash my memories. There was one 8 foot tall hand made hutch that was about 100 years old that I salvaged from a house slated to be demolished. I intended to make an art supply storage cabinet out of it. I told her I wanted it back. Period. I hope it was given to someone and not taken to the dump or put on the street.

When I first arrived in here, I continued to call my mother each night as I had done since her companion, Vernon II, died three years ago. It became necessary for her to make a \$100 deposits in a special account for calls from a jail or prison which are always collect. She refused. She has plenty of money. She just did not want to talk to me. I still don't understand it but my mother has an undeniable prejudice against men. She is not a feminist she just has a lot of contempt for men.

I have written her about five letters. Last week she responded with a 12 sentence letter. I released my anger and depression on that matter.

John has still not received a response from my Federal attorney. This made me realize that I can no longer sit back and be passive. So I wrote a 6 page pleading that was very aggressive and stated that the Federal deputy who tried to arrest me lied about me assaulting him. The prosecutor who made a deal for a misdemeanor lied and said he didn't and my attorney who said he would file a motion for a hearing in the misdemeanor lied and missed the deadline. John will file the matter on Monday.

This morning I wrote another aggressive pleading for the bankruptcy court in my mother's case and the judge's refusal to release the jail hold on me as well as costing my mother \$2300 a month in losses because she cannot rent or sell her property where I live. I also brought up the fact that the trustee lied under oath and had still not produced a valid claim of title to the property.

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I cannot file my writ of Habeas Corpus on the State Bar matter until I can see what is going to happen on these two Federal matters. The justice system, both state and Federal, is blatantly corrupt. When I get out, I am considering finding an attorney to file a Federal discrimination lawsuit. I don't like the idea filing any more lawsuits. but what has been done to me really needs to be challenged. I know the system. If I can't get justice, no one can who does not have ten's if not hundreds of thousands of dollars to pay off the equally corrupt defense attorneys.

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The heat in this tank is also another contributing factor to a mild form of depression. I have learned to basically stay lightly clothed. Last night after washing my undershorts, I just put them on wet. they are light weight and a cotton blend so they dried in a few hours. They also had a cooling effect. In the daytime, I only wear my orange top and bottom and wear my shower shoes. I roll up my pants to my knees and I stay cool. I exercise about 2100 and then take a shower. The shower only has hot water, no adjustments. So you get wet and then when it shuts off in 20 seconds you just leave it off for a few minutes and this is cooling.

The grievance we all filed for a TV, even though I don't watch TV was rejected. So for me it means things will be much quieter. But most of these guys are having serious withdrawals. I seldom watch TV on the outside. Most of the shows are too moronic and boring. I have much more interesting things to do.

I received a short letter from Kay. It was very uplifting. Not because of the content but because it was just an indication that someone on the outside cares.

The adjustment to the heat, the legal log jam, the fact that I am about to finish this book, my mother trashing my personal property, and I think the novelty of being in jail has worn off and most of guys I used to enjoy talking to are gone have all caused a reality check and some depression during the last 5 days. I am through it now and am back to realizing that I have only 77 days

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at the most to prepare to go back to work and put all this behind me. I have to significantly reconcile the past before I leave here if I want to make a fresh start.

I have been wondering why these guys have been wrapping wet toilet paper around their milk, water bottles, and such. I thought it was for insulation. In fact, it is for cooling the drinks. The water vaporizing from the toilet paper makes the drink cold. I find inventive things like this interesting.

The novel I am reading that is about 750 pages is interesting. The first volume (200 pages) was heavy into scripture and not much into a storyline. But the second volume (550 pages) is just the opposite. The core there is saving a marriage that is going through the hell of a child with AIDS and a recovering teenager in addiction to a workaholic husband and a passive wife. What is also interesting is that the main couple's names are Michale and Stephanie. My grandson is named Steven, Stephanie's son by her first marriage but the daughter is named Sarah not Michelle. I don't recall if Michelle in the book has revealed her second name yet. It would be real interesting if it was Sarah or even if it started with an S. 886

I have prayed for an understanding of why Kay left and why both 19 year marriages ended. I think this book is about to enlighten me. I got these books off the Christian cart last week. And I got the Purpose Driven Life from the cart a month ago. The cart does not have that many books. Maybe 15 but two books that seem to be important for me have been there. God is always present. And God is sneaky.

April 5, 2008, before supper 895

I have been in jail since December 22, 2007. My Federal resisting arrest that should have been resolved on June 16<sup>th</sup>. But for my attorney sitting in neutral. I should have a hearing on April 14, 2008. 90 days delay – I have the Federal bankruptcy hold \_\_\_ is pure corruption. The judge has no authority to hold me but yet she is. I cannot attack her corruption until I have a resolution on

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the Federal resisting arrest charge. My application for writ of Habeas Corpus is completed. I am waiting on the other two issues to be resolved before I can file it.

The problem is that in 75 days I will have served the 6 months State Bar sentence and my application will be moot. If I can submit my application, I have a good chance of not only having the contempt order vacated but also have the underlying judgment for disbarment vacated as well. I have been waiting since August 2003, for a chance to clear my name. Now I am on a tight rope above a minefield trying to make everything come together in my favor.

Regardless of what happens in 75 days, I will eventually walk out of this jail with all my past legal problems resolved. I will begin a new life. I will never practice law again for many reasons. But I would like to have my good name vindicated.

Again, if I cannot get justice out of the judicial system, the overwhelming majority of innocent citizens caught in the trap of American Justice have no chance at all. I am absolutely certain that 10 to 20% of the people in jail and prison should not be here.

April 6, 2008, after breakfast. 896

As per usual, things are once again moving fast. I find it strange that I sort of feel like I am drifting with the **cement** of this place. In other words, I deal with the irritations but I am not trying to control what goes on in here. I get up, eat, write, play chess, exercise, BS with the other inmates and the day goes by very fast. I do one of the above as I feel like.

The meals come at a regular time and I try to exercise 2 days on and one day off. I usually exercise at 2100 which gives me time to shower before lights out. In the past, I spent a lot of time washing my dirty clothers but I don't need to do that much anymore because all I wear in addition to my orange suit is my underwear and my socks when I work out. Last night I enjoyed the shower after my work out because I had no laundry to do.



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The guards like these convicts stay up all night so I could not get to sleep. The result was that I missed the breakfast wake up. That always irritates me. I need and want to lose another 20 pounds down to 170 but food is like money in here and some days you are hungrier than others and it is nice to have a small inventory. You can only keep the commissary not what is served.

After breakfast, they called Mark C out for transfer. It seems unusual because he is to get out in less than 4 weeks. Mark is pretty mercenary and I just began in the last few weeks to talk to him in depth. He is a body builder in the lower weight class (145 pounds) and he is addicted to strip clubs. He has been married several times but the relationships are all about appearances. So he seems to have married some very attractive women but who have a lot of negative baggage. He was in here for violent acts, which caused his bond to be revoked. He was fighting with his stepson. His brother is a HPD cop and he sells coke on the side. But from what he told me, he lets others carry for him so there is no chance he will get caught. I found him interesting.

I was most interested in his information on how strip clubs work. Basically, they are whore houses. The girls strip for tips and do table dances for \$20 each. But some are willing to go to the VIP lounges that most of these clubs have. The VIP lounge is private and anything goes. He says the going rate is about \$100 for sex. So that is how some of these women can make a \$1000 or more a night.

I have been to those clubs before I was first married and between marriages. But I never tipped one on stage but I think I have paid for a few table dances. I cannot have sex with a woman without some kind of emotional connect. So paying for a prostitute simply has no appeal for me. What I find interesting is that the politicians know what goes on in these clubs as do the police but there is too much cash money being paid to the right people to stop it. ability 898 is the primary lesson with regards to controlling vice. The US government could not stop the sale of liquor and finally gave up. All it did was increase crime. Prostitution has many facades but it is a reality. The money is there and so someone will always find a way to supply the women.

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Yesterday, I wrote about my experience with the State Bar and I woke up angry this morning. I am going to have to file my pleading and try to bring the Federal resisting arrest case to a head this week. My attorney is absolutely not looking out for my best interest. He is a nice guy but I, not he, am in jail.

I began the new book yesterday and I was surprised how good it is coming together. I hope to complete about 15 pages on it today. and another 15 on this book.

By the way, Mark G, told me that when he went through classification he connected with the female deputy that classified him. She gave him her phone number and after he bonded out he met with her for sex. There is no way you can keep human beings who are attracted to each other from finding a way to connect. Nothing is stronger than the biological and sometimes emotional attraction between two human beings. I could not help but wonder if Mark was not transferred this morning by this deputy. so she could have access to him in the jail while he is waiting to get out. Who knows?

The first thing I will do today is to write up my Federal pleading and get John to send an email tonight to stop any more continuances. There is a hearing set for next Monday and I intend to resolve this matter at that time.

April 6, 2008, after breakfast 900

### PRAYER

Prayer is talking to God. Meditation is listening to God. There are several ways to pray no matter where you are. One is a silent prayer where you close your eyes and pray in your mind. Second is a verbal prayer in which you speak out loud your prayer. This prayer carries more weight because you have engaged your body to utter the prayer and your ears to hear the prayer. It is a more focused prayer because you are speaking and listening.

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A spoken prayer can be one that has been memorized like a rosary or one from the Bible or one that you have written. When you write a prayer and then read it over and over you have made the prayer more tangible and more real and you have in essence, prayed more intently and with more focus.

In addition, the more emotion that is associated with prayer, the more intense it is. So a prayer that you have written and then read out loud with emotion is the most powerful of prayers. This has to do more with focus than anything else. The extra acts beyond a silent prayer force your mind to concentrate more intently, and that increased intensity amplifies the prayer.

Another way to increase the power of prayer is to repeat it over and over. In addition, you could light a candle and visualize that as long as that candle burns, the prayer is vibrating in heaven. In some cases, I write a prayer on a square piece of paper and then I fold it into an origami crane which symbolizes peace. I will then burn the crane which is like burning incense. Incense like a candle continues the prayer as long as it burns. The burning candle and incense does nothing in and of itself. What it does is focus the mind. As the candle burns, you remember that you lit it and so you are mutually praying as you remember the candle. Candles, incense, cranes, rosaries are all focal points. They do nothing alone. They are simply acts or objects that increase the amount of energy associated with a prayer.

902

Everything we try to do on earth works better if it is associated with a tangible act. In this reality, we must move through molasses metaphysically speaking. Since we live in a tangible reality our visualizing, praying, meditating works better with a physical act. We live in a physical world so prayer works better with a physical aspect to help focus the mind.

When writing a prayer, I suggest the following or similar format.

Dear Lord,

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(Body of Prayer) give me strength to deal with my illness, ask receive, seek find, knock and enter. (closing) As it is written and prayer so let it be done.

The ending reminds us that our prayers will be answered. However, remember God knows best what we need and sometimes God's blessing is what we initially may consider an unanswered prayer. Sometimes God says no and sometimes God says yes but in a way that we did not initially understand.

Prayer works, and it should be used often to help one negotiate the trials and tribulations of this reality. We don't want to focus on negative things but we must remember that negative prayers work. Not only intensely focused prayers but cursing someone or wishing them pain and suffering does impact on them. We do evil and sin is our confusion in this reality all the time. If we can do something that harms someone in a real way, we can harm them to a more limited degree with negative thoughts and prayers. In the Lord's prayer we ask God to deliver us from evil. Some of that evil is negative thoughts and prayers directed to us. If God allows people to do evil, he allows them to pray evil as well. 903The Tao says the way is neutral. You can use it for any purpose.

Within a month of moving into 1229 Heights, a Zen center was established across the boulevard. The interesting thing was that it was established in the house where my father had his insurance business and I began my accounting business. After the divorce, my mother moved into it and lived there for several years. When my parents did a final property settlement about 8 years after their divorce the house was sold.

I saw in the paper today that they were moving from that location to somewhere else on the boulevard. Nothing in life remains the same. I had tried to attend the Zen Center 20 years ago before it was relocated. I found the telephone reception always cold. When they moved in across the street, I attended an introduction class and found way too much structure for me. I had read extensively about Zen. It is the most esoteric of all religions. I could not reconcile their extremely abstract teachings with their super conservative structure. I had even considered establishing a Zen

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offshoot. But I have no time for that. All religions are full of paradoxes and hypocrisy. I also have a huge problem with calling anyone master. In an esoteric religion like Zen, "if you have to ask who is in charge then you don't know." I love this kind of twisted intellectualism.

I have been watching the center for almost four years. They used the church parking lot next to my house. They were good and interesting neighbors of sorts. I am curious where they are moving to. I wonder if I am going to be moving as well. I always wonder why things are happening around me. I study Zen, then a center locates across the street in a house I used to work in and spent many hours visiting.

I finished the two-volume novel by James P Gills MD yesterday. It is a Christian read. The first volume of 200 pages is 40% preachy sermons. The second volume of 550 pages carried the story forward from volume one and was only about 5% preachy. My life is as real as the main character and my personality and acts were very similar to his. One book tugged at my emotions like none I have ever read. *The Purpose Driven Life*. I am amazed at how God gave me two Christian Books that spoke to my heart and helped me resolve and have closure with some of my past. Those books were just more verification that I am in jail in part to reconcile and close my past.

910

April 7, 2008, After Breakfast

Saturday night the guard let people stay up all night. I went to bed as per usual about 2300 as close as I could figure without a clock. Two guys sat at the top of the stairs in front of my door and talked until before breakfast was served. In the morning, breakfast came in a plastic bag and every guard distributes it differently. Usually, the container is brought in and put on the table and each person gets his bag and a cold milk. About 4 people get two because of the alleged deals they have with 4 people who do not eat breakfast.

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When I go to bed at night, my first 3 hours are very deep sleep and it takes a lot to wake me up. But if I wake up even for a few minutes, I can't go back to sleep for hours and I usually just get up. This is what happened Sunday morning and so I did not wake up when they popped the doors for breakfast. When I woke up, my door was still locked because I have to be standing there to make it open.

I looked out of the feed slot and saw breakfast had been served and I missed it. I was irritated. As long as I have been here, no one got me up or got my breakfast for me. I did not make a big deal of it. I have other food from the commissary. However, this morning something was screwed up and God provided confusion so that two trays were brought in by the trustee. I saw shot at some payback so I grabbed a second breakfast and went to my house and closed the door. A few minutes later I heard the three guys who always take two or more breakfasts wanting to know who got extra. I thought no one cared about me yesterday; everyman for himself. So I am even now on breakfast. I notice the 3 from the group that get two breakfasts are not locking in at night. 1) they got a jump on breakfast in the mornings. 2) It is hot in the tank and they need doors open to stay cool so the guards do not lock them.

Until they pass out the breakfast through the slots, there is going to be this confusion. At lunch and dinner you line up at the main entrance and you are given a styrofoam tray. There is never a problem then. Once in awhile several people will oversleep and sometimes those trays will get passed in. Other times the trustee keeps them and sells them for commissary. It is a system of petty thieves.

No one will jack with me because I always have stuff people need or want. Toilet paper, pens, paper, stamps, cool aid (called Bernards) that comes with lunch. For breakfast and supper you get 1% milk. At lunch or dinner, you get fruit juice.

The only two people in the world I trust to cover my back are John and Kay. My parents have both dropped to a close second

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

mainly due to their acts while I have been in jail. There is no third place.

The only person whose judgment I am trusting with regards to my life is John. I am allowing him to take down my **hand** to control my anger at injustice. I don't get too mad about the vast majority of things but I have a real hot button when it comes to injustice and prejudice and collateral issues. I do not trust bureaucracies or large corporations or organizations to look out for me the individual. I have much experience with the law to back up my attitude.

That being said, I have to be very careful in negotiating these legal matters. I have court next Monday for pretrial on my resisting arrest. My pleading, as above, are in your face and they irritate people because they are candid and truthful. My attorney has not responded to me. I don't trust her. But John assures me all will be OK. I know that John knows how to survive in the Houston Police Department. That is a vicious place to try to survive much less make a career out of it. So I trust his judgment. Kay is too overwhelmed with fear and a lack of faith to trust her decisions. She is very intuitive, but not when it is about money or something that can cause personal grief.

I feel like God may be showing me that I can trust John. If all goes as planned, I will send someone to watch my back and help me in all my endeavors. Right now, I cannot let this resisting arrest be continued. It has to be resolved next week. When I hope to plead out.

All my life I have had to depend on my intuition and my relationship with God to get me through. In two situations, of which I do not remember the details, I allowed others to influence my decision against my intuition. Things went badly. For me personally, when things that go badly always have a mitigating plan of action to reduce the collateral damage and to get me back on track. So, for now, John is the only person on the planet I would allow to throttle me back. It goes against my entire being.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

April 8, 2008, after breakfast

This was the most interesting of days. The Lord blessed it in many ways. Several days ago, I saw the completion of this book. I saw all the remaining subjects. Up until now, there was just too much to keep in my head. The subjects that are left are extensive and will take a lot of prayers to complete but they are fewer in the number of topics.

I have been feeling for over a month that when I finished the first book, that all my legal problems would disappear; that it would be a sign that my legal problems would be over. In the manner in which I advocate praying, I wrote an 11 page prayer and read it often. My legal problem was a part of that long prayer.

As per usual, I had a backup plan. In the event that I did not get out of jail before my 6 months sentence, I would begin on the second volume of my book. I always plan, pray and meditate with the best expectations but I also always have a contingency worst-case scenario plan. Just like when I was trying to get into law school.

The most important thing about prayer to remember is that God has a time table. And if you are patient and if you believe and have faith, all good things will manifest for you. God, so many times, will take the blessing we pray for and then bless us with what we need.

Yesterday, John told me that I would be called to the bankruptcy court and Judge Brown would read her order. I was called out to court this morning at 0430 as per the routine. I was taken to the Federal District Center and put in a holding cell until my court time at 0230. I did not leave the Harris County jail until 0830 as per usual. I also took a chance and carried with me the first 10 tablets of my book to give to John. There are 5 more and maybe six before I am finished. I was successful in getting the Deputy US Marshall that was guarding me to give them to John at the end of the hearing. It was a quiet load off my mind. I could never rewrite the book. Every part has been inspired and would not be the same



## Dr John WorldPeace JD

if I tried to do it again. The contents would be there but not the heart and spirit of the text.

In court, Judge Karen Brown, came in and read the order which listed my history of certain cases and at the end stated that I could not help any family member no matter what without my going to jail. In other words, if I protect my family the way I protected my mother against the corrupt trustee, I would be put in jail. (take the order and expand on it)

After the reading, I was dismissed from the courtroom. The judge refused to speak to me. I thought when I left that the judge was going to present the rest of the order dismissing the case after I left. My paranoia about her corruption made me feel that she was getting me off the case and then she was going to try to sell the property or something wrong. When I called my son John, he said that she did not write the rest of the order. I was surprised but not surprised.

I believe and have a feeling that God is going to keep me on that property. If the judge issued a dismissal, my mother would begin to try to sell the house. I think that God will use Judge Brown to stop the sale and \_\_\_ me to the \_\_\_ to keys it and eventually to pay off the note and pay off my mother. That is part of my written prayer.

I am wondering if I am to publish that prayer and the world sees it blessed. In October 2006, I wrote a prayer that my business would prosper but also that all the evil would be purged from it, all the people but two left. Kay also left but not because she is evil but because she no longer had faith in me among other things. I love Kay and always will. But our life together is over. She now has a different destiny than mine even though I feel we will stay connected in many ways.

When I got back and called John, he also informed me that my attorney had secured the misdemeanor plea. So two miracles in one day. If all goes well, I will be able to submit my Writ of

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

Habeas Corpus next Wednesday and be out of jail by next weekend.

The question is whether I will have just the contempt hearing vacated or if the court will vacate the judgment for disbarment and I will get my license back as well. God only knows right now whatever happens will be part of the plan for my nemesis; in that I have absolute faith.

April 9, 2008, after breakfast

The breakfasts were distributed in the old way again because new guards are here. I saw several people taking more than one but everyone who got up, did get a breakfast. I don't know who might have slept through it and did not get one like happened to me Sunday morning. I did see my friend Robbie W who weighs about 300 pounds take 3.

Yesterday morning a new guard was in the picket and when the food came, she ordered the trustee to put it in each window. But before that, H\_\_ E Robbie W and T\_\_ H were at the top of the stairs trying to go down and their breakfast plus some. Never had their door locked in part because it is better in here now and in part to get a jump on breakfast. The new guard yelled at them 2 or 3 times to get back into their cells which they did. Now I got more than one breakfast.

The point of all of this is how much emphasis gets put on the smallest of things in a place like this. Missing breakfast is a big thing so you watch out to make sure you don't miss it or someone else does not get your share. This place is a jungle full of different kinds of animals. You have to watch out for the lions and tigers. If you are smart living among tigers, you had best appear to be one.

I had 2 blessing yesterday with the resolution of my two Federal cases. The day before, I had a chest pain that did not feel like my heart nor the minor arthritis I have. It was a strong pain. I have over the years come to understand this strange pain usually when someone I love is in distress or I am being psychically attacked.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

This attack can be avoided through prayer and meditation or by reading something from the Bible like Psalm 37. But we humans are lazy and do not always remain vigilant. I believe the two pains were related to the two blessings. The negative forces were not happy that I should receive those blessings.

Another reality of evil trying to take my blessing was that I almost had two fights yesterday. Something that rarely occurs for me.

When I go to Federal court, I am usually not picked up by the feds until 0830. So I usually sit in a holding tank with inmates being shipped to other prisons. These guys are potentially dangerous. Those who have long sentences to serve have a bad attitude. You never know what someone has done unless they tell you. In that situation, it may be best to say you are a murderer. Chances are I will never see any of these people again.

In the holding cell, which is about 15 x 20 with 2 toilets. There are cement benches built along the walls. Normally there are 15 or more people lying or sitting on the floor. When I arrived, I sat in a space between where one bench ended and the door to the tank. It was a space of about 5 feet. I sat close to the end of the bench, another fellow next to the door.

At a 90 degree angle to the door was another end of the bench that went around the room . two Black trash inmates were talking BS with each other and MF being every 3<sup>rd</sup> word. As per usual conversations like this take place and inmates listen out of boredom.

During the conversation, both thugs got up and walked around, but when people tried to sit in their place they told them not to do it. This irritated me. Finally, the two big mouths sat down. The one next to me says "Hey old school move down." He wants me to move down so he could sit sideways on the end of the bench. I said "no". Then the other thug tells me how I need to be user-friendly and move down. I looked at him in the eyes and told him just like they claimed squatter rights on their space, I was doing the same on mine. I kept my peripheral vision on the thug on the

bench and was thinking about how I was going to engage him if necessary and try to decide if the other one would step into the fight. All was quiet for about a minute and the tension was building.

About then, the steel door opened that they called my name. I then got up and said to the thug next to me “You can have my space now asshole.” “He and his buddy said something like “You say that now that the deputy is here.” I thought no I thought I had made it clear what my intentions were. Anyway, I guess God is always looking out when even we do foolish things. I should not have challenged him because I have the first 10 tablets of my book with me and they could have been lost.

Later, when I returned to the cellblock, I was feeling good especially when my son told me I was going to get the misdemeanor plead out. I was on the second level and have a small plastic tray that dozen cookies came in. I dropped it so it would land in front of Corey E. while he ate. Just playing. He is the one who did armed robbery for 15-22 when he got caught. We had a OK relationship. I went down to pick the tray up from the floor to throw it in the trash. When I stood up he took his hot sause and squirted it all over my shirt. 90% of the guys in here would have immediately knocked the hell out of him. However, I knew that if I got in any kind of fight then I would lose my misdemeanor plead out. So I just asked him why he did it. He had no answer. He is like a snake. Most of the time passive but once in a while unpredictable. This is a dangerous jungle in here.

I went into the shower and washed off my jail top. No harm done. It was dry this morning. I will not speak to Corey again. Same as Jaime a couple months ago. He started acting crazy and I quit speaking to him. I just avoided him until he left. I am friendly to everyone but when someone does some outrageous act to me, I just cut them off. They don't get a second chance.

I have too many positive things going on now. Even if I don't get my writ of Habeas Corpus on the State Bar matter I am free in 71 days of all my legal problems.

April 10, 2008, before breakfast

## JAIL

My enemies who wanted me to go to jail confound me. What is it they wanted? My death? Jail is not death. Jail is just a place like any other. Yes, there are animals in human form. Fortunately, my exposure to those types has been limited. God placed me in a wonderful place of safety and inspired me to write this book. I will shortly emerge from this dungeon and go on to a better life than I had before because I have been enriched by the experience.

So, when my enemies expected to demoralize me and break me, I have been strengthened. Where they expected me to be demoralized, I am invigorated by my survival. As they say “What does not kill you, makes you stronger.”

Only those who themselves fear jail believed that jail would be a hard experience for me. I live moment to moment in the now. All things change. The worst nightmare must face the dawn and consciousness. Time has gone fast. Even when there was little or nothing to do. I meditated and prayed and went to a place of my own making. In the solitude, I found an expanded consciousness. In the chaos and noise, I retreated to the blissful place where God reigns.

I have faced death, and I had no fear. Death is the end of a roller coaster ride. I find death curious. I find leaving a life or a house that I came to enjoy to be sad but by no means punishment. Death is like an uncomfortable set of clothes. As you take off these old clothes and throw them away in death you throw off a very heavy and cumbersome body. The soul emerges and expands from the dark thickness of the body and begins to breathe the freedom of the boundless infinite.

In the worst of times, I always gathered good memories. In times of frustration, I did something or did nothing and just allowed the hours to pass and with them wholeness was praying upon my mind.

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All things are about perception. Our perceptions create our reality. When you have managed to discard the emotion of fear and at the same time have truly embraced faith in a miraculous God and fully realized that life is but a dream which we moment to moment create, then all things show their bright side. Darkness flows from light.

By putting me in jail, my enemies have elevated me. I have not cried to go for death but for more life as I pray a content prayer of thanks for my infinite, immortal, unconquerable soul. I live large. My life encompasses much when my enemies are limited by their darkness and the darkness is where they reside.

This is a place where most believe hell prevails. But even here, God is present. I have no doubt that even the Christian hell witnesses dark souls, on their knees reaching out to God even as I observe the same here. In the pits of hell, God waits for our call. God is my foundation., God is my rock. Even though I am abused and lied about and cursed and even when evil people cause me to suffer, even then, always there is God as my constant companion. I have been removed from society to a jail which immediately became my sanctuary. In this jail, God healed me and blessed me. In here, I found peace. Now I am about to exit back into the real world more whole than I was when I came here.

Under these words, my soul has been cleansed with water and I will emerge as fire. My death in this life has become as always a rebirth. No death on any plane is final. Death is always a portal to another reality, life, level of consciousness.

God has truly blessed me with the suffering that he has set me free. This is the day the Lord has made let us joy and be glad in it.

April 10, 2008, before supper

### EVIL

My 60 years on this earth and in this reality have made me a firm believer in evil. Every religion and spiritual teaching agrees there is

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a dark side to everything. And that evil is powerful almost as powerful as the light but as the opening to the Gospel of John in the New Testament states, the darkness has never overcome the light.

I have had to accept the fact that there are people, many people, who given the choice of doing good or evil with absolutely no consequences to themselves will choose to do the evil act. I also know that the forces of light and darkness are evenly matched. When I was working for a burglar alarm company, I asked the VP in charge if the most expensive burglar alarms really worked. His reply was that the more sophisticated the system the more sophisticated the burglar. So the more light a person has, the greater the dark counterpart will be.

I also know those evil souls are linked the same way souls of the light are linked. If you are in a battle with a dark soul, the energy of that dark soul is connected to all those of his or her clan. If you connect with a member of that clan the dark energy from your enemy will discharge through his clan members. I do not fully understand this but I know it to be true.

Buddhism uses the word vigilant. In other words, we must always be vigilant and aware that evil is all around us as is the light. When you feel negative energy say a prayer of protection. Normally that is sufficient but sometimes it is not. Someone who is not vigilant and does not meditate on God at all times lets his or her defenses down and some level of possession can occur. This is a recurring theme in the New Testament. The good news is that the evil is easy to repel unless you allow it to gain a sufficient foothold in your soul. The more wrong you do, the harder it is to extract yourself from it but fervent prayers to God will make it happen.

I do not really perceive of evil as being controlled by Satan although it may be. I tend to see evil as a dark energy that is integrated with the light energy and all around us. It is always there and its power is great.

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I also know that evil is best looked at as a tar baby that when attacked, will grow and consume you in battle. So you must pick your fights. do not confront every evil. Chose the thing that you will fight and leave the rest for others. The world is full of lightworkers engaging darkness at every moment. I have spent too much of my energy fight darkness which has no limits. That darkness has succeeded in draining my energy that should have been allocated to more important battles.

I am satisfied with increasing the peace in the world marginally because the forces of evil are so great. I know we can increase the light on the planet and thereby increase the peace in the world human society. A perfect peace in an ever-changing reality is not possible.

In the Lords Prayer, Jesus says lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. This is a powerful prayer that works. Saying it often keeps us in the light.

I asked why so much evil has been projected at me and I was told because in lifetime after lifetime I have defeated it and I have escaped its traps. I am bloodied from my many battles but I am not defeated or even close. I have held fast to my faith in God, which no evil can overcome.

This incarceration is a perfect example. It is wrongful and it has not been easy. Yet where my enemies expect that I have suffered, I have not. As God protected Daniel, Shadrack, Meshach and Abednego, he has protected me. But more than that I have written this book which would have never been written outside this dungeon.

I will rise from my ashes. Of that, I have no doubt. I have taken the evil that has been foisted on me and endured it and overcome it.

God only knows his plan for me when I leave this isolation. I do know that through this book, I have confronted my past and released it as I gained understanding. My life makes sense to me. I



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have had closure with the past. I have had the same kind of review I expect to have in more detail when I die. Where others expected my destruction, they will find renewed strength.

I thought it was very curious the way the bankruptcy trustee looked at me in court 2 days ago. It seemed to me that he could not believe that my energy had increased while I have been in jail and not decreased. He is an evil soul and he must report to his dark masters that WorldPeace is alive and well.

I told David, my youngest son, if he came to the US I did not want to see him. He had destroyed the web design business that I started and he and Kay and I ran. I don't know if he thought that I was kidding or not. I feel like David believed that I could not survive without him. There was no question but that he could destroy the business we had created but he could not destroy the concept that I had designed. I had created a very successful business plan. He was responsible for the production part of the business plan but that was all. He could be replaced.

When David quit, we had 45 employees, 17 were allegedly working in the Philippines. Now I know there were only about 5 As 2007 progressed, I realized that 2 or 3 good programmers could do the work that Dave allegedly had 17 people doing. We were billing about \$3000 a day in December 2006. I realized now that I alone can bill about 1/2 of that. So everything has a positive side. I know how to make the business grow faster and become much more profitable with much fewer headaches.

When David arrived, he moved in with the Snake and her husband Sam the Elephant. He had Sam take him around and when he found a job, Sam drove him to work. Dave is a workaholic. So that is all he did as the immigration work proceeded to get Grace, his wife, legal. I have the documents that can prevent Grace from ever coming to America but I have not sent them to immigration.

Dave did well working for the company he chose but he has never been able to work for anyone for very long. Dave finally got his

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own apartment and car and had everything prepared for Grace and his kids to come to America. His kids were legalized when Dave married Grace legally. Grace was going to come to America and abandon her other 3 children. They were not Dave's blood so he did not care about them and neither did Grace. I have contempt for all parents who abandon their not adult children in any manner for any reason.

When I divorced the Snake I was always ready to take my children to raise and after a year I did that. I shut down my businesses and spent 5 years finishing raising my sons. Stephanie had run away and Brian left the farm but John and David stayed with me until they graduated from high school and they went off to the Marines. The Snake put it out that I was living off Kay's father and that I did not want to work. Her lies never end. Just like the professional student lie she told about me. I always worked full time and went to school full time; 9 1/2 of the 10 years I spent in college. The only time I did not do that was the first year the Snake and I were married when I took a full load at school to get out of college within a year. But even then I worked part-time driving a school bus. The Snake is just a very evil person.

After Dave got everything set up. Immigration denied Grace's application as I knew they would. Dave sold his car, broke the apartment lease and went back to the Philippines. He told my dad that I had stopped the immigration. I did not. Evil acts always come home to rest. The evil you do will come back to you. God loves balance.

In November and December 2006, I begged Dave to move up to Baggio in the north of Lujan. the main Philippine island. He refused. It has a large American ex-patriot community and it is a college town. I also begged Dave to rent an office building. He refused. I now know that he was planning to come to America and that is why he did not move.

When he went back to the Philippines he moved to Baggio and there he met up with a friend of mine Bruce Silverman. It was Bruce who I had worked for in the art business in Colorado. Bruce had started a call center in the Philippines among his many

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businesses. And the last I heard he and Dave were considering copying my business plan for the web design business. I will find out when I get out of jail. I have to wonder if Dave gave Bruce the 3500 files of business we had contacted but had not sold at the time. Dave quit. Bruce is supposedly a friend. I would hope he would not do such a thing but who knows.

John keeps up with his brothers and sister but I told him that I don't want to know anything about them. The memories are too disrupting and I don't see how I can ever reconcile with them because of what they have done to me.

Stephanie used to tell me how I screwed up her life with the divorce. But what she had done with Pete and the trauma caused to her children makes my mistake trivial. Michael had worked with Steven for years to get his Eagle Scout badge and Stephanie discouraged it and so he never got it. Stephanie also encouraged Steven to curse Michael who had raised him for 10 years. Stephanie agreed that Michael never did anything to her or Steven but be a good father. Jimmy the first husband had beaten her. She just did not love Michael and unfortunately married him for financial support. Very much encouraged by the Snake. Stephanie put up a good front for 10 years. Many of the men who are in jail are from respectable families. Many have very successful brothers and sisters. But they are the black sheep in the family. They are the criminals. I talk to them and I think about my kids. They are not criminals but 3 of 4 are black sheep none-the-less.

April 11, 2008, before dinner

## FAITH

What you have read is time. It is the highlights of my life of 60 years. It is about my WorldPeace Advocacy and two love stories. It is about business, jail, and the law. But mostly it is about faith.

Faith in God is the core foundation of life in this reality. Faith is the anchor which never deviates or moves. It anchors you into this reality and gives you peace even in the worst of times. In this

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

reality, the best of times are tough. Who know only those of us who come here do so.

I have reviewed my life. I have come to the conclusion that I did the best I could at the time. I had a decision to make. I have gone where most people fear to tread. I won because I had faith that God was directing me there and would, therefore, guide me.

Religion is the husk of spirituality. Spirituality as a one on one relationship with God that transcends religion. Religion has its place but mostly it gets between a person and God.

I believe we create our own reality. Jesus said, "Ask and receive seek and find knock and enter." This assures me I create my own reality. This is one of Jesus' most fundamental transcending teachings. Add to that the faith equal to a grain of mustard seed and we can move mountains.

The faith I have is not the Christian faith. It is a faith in God. And with that faith, I intend to do miracles.

April 14, 2008, after breakfast

With the first draft of the book finished and packed, ready to give to my son John, the only two things left are to continue to keep the jail journal until I am released and update on my legal situation.

John received an email that set my plea for Monday, April 21, 2008, @ 1330. My understanding is that it could be moved up to this week. I hope so. The sooner I plead out the sooner I can file my application for Writ of Habeas Corpus and get the State Bar natter behind me.

Judge Brown, released the Banruptcy hold on me last week.

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## Dr John WorldPeace JD

Things are getting boring and irritating here. I finished up my first draft of this book last week and then took several days off before starting to write in earnest on the second volume. Unfortunately, when I finished it was Friday and Friday nights are the hardest times for me in jail. I don't know why but they are. This past weekend was a bit depressing because I had to also deal with and release my mother throwing away my possessions.

It is Monday now and I have begun to write Volume 2 of my book. I am more relaxed and the words and thoughts are flowing very smoothly. I am going to find out today how many pages I can write each day. This part will be easier because it is all fiction. I do not have to remember the painful past and relive old events.

Today is commissary day and that means ice cream. I have come to enjoy it as a highlight of the week. Sort of a celebration that another week has gone by. I only have 67 days left. They are counting down fast. If I am able to write about 50+ pages a day, time will really fly by. I want part 2 to be 1000 pages like the first part. That would be 20 days at 50 pages a day. Part 2 is too complicated to set it aside for a few days. I cannot lose the storyline, and that will happen if I don't keep at it. Also I think it will be more coherent if I complete it quietly. Writing 50 pages a day could be grinding. I will see.

There was almost a fight this morning over breakfast between two of the long term inmates. Both had over 5 years in the system. The problem is that Nick L does not eat breakfast and he told several people they could have his. But he did not specifically designate who got the breakfast on which day and that caused confusion. These guys think they are not institutionalized but they are. Both of these guys are real Jesus freaks. They read the Bible and pray but they are like animals in a concrete cell. They are ready at any time to fight. How stupid. One is a murderer and the other a dope trafficker.

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I cleaned out my duffle bag and found the document I need from my writ. I also put things in better order. I have been here long enough now to know my life style in jail. I am more relaxed today than ever. I think it is because 1) things in court are moving forward. 2) Judge Brown won't be holding me past my State Bar exit date. 3) the Federal case for resisting arrest will plead out on the misdemeanor not a felony and I should get time served. 4) I only have 67 days to go even if my writ on the state Bar does not go through. 5) Also, I have plan of attack for when I get out. I know what I need to do to restart my life. 6) And I know Kay and I are finished. She will not open up to me. I feel she may like to be together but I think she has turned all the attention I and our business was getting to be her new job and her kids and grandkids. I guess I will just be a nightmare gone away. I feel sad but free.

April 16, 2008, after morning court

Troy H grandson of Pasadena mayor had some of the inmates trade commissary for medication. All the teenage murderers and killers next door get a lot of meds to keep them calm. Troy originally was busted for stealing \$65,000 of prescriptions from his employer.

Troy takes the meds and mixes them with the cool aid or Crystal Light so about 6 or 7 of them can get high and act stupid. I did not see this in the other tank where we had a TV. The other night I saw the doped up inmate destroy the dominos which about 6 of them played with all the time. Troy was one of the players. I looked at the dominos this morning and there are a few missing and several are chipped. This is a stupid behavior. I have always disliked being around drunks and other addicts as well as overly emotional people. The only game left now is chess. I know that if they are not going to replace the TV they will not replace the dominos or chess set.

One of the guards who took me to get my blood pressure checked the other night said this used to be a psycho tank with some of the worst inmates. He said one of the nut cases jumped from the second-floor railing onto the TV that is fixed to the wall about 10

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feet in the air. Of course the TV and inmate went to the floor. So no TV in this cellblock.

I started to have a sinus problem a few days ago and was concerned that I was coming down with my second cold in this place. I traded for some extra orange juice and began to take some cough drops I had from 3 months ago. I also did not exercise last night. Today I feel a lot better. So I may have avoided another cold. It is not freezing in the cellblock (@N!) so that may have helped me get well also.

I am working on the second volume of this book, the fictional book of the next 40 years of John WorldPeace. I am on page 37 and writing about 15 pages a day. I expected to move faster but I am still working on the overall format and the cold made it hard for me to work. I would like to do about 40 pages a day. It is easier to write because it is fiction and not history and full of memories 989. Today I will begin to use dialogue for the first time.

In order to make a few days go faster, I searched out the only novel that I have not read. Dreamcatcher by Stephen King. It is about 850 pages. I will use it to make time go faster for a few days. I will probably not read seriously until Friday night which are the slowest times for me. I don't know why. Maybe because Friday night were always a relaxation night for me and in here it is just another day. I kept thinking yesterday was Sunday instead of Tuesday. I think it was due to the monotony of this place.

I took some cotton from my medicines and put in my good ear. to cut down on the noise. One guy in here Corey E acts like a wild monkey in a cage. He always hollers and shouts and exaggerates his laugh. I am reminded of the monkey cage at the Houston zoo. He is supposed to go to court tomorrow for a plead out. I hope he gets probation and leaves. He has been here longer than me. He has committed 50 robberies and never been caught. He is one who needs to be locked up for life. He is just an animal.

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A lot of guys have left this week so we are down to about 16 inmates which does reduce the confusion. There should be about 4 more leave in the next 10 days. I am sure we will get others to replace them. We were at capacity of 24 this past weekend.

I received my plead out notice for Monday, April 21, 2008, at 1330. I was told by Mr Ely my defender I might get it moved up to this week. But it has not happened yet so it probably won't. Monday will mark 4 months of me being locked up. I should have been out of here 3 months ago.

As soon as I do the plead out and get my bond, I will file my application for Writ of habeas corpus. to get out on the State Bar contempt which is all that will be holding me and the one problem I thought would be the easiest to overcome. But I have had to wait for 3 months for these two Federal problems to go away. I did not mind it too much because with 4 months served on the Federal case I should get time served and just do 6 months supervision when I get out. This amounts to reporting in once a month to the probation officer. It is not as strict as probation.

The main thing is that I will be free of jail in the worst case scenario on June 21, 2008. I really feel though, that I will get out next Wednesday. My biological birthday is next Thursday, the 24<sup>th</sup>. It would be a great birthday present to get out before then. With the second part of my book, time will go very fast. I need to be home so I can restart my life and that is what I am praying for.

It is also nice to know that I will not be transferred to the feds because those charges will be done. That is off my mind.

This has been an interesting experience but one that I do not want to repeat.

April 18, 2008, before breakfast

The last few days have been the worst in here. I am not sure but I think it is many factors that intersected at the same time.



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The first I suppose was a sinus problem that I thought would turn into a cold. The one I had in here 3 months ago was terrible. I did not want a repeat of that. I don't know what brought it on. It may be the air vents were being cleaned somewhere I don't know. I was also concerned that I would not be able to regulate my exercising and showering etc and I would have to quit exercising in order to stay well.

I found some extra fruit in the garbage, oranges and I was given some orange juice from people without me asking. God is always present. So I was able to boost the Vitamin C in my system. Fortunately, I still had some cough drops from several months ago and I began to use them. The cold left in a few days.

The problem was that I could not or did not exercise and that is an hour a day. Add another 30 minutes for a shower, 30 minutes because I have to use that time to wash my clothes, and that was an hour and a half of something productive to do. Also, exercising gives me a sense of accomplishment and purpose. As spacious as this place is, the fact that there is little to do is what makes it claustrophobic for me.

I have not been writing in part because I did not feel like it and in part because I am still coming down from finishing the first volume. I think most writers take a break between books. Especially if it is over 750 printed pages.

I am also about to use dialogue for the first time in writing the second book. It seems appropriate where it did not in the first volume. That will slow down my writing I have been looking at the novels I have here to understand how to punctuate. I hope to be back on track today. The ideas and things I need to put in the second volume continue to float in my head.

I have been reading Dreamcatcher by Stephen King and his writing has too many details for me. There is a lot of excessive descriptions and buried in many pages of deceptive language 994 and little important sentences that keep you on track. I don't like being forced to read all that. His mind works like mine, we think a

lot alike. but I would never try to write all that in a book. I don't think most people would follow it. Yet he sells a lot of books. I don't know if people understand him or just like the storyline and put up with all the extra descriptions.

I am also antsy about going to court Monday. The lawyers did not push for an earlier date to plead out. I expected that. They are not sitting in here. I hate going to Federal court because it is an all-day affair. A whole lot of time just sitting in holding cells. I am past the point where I have much to think about so time goes very slow in there. I also hate the black-box they put on my handcuffs that hurt and restrict my movement. They are really depressing. The black box is because the lying deputy said I knocked him down and kicked him which is a lie. So everytime they lock my wrists so I am in constant pain, I think of that deputy.

The black box makes jail seem like a prison. It is a moment to moment reminder that I am in jail. I feel that being that black-box on my handcuffs for 8 hours is cruel punishment. I would never complain or let them know how much I hate them. They know how painful they are. It is only the Feds who have put this torture device on me. I am thankful that Monday will be my last court appearance in this jail. I will have to return in a few months for sentencing but I will come to court in a suit and not these orange prison clothes.

I draw inspiration in several ways in here. One is the knowledge that I handled jail just fine. I know few people would do as well as I have. Or maybe I am just kidding myself. It may be that only intelligent people suffer from boredom in here. Or people who had a significant life going on before they were arrested.

I am working hard to keep my psoriasis under control. That requires an immediate shower after I exercise and then coating myself with Noxema hydrating coconut-scented lotion as well as hydration on the cracks that are prone to break out. 995

It is depressing to try to shave with cheap dull razors. Last night I tried to shave in the shower. I ran the razor over my face and it

pulled and hurt and cut my face. When I was finished I ran my hands over my face and found that the razor had not cut a single hair. This is a very humiliating experience. You feel that the Sheriff's Department just laughs at the joke of charging you money for razors that will not cut your beard. Or the blades are so dull they scrape the skin off your face. In every way possible you are humiliated in here.

There is a total lack of compassion. Another example of harassment is the way they put a plastic spoon in your meal tray (a takeout styrofoam carton) and then dump the food on top so you have to dig the spoon from under the beans or what ever "fear factor" they give you to eat. I feel like they are slopping the hogs. Just dump the food in the tray. Get the juice on the cookies so they turn to mush. 996. All of it is uncalled for.

Another thing is how some of these guys want to fight over nonsense. Mark F has bullied Nick L into giving him 2/3 of his meals. Nick is trying to lose weight and has done a great job. But since he does not eat these inmates act like animals and make the issue of who gets Nick's tray as a power thing. Most are getting fat off of one tray much less two. And some of the food is slop or cold or both.

As I have said. There are these garbage bags to make what they call pizza. They use it to hydrate the noodles and they lay them out on the table to cook. The bag lets them set in a more or less 2-foot diameter circle. Then they spread liquid cheese and all kinds of other meat and beans etc on top. They then each get a spoon and eat it off the bag. Sort of like dumping your food on the table then 4 or 5 people eat on it. It makes me sick it is so disgusting.

The bags they give us are supersize clear plastic bags that we use to put in the empty food trays and commissary food wrappers. So like last night when they used the bag for pizza there was no bag for trash. The trash just piles up on the floor like in a garbage dump. It looks nasty and just makes conditions here more demeaning and humiliating. Mental attitude is a big survival factor in here and dealing with these things tends to depress me. Maybe I am a jailbird, but I don't have to let them see me living like a pig. I

don't have to let the guards see that they have reduced me to a feral animal.

This wild animal thing is why I feel demeaned when I pay for razors that don't shave me. I feel determined not to look wild and unkempt. But the Sheriff sells razors that keep you looking that way. They don't want you to keep your self-esteem. They want to reduce you to an animal mentality. I feel they laugh at those of us who try to maintain a sense of dignity and are forced to do it with cheap worthless razors. Not only that, everything in the county jail is twice as expensive as the Federal jail. Just more humiliation. It makes me angry.

Another thing that is beginning to get to me is the lies these inmates tell. I have a life long habit of looking for the good in people. I look beyond the crimes these people have committed. But over time, when you see not getting out when they say they you would you realize they have been lying about their situation. Again, normally not a big deal. But after four months I am sick of that behavior. Many of these people have excessive sentences because the legal system is merciless. But most of them probably should be locked up. I see more and more how they are predators on society. It is harder for me to get beyond their crime. I have had enough of dealing with these people. I have worked hard in my life to raise myself up as high as possible. When I find myself forced to live with criminals and other anti-social characters it is hard to keep a sense of dignity. It is not interesting anymore. I am in a cesspool filled with the dregs of society.

Some of these people are very loud. They remind me of the monkey cages at the zoo. The larger cages with the many monkeys in them are a good representation of this cellblock. Monkeys grouped together. Some resting. Others though are always moving around in total boredom 999. There is one guy in here who has a booming voice that I cannot tolerate anymore. It is like everything is screwed. Another guy going out of his way to laugh as loud as possible. The two of them account for 20% of the noise in here. Now I cringe everytime I hear them. One I thought would get out of here yesterday after court. I was wrong. He will not be

Dr John WorldPeace JD

going for a month. If I have to stay two more months then at least we will be without his big mouth.

All of these things came together in a negative way for me yesterday morning. That is where I found that the white queen was missing from the chess set. There is no TV. A week ago, some of the monkeys got high on the drugged cool and slammed the dominos in the cement until they broke the last useful set. Now some took the white queen and tried to render the chess set useless. I again was not going to let a piece of garbage be in control so I used the checkers which no one plays with and some toilet paper 1000 and made two matching kings. I kept the black king in case we find the white one. My feeling is that someone deliberately threw it away or hid it. Nothing here makes me as angry as the destruction of the chess set.

Some contractors came in yesterday 1000 and measured a space for the TV. I hate the constant noise of the TV but these monkeys need something to keep them entertained. I can't get out of here soon enough. I have to keep reading and writing and exercising or these people become my reflection. In other words, I will see me in each of their faces. Not going to happen.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Time flies by  
in dreamlike hours  
represented by grains of sand  
in an hourglass

One grain  
One hour

A finite number  
loaded up at birth  
and set free to  
tumble from future  
to past at a  
measured pace

Microbiology and DNA chains  
add grains to the present future  
but cannot yet stop the flow  
- yet eternal life is coming

Eternal but not forever  
because at some distant time  
the physical universe will begin  
to collapse, implode, and condense  
  
squeezing the space out of space  
until the Holographic Universe  
is one again one  
and explodes

Dr John WorldPeace JD

The most sublime essence  
of the Universal God  
immune from gravity  
waits in place  
  
to catch passing  
particles from the  
exploding Black hole  
  
waits to recreate  
it's memory  
in tangible form  
almost like new

080418

0900

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

April 19, 2008, before supper

I can feel things changing around me. The week began in some confusion and irritation of being jailed. Even a bit of depression about the time I have spent in here. I now feel that I am entering a new phase not only in jail but in my life. Part of it is due to the fact that I have unloaded a tremendous amount of mental baggage from the past. Virtually all the major issues have been written about and in the writing they have been put in their place in the global view of who is John WorldPeace. The legal matters will become very clear this coming week. Regardless of what happens my legal career will have a final chapter. The key will be whether or not the Federal court agrees that I was illegally disbarred and found in contempt. Regardless, I will never practice law again. And I will be so far under the radar that no one is going to know what I am really doing.

Kay is drifting away. I have reached a point where I don't know how to communicate with her. We now both travel in very separate orbits. We need to finalize the IRS matters and copy and image all the pictures taken while we were together. I have been seeing glimpses of my future roommates and am confident that my needs will be met almost immediately upon exiting from this jail.

Also John has begun to talk about his future specifically with regards to his PhD and also his desire to go to law school. In the best case scenario he can take my experience and gain a significant leg up into his future. I expect he could be president of the USA under the right circumstances. Many things he says seem to indicate he has very large dreams. The experience of my incarceration has opened his eyes in many ways. It has also allowed me to feel that I will not have to climb my remaining mountains alone. He is not like my other 3 children. He has a sense of justice and wants to be on its right side. His future will be interesting to watch.

The miracle that has happened in here is that I have resolved all my legal issues. The other thing is that I have faced and reconciled my past. These last two weeks I have released my anger at my



## Dr John WorldPeace JD

mother for throwing away my possessions and just today I released the anger I had at my neighbors for spying on me for the U S Marshalls. I heard the conversation and witnessed the cooperation. They had no idea what I was wanted for and they did not try to find out. My Federal problem was strictly due to my trying to protect my mother from a corrupt Bankruptcy Judge and Trustee. And the State Bar matter was another deliberate injustice aimed at me because I refused to submit to their corruption. I have a plan to make things right and set those crooked judges names in infamy. It is all legal and non-violent. The point is that the remaining pockets of anger in my system are all being emptied. I know I will be healed of much of it by the time I leave here which I think will be next week.

Just now we got our twice a week clean clothes. I had hoped to get some new ones or at least some that look clean and not dingy and a top with a pocket. It was interesting to watch the deputy passing out clothes and to dig for new ones without me asking. In fact the pants have never been washed because the lot number was in chalk on them. God watches everything. No need is too small. No detail too trivial. Praise God.

I feel that my experience this past week was just a final purging. Like all of us. I was comfortable with the negativity in my aura and soul. Now I feel I have almost been cleansed in every nook and cranny. I am ready to leave this place. This week. Thy will be done.

It is also interesting that inmates have been sitting at the top of the stairs just outside my door. It creates a lot of noise in my room. The guard without me mentioning it just told everyone to stay off the stairs; to sit somewhere else. I smiled.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I look into the mirror  
and I see the reflection  
of an old man

It is me

The years have removed  
the soft padding of years  
the skin has thinned out  
and the muscles are ripped  
beneath

The head has lost its hair  
the eyes have grown  
a depth

the war of life  
has stored many  
memories behind these  
portals

The soul begins to project  
its light of knowing  
outward  
and sometimes  
connecting with  
a kindred spirit

the bright eyes of the  
intellectually old  
cannot conceal  
the truth that

has revealed the  
common denominators  
of life

in human society

God always exists

Dr John WorldPeace JD

even in a godless world  
the devils of sectarianism  
the abuses of religion  
can never voided out

the spiritual reality  
of an allinclusive  
God

This is what we old aliens know  
the undeniable currents  
of a mostly hidden God  
that transcends all things  
and holds them together

coherently in what can  
only be described  
as God's eye

080419  
am

Dr John WorldPeace JD

In an increasingly secular world  
I am the egg man  
I deliver the viruses of  
spiritually cells  
of an invisible God

The human society  
is evolving into a  
super high tech  
beehive  
where conformity  
suffocates individuality  
  
and gives power  
to a godless science

A plague of evil  
confusion of the world human society  
in the manifestations of the  
Infinite Potential  
preparing to colonize this  
Universe

Only the implosion of the big bang  
can suffocate its  
arrogance of ignorance

I am the virus that  
initiates the plague  
that creates ripples  
in the mechanical  
robotigation of  
enslaved humans

Dr John WorldPeace JD

The essence that has infected me  
that has awakened me from  
the suffocating matrix  
reproduces by spawning

The eggs are human  
the content – the DNA viruses -  
-GOD-  
laughing

Laughing at the beehive  
and the workers who  
build transient structures  
both physical and mind-wash  
that looks real  
  
but are no more than  
dust within the  
intangible mind  
of the egg man's  
God

080419  
0400

Dr John WorldPeace JD

April 20, 2008, after breakfast

My mind is clear. I see my path. I understand the second volume of my WorldPeace Advocacy which is what I have decided to call my novel. I am the awakening Buddha who wonders at his visions and grasped by anything more than a few true believers in the overwhelming suffocating world human society.

There is a new crew in the pickett. The sheriff must be working fast to fill the empty jobs in order to comply with the Federal regulations.

Breakfast was delivered. I heard it and now know its sound. The guard saw I was awake in my cell as I moved to the window after being awake for almost 20 minutes. He then came and got me out of my cell to carry the breakfast basket as he delivered meals to each of the cells. Just another interesting experience. It removes all the confusion of breakfast 1004. Each convict get his meal and has the option of giving it to who he pleases or just eating it. Funny how such a trivial matter such as breakfast preys upon my mind. I guess it is just the fact that I am daily reminded in many ways that I live in a jungle and food is primal survival and also evidence of power and control. I laugh that two of the loudest proponents of Jesus are the most aggressive with regards to food. Jesus has his place and generally it is behind the primal biological man. Few will go hungry for Jesus. Few can give even in great abundance; materialism is always an unbounded coveter.

It is Sunday. A day the Lord has made. And I am joyous in it.

April 21, 2008, after count

Bullethead returned yesterday and immediately created chaos. He returned with a black eye given him by the guards. Today he stole food from other inmates, created problems with the commissary deputies and got into a fight. He said he is supposed to go home tomorrow. We will see. If he does go home, I doubt he will stay out of trouble very long. I would expect to see him back here within a month.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

I have never encountered a person like him before. On his left wrist is a 2.5" scar where he tried to cut his wrist. It looks like a snake. There are large dot scars on either side of the scar as if very long staples were used to pull the gash together.

Apparently they cannot put him into solitary and there is no where in the jail where he can be at peace. The only time he seems to be truly at peace is when he is knocked out on drugs. One of the group in here who took part of one of his pills said whatever he is taking is the strongest medicine he has ever experienced.

I am going to have a long talk with him today to try to gain some understanding about him. I want to determine whether I think he needs to be in a mental hospital. It may be that his needs are so great that no one has the money to cover the cost and his parents have the inclination to make him a ward of the state. All I know is that for some reason I am to engage him in a discussion.

April 22, 2008, after breakfast

Yesterday was one of the most significant and revealing days of my journey into the hell of the legal system. There is so much going on right now in my head with regards to all the various factors that make up my life that it almost overwhelms me in trying to write it all down.

My life right now is like a chess game. There are a lot of pieces in play on a lot of levels. I think "Stonewall Jackson" the famous Confederate general said of the civil war that anyone who could not see the hand of God working in the Civil War was blind. Well for anyone who has my perspective of life would say the same thing about my life 1052 right now. But unfortunately, only I have that perspective. I have to continue to go forward without letting anyone know what is going on. To alert any of the parties involved would have the effect of not allowing God to work without my interference.

Each person is going to play out his or her roles. Kay, John, Judge Hughes, Richard Ely my attorney, Judge Brown, Deputy Pyka, the

Dr John WorldPeace JD

prosecutor. All I can do is write about it here so that the reader can see what I was thinking at the time it was happening as opposed to a 20/20 hindsight. I am very excited at this part because I can clearly see God working. I just can't see who will be redeemed and who will not. All I do know is that I will win no matter what happens. I will win. By win, I mean that all that has happened in my life and all that is about to happen in my future is having its fulfillment and its new beginning in the next 30 days more or less. I am excited and eager to see how God has scripted it all.



Dr John WorldPeace JD

I sit in this jail cell  
thinking about my second wife Kay

I feel like a hurt pet  
who endures pain without  
whimpering  
Just enduring  
the cruelty of abandonment

The joy in puppies  
for someone to play with  
a little attention  
a pat on the head

I sit in my jail cell  
wondering where my mistress  
has gone

080422

Dr John WorldPeace JD

April 24, 2008, after supper

Happy Birthday to me.

On Monday, I went to court to plead out to the misdemeanor resisting arrest. My attorney was late. He had tried to set the hearing for April 23<sup>rd</sup> but there was a problem and the paperwork did not go through. He came into court late but not before we were called.

The judge read my rights and explained all the ramifications of my actions. Then I was given a “proffer” which was the prosecutor's statement of what happened. I was asked if I agreed with it. I had not seen it before and my attorney had not explained it to me. He should have told me to simply agree to it.

I began to tell the judge that I did not assault Deputy Pyka. He got angry and then told the prosecutor that he was not going to take the plea. And the prosecutor said they were going to file a felony. So I had a choice of agreeing with the deputy's lies and get less than one year sentence or disagree and get as much as 8 years maybe 20.

My attorney asked if we could recess so he and I could discuss the matter. The judge said yes and recessed until 1600.

I then met my attorney and my son in the conference room in the holding tank. My attorney was mad that I was “equivocating” with the judge. I was only interested in saying what I needed to say to get the misdemeanor. We decided that I would say that I did not understand the proffer and then just agree to it.

When we went back to court I said I was too literal and that I agreed with the proffer. Then the judge pulled out the deputies affidavit and went line by line about the assault.

“You ran from the deputy”

“Yes”

Dr John WorldPeace JD

He put his hand on your and you pulled away”

“Yes”

“You knocked down the deputy”

“yes”

“You kicked him”

“Yes”

All of it was a lie. We never touched him. All I could think about is that all the time I got over 6 months was a result of the deputies lies.

This is American criminal justice. You can't win in a trial. The odds are 1%. So you plead out to something reasonable or you get the max sentence. When you lose the trial – the judges, prosecutor and attorneys know this. The whole system is a travesty.

Juries expect a defendant to be guilty. They look for testimony, body language etc to support the belief in guilt. Presumed innocence is a joke. Jurors give that lip service but it is not how they think.

Sentencing was set for May 5, 2008,. Normally there is a 3 months period where a PSI report is prepared. But the judge said that was not necessary because I had no criminal record. He wanted to sentence me right then. My attorney had to push for a two week delay so as to gather some positive information about me and to let the judge chill out.

My concern has always been that he would ignore the guidelines and max me out. As I understand it. That would be a year with 54 days credit for good time. So 10 months and 6 days. When we got back that would mean that I would have to be in jail another 25 weeks or six months.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

After that I have to do 6 months of some level of parole.

It will take me 2-3 months to finish volume 2 of my book. Then I will only have 3 months after that to serve. I would probably then work on an epic novel.

The only thing that keeps me sane is that I know that Deputy Pyka is evil and he will have to try to lie to God when he dies.

Also, this jail journal will tell the truth and I feel I will be vindicated. That is what makes it so that I can keep down my anger.

I have faith in God to guide me where I need to be guided. If my father dies while I am in jail or if my mother is made destitute, I would blame it all on deputy Pyka. I will have no forgiveness for him and I will hope that he suffers greatly for what he has done to me with his lies. I will submit that to God and then move on with my life.

April 26, 2008, after breakfast

I slept for a long time after supper last night. That in addition to having a frank discussion with myself about my Federal sentencing next week essentially kept me up all night, which is unusual. For the first time in a long time I was “chewing” on the fact that the lies of Deputy Pyka had placed me in jeopardy.

There is no doubt but the simple fact that I am Dr John WorldPeace is enough to cause hatred among most people. But more so with a conservative Federal judge. People hate peace and moreso those who advocate it. The more conservative a person the more they hate peace. The reason is that conservative people hate change and WorldPeace means change.

In talking with my son John, who is also conservative, he feels that the judge will give me the max sentence of 1 year in jail and a \$100,000 fine. I don't believe that. I feel that I will get 6 months and maybe a \$5000-\$10,000 fine. But I feel that I need to focus

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

much of my attention on it in order to say the right things in court.

John was concerned that I would have to go into the Federal prison system. The truth is that on a short sentence it is unlikely that I would be moved from here. There is another Federal inmate here who came here because he was taken to the hospital first just like me. He has been here since last August. 9 months. He will get out next month. If I get the max time of one year I will have six months left to serve.

The Federal system is much preferred over the county. I am presently in a dungeon. Without access to the outside or even a window. I have no library privileges., limited mail, no real medical treatment, bad food, no access to a typewriter much less to a computer. The Federal system would be great.

I am prepared to do another 6 months. If I have to do that, I will be able to type up my manuscript if I am in the Federal system and also be able to get the books I need to study web design. Time will go extremely fast.

That being said, I want out of here. The problem I have now is my growing anger at Deputy Pyka. He is a liar. And if he lied about me he has lied about others. I am projecting so much negativity at him right now. I would be surprised if he was not feeling it.

The only thing that keeps my anger mediated is the fact that my jail journal and my auto biography will be published and the truth is going to come out. I believe that when people look at my entire life, which no one has seen but me, then a lot of things will make sense. Yet I have no doubt that some especially right wing conservative are going to find reason to hate me. The reason is that I discount their bias of race, religion, money, citizenship, gender and so on. The nature of human beings is to judge others in such a way to classify them as inferior to one's self.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I have released a lot of anger and I am prepared to do another 6 months, but not without a fight.

There was a fight in here a few days ago. My friend Robbie, 325 pounds was fighting with a 6'9" 19 year old. He hit him pretty hard I understand and the kids head hit a wall and he collapsed. Robbie is a big friendly guy but he is a street Nig-ga as he calls himself. I wonder if he will be out on the street very long. He has been in jail about 10 years so his mind set is that of a 23 year old. To get along in the world and to stay free he is going to have to control his anger.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

In this stone cell  
the memories of the free world  
grow dim

There is no sunshine or night here  
no sun or stars  
the air is sterile  
with dank mold

The clockless walls  
sometimes friendly  
and sometimes an oppressive burden

Yet this sterile environment  
allows a closeness with God  
for those who choose  
the lack of distractions  
and push the mind closer  
to the metaphysical reality

My free world walks have always  
been solitary affairs  
but my senses  
pleasured in the dynamic  
experience

Here the walks are  
in a circle 20 feet in diameter  
round and round I go  
eyes on the ground  
until my hips begin  
to creak after an  
hour or so

Dr John WorldPeace JD

My exercise is much the same  
a mindless station to station  
circuit where time is suspended  
as it rapidly moves ahead

At the end  
a shower to cleanse my aura  
of sweated poisons  
a daily baptism of renewal

Then sleep comes  
and dreams and visions  
as I lay naked within my  
prison sheets

080426

0200



Dr John WorldPeace JD

They tell me I am in jail  
punished for my crimes

Yet I look in the picket  
I see the guards  
every day they come  
some for more than 20 years

They come and work  
at a job of watching me

If they don't come  
they get fired

In their glasshouse  
they look at us  
we look at them  
wide blank eyes  
on both sides  
of the glass

One day, my sentence will be up  
yet they will still come until  
they get too old, or quit or get fired

They have to commute to work, I don't  
They have to buy food, I don't  
They have to wash their clothes, I don't

They are paid to watch me  
do nothing

Dr John WorldPeace JD

They are free  
but to me  
that freedom isn't what is its  
cracked up to be

Looks like they are imprisoned to me

080426

1700

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

April 28, 2008, after lunch

Yesterday was a down day. It had to do with the reality that I might be sentenced to a year in jail. I have planned for over 4 months to exit on June 21. It was a negative dream to consider that exit date would be moved to December 21.

Also, the tank was up to about 85 degrees and that is always depressing. Especially when you have a minor cold like I have right now.

It is unusual but I have had trouble going to sleep the last two nights because of my mind processing my future in jail. This morning I meditated and I feel that I will not get more than 6 months. Since then I have felt some peace.

God is still present. I have not been able to shave because the razors we have received in commissary for the last month are useless and even rusty. I asked for the good razors to come in commissary today and they did. I thought a few weeks ago they discontinued them.

Also, strangely, one of the inmates wanted to get rid of his pink snowball (chocolate cake and marshmallow and coconut topping.) I traded him for 2 soups (romain noodles) Then two other inmates just gave me a package of snowballs each and said happy birthday. So I had about 6 pink snowballs in 3 packages. Pink is love. I looked at it as another sign the everything is going to be OK and I will be out of here in June.

Ms Williams was back today. She was more vicious than I have ever seen her. We were confined to our rooms until lunch. Also, the intercom is broken and when she would talk it was like a fire horn going off. I had to cover my ears. She did it about 20 times just to be mean. I thought she had no light in her soul. But those acts make me reconsider.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

April 29, 2008, after lights out

It has been strange for the last few days. I have felt a significant energy shift. Some of it or at least beginning was due to my concern over being given a max sentence in the Fed cause this Friday. I have somehow reconciled with it but I feel though my meditation that I will not get more than six months. The reason has to do with the fact that I have done 4.5 months of county time which is generally credited as 2 for 1 not day for day. County time is harder time than Federal time for reasons like no tv, bad food, no books, lack of medical care, more violence.

I have been meditating in a lotus position on my back. And because of the location of my cell at the top of the stairs, many people see me. I am not doing it for show. I am just doing it several times a day now. Doors are locked open so there is no way to hide it. 1063 You see other inmates in their house praying. I am sure others will infer that I am a Buddhist.

I made the mistake of taking a nap too close to lunch and I missed it. Once the trustee leaves that is usually the end of it. No lunch. Matamoras an ex-cop who graduated from the academy with John gave me a second lunch he had purchased from an inmate for a soup. Robbie then tried to get my lunch by arguing with the guard. He was successful.

When Ms Williams returned she could tell 1063 that we were scamming her. Then Robbie showed her the tray was marked with 30 lunches and she admitted there were 31 in this pod and the adjacent one. Then she shut up. I have come to realize she is a very evil woman in many ways. Yet since she returned they have turned down the AC and it is tolerable in here now. I just wish she was not so innately rabid. I guess the AC came down because she was hot in the picket.

When the lunch came, I gave it to Matamoras. He ate it in my room so Ms Williams would not see me take it to him.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

Later, when I got ready to shower I noticed that my scouring pad was missing. They are usually on my sink. I think H Espinosa or T Harrison took them. They are clean up guys. Also Harrison offered me a razor today which he never does and Henry came into my room to get a book which he never does. I have an alternative now I can use part of the Velcro strip on my duffle bag.

The whole incident makes me sick that I find myself in the same cellblock as real thieves and criminals. It disgusts me and makes me want out of here now. I have lost a lot of empathy for these guys.

I was going to write Kay today but I decided against it. I can release her as my wife in my mind. I have to break free. It was the way with the Snake for about a year until Kay came along and then I got custody of the children. I keep looking at my ring finger and wonder if the wedding band I used to wear when married to Kay will release its mark even a year later.

I pray that someone is about to come into my life. Someone who can fulfill my needs as a companion and maybe a wife. I just don't have time to think about it right now 1065 All I can think about now is the sentencing hearing on Friday. One way or the other that matter will be finalized and I will just have to mark the days until I get out.

I have noticed in jail, that I need to keep all my things hidden. When people can't see what you have they can't ask for it or steal it . It just makes me mad that I can't leave anything out. It also makes me wonder about how open I was when I first arrived here.

April 30, 2008, after lunch

It has been a strange day in a good way. I did not feel like playing chess today which was strange. Then this afternoon Jerry my chess partner got the ATW (all the way). I argued with him almost every day over chess games. He hated to lose as much as me. But

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

he was always ready to play. He was also the first guy who spoke when I came into the cellblock.

He was emotional about getting out. We all joined hands except 2 guys. M. Floeck did lead everyone in prayer. It was a good thing. It was hard to see him go.

God reminded me that he keeps a scouring pad, like the one that was stolen from me rolled up in his toilet paper. So I went and looked and it was still there. God is always there with little gifts. It makes me smile. God never stops teaching.

May 1, 2008, after lunch

As I have said in many ways this jail experience is like the military. However I have realized there is one significant difference. People do not graduate or leave all at once. In training in the military the whole class graduates at the same time. Here people come and go. So you are constantly saying goodbye to friends.

I also realized this morning that when Jerry R left yesterday I not only lost my chess adversary but I lost one of the best adults my age who could carry on an intelligent conversation. So now there is no one for me to have an adult conversation with. That makes me feel a bit more isolated. I think it is interesting that when I arrived here there was about 10 people who I could talk to about life. People in their mid 40s and 50s . Now they are all gone. The ones who are left are from 17 – 39 more or less and living a reality outside the jail which is foreign to me at 60.

The cellblock is down to almost 18 people which is good because the noise factor is significantly reduced. But that makes it feel more lonely and desolate. Part of me feels that I am about to leave here as early as next week because I feel that all the people I was destined to connect with have come and gone. We will see tomorrow when I get sentenced. I am hoping for time served or not more that 6 months. That would leave 7 weeks 49 days. That is nothing. In that time I would finish volume 2 of my

Dr John WorldPeace JD

WorldPeace Advocacy but I will file my writ of Habeas Corpus and I could be home next week.

I have not been sleeping at night. I believe it is because I have been napping too much during the day. So I will cut that out starting today.

I have not worked on volume 2 in a week. So I may sit down shortly and read what I have written to catch up and begin again. I have lot to write. I am still a bit unclear on how to arrange it. This is the same problem I had with volume 1 in the beginning.

I could not call John last night because he has to put more money on the phone account. I have not seen my lawyer who said he would come by the end of the week. I am not really concerned but I don't want to go in front of the judge without some preparation. I almost screwed myself the last time because my lawyer did not prepare me. I feel that he is cutting a deal with the prosecutor to recommend 3-6 months. That will be the key to my sentence.

May 1, 2008, after supper

I talked to my son John and he told me that the Judge and prosecutor want to give me a year in prison. This is the max sentence and given zero consideration that I have plead guilty. It is based simply on the hatred for me as an advocate for WorldPeace and an understanding that I know they are corrupt.

I am angry because the lies of Deputy Pyka. It is his testimony that I pulled away from him knocked him down and kicked him that shows contempt by me for the police. It is a lie. He never touched me. I did not knock him down I did not kick him He will be judged by God. If my sentence is more than 6 months, which is the max per the sentencing guidelines

I have only one prayer tonight and that is that God stands by me or one of his angels or prophets at the time of sentencing.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

The reality is that every advocate for peace can only acquire his credentials by being sentenced to jail wrongly and the pattern that he writes a book while in jail. By wrongly imprisoning me 1070 Judge Hughes and all those arrayed against me, give me my credentials. Certify me as a genuine advocate for peace and WorldPeace. The truth is often paradoxical. Their corrupt acts as an endorsement of me.

I did nothing to bring this on me. I stood up for my rights. I did it on my own. All this was written before I was born. I thank God for blessing me with the sentence from the appeals court, the bankruptcy court and the Federal district court. Judge Adel H\_\_\_\_ Judge Karen Brown, Judge Jon Hughes and the most corrupt of all Judge James Fry.

I know some who read this will be confused. But the absolute truth is that right now I know that jail has been a blessing. It is God's endorsement. I have been found worthy to carrying on with my WorldPeace Advocacy.

Another 7.5 months in jail in truth almost not enough time for me to complete all that I must do as far as two more books to be written and contacting a publisher. I will be very busy in the days to come.1070

As it is written and prayed so let it be done.

May 3 2008, after count

I have been having a vertigo problem for the last few days. I feel mild dizziness. An over-the-counter Bonine tablet will cure it in a few hours but I have no access to that at the moment so I just have to put up with it. My mother has it bad when she has a spell. She does not know what brings it on. but I am beginning to see a pattern. when I am under extreme stress, that is what brings it on. Stress for me comes for having to wait on problems to resolve themselves. In other words, I have no control over the timing. The stress of goin to court yesterday and having to deal with a senile apathetic judge was praying upon my mind.



## Dr John WorldPeace JD

This morning I realized the problem with Kay in a nutshell. She loved me as much as she can love a husband at this time in her life. And that is a hundred times more than most women.

The problem with Kay is what I call the bridge too far. The future was just too distant for her. The future when all things come together and I could look back and say “woman look at that”. Look what we did. That bridge to that destiny was too far. She could go no more. She had gone long beyond the time when her faith gave out. I love her for that but I had to go forward alone.

There is no doubt in my mind that had Kay not left me early last year I would have quickly adjusted to David’s attempted destruction of our business. We had done it 3 times in the past. But when Kay left me it was such a shock that I could not think. And just as important it was like my right arm and left leg had been amputated. I could not do all I needed to do. The handicap was too great.

I cannot not love her. I am sad that she will only be a minor part of my future. I failed her. For me we were right on the edge of happily ever after when David did his evil. It was just a bridge too far to get beyond his actions. She was worn out. She had become collateral damage to my road less traveled.

I went into court yesterday knowing that I would probably be sentenced to a year in jail. I was able to deal with it because I had already served 4.5 months. so all the judge could really give me was 7.5 months. which is the balance of a one year sentence. I was thankful very thankful that we had locked in the misdemeanor. If not then the judge would have given me several years.

Of the 7.5 months. I will be moved to a halfway house the last month where I will have freedom to the outside world. So I will only be locked up for 6.5 more months. They will probably not move me to Federal prison which would actually be nice in many ways. However, I need to write. There would be too many distractions in a more user friendly prison environment.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

The judge presented himself as senile and apathetic. He was unable to process what was being told to him. He had his facts confused. And as my attorney said, he was easily distracted by minutia. He gave me the one-year max sentence. So when I get out of the halfway house I will be totally free.

I have animosity toward Deputy Pyka and always will. He lied. And that he no doubt cost me 6 months of my life. My anger will be reduced if I am able to make productive use of these next 6 months and I feel that I will.

I have been living in a minor hell since November 2005, when I had to place myself under house arrest. Virtually all legal issues are not solved. There is a minor matter of making sure the State Bar and Fed sentences now parallel. The old judge tried to put into his order that the sentences run concurrently but he will not pull that off. His orders can only effect the Federal system not the state system. 1074 I am being housed by the feds in the county jail but the county has no control over what goes on in the Federal matter. The county had a 6 months hold placed on me as of December 28, 2007, that will finalize on June 28, 2008, no matter what . So it should not be waiting for me when I exit the halfway house on December 21, 2008. We can do nothing until June 28<sup>th</sup> and then I will have John look into it and get the release signed. There may be a problem but I don't think so.

If they try to hold me, then I will hire an attorney to process my application for Writ of Habeas Corpus and get out anyway. I hope to have an advance? by then or the Heights House will be sold and there will be money available to hire an attorney. I prayed to get my license back. Maybe that prayer will be answered at the end of the year. It is just another minor legal matter that needs attention.

One absolute legal revelation. The law in Texas both state and Federal is publically motivated. The present judges are conservative. They ignore the law unless presented by a big law firm. For the average person the law means nothing. On the lower end are the blacks. They are over half the population in jail. It is because of their lack of access to high priced lawyers. 1075

Dr John WorldPeace JD

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Other inmates are wondering why I am in an up mood after getting a one year sentence. The answer is simple. I have things that I will accomplish more easily in jail than out due to the reduced distractions. There will not be wasted time.

The last 4.5 months allowed me to read 14 novels which prepped me for writing the 1100 pages of my book. So 3.5 months were spent working on my book. another month working on my legal matters. So I do not consider that time wasted. Now I have a very full agenda for the next 7.5 months. The only problem is that I am locked up. But so what. I have no bills to pay and I have a place to sleep, food, and clean clothes. It is a blessing in many ways. I would like to be out dating but that is something I never did anyway. When I get out I will find a companion or two. For now I need to define what those future relationships will look like. After being married all my adult life. I don't seem to have the handle on the alternatives. So dating without a plan will cause stress. I am glad to be relieved of it for now. But have no doubt I need a female companionship. and I will have it at the appropriate time.

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WORLDPEACE
US Army '70-'72
jailed for peace '07 – '08

or Political Prisoner FBOP '07 –'08

This is a tattoo I am thinking about getting on my upper right arm.

May 4, 2008, after breakfast and count

The evil witch Ms William is here this Sunday morning. As per usual, wake up and go to the day room and wait 30 minutes to an

hour for her to come call the roll. Just her power trip. Just her way of trying to make inmates life a bit more tense.

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I have changed my attitude about the days I was counting down the days until I was released. I had gotten to 49 days (7 weeks) when Judge Hughes added another 26 weeks to my exit calendar. So then I had 209 less 30 days for the half way house. So 179 days until I will have freedom to go outside. That is one less than how many I was going to do for the State Bar. Now I just think of November 21, 2008, as the out date and only secondary the number of days left.

There are many ways to deal with time in here. It is all a matter of attitude. I thought this morning that I am on a nuclear submarine. We are on a mission that will last 6 months. We will be submerged the whole of that time. I would have a much smaller room than the one I have now. I will have a day room and other soldiers to interact with. So the basics are the same. The difference is that in here, you have to make your work. For me that is writing. I have a goal of becoming an author. It keeps my mind free. I have to write a set number of pages each day or I will get depressed because I will have to consider that I am just in prison. My whole life has been one of accomplishing something each day to feel good about myself. This is no different.

I am having to make some other changes to my routine. I have to exercise every other night. I will shower each night because I feel like I am washing off the negativity. This morning I quit doing the milk. I will not drink the supper milk unless the food is too spicy and I need the milk to neutralize the acid. I will also order one tuna and one beef pack from the commissary. When we have a "fear factor" supper I will keep the rice and pour the beef over it. or in the worst case just eat the tuna. I am also cutting back on the bread. So two milks and 4 slices of bread are about 600 calories a day I will eliminate. I will try to avoid the sweets and trade them for a "Bernard" (cool aide) or a nice piece of fruit. I also notice I am not eating the cereal. But I began to trade for raison bran and

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

then mix that with a pack of oatmeal for the fiber and raisins The other cereals I will trade for something else.

I am also going to incorporate two meditation periods of 15-30 minutes each into my routine each day. It gives me clarity and peace. Time will go fast.

In here they say “The days go slow the years go fast.”

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There is one question I have about the time left. The State Bar put a hold on me on December 28th. So that 6 months should run and finish on June 27. But they may try to add it on the end of the Fed sentence. Right now it does not show in the computer. The question is whether I get John to look into it on June 27th or leave it alone. Just wait and see.

I am supposed to go to the halfway house in November. If they are going to add it on, then they may try to stop it. If not, I may exit the halfway house and they will not try to pick me up because it is a court matter. They had let it lapse before. Judge Hughes put a note in his order that the fed sentence was not to run concurrent with his sentence. But his sentence has priority so it should not be a factor as per usual my situation falls into the gray areas of procedures. The State Bar order does not mention concurrency.

If they try to make me serve that time. I will hire an attorney from a big firm to pursue my writ of habeas corpus. I realize now as a nobody, no power, person, my appeals will get no consideration. I need a big firm with someone from the firm connected to the court. The law is meaningless to little people. I will write a book about the fallacy of the justice system. Who knows, it may bring about some changes. At any rate this is something what will just need to be set aside for 6 months. That is hard for me to do. I would like to know now if I have to be here another full year or 6 months.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Today I will chart out my time. Project the beginning and end dates for my various book projects. I sent a letter to Kay about helping me get it all together, typing and so on. I hope she will help. I don't want to put everything off with the publishers until I get out of jail. I need to be moving forward now so my options are clear when I get out.

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I managed to buy a free world "red ink" pen yesterday. It cost \$5. But it is a prized possession. Such a small thing having so much value. It is just another writing tool. But each word that I write is a strike at the corrupt judges that put me in here. Each day is a badge of courage. One that can never be taken back. I will be vindicated. I am sure of that.

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It is Sunday morning about 0800 The whole cellblock is in bed. I have been up 3 hours. Sleep is the best friend of these guys. It has always been my enemy.

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Right now I live day to day. Each day must carry its own weight. I must end the day knowing that I have accomplished something worthwhile. Something that will lay the foundation for my future. I cannot look to an end date. And this is true because when I leave this dungeon I will continue the habits that I established in here. What I do in here, I will do when I get out of here. I will make sure each day counts. I will become more disciplined. That is the key to surviving in this place for me now. I must become more now oriented and less oriented to a future get out of jail date.

May 5, 2008, after breakfast

I am glad that the fed court did not call me over there to sit all morning. The last time they changed the date I had to make an

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

extra trip because someone did not take me off the docket. So I went on the 21<sup>st</sup> which was the reset and I went on the 23<sup>rd</sup> which was the original date for the plead out.

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If all goes well, I have 197 more days in the county jail and then I am off to the halfway house. I am concerned about whether the State Bar matter is running concurrently but for now I am just going to act like it is. The fact that they have a hold on me, should mean that the clock is running. I don't seem to care about challenging the illegality of the contempt order. I know the whole system is corrupt and at this point I do not want to play their game anymore. I feel I am tired of being laughed at for believing that some judge might actually do the right thing. It is hard for me not to be angry. Yet I think of all the inmates and innocent people who have been abused by the system and don't even know it. I know the system well and I got screwed.

My feeling now is that I should have hired a good attorney to handle my case. But the law was so clearly on my side. I did not see how I could lose. I just refused to believe that the game was rigged. I was the heretic. I was not a team player and so I was destined to lose my license.'

Yet knowing all that, I also firmly believe that it was my destiny. 1083 If God had not showed me clearly and dramatically what was going on. I would not be able to write about it. I was supposed to stop practicing law. Of that I have no doubt. So I can't be totally angry. I fought the system as best I could and lost. The law was in my favor the judges were not. There was an evil presence in the US while George Bush was president. It was ultra-conservative. It was already leaning in that direction before he was elected. he was the culmination of the neo-con insanity.

I have no doubt that my run for political office was watched. I have no doubt that I got caught up in a Carl Rove plot to end the Democratic Party dominance in Texas. Why else would the Democratic Party run a number one large contributor supporter

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as the Democratic candidate for Governor. The clan 1084 of the Democratic Party was also an ex hardcore Republican . They accomplished their vision. I know they were afraid of my candidacy. They did not want a white guy on the ballot. We will see in the coming years and I pursue my destiny whether they really had something to fear from me or not.

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I wrote a 13 page letter to Kay a few days ago. Unlike most of the letters, I did not seal it up and mail it. I left it open and kept editing it. After talking to John last night I shortened it to 3 pages.

The problem I have is that I have refused to acknowledge that Kay left me. She did not just want away from my presence. She wanted away period. I fell now that much of what she did as far as packing etc was out of guilt. I thought it was because she still cared about me . That cannot e the case.

John is such a good sound board for me. He brings reality to me. I have written Kay many letters. But for me 8 pages. I get back for or two. There are many short oness she has never responded to. I am so alone now. but not really lonely. I just have no support system for the first time in my life.

I know as I rebuild I will have to find very special people. True believers to work with me. Family has been a diaster. I have 6 months to lay out the new future. I feel that God will bring the people to me in time. But for now I have a lot of writing to do. My head is jamb packed with thoughts. I have writtin a history of my life. Now I am to write my philosophy. And I can see it will be in several formats. I know I have to just write. then go back and see where I am going and reorganize it.

If I write 20 pages a day. That will be over 4000 pages in the next 6 months. But I know my capacity and I see the current environment that I am in I could write as many asa 40 a day.



## Dr John WorldPeace JD

I know I will read the Bible from front to back over the next months. I know that my interactions with the other inmates has already been significantly reduced. When I first got here I communicated to get the lay of the land. To understand the system. But no one was on my level. not even close. Most of the ones recently who I spoke to came to me. In the beginning I sought out about 5 to talk to. Since Jerry left I have had not desire to even play chess. There is not one I want to be around for even the length of the chess game.

I will be cordial and I will carry on surface conversations, but nothing in depth. I will read and write. I need to find a routine. An example may be write 20 pages every morning. read most of the day and do another 20 pages at night. I can do that. To some degree it is just the physical \_\_\_\_\_1086 of writing that I need to develop. The ideas are in my head. My day last about 18 hours. Tke about ½ hours to eat. ½ to bathe. 1.5 every other day to exercise. The rest is free time.

I need to increase my meditation time in order to enhance my creativity and the flow of ideas. In Italy I was in the same situation. I only had about 5 hours a day obligated to the Army. The rest of the time I studied and meditated. My mind went to a whole new lever. In 1992, when Kay and I moved back to Houston it was the same but with Art. The painting really began to take over my existence.

Now I am older, smarter and understand the creative process and myself much better. I can't deal with the boredom of this place or the depressing nature. I will therefore \_\_\_1087with my own thoughts and write them down. I am sure I will begintodraw some sketches for future paintings. I can see that it willtake months after I get out to type all this up. I feel it will be pretty well organized. I will see. When I think about this I feel that time will fly and I will be out of here ready to implement my WorldPeace Advocacy.

I am an obsessive compulsive personality. Once I get into the grove of this. I will push hard to max my output.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

Commissary just came. No problems I got all I ordered. This place is starting to feel too much like home.

May 6, 2008, after breakfast and count

My son John does not understand why I am making such a big deal about the fact that Deputy Pyka lied about me knocking him down and kicking him. He seems to be OK with cops lying as a matter of course. The reality is that two of the biggest liars I knew in high school went on to be cops. I have always associated cops with lying. When I practiced criminal law I saw more of it.

For me, my father drilled into me “turn the other cheek.” And I have lived by it all my life. I never had a physical fight with anyone, except my youngest son. He was out of control at 17 and I had no choice but to engage him. My oldest son who was home on leave from the Marines got between us and prevented any real harm being done.

The fact that I fought this liar was a lie. The thought that I would kick someone once they were down is something I consider cowardly. Yet that was the lie that I was unable to rebut unless I wanted to spend additional time in jail and deal with all the extra burden that a felon must deal with.

That lie enhanced my potential sentencing range from 0-6 months to 12-14 months, per the sentencing guidelines.

In addition, I am an advocate for peace and non-violence and this lie is in the public record and I will have to account for it for the rest of my life. It erodes my credibility. Most people think my changing my name was a cute act. It was not. It was an absolute and total commitment to increasing the peace in the world human society. When this book and others come out, people will see the truth. In the meantime I am just the butt of jokes. It does not bother me. The jokes come from ignorant apathetic people. The lies come from evil souls.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

My first wife The Snake, my son Brian and DAvi and my daughter Stephanie have all told blatant lies about me. They have tried to destroy me with their lies. I take comfort in the story of Paul in the Bible. Over and over lies were told about him and over and over he was punished and harmed because of those lies. It is the way of the world. My time in jail is nothing compared to Gandhhi and Mandela. The lies told about me are nothing compared to those told about Paul. The lies make me angry and sad. They are evil.

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May 6, 2008, after supper

A couple of guys decided they would make some hooch and the cellblock snitch ratted them out. The result was a shakedown. I have been expecting it for a few days because we have not had one but this one was brought about by the snitch.

They did not find my red pen. I had just cut an article out of the paper with a large picture of a girl who folded 1000 origami cranes. It was a nice visual. It was under my mattress and was trashed. They also threw away about 15 used pens that I was saving as just the pens I used to write this book. They also took my apple juice and 4 small boxes of cereal. There was no reason for that. I used the cereals to mix with my oatmeal in the morning. It is sealed up and there was no reason to throw it out like open food. They did not take my water bottle I use to mix the daily cool aid (bernards) It is always depressing when the very limited things you have are taken. I am glad the manuscript to Volume I is out of here.

After chow are had laundry. We change clothes sheets and towels. Tuesday and Saturday. You put the dirties in the bins and tell them the size clothes you need. I wear a large large The gave me an XL pant and 2XL shirt. No point in objecting. Also they have the towel and sheet rolled up and they like to hit you in the face with it. It is all humiliating.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Deputy Pyka lied in his affidavit about me. The guards humiliate you. My attitude about the police is deteriorating. I have no respect for them. I love my son. and because his is a cop I have gotten some special treatment. But I wish he was in another profession.

I am adjusting to my sentence. Another problem in here are the inmates. You ask simple questions and they give smart ass answers. I don't understand why the morons want to act like the guards.

My problem right now is the fact that I have no real connect with anyone outside. I talk to John but it is always business and problem solving. I guess to I have not really let go of Kay. I have come to realize in the last few days that much of her acts of kindness were not love but just auto reponses. She sure fooled me for 19 years. So much so that I can't believe she is gone. Life goes on. In 6 months and 15 days I will again have contact with the opposite sex. I will find someone who really cares about me this time. In the meantime I have to stay very busy reading and writing.

I am withdrawing from the other inmates as well. I can only hope that an intelligent friendly guy will show up who I can have a conversation with about something other than crimes, judges, courts etc. Right now there is no one here like that.

The cellblock is quieter than it has been. I don't know why . I guess it is just the new mix of people. This is not a group of people who interact like even two weeks ago. The quiet is nice.

They had a contractor in here a few weeks ago about a TV. Maybe that will be installed shortly. I don't like the noise and I don't watch it really but I think it will help me pass the time at this point.

I am going to order some candy bars this week and use them to get some novels. I made a request to the chaplain for a concordance, a Bible commentary, a copy of the gospel of

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Thomas, the deal sea scrolls and the nag hamadi library. That will be some interesting readin. We will see if they can deliver.

I think the problem weight on me right now is that when I get out, There is no one waiting for me. It won't take long to change that but it bothers me now. It may have been easier in here if I had completely released Kay. I guess that won't happen until the indentation on my ring finger goes away.

May 7, 2008, after breakfast

Yesterday I was feeling low due to several factors. 1) The fact that I am powerless in here to do anything. I am completely dependent on others. 2) I am dealing with a past event of major significance (my Federal sentencing) let down. The out come was not a significant as the disengagement from a completed project. One in their case that began on November 13, 2007. And ended on Mya 2, 2008, with my sentencing. 3) I have identified the books I am to write here in the next six months. but the task is monumental and I am lost in trying to understand how they are relate. 4) The fact that I felt humiliated when the laundry exchange took place. 5) The fact that I had to endure a shakedown. which always leave me low because of the determination of the jail to maintain a sterile environment. The shakedowns always make me feel low for a day or so. 6) The realization that I have been clinging to Kay. I did not expect that we would ever get back together but the realization that she considers me a loser who cannot support her. That is very sad.

After dating for a year after the divorce from the Snake I got down on my knees and made a commitment to God and myself that I would not date anymore women who did not have a long run potential. Thhre weeks later Kay appeared. And what she did for me for the next 19 years will have my love and devotion for eternity. Yes eternity because this is a pivotal life for me over a 1000 millinnia. I will always love her. but she is not a pwart of what is on the other side of my incarceration and metamorphosis. I realize I have been blocking my next companion or companions by holding onto Kaay. I joy in her two page letters and write 13 in

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response. Then I realize these letters are politely received. I must release her.

7) Also I realize I cannot proceed with publishing my books until I get out of here. I have come to understand all the books have to be complete or close to completions before I seek out a publisher. And I must do it. Maybe with a young girl to type. I don't know.

8) when they shook down my cell yesterday they took an article I cut out of the Houston Chronicle newspaper. It was about a young girl who had folded 1000 origami cranes for peace. This was a message to me. Also the large photo was full of color. The value of the article to me was great. I have cut out other pictures and put them in my Bible because they gave me pleasure. But this one was a Mona Lisa to me.

As per usual I have put it under my mattress until I could trim it. Then the shakedown took place they threw it away. This is typical. All newspaper gets trashed. I am surprised they deliver 3 copies of the Chronicle to the cellblock every day. God preserved my other valued possession a red pen. I felt great loss over the article. I looked around the cellblock to see if by chance anyone had been left one of the two copies of the paper. They had not.

I see that the guards in the picket had a paper. I spent an hour trying to decide if I wanted to ask for it. I have an aversion to asking for anything general but especially in here. I do without rather than ask an inmate or guard for anything. So when I went to bed I just tried to release it.

Then about an hour after lights out a true undeniable miracle happened. They turned the lights on and two white shirts (guards on a higher level) came in for another shakedown. This has happened once before. They seem to be looking for something specific. It only took them about 15 minutes. Not like the full shakedown early in the morning with 10 deputies.

These deputies and white shirts are always followed by a trustee or two with large trash bags. What the deputies throw out of the cell

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the trustee picks up and trashes. Obvious the second shakedown was a mix up. Since there had been a major shakedown 5 hours earlier.

As I watched the white shirts go from room to room I noticed his trustee had a newspaper under his arm. I asked him if that was today's paper and he said yes. I asked if I could see it. He said yes. Normally I would get static from the guards, white shirts or trustee. Also as I said I normally do not ask for anything.

I took the paper and found the article that had been taken from me. I asked the trustee if I could have the page with the article in it.

God knew how important that article was to me. Evil had taken it. God returned it. I had felt earlier that somehow God was going to get the article to me. But I had no idea how.

When I recount this blessing all my feelings of sadness and loss and confusion disappeared. That article is and will be a guiding light for me. Through these next days. It is an undeniable message to me that I am on the right path. A message that God has always spoken to me. Quietly but undeniably. Every night I will tape the article to the wall, It will be a constant reminder of God's presence. A constant affirmation that I am on the right path.

When I get out I will have a special frame made for it. It is that significant to me. It is a message a blessing that will guide me for the rest of my life among many other miracles. It is a tangible gift from God The most dramatic I have ever received. Yes there have been other simimilar blessing Praise God.

May 8, 2008, after supper

This has been a strange day. I woke up from a post lunch nap and saw a new guard in the picket. I assumed it was 2200. The reality was that it was about 1400 The days are so much the same that it is hard to distinguish time. Also the weekends are so different

Dr John WorldPeace JD

thatn the week days plus no windows to the outside. no change in temperature. It is just a very strang environment.

I just finished reading Dan Kontz. False Memories. It was 750 pages and I read it over two days. The novels take me away They make time go very fast. I have 3 novels I got for a can bar each. Soo I will have one to get through Friday night the worst night of the week.

I must get back to writing because it is important for me to accomplish something each day. to keep my moral up. I am expecting some books from the chaplain that I asked for. a corncordanc, a bible commentary, the gospel of Thomas, the nag Hamadi Library and the dead sea scrolls.. these will alalow me to begin on the ___ 1099 books about Jesus and Paul. I am ready to write. It is a project that excites me and will take 6-8 weeks. I will read the Christian material and write. Then to change pace I will keep a novel going at the same time. Add to that my exercise period and maybe a little chess and the day should go quick. I have found that a shower makes a big difference so I have begung to shower every night. It is also bringing my psoris under control.

I made a request for some additional medicines I have not been taking. I saw the screening nurse and she said I will see the doctor in a few days and get them. She also said she was going to set me up with the dietitian and so I will get something close to my heart diet. I was feeling good because thye were actually going to work with me. But I believe it is only because of the Federal investigation.

I am having to mentally adjust to the fact that I no longer have only 6 weeks left. I now have 32 weeks left but I will go to the half way house in 28 weeks sounds Ok because when I came in I had 26 weeks. It is all just a mind game I have to play with myself to keep my attitude up.

The biggest issue I have to deal with is Kay. I must let here go. She has let me go. I have condensed the problem with Kay to be one of "A Bridge Too Far." when David wrecked our business

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Kay did not come to me and say, "Its OK John, We are not going to let David win. We are going to survive." Instead she quit the marriage. Not just the business but the marriage. The recovery and future was a bridge too far. She could go no more. Her leaving was the greatest disappointment of my life. I know when I get out of here I will find someone who will never let me down. Who will never quit on me. She is out there and that is what keeps me going. I am going through very tough times now. A letter from Kay would be uplifting. She could help me through this. But I am not a priority. That is what is so hard. I used to be he her priority. Now I am nothing. So be it. I am letting go. This path that I am presently on must be walked alone. So be it.

I am also disappointed in my parents. Not a single letter from my dad. One from my mother. Although John said she tried to send a birthday card. You have to wonder why birthday cards are prohibited in here. I t is just more humiliation and mind control.

May 14, 2008, after breakfast

I was feeling good last night. I had made a decision to go to France when I get out of jail and leave America behind. I began to write again on Volume 2 and I had complete about 11 pages. I had also understood the nature of the book so it will be easy to write now.

However, this morning the guards jacked with me and negatively affected my attitude. My cell door has never worked. When the hit the button to pop all the cell doors, my door does not open. So I have to push the call button. when they pus the button I have to immediately pull the door open. It is like there is a broken spring or something. This morning as I pushed the button the guard would not release the latch. So I had to set for about 10 minutes waiting at the ready to jump up and open the door if he pushed the button. The problem is if Ms Williams came intocount, which se would, the I would probably get some grief because I was still in my cell. This is just one of the many ways they constantly harass you.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

The last week or so, it has been hot in this cellblock because they cut off the air. Then when it get real hot they turn it on for a while. As it gets hotter outside I am sure it will get worse. It is hard for me to write when it is that hot. Robby W leaves tomorrow and I am going to move into his cell. It is on the first floor. For some reason the AC runs in his room all the time. He room and the two next to it. I will move down there even though I will have to deal with the extra noise on the first floor. I would rather deal with the noise than the heat which I know in is going to get worse. It is mid May and hot. July and August are the hottest months. Then it will be cool off the first week in September. But that means 4 months of hell.

Another thing I need to do is to lose 20 pounds. I weigh 193 If I go to 175 I should be cooler because I am cold natured.

Judge Brown finally signed the order that lets mother sell the Heights House. I wrote her a long letter and told her to copy John so they know all the legal pit falls. I hate to see the house sold. It means when I get out of here virtually everything I had will be gone. Yet last night I focused on Paris and began to disconnect from the house. My mother will have the cash to live comfortably the rest of her life and I will be relieved of the concern for her security.

Had Dave not destroyed the business and had Kay not left me That house would have been paid off in December 2007. God has a plan. The problem is helplessness in here.

One of the kids who was in here Danny G went to day rehab a few months ago. He gave me his address and so I wrote to his mother asking about him. She wrote a nice letter back. The point is that the letter was uplifting. Just the fact that someone communicated with me. I have really only had contact with John. No letter from my dad. 2 from my mother and both about business. I understand she did send me a birthday card last month which was sent back because birthday cards are against jail policy.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I am writing again. Volume 2 will be 1100 pages and so it will eat up 2 more months. of my time then I will have only 4 months to go. before the halfway house where I will have more freedom. Right now all I want to do is get out of here cleanup what matters I must deal with and move to Paris. All of American is beginning to seem like a prison to me.

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I have been watching these guards for 5 months. They come into the picket and sit. They have nothing to do. I see none of them studying or working on their own computers. They just sit. In the time they are here they could get an education and get more money. There are many things they could do. Essentially they are paid to do nothing. Yet non of them do it. I don't understand it. I am not like that. I must keep busy accomplishing something or I feel totally depressed. I cannot allow myself to come out of jail having accomplished nothing. That is why I am waiting on the chaplaintobring me some books so I can do a more in depth study of the Bible. I am nott judging these guards. Just making an observation and noting I could not waste the time as they do.

May 14, 2008, after lunch

I received the order dismissing the bankruptcy. It was signed the day before I was sentenced in the Federal case. I feel like the judge wanted it over before I wa sentenced. The order only dismissed the case. It did not award sanctions. So I think we will get the \$4200 Black---1106 money back. That is a good thing but having to continue to deal with it is depressing. I would not be in jail were in not for Judge Brown. And I would only be in jail 6 months were it not for the lies of Deputy Pyka.

Ms Williams was again in one of her irritated moods. As a result she refused to give us the newspaper today. We have no TV now no newspaper. The pettiness and abuse of these guards is tragic. I don't understand how people can be so vicious.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

I was disoriented this morning. I woke up in the night with no way as per usual to know what time it is. I just read and wrote. I went back to bed after count and slept until moon chow. When that happens it is very disorienting. It is so hard to tell time in her with no TV.

Because of the atmosphere I am find it harder and harder to stay grounded. The whole atmosphere seems surreal. I have 6 mohts and a week to go.

No letter from Kay today. Interesting after 19 years together.

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May 15, 2008, after lunch

I have been in jail just six days short of 5 months. It is hard to believe. The past 5 months seem like a short dream but the next si seem longer than the six I h ad when I entered jail.

Last January my son destroyed my business. In March my wife Kay who I worshipped left me. She later came back and got her dog who gave me great comfort. I lost my freedom on December 21, 2007. In a few months the home I loved on the Heights will be sold. All the hours I spent remodeling laying bricks pouring my love and attention into it will be gone. It is a place my parents bought 30 years ago and many Chritmases were played there. I have a couple thousand dollars a car and a truck and some personal items. Basically all the material items are gone. I am estranged from 3 of my 4 children my father is in poor health and not communicating with me. My mother is communicating some. The son who has supported me is busy with his own life and I know that when this book is published he will not be able to acknowledge I am his father without causing problems with his career.

I do have my education, my experience my health. And I still have an absolute faith in God. I know everything is the way it should be. I know if I was supposed to be out of this place God would

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perform a blessed miracle and I would be free. As long as I am here, there is a purpose for my being here. Such is my faith. In many ways it is miserable in jail but not life threatening.

I spend many hours studying the Bible. Seeking understanding not of my condition but an understanding of religion and collaterally why there is not peace in the world.

Where I used to look for the best in everyone I now believe that few people can avoid doing wrong if it benefits them. I think that innate biology genetic makeup will always be there. It is the same in the Christian heaven. The Bible reality wars in heaven between the angels. Heaven is not a place of perfect peace. As above so below. We are a lower form of creation than our spirit. But even spirits conflict with each other.

What I know is that as I have experienced of God's miracles. I know God is with me always. and that gives me peace. My experiences are not as bad as others. Right now there are good people starving in Burma Myanmar because the ruling Junta is denying aid from the world community to almost 2 million human beings. They will spend time in hell for their acts. But the amount of suffering is great. There is no way to justify it. The same is happening in Darfur in Africa.

America the greatest nation on the earth is too busy with wars in Iraq and Afghanistan to care. The UK spat? 1109 for that war. Over 100,000 Americans dead and wounded because the most powerful nation in the world can't solve the problems except by murder. There are people in need due to a cyclone and yet we create additional misery through war.

and this is my mission. To somehow increase the peace. Yet I know much of what I write will cause conflict because I am questioning the ethics and morality of religion, politics and the justice systems globally. I have no doubt I will be hated for the truth I speak. So be it. That is my destiny.

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Many people suggest that I change my name back and give it up. I just smile at their apathy. Life is a daring adventure or nothing – Helen Keller. All I present to God at the time of my death are my actions while on earth. I take nothing else with me from this reality. And I leave nothing of value behind in not one idea that increasing the peace in the world human society.

Sunday May 18, 2008, before lunch

this morning Ms Williams appears again. She seems to be working 2 days a week now. So I think they may have her floating from cellblock to cellblock. I have come to view her as a very evil person. The last time she worked she refused to give us the newspaper. Apparently she took them with her at the end of her shift and threw them away. About 0900 one of the inmates was able to get the copy used by the guards in the picket.

Today is Sunday a large newspaper. It appears that she is going to withhold the newspaper again. One of the problems is that my friend Robby W was discharged on Friday. He is Black and was the only one who could really deal with her on a consistent basis. Now he is gone so getting the newspaper may be tricky from now on.

There are no problems in this cellblock. No fighting no disrespect. Even though there is no TV. to bleed off a lot of the tension. Yet this woman comes in each morning she is on duty and creates tension. She is one of the guards who truly hates us. When I first got here I gave her the benefit of the doubt. No longer. She is evil.

Yesterday we had our exchange of clothes. This happens on Tuesday and Saturday. when you exit the door you tell the guard what size you wear. Most of the time they give you what you request. Two weeks ago the guard ignored my request and gave me a top and bottom that were too long. I said nothing. I know him to be another one who hates inmates and therefore his job.

After you make your request, the clothes are thrown at you. Also you get a towel with a sheet rolled up inside. Until 6 weeks ago the

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sheets ere all torn and all were a tobacco stain brown. I guess because of the Federal investigation they bought all new sheets and towels. The towel rolled is thrown at you with the clothes are being thrown at you. They try to hit you in the head or make it hit the floor. Nothing is handed to you.

I always check my sheet and yesterday I only had a half sheet. I told the guard 3 times and he ignored me. Then when I was about to enter the tank I said it again in front of another guard. As a result I got another sheet. But the guard was mad that he had to do it.

In the other cellblock I did not care because I slept in all my clothes and used the sheet folded up over my chest. Now this cellblock is hot so I have to have the sheet to cover the rubber mattress because I sleep on in my undershorts due to the heat. The other problem is if they check the sheets on Tuesday and mine is torn in half they will accuse me of tearing it in half. There are plenty of ways for the the guards to hassle you. and the evil ones take advantage of it.

Usually when we go to the clinic or court whee we have to use the elevator we have to move to the back of the elevator keep our hands behind ut and face the back wall. A few days ago I went to the clinic to get my medicines refilled and to get some additional prescriptions that I never received. the guard who took us said we did not have to face the rear of the elevator. She seemed like a very nice person. There are some like her. All these guards are not evil. Most just do their job. But the few who are sadistic and evil can create unnecessary tension and deliverately make a bad situation worse.

Last Friday night a new guard came into the night count. He decided to pull each card and make the same people in the cellblock match the index card records. When he called my name, he asked me where I got that name. I told him I change it 20 years go. He then asked me if I was the anti-Christ. These are fundamental Christians who believe that the anti-christ will gain power by advocating WorldPeace. These are the kinds of fools that seriously ask me that question.

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The question always gives me pause. I feel like the people are ready to kill me because I may be the anti-Christ in their minds spoken of in the Book of Revelation. I always think how stupid a mentality it is for Christians to decide that an advocate of peace needs to be killed. Others, even without the support of the Book of Revelation have an innate hatred for anyone who advocates peace. Especially someone who has changed their name to WorldPeace. These are things I know from experience. This is the reality. It is the reason I have trouble with these conservative judges.

When I first began to practice law, all the judges were democrats and relatively liberal. about 15 years ago the state of Texas went neo-con Republican and now there is this ultra conservative bias in the courts. It is why the prisons are full.

When I began practicing law all first time offenders except capital murderers got deferred adjudication. Now very few get it. It is a stupid mindset. But it seems that the Republicans are about to suffer greatly in the coming election because of the jail issue, the endless war in Iraq where there was no Osama Saddam link and weapons of mass destruction, refusing to give veterans their earned benefits and economy in recession. \$4 gasoline and our ignorance of global warming. I saw all this coming and put in on my web site ever since George Bush was elevated. And I received a lot of hate email because of it.

There are global problems that are about to overtake the world human population and much of it is due to the policies of George Bush. For 8 years he has maintained an arrogant elitist exclusive world view. For 8 years we have lived in the darkness of his anti-social policies. His policies have created more death and destruction in Iraq than Saddam ever thought about. And they hanged Saddam.

when Robby was about to leave, I thought about moving into his room downstairs because it was cooler. But there were other considerations besides the heat. I could not decide. The vent in his room blows cool air all the time. So it seemed that at night the room would cool down with the door shut. In the day time the

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cool air and the door into the common areas because the vent is only 6" from the door. The room intake vent is at the back of the room.

A new guy came into the tank and took over one of the 5 of 24 rooms that were getting constant ventilation. He kept his door shut but I found his room very hot. The reason is that the intake vent in these small rooms pulls out the cool air as fast as it comes in. The in and out vents should have been reversed when the jail was designed. My room is at the top of the stairs and the ceiling is about 12' outside my door. The second floor is like a landing in that the floor area is only half of that downstairs. The common area essentially has 22' ceilings. So I guess the hot air escapes my room and keeps it cooler even though my room vent does not work.

Last week the average temp in the cellblock was 85 degrees. Now it is down to about 74. I notice that the picket is now having to run two small fans which means it is now hot in there. So it seems something has happened to the AC and those who watched us suffer are now suffering.

It is nonsense to believe that the maintenance people cannot stabilize the air flow in the jail. It is a lack of priority and funding. Even though the good citizens of Texas and Harris County want to lock up everyone who spits on the sidewalk they don't want to fund the cost of building and maintaining a minimum comfort level for all the inmates. The heat and conditions cause fights due to the tension.

If the citizens want to lock everyone up for corrupt judges, then they need to build the facilities to house the inmates. It is for me like the anti-abortion folks. They are against abortion but refuse to increase the welfare limits to support those unwanted children.

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Ms Williams did give us one paper. I am sure she knows the conflict this causes. There are always two papers one for each

floor. The rule is that the person who has it gives it to the first person who asks him to have it next. This is the way it has always been.

When I finished the paper and was going to give it to Pedro who asked for it next. Mora the preacher saw me with it in Matamoras room with the paper in my hand. I went to Matamoras to ask what Ms. Williams had just finished yelling about before I took the paper down to Pedro.

Then Mora came up and decides he wants the paper next and it is not going downstairs to Pedro. Normally,, with two papers it would not go downstairs because it would stay upstairs. He was ready to fight. I was \_\_\_ 1118 that he did not start something. He has had a hatred for me from the day he came into the tank. He is a self proclaimed chosen of God and only he understands the Bible. I have asked him questions about the Bible in the past and he has just asked me why I am asking. I quit talking to him. Also when I played chess and beat him he said he would never play me again because I played what he termed a checkers form of chess. So be it.

I have tried to avoid him but we are confined in a small space and you just can't avoid anyone. So the bottom line is that Ms. Williams essentially put me in danger because of her determination to create problems.

When Matamoras leaves next weekend, I will have no allies in this tank. All the people I was friends with are goine and I have made no efforts to get friendly with the new inmates. I just want to stay in my room, read, write and exercise every other day. I am tired of listening to these stories. The judicial system is corrupt from the police to the prosecutors to the judges to the jailers. I have learned all I need to know. I have a clear vision of why the justice system does not create peace.

Oh Yes, Mark F is a murderer.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

I have not been writing regularly for about a month since I more or less finish the first volume of my book. of which this is the final parts ( I will continue to add to the first volume until I exit from this jail. The areas of jail the house on Heights and the finalizing of all legal matters will not be finished until I walk out of here. As I saw in a book. "You are not short until you are home." The only other issues that are also a part of this book are the issues of my relationship with my parents and Kay. I do not expect my relationship with John to change. The question is whether my father will even live until I get out of here and whether my mother will communicate with me. The same goes for Kay. She never really told me why she left. She has not written me in about a month. I have disconnected from her mentally. I did it about a week ago when I realized by reviewing her acts that she had left me and saw no possible future for us. She refuses to state this directly but instead let her actions communicate it. It is very frustrating and was creating mild depression for me when I don't get any mail from her. I have sent her 6 letters to her one to me. Last week I felt stupid when I thought about this.

Kay helped my mother pack many of my things. But I feel that all that is out of guilt and not because she cared about me.

I know for a fact I must have female companionship. It is the way I am . I have a codependency on an intimate, emotional sexual level. But not on any other. I want as much interconnection as possible but those three are the ones that I cannot function without. I do not see me married again. I also am not a person who enjoys casual sex. I refuse to be intimate with someone who I feel no connection to outside the act of sex. So I have to redefine what a relationship means to me. What do I require and can I reciprocate. But the first step to resolving that issue was to release Kay or let go of my connection to her. Through meditation and prayer I am working my way through various scenarios from when I get out. I have 6 months to figure it out. I am sure my course will be obvious by then. I have had enough experience with relationships to know the possibilities. I also know that there are so many available women that I will find someone or someones with whom I can create a mutually beneficial and fulfilling relationship.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

March? 20, 2008, before evening count.

I nearly got into another fight tonight. This is another 19 year old kid now. Jared Anthony. This is the third kid that has tried to provoke a fight with me. He has been saying all kinds of things for weeks and he seems to want to fight. Tonight he went into the showwe after I got out and while I was wringing out my shirt he called me to remove my soap and washrag that took up about 5 x 6" of space on a tiled partition in front of the shower. I just ignored him and went back to my shirt because my thins were not in his way. He knocked them on the floor in the common area. Trying to provoke a fight.

I just went aover and picked them up. and asked him why he was trying to provoke a fight. He mumbled something and I walked away.

I know if I get into a fight the DA will charge me with assault. I know my enemies are hoping to be able to put another charge on me to keep me in here longer. I can't let that happen.

Anthony will be gone in 2 weeks or less. He is just wanting to be pulled out to TDC Texas Department of Corrections. He has already s\_\_\_ 1122 for his time. I may get lucky and they will pull him this week. I just have to close off more form these people. Jared is dangerous. But I do have a way of really making people mad. Not all but some. I have not figured it out. I thought maybe tonight it had to do with anger with their fathers. It just makes no sense to me.

After Matamoros leaves this weekend I will have no one in here to talk to. There is only one guy my age in here now. There are about 8 Blacksand they clan together on the 1<sup>st</sup> floor. The whites are on the second floor. It is a subtle segregation. I just remembered yesterday I almost got into it with Mark Floeck. over the newspaper. He want me to break the rules and give it to him instead of Pedro who asked me for it. Floeck is a murderer. He isa Christian radical. I can't talk to him. He has some innate

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annomosity to me as well. But he is 44. So I am not just irritating a kid.

I am going to have to figure out what I am doing to piss the people off. In the meantime the best thing for me to do is to withdraw some more. I don't want to be totally isolated. I have to be cordial. The mix in here right now is a bunch of crazy people. Who knows maybe that are crazy and I have just not been paying attention. Unfortunately I tend to believe most of the people do not belong in here. Maybe I need to start feeling they all belong in here. It is all strange to me. I do know that some of these people are dangerous. I am not naïve. I am just determined not to catch another case. Question is why do the young bunch want to fight a 60 year old man. I guess I don't appear to be helpless.

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Dr John WorldPeace JD

The days move fast
morning to night
but the string of days
seems long

most long-termers say the days go slow
the years go fast

I try to wrap my mind
around the coming last days
and freedom
but that is not
easy

My world is a 50' x 50' cube in a cellblock
shared with up to 24 other
alleged criminals?

I have little doubt
that my persecutors
and judges
would give everyone
life imprisonment
for every crime

I am living in a small world
with only reading and writings
as an outlet

The free world is bigger
there are more choices
yet I am still imprisoned
in this body
on this planet earth

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in this solar system
this galaxy
this Universe

It is my perception
that defines my reality
not my actual physical
condition

At night,
my body sleeps
and my mind and soul fly

I am guilty of something as we all are
but the inhuman punishment
never fits the crime
in this place of
no clocks no windows
and the everpresent cold

no outside air
no TV to the world
a limited library
nowhere to
exercise in a large space

I thought prison was about claustrophobia
but found it was about mind-numbing boredom

080523

1800

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In this dungeon
 where time is suspended
 I extend my mind
 over the bridge to
 my rebirth outside
 and to my loves

I cannot focus on the
 plank by plank
 bridge of days
 between now and then
 I only feel that the
 bridge shortens

Letters came from
 the woman I don't really know
 but I can feel she has a
 firm grasp on me
 In free fall
 she caught me
 in her silken web

She pulls me close
 and wraps her arms
 around my cold and naked soul
 and brings my head to
 her nurturing breasts

I catch my breath
 like one who was asleep
 now awakened
 to eyes caressing me
 as her arms cradle
 my head

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She is silent
as am I

I know she has pulled me
from the no man's land

This world is so confusing
and heaven just as well
but the blurred reality
brings bliss and anxiety
of the unknown

I swing in seeming free fall
but time and again I am
caught by everlasting arms

Without death I am reborn
within the spirit of love
held fast by the soft sweet exquisite
body of lady love

080524

1230

Dr John WorldPeace JD

May 25, 2008, after breakfast

There are many things going on right now. I can see much more clearly. Things that are happening to be beginning to make more sense. I understand why I am in this dungeon. I begin to see how I am affected by it. I have always had the ability to step out of myself and look at the global view of my life. I could see how all the things both positive and negative each were contributing to make some change in me. In my present circumstances the changes are effecting all of me. The past that I wrote about when I first arrived here and which I dealt with logically as far as analyzing it, that past is now being dealt with on a sacred level. There has been intellectual purging. Now there is an emotional purging.

Right now it is coming to me that I would set up a place in the woods where people come to experience what I have experienced. They come to get away from all they know and they begin to change their lives. They come and begin by writing their auto biography. They live simply. They eat simply, they cleanse their bodies and their minds. Their curriculum is simple.

Eric M. left yesterday. He graduated from the police academy with my son John. Essentially the woman he was exposed to as a cop got him in trouble. He got 5 years but 6 months in jail and the rest probation. He got ___1125 but the truth is that six months may have been a bit excessive.

He is the last person also I talked to. So now I have no one to communicate with. I have found that most of the guys I communicate with were older, had families, were interested in talking about more than their jail offenses and had some kind of future planned when they got out. The rest of the knuckheads in 45 minutes their whole life could be summarized. But most coming in here now are young so they have no life experiences. I will continue to connect with the majority but like now there are 4-5 who I have never really talked to.

It is interesting to me how the first level in the cellblock is Black and the second level is white and Hispanic. It is 80% this way.

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There are no rules. No one is trying to enforce territorial rights or segregation. It is just the way it is. I think it is interesting that the whites and Hispanics are physically housed above the Blacks.

I am losing weight again. I am doing this by simply staying a bit hungry all the time and not stuffing at meals. When I first came here I was snacking all day. Now I don't really eat between meals. Sometimes I will eat a piece of fruit, which is always small or a spoon of peanut butter to carry me to meal time if it is late. The loss of weight is helping my mindset. I think it is also setting a pattern for when I get out of here. After a year of this ____ 1126 I will be able to maintain my weight. I want to weigh around 170 and I am probably down to 190. I would expect that it may take 4-6 months to achieve my goal.

In addition, my exercise routine is pretty well set. It takes me 1.5 hours to complete. I work out every other day. And I do a very light work out between work out days. Then I try to take off one day a week. I am getting stronger and that is helping me mentally. My blood pressure was 120/73 and heart rate about 62 a few weeks ago. I will be able to maintain this work out schedule when I get out.

Yesterday they issued our shorts, socks and underwear. All dyed orange. I am glad now I don't have to spend time washing my clothes in the shower. I will rinse out my T-shirt when I work out and get it sweaty. But I don't need to wash it because I will get clean clothes on Tuesday and Saturday.

I am reading two novels every 3 days. Then make time to go fast but more importantly they are teaching me how to tell a story. They are also showing me the kind of things that I want to write. I have things I want to write about peace, religion, politics and justice that will make people think more than just a commercial novel. It is like my art. I want to pursue my style not something that will simply make money. I want to increase the peace in society so I think my writing will come at that ____ from many angles. Though poems, haiku, short stories, mini lectures and books.

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I have also beginning to sketch for painting. I will do when I get out of here. I feel I will have 25-30 by the time I get out of here and they will take years to complete. I still believe that I will have some high school and college girls do the coloring. I will draw the art and mix the colors but they will color in the space like a coloring book. And if they want they can use the studio to create their own art. This is something that really appeals to me. But I would prefer to paint (and write) while being in Paris and traveling the continent.

John and mother listed the house on Heights for sale. I find that I have released it. I am not angry about it any more. I have let it go. I think this is because I am getting a more clear and focused vision of what my life will be when I get out of here.

Kay has not written me in a month. I don't understand, but it is the same when we were married. She was a very hard worker and always caring for me but it was impossible to have a conversation with her about the future. She wanted me to make all the decisions. she just wanted to lose herself in the work. Her refusal to communicate with me is helping break the hold she had on me and is slowing killing the love I had for her. I am so lonely in here one letter a week would do wonders for me. But those letters are not coming. Kay told me last year that she would tell me why she left me. But she continues to keep it to herself. By the time I get out of here I feel she will be just an old friend. I will finish our taxes and we will divide up the pictures and then we may never speak again maybe only once or twice a year. She has the life she wanted. But I don't think that life her the happiness that she thought she would have.

I received a letter from Danny Garcia mother last week. and at the end she said some things that made me feel that we will begin to explore a relationship. It is interesting but from the time Danny began to talk about his mother I felt some strange attraction. I don't understand it. I wrote her a long response and yesterday I received a letter from Danny through her. Inmates cannot directly communicate with each other in the prison system. So I sent another letter to her with my response to Danny. I have a feeling she will write a lot. then allow me to call here and then

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even come by to see me. Who knows. All I can say is that having a woman to talk to is something that really lifts my spirits in here. And she is an attractive woman of 44 I think. She is totally supportive of her son, which I like. But I feel that she is missing something in her life. Someone to talk to . I guess that is what we all want. I am looking forward to her response.

May 26, 2008, before supper.

Times continues to blitz by. It is already late Monday afternoon and I feel like I just work up. My 24 hours day seems too be broken up into eat read write sleep re read write eat read sleep, repeat. I seem to be taking 3 long (2 hours) naps per day. And the sleep is deep and peaceful.

When at home and studying something instantly by reading I often would become tired and take a power nap. Somehow it seems to me that I saturate myself with reading and meditating and then I fall asleep. During that sleep period I process the information that I have consciously processed and then when it has been properly stored I wake up like a submarine rising quietly to the surface.

I have been reading extensively lately. Mostly novels. I feel that I am “learning” how to tell a story. My story. I was never able to read as many books back to back as I am now. So I was never able to see the differences. Right now I am reading D L Doctorow. Billy Bathgate and the sentences at times are a “half page long. also, Tom Clancy Stephen King are too verbose but wordiness has its place. Mary Higgins Clark is just about right for a popular novel. I wish I had classics like Moby Dick and A Tale of Two Cities available. I am sure I will read them when I get out.

I find that I am having my need to write increasing. I am looking for a way to write Volume @. I know the content. I just don't know how to present it. Whe I do, and I think that will happen within a few days or a week. I will write very fast. I will write fast because I will be reading as I write. My mind is organizing the

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content now. when I begintowrite it will flow out in a coherent and interesting manner.

It is hard to explain how time has changed. when I first got here I just marked the days off and somehow time when fast. However, when I was sentenced to the additional time, I was disoriented. Now time has shifted to where I feel like I am on a distant run. I have found a pace that works and that pace is steady during the entire 24 hours. In a way I feel as if I am not sleeping. It is like weight training. You do a serious of experiences a number of times. Like now, walk, perhaps, walk behind the book push up, walk, pull up, walk modified chin up, walk repeat 10 times. It takes about 1.5 hours to complete the entire workout. It never seems lik emor than 30 minutes.

I also now have my shaving routine twice a week. and I look forward to my ice cream on Monday morning when commissary comes. However, today we did not get commissary because it is memorial day. I also write letters and respond to the few I get. These are very uplifting. I emery board my nails once a month. I make origaime cranes and now I am beginning to sketch art that I will create when I get out.

Eric M left me some books on Catholicism and I am learning the rosary. I do not strictly believe the Catholic metaphor but I find the rites and rituals well organized and that appeals to me. However, when I read their catechism I find that I disagree with much of it. Yet it stimulates my religious/spiritual thinking and it is enlightening. mY connecting with God is becoming more clear. I am nore and more impressed with the power of sacred texts. with the rosary even though I don't personally believe in the need to emphasize Mary, I am in sync with 2 billion Catholics when I pray it and so I feel I am taken in the power of suc a huge number of people praying the same way. I am sure it is true with other realigions as well. The Buddhist and Muslims also use prayer beads. It is frustrating that you are not allowed beads in her. but I understand that rosary is could be turned into weapons.

I am becoming more conscious of the limited time I have to be productive in this life. Surely I will slow down by 100. which is

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just 40 yearrs in the future. Part of me just wants to write and paint and enjoy the companionship of a handful of women. Some to go to the opera with, some to sail with, some to talk to, some to work on art and writing with. And maybe one to just be a constant companion.

Yet I feel the need to take on the stress of rebuilding my business. It seems important to geth that going because of the amount of money it will bring in. And the jobs it will create. I do feel that I will have several personal assistants because I will be busy 18 hours a day and most people cannot keep that pace 7 days a week. Another woman to work out with.

I think the important thing is to keep a good pace. And I am learning that in here. I feel what I am doing in here will continue on the writing, exercise, diet etc and will just be modified when I exit this little dungeon. I have no doubt that God is directing my life and providing what I need.

Shome how I believe I will connect with several women while al am in here. I have already it seem connected with Rose. Danny G.'s mother. And then there are two female guards in her I believe I would connect with if there were not the guard inmate restriction. However, God can make anything happen. All I know is that as much as I would like to be free, I know the time for me to exit here has not come. I am at peace with my incarceration and that is all that matters. I still get mad ata the lies of Deputy Pyka and the corruption of Judge Hughes Fry, H—and Brown. But they are all instruments used by God and I release their evil to god to take care of. But I am human and I get angry.

Yesterday I realized wat a tremendous respect I have for John McCain who was a PW in Vietnam for 7 years and who helped his fellow inmates survive. What he did was subject to my utmost respect. He is a man of substance and next to him Obama pales. Hillary in her own right is a hero as well. But not to the degree of John McCain. Hillary election would be very empowering to women all over the world.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

The cells block is heating up because they seem to raise the thermostat on Sunday and today because it is a holiday. I think they do this because the staff is not here to gripe about it. For some reason I feel cool. Part of it is that I am cold natured and the more weight I lose the more tolerable it will be for me. Right now there are about 4 guys laying on the cement outside my door because the cement is cool.

I would never do that because the floor is filthy. It is just another negative thing that one has to get around. It can't be changes do you adapt.

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Dr John WorldPeace JD

Card playing men  
in orange prison suits

Flash I back  
to card playing men  
in Army green

Flash I back  
to grandpa and grandmother's kitchen table  
with aunts and uncles  
cards in hand

Little memories  
time shots strung on  
bright colored cards  
with Bicycle backs

I return to my cell  
and fly away quickly  
on novel pages' wings

080525

1500

Dr John WorldPeace JD

The dusty earth  
    puffs in early morning steps  
        the ground cooker rises  
            over long rows of ripe cotton

Hungry birds  
    capture juicy  
        slick green caterpillars

Redwing Blackbirds  
    sing a scratchy song

My mind is freely wondering  
    as I move down the  
        lane toward home  
            the humidity wets me  
                cools me

I was a child dreaming  
    future days to come

In this white stone cell  
    I lay on my back  
        still - almost as death  
            inside this spacious coffin

Outside the sun comes up  
    In here, there is no sun  
        or hot or cold

No task awaits me  
    this day

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I take a deep long breath  
and pass it out  
my brain floods  
with oxygen  
and brings memories  
of hot sailing  
days gone by

The water lops against  
the small boat  
the salty sea sprays  
and cools my face  
as the sun burns my skin

I drift in dreams  
within the vision

Into this isolated place  
I brought memories of every moment  
of every day  
and now from pseudo Heaven or Hell  
I wait impatiently  
to be reborn

080525

1500

May 26, 2008, after supper

There are three things that are depressing in here for me. 1) Calling out of here on the collect phone. You have to listen to their message to the person you are calling to be careful of call forwarding scams. 2) mail call and not getting any mail for weeks on end. 3) Then the shakedowns where they come in and dump out your things on the bunk.

We saw the goon squad reaching the cellblock next door through the picket. So we knew it was coming and had time to get ready. For me that meant eating my banana quickly so they would not throw it away and getting rid of my little makeshift cutting tool made from a disposable razor blade and the end of the pens they sell. I used it to cut out articles in the newspaper.

We got lucky and chow came just minutes before they were to come in and do the shakedown. As a result of the time of chow, and the fact that this is the protective custody cellblock and they never found anything they gave us a pass. I was glad for the pass but not for the having to eat fast. I seldom eat fast anyway and in here is the ritual that makes time go by a little faster.

The supervising sgt did notice that we did not have a TV and said he would look into it. So maybe something good came out of this shakedown. I think we have been without a TV for 2 months now.

While writing this they called laundry as per half the time I asked for Large Top and bottom and they gave me XL. Not only that they were new and have not been washed and shrunk down. Plus the sizing is still in them and they are hotter. So I have to go the next 4 days looking like a clown. I don't wear the top anymore so that does not matter. I guess there are 4 things that continue to marginally depress me in here.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

Another thing that it beginning to bother me is my arthritis. I have been reading a lot and the next comfortable place is laying sideways half way propped up on a pillow. that has begun to make my back hurt all the time. 200 mg ibuprofen helps. But I just realized due to the discomfort that there are no chairs in here. You have a stool attached to the desk that swings out or the bed. I catch a different kind of back pain if I lay on my back and read. All in the bay area are stainless steel picnic tables. I am relating this for no reason except to paint a clear picture of the many small things in jail that amount to minor torture. I am very thankful that I don't have to deal with being in the general population tanks. where you have to constantly watch you back.

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About 2 months ago a Black guy name Riles came into the tank. He immediately started to get on the phone and talk to non-existent people and was dialing number sequence to accomplish a scam on the receiver to pay for his calls by charging their phone bills. I was irritated because I thought the was going to cause the phones to be cut off and I needed to call out every night. I said nothing.

The younger Blacks have a habit of walking around with their hands inside their pants massaging their private parts as well as walking around with their pants below their butts. I just ignore it.

In the last few days a couple of the new white guys said that Riles was masturbating while on the phone. I never paid that close attention. But I did not doubt it. I did notice he would always watch the showers while he was on the phone. But again I just ignored it. I did not like the guys energy and like several others in here just put him out of my mind.

Yesterday, Dale C told the deputy he wanted something done about it. He did not want to use the phone after Riles. This morning at count Ms. Williams went right up to Riles telling him he was disgusting. Then she told the tank it had to be written up or nothin would be done. So Dale wrote out a statement and it

Dr John WorldPeace JD

went around to be signed 8 of us signed it but only one of the 10 Black would sign it. I was surprised but not surprised.

8 people is enough to get him reclassified and out of this cellblock. It only took 5 to get rid of Bullethead. Since things are bad enough that the fact that you have family that is police is not enough to help you. Mike R well give the statement to Ms. Williams when he gets the newspapers. We will see what happens.

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080604

Jared A was put on a chainto TDC a few day ago. He was a 19 years old who kept trying to pick a fight with me. He has a tattoo of the Houston Astros logo on his chest. It is a Mx Gang sign. When he gets to TDC they will probably make him cut it off or they will do it for him.

Two night ago the deputies came charging in at 0130. They turn on the cell light and popl the doors then the cellblock is flooded with about 10 deputies Turns out they wanted all the white underwear we were told to bag up two weeks ago when they gave us the orange county issue underwear. I guess they decided they did not want to see it in the shakedowns any more so they collected it. The only thing that was positive was the deputy who came in my cell was an attractive brunette 25 years old. Just more humiliation. A big deal over nothing.

Today I called John and he said they put the house but for \$525000 and sold it the first day on the market for \$500,000. I feel it was underpriced. But my mother gets her cash and it is out of John's hair. And Kay who has been packing is also rid of it. So everyone is happy except me. I never thought when I came to jail I would never be able to return to that house. I put so much of my life's blood and sweat into it. Just like Kay's father's farm. I did so much and then had to leave it.

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The problem is that I keep getting hammered with the past. Every time I sort of settle in something like this happens and I have to relive the whole mess. My arrest, the lying cops and judges. All of it. And it is very depressing. It is most depressing to see my whole life disassembled and there is nothing I can do about it.

I know it is part of my destiny. That is what keeps me going. I hang on to the thought that my book will be published and all things will be made right. All that I have endured. I have faith even now when it feels like all the luck and blessed life I have had is gone. I feel like Job who lost everything. And I also think about Jessu who everyone abandoned.

I realize also that John I used to believe there was good in everyone I now see why God allegedly destroyed the world by water in Noah's time and why he destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah and his frustration with the Jews. The tendency of people to do evil is unlimited.

I will never again feel comfortable around the police. There are some good cops but they are as few as good people. I will never trust the police again after what I have experienced. I will never trust any judge. I just wonder at how stupid I was to believe in the law. I hope that in the coming election all the Republicans judges are turned out of office. But I doubt that will happen in Harris County, unless enough people vote straight Democratic.

The other thing that hurts me deeply is that Kay has not written me in 6 weeks. It makes me believe that she was faking her love for me for 19 years. It was all a sad joke that I fell for. No way she loved me to have left me and done the things she has done to hurt me since she left. Mostly just neglect. She is boxing my things. I believe that is due to guilt and she caresses about my mother. But after the house closes by the end of the month I doubt I ever hear from her again. I will have to see her at the end of the year but I will probably use John as a go between.

I am beginning to write Linda Aguilar. She is Danny Garcia's mother. Danny was an inmate here. I for some reason thought I

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would connect with her when I saw her picture. I don't know why. It was just a feeling I had. As it turns out she had no feelings for her husband of two years. Her first marriage 20 years ago when her husband left her for a younger woman and abandoned her sons. She was single 15 years but she said she had to deal with some stalkers and other crazy boyfriends. Then she met her present husband and everything was OK until they got married then the relationship ended.

I have lived a crazy life but I am still here. I still have my health and drive. But it does seem that I am to go to France. I must find people like me. I don't feel safe in America. We will see what happens. With the house sold all I will have to be concerned about is me. Once the house is sold I will have nothing left that can hurt me. Everything will be packed and everyone will be glad. My next downer will be when I have to go through everything before I go to Paris.

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080606

For some reason my arthritis began to hurt to bad last night. I almost could not stand it. It has localized in my wrists and in my back by my right kidney. About every seven years since my first divorce I get a very bad case of arthritis that last about 6 months to a year. The last bad case was in Colorado in 93 when I had to come home and lay in a tub of very hot water for about 30 minutes every day after work. I attributed it to the altitude and the cold weather.

Last night it began to hurt right after dinner but went to max pain about 2300. I know my wrists are being strained by my pull ups and push ups. (The metal stairs to second level allow for pull ups on the back side but you have to have a towel to keep the metal from digging into your hands.) I think my back is made bad because sometimes I lean sideways on the bed and read.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

It may also be the stress related to my mother selling the house. It is very hard for me to cope with the idea that the place I lived for the last four years will be gone and I will no longer have access. Also that house has been in the family since 1974 and it is where my children always had Christmas. It is where my parents divorced and where my dad began the many years he flew racing pigeons. So there are many memories there.

I think the bigger issue is that when I leave this jail. I have no place to go. I will be able to stay with my mother but my home is gone. It is like the final nail in the coffin. that holds all the memories of John and Kay.

Even though I have written about all my past and reconciled to it and had closure to a large degree some issues continue to work on me.

Specifically I married two weak women who did not really love me. Both women left me with a destroyed life. The Snake ended the accounting tax law business. I had worked for 7 years to construct. She worked with me but she hated the business. She was not there to help me build it not like my son John and his wife Myle work together. And to some extent I see the people who are buying the Heights house as a young couple who are both working very hard for a common goal. Kay has the ability to do anything. But she quit on me. The business was in a transition after Dave tried to destroy it. That mess was big but not as big as the two adjustments that had to be made in August 2005 and June 2006. All businesses need to be tweaked and reworked after they begin as the owners see reality applied to their visions. If Kay had just had a mindset of determination that she was not going to allow David to destroy our lives we would have survived. She quit right when the problems had all bottomed out. The fact that I kept the business going until I came to jail last December proves to me that with her help she and I would have pulled it out of the chaos like always with me directing traffic and she working at what I asked her to do.

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But both The Snake and Kay preferred 8-5 jobs with a guarantee income even though that income was literally 10% of what our business offered.

Both The Snake and Kay were good wives but neither were distant runners. The Snake began to hate me in the last years of our marriage for some reason. She never said. Not even in 9 months of counseling. Kay has refused to date to say why she left.

Kay is now working harder than she ever worked in the business and I know she thinks about how little she makes. I know she has come to the conclusion that if she had stayed with me and put in that same amount of effort we would have survived and all her fears that cause her to leave would have disappeared with hard work.

Owning your own business is tough under any circumstances but more so when you begin it from scratch as opposed to working for a bigger company and quit and take business with you. I never did that. I would have been a thief to do that.

So sadly I had two wives as business partners who just could not dream as big as me. And of course they did not have my perspective of decades of dealing with small businesses so the hard work and ups and downs were in perspective.

There is no way I could have foreseen that both The Snake and Kay would be quitters. But what is hard for me to deal with is that they both quit when we had turned the corner. Both came from 9-5 families. Both came from families where the wife did not work outside the home.

The main difference between The Snake and Kay is that The Snake tried to destroy me. Kay simply quit on me. And she has helped pushing me up since I have been in jail. I think that has a lot to do with guilt. I think Kay knows that the business crashed because I just could not overcome David's treachery and her quitting both.

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When Kay left not only did I have her support I was also emotionally devastated that the person I loved and worshipped for 19 years was gone. The emotional hole/void in me was gigantic and virtually all consuming.

One of the problems I have in jail is that I cannot begin to rebuild my business from in here. I could have run it from in here but my only employ was just too weak to carry the load even though I felt he was capable. When I began to work again I will find a very determined hard working female about 24, maybe I will find 2 of them and from them I will rapidly rebuild my business. I will never again marry or have a close companion work in my business. I know my businesses will consume me so companionship will not have the depth that tow marriages have. Never again will family work in my business.

Yet, all the above being said, I realize that my true desting is my WorldPeace Advocacy. In every business I began, It only took 4-6 months to have the sale coming in at such a volume that I had to step selling. No one has been able to keep up with me. I relied on The Snake and Kay and my son. David is a hard worker but he is not businessman and he is extremely selfish. Now I know I have to build a company with some true believers up front. No more alcoholics, druggies, prostitutes and other burnouts which I how I have staffed my web design biz. This was not true with the bookkeeping business 28 years ago But I still did nothave a true believer in the Snake.

I would never been satisfied to be just a very successful businessman. From the age of 8 there has been this calling of my higher nature to make a difference in the world human society and not just be successful.

One thing that bothers me is that I allowed others to destroy what I had built. Destroy in the sense of abandonment by the Sanke and Kay. But in the law business and losing my license I severely underestimated the evil I was up against. I took it too lightly and if cost me my law license. I do not miss the law business and I could care less about the social status of being a lawyer. Presently it disgusts me that I was once a part of the justice? system. But I still

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hate to lose. I am a poor sport. I let people who are much less than me take my law license from me and that bothers me. It irritates me. It makes me angry.

Again that being said. The loss of that license put me back on the path to my WorldPeace Advocacy and gave me a much better more h---1150 career as a web designer. I feel that the web design business will be the golden goose of my WorldPeace Advocacy

I keep working these issues over and over in my mind. I know by the time exit here I will have 20/20 vision of my future and things will move very fast. I cannot let the evil that has been arrayed against me since I made that stupid bet before I was born win. I am laying the foundation for the future with my books and I am healing up wounds that have cut me all the way to my soul. I am the Phoenix. I will rise from my ashes. I will be much more than I was before I came into this hell hole.

080609

It is hot this morning. Part of it is the temperature is increasing outside because we are in the Summer months. It will continue to get hotter until the first week in September when the first cool front comes through. So there are 90 days of heat to deal with. I am going to try to lose another 20 pounds and that will make it cooler for me because I am cold natured.

John told me on Friday night that my dad came by to see MyLe (John's wife) who is a chiropractor, Apparently his leg and hip are hurting real bad. He left the hospital before he should so he is not getting the physical therapy.

Thursday night my arthritis was really hurting bad in my hands and by my right kidney. It was an unusual pain. After talking to John I realized I was picking up pain last night I woke up with my hip hurting real bad. Much worse than the pain the other night. So I know he was calling out to me. I woke up and said some prayers and the pain left. My dad told my son he wanted to die. Usually when a person in his 80's says that , they are not long for this

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world. I pray he does not die before I get out of jail. It will make my anger toward Deputy Pyka greater because his lies are why I am doing an extra six months in jail.

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080610

One thing that is happening in here is that I am creating a routine that is taking my mind away from being in jail. More and more I feel like I am in a monestary. In a monestary one thinks, reflects, meditates, prays, while doing some level of chores. My chore happens to be my writing, my exercising.

The heat comes and goes but I find that I am ignoring that as well. Sometimes it is hot and worse, the air is stagnate. That used to cause a low level of clostophobia. No longer.

I am also finding the best position for me to use for meditation in laying down on my back. I use a small rounded short shaft for a pillow mostly under my neck. In this position I am more able to go into a space that is just between waking and sleeping where thoughts and thoughts about problems most to do with creativity are easier to pull together. In this space there is very little interference and distortion.

I think laying down works for me because I am able to avoid falling asleep right away. If I stay in this space too long I will tend to fall asleep. But in this position there is no pain that xome from sitting in a yoga position. I have been sleeping this way in my powernaps for years. I don't move around. I lay deathly still.

I realize now too that I cannot reach the same levels doing a walking meditation because of the need to allocate some part of my braintowalking. Also there is the distraction of using my muscles.

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Laying down probably better on a hard surface or very firm pad does away with pain and thinking even peripherally about anything except working on the problem at hand.

Also as I have said before, many times when I overload myself with input on a subject it is best to just assume this position and go on to sleep and let the data work themselves out. The problems solve themselves on a subconscious level and sometimes are simple not available upon waking. I believe with no scientific backup, that dreams are a way for significant global problems to be solved.

Also when I lay down to meditate I am not tired from lack of sleep. If that is the case, I will sleep. I am usually fresh when I lay down but I can feel a need to stop writing or creating or working and lay down and allow my brain to catch up.

In writing the WorldPeace Advocacy I find that I am writing a section and then understanding the general nature of the next section. I lay down and think about it. That at some point I begin to write. In writing the WorldPeace Advocacy I know the overall content but I do not know how that content is to be laced together so it is like moving along a forest trail at night with a flashlight. The flashlight only illuminates so much of the road at a time. The trail is there but you cannot see farther by moving farther along.

When I paint I will usually paint for an hour and then sit back and look at the painting for an hour. I go through the same creating process as when laying down, but I must keep my eyes open to see how the painting is to develop. It is a trail of different sorts in that I can see the whole painting but then focus on how to bring it out of a blank canvas. First my drawing and then by painting.

I have also discovered and believe that sexual energy is a major source of creativity. It is sort of the energy from visualizing sexual acts and forces it on writing, painting or a business problem. It enhances the intensity of the visions in meditations.

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080615

Yesterday afternoon I went through a very low period which seemed unusual. In meditation on it I seemed to believe that something was wrong with Kay. I didn't know if it was a family tragedy or if she had a problem with her health. I have been wondering how long she could continue to work long hours. She was never in that good of shape even though she was never overweight with me. I felt too that she has not had closure with out divorce and that is constantly haunting her.

She knows that she did me wrong leaving me the way she did. The fact that she left me all of a sudden with no choice was an indication that she had been thinking about it for some time. I also had the impression that LeAnn had also encourage her to leave me. I had never thought about it until last night.

Today it seems that whatever crisis existed had been resolved. If there was a problem it will eventually get back to John. Kay has not written me in 2 months. I have sent her about 5 letters in that time.

I feel pretty sure that Kay is very lonely. I think that is the one thing she never expected. She has a peaceful life ewiht a regular job but no life. Her granddaughter will be around for another 8 years and supposedly Cody and Heather had an invetro fertilization from a sperm and egg donor to replace CAL. but it will be another female this time who should be born next month. in July. ThenKay will have no more time for my mother or very little. I think that is why she is trying hard to pack up all my things.

The reality is that most os this I will not find out until I get out of here just before Christmas.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Several days ago I received a reply from the Federal Bureau of Prisons responding to my query as to when my time started. when I projected to get out and when I am going to a halfway house.

Their response was that I was not on their system yet but when I was I would be notified.

There was also a short reference to the 18 USCA 35841a) which said my Federal sentence would run after I finished my state sentence. Actually I was picked up by the feds on December 22 and on December 28 there was a writ of attachment which put a hold on me for the 6 months contempt order signed November 3, 2008,. So the state sentence will run concurrent to the fed sentence unless it says to run it consecutive in the November 3 order. which it does not.

We were supposed to go to the law library on Friday but the guards pulled us too late to go. It makes me mad that they have so little to do and can't keep track of a once a week law library visit. for 45 minutes. I am writing a letter to John with the details and a letter to an address he BOP letter gave me for a determination of the status of the two sentences.

If they try to run the state sentence after the fed sentence I should be able to beat it with a writ of habeas corpus. That was my plan when I came in here but since I was always on a Federal hold a writ of habeas corpus would be useless and maybe not heard because I would not be able to get out of jail anyway. Right now I feel like being screwed around by the feds probably worked to my advantage.

I do not want to send anything to the feds until after June 27 when the full six months on the state case will have run. Also I feel there may be an exception because my state sentence is not a criminal matter but a state court civil contempt. I believe that will have to run concurrent. At any rate within a month I should know exactly when I am to get out. It will be really nice if I know next month that I will get out on December 21.

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I will feel free when I got to the halfway house on November 21. If they somehow try to un the fed sentence second which is very doubtful, I will go to a Federal prison and probably be put in a campus which means low security with all kinds of privileges and rights that I do not have in here.

~~~

Yesterday they finally came in and installed a TV. It is on from 0900 to 2230 like in the other cell. The sound is much more clear. It has also reduced the noise in the cellblock from all the mokey screams and loud talk. The natives are now occupied.

I am glad to have it because it allows us to know the time and it allows me to schedule some time each day to watch the news. This makes time go a bit faster and reduces the isolation from the outside world.

I don't like sports to much but I may end up watching some baseball and even the world series.

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The second volume of this book is going well. I am up to page 300. More importantly I know how the book will play out. I feel volume 2 will be 5000 pages on these tablets. So about 1,250 million words. This will mean a total of 6 plus books of about 800 pages each. I feel very good about it.

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Last week I sent a let to my cousin Doug, He is my mother's sister's oldest son. We were pretty close as kids. When he was 18 he wanted me to travel the US with him during the summer. I wanted to get on with college and my life so I declined

He divorced about 20 years ago and never remarried. I set him a long letter about my plans to moe to Paris and travel the world. I asked him if he wanted to go. We would each do out own thing

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but we would have someone to watch our backs in case there was a problem. I intend to be in Paris on my first visit the first week of March 2009.

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080618

Two nights ago I spotted a paperback in the common area. I went to look at what it was called because I kept a cellblock library in my room. The book was "Are you the One for Me?" by Barbara D. Angel, Phd. It was about finding and choosing a mate. What was interesting is that it was exactly what I needed because I was having trouble trying to figure out how I was going to find a companion. This kind of thing happens to me often. A little miracle I needed some help and the help in this case appeared in the form of a book.

The goon squad came in yesterday and did a shakedown. I was downstairs when they came in and I was concerned that my manuscripts were left out on my bed and they would be thrown away. Normally I disguise them by putting a legal pleading on the top tablet. I keep the tablets in the breakfast bag they give us each morning. It allows the goons to see what is in the bag without dumping out the contents. I got lucky and they did not throw anything away but as per usual they did scatter everything.

Today there was another shakedown in preparation for the Federal tour in two weeks. We were told that in the future what was not in our bag would be trashed. Nothing but a Bible could be on our desk.

Those goons throw away food and books. They took my cell library of about 14 novels and 10 religious books. These are the ones I had read. I had 4 more that I had not read in my bag. An inmate in his cell reading stays out of trouble. Why would they take all these books is beyond me.

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We went through this in February when they said they were going to have an annual internal county jail inspection. So hopefully after the fed inspector is a few weeks things will go back to normal.

Floeck had to plastic bags which are better than the plastic duffle bags. The said those could be made into weapons so they destroyed his two plastic containers. and have not given him a duffle bag. When asked about it today he was told if he did not have it in a bag his stuff would be trashed.

So the Chaplain brings reading material and the goons trash it.

I found out why we got a TV a few days ago. We had filed tow request for a TV to the Sheriff. Both were signed by everyone and rejected. About 10 days ago Floeck wrote another letter. This time it was sent to the state bureau of prisons. 5 days later we got a TV.

The net effect of all th is is to create unnecessary animosity by the inmates against all cops when they get out of here. There are some good cops. But when you get out your had better assume youa r are confronted that you are dealing with a bad cop and go out of your way to not irritate him or her.

Ms Williams has been transferred to the 3rd floor. So I guess we won't be seeing her again. But she was the one, despite her bad attitude always got our mail. So I guess that will slow down to once a week again. like it was before she came.

Just more negative manipulation.

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080622

At the end of last weeks I received several pieces of good news. 1) there seems to be a firm offer on the house on Heights. The offer is now \$497,000 which is \$74,000 above what the trustee was going to sell the house for. The trustee was going to sell it for

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\$420,000 less \$17,000 in trustee fees. = \$403,000. I am sure the final price will be about \$5000 - \$10,000 more. So my jail time of one year so far means to me that I am getting \$6000+ a month for being in jail.

The second piece of good news is that the final order in the Bankruptcy court did not award any fees to the trustee. He has \$9200 of mother's month in trust. So in 30 days we should get that money back. This adds another \$750 a month to what I am making for being in jail.

In and of itself this is not a lot of money but considering that I am also writing an epic novel during my time in here means that this money goes down as the most productive year in my life. The truth is often paradoxical. The evil arrayed against me will be defeated as always.

The third piece of good news is that I found the Federal case law regarding simultaneous sentences in the state and Federal courts. The Fed judge tried to stack the Fed one year sentence on top of the state 6 months civil contempt sentence. The law states that since I was arrested under the Federal matter on December 22, 2007 and then the state contempt attached on December 28, the Fed sentence will run first. So the Fed Judge order that his sentence run consecutively to my state sentence is void because at the time the Fed arrested me on December 22, 2007, I was not serving the state sentence.

This week at the law library I will find the law that the state sentence runs consecutively with the fed sentence under state law. I was lucky that I went to the hospital the night of the arrest and therefore was put in the county jail and not the Federal detention center. FDC Had I been in the FDC I may not have gotten concurrent credit on the state sentence because I would have been in a Federal jail.

As a fall back position, I feel that I will be able to beat the state contempt order on a writ of habeas corpus because my rights of due process were denied in the contempt hearing.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

The bottom line in that the chances are very good that I will get out of jail on December 21, this year as opposed to June 21 next year.

The Federal probation worker came to see me last Thursday to complete a post sentence report that is necessary because I can be processed by the Feb Bureau of Prisons. This process will take another 2-4 weeks. That is good because I will not be moved before June 27 when my 6 months with the state contempt is completed.

It also seems that I will not be moved from the Harris County Jail to a FDC because by the time the paperwork is completed I will have only 4 months before I am to get to the halfway house to serve my last 30 days. I will be able to leave the halfway house to take care of personal business and so will not seem like jail at all.

So the bottom line is that I have 5 months left to serve in jail.

~~~

Despite the good news of last week I have been experiencing a period of significant depression that I cannot understand at this time. There are several contributing factors but even still there is nothing really new and I should not be feeling this way.

I believe the greatest undercurrent of negative feeling has to do with the fact that I have no female companion. Almost 4 decades of having someone to share with in a marriage relationship one that spans my entire adult life is a huge loss.

In addition, the refusal of my father to write a single line to me And my mothers selling of my possessions has been a huge burden.

But Kay's refusal to write me in the last 10 weeks is the hardest thing to deal with. It makes me feel that our entire 19 year marriage was a lie.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Another problem has been my arthirtus. It will last about 7 months but it is extremely depressing to feel those aches and pains. And there is no way to take a hot bath to get relief. There is also no place to sit to get comfortable. There are only stools and benches in here.

Also, the physical movement in here is limited. Normally I was always doing something around the house that kept my overall body toned. In here there are only limited exercises so I feel my body is degenerating.

I have a pain in my back in my ____ area which I feel has to do with muscle strain and arthritis. It has been hard to isolate and therefore cure. Hover the morning I began to do some intense yoga meditation and it seemed to help. I have also been very careful about my posture.

Another problem is that I am helping about 4 inmates who have been screwed by their attorneys as well as the system. There are drawing my energy and I am going to be reluctant to help others. because my energy is not a t 100%.

Another factor, and maybe a big one is that I have not worked on my book in about 5 days. I have reached a point where I am not sure how to tell the story. So I am working on that. A huge part of my mental attitude has to do with the continued writing of that book. I don't want the book to sound preachy so I have to weave these global issues into a long series of short stories.

I have become used to the heat. I sort of ignore it now But I have noticed that when it is cooler in here, my attitude is a lot more positive.

Last week we had a shakedown and the goons took about 20 novels from my room. I had read them all. The ones I had not read were in my bag. The policies in this jail are designed to depress. Everything they can do to humiliate and demean you they do it.

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Sloan Jackson who has been in and out of the system for a decade negotiated a deal with the trustees for a dozen books and gave them to me when I came back from seeing my Federal case worker. It was an uplifting gesture.

The goons took my 40 plus religious books brought from the Chaplain as well. In many ways many of the jailers are animals. I will avoid cops whenever possible when I exit this jail. there are some good cops but as a result of my personal experience my respect for the police is very low now and that is sad.

From a global standpoint, I have been dealing with a negative condition of society as a whole because people send our young men to war and then refuse to care for the wounded when they return. They object to abortion but refuse welfare for unwanted children. They demand stiff penalties for crime and yet refuse to pay for jails to house offenders.

I can fully understand God's frustration with the human race.

The tap water in here is nasty. They sell bottled water but you can only buy 3 bottles per week. Up until the last week I have not been drinking that much water. Even with the Bernard's (coolaid) it is still nasty. there is nothing worse than drinking nasty water. The water in the shower sometimes smells like sewage.

~~~

080627

I feel myself going through another change in here. This is a core personality change. I am not sure how much of it has to do with time going quickly and as the prospect of getting out of jail approaches or the fact that the Heights house is about to sell and the burden and the joy of that property is removed forever from my reality. At the same time, my mother will have plenty of money to provide for her for the rest of her life. Or how much time has past since Kay left and her refusal to write to me has just about killed all my feelings for her and my belief that she probably

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

never loved me. I see many things as I go through the Bob DeAngeles book “Are you the one for me?” and understanding the mature of relationships.

Or maybe it is a much clearer vision of standing up my barriers again and a vision that it will grow to be very big. Part of this book and all the past events has been reconciled. Or maybe the thought that I can travel all over America to places I have always wanted to see and enjoy.

Maybe it is the fact that I have no obligations and am free of children and education and so on.

I feel that I am also going to be away from the law business that took me into a deep dark place that hurt my soul. Maybe the revelation I have listened to from others in here has confirmed how corrupt the legal system is.

I seem to feel free to enjoy life. I feel free from the anger I have had almost all of my life about the evil nature of human beings.

The world is fast-changing and, in many ways, not for the better. As Mr. Smith says in the Matrix, human beings are a virus on the planet earth.

Maybe I feel good because I just read a very good novel; Faith of the Fallen by Terry Goodhind. It seemed to speak to my soul and my WorldPeace Advocacy. It is interesting that the hero was a warrior artist businessman with unlimited energy and compassion. And that he defeated evil not by force but with an idea of freedom and life.

Maybe it is because I feel so much relief from the crippling arthritis I have experienced over the last two weeks. The fact that I am taking Motrin every 5 hours to keep away the pain has something to do with it.



## Dr John WorldPeace JD

All I know is that I feel that I am shedding skin like a snake. Layer upon layer of past negativity is being set aside; sluffed off so that I can again breathe.

Maybe it is though the process of finding out who is helping me in here and who is not or that my father has not written me a single letter. That Kay has closed me off. That only John has really been concerned about my well being. I know who are my true friends to carry forward into my life on the other side of this jail term.

I am the butterfly in the cocoon. I am transformed. Now I feel my wings will begin to grow.

I will mention that I have found the Catholic Rosary and recite some of it each day. It feels very powerful. I am not a religionist, but I feel I can pick and choose parts and pieces of each religion that speak to my soul and cobble them together into something I can believe.

Maybe it is the physical strength and loss of weight. There are so many factors. I only know I am changing for the better. I feel cleansed and renewed, and it begins to feel like I will be thankful for the time-out that God has engineered for me.

~~~

080703

At 0430 after Breakfast.

I was called on the intercom in the cell by the guard in the picket. He said to pack my things that I was going home. I knew that I was not going home, but I had expected that I would be going to a Federal facility. It had been two weeks since the Federal officer came to see me to complete a post-sentencing investigation. He said it was unusual for the judge not to have requested a pre-sentence investigation before sentencing me. The bottom line is that I could not be entered into the Federal system until the report was completed.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I felt that a mistake had been made along the lines of thinking that I was serving a state sentence when I was sentenced by the feds. I had done enough research to believe that I would not have to serve the two sentences consecutively. I have changed since being in jail. I no longer get very exercised when things happened that I don't understand and consequently feel that the system is trying to fucking screw me.

The truth is that it was very boring in jail because I have been here 6.5 months. I was ready to leave and I was ok with leaving because I had served 6 months and a week on the State Bar contempt. All I wanted was to be sure I was in jail until June 27th to cover the Bar sentence. I accomplished that.

In Harris County, I had no access to a library and so had to read books I had to buy as opposed to making choices. Also, I was tired of the heat in the cellblock. It is nonsense that the AC cannot be regulated in this jail. Also, the noise due to the size of the cell block and the concrete and steel doors which echo all the noise. Sometimes it was almost impossible to hear.

I packed my legal documents. I had a large plastic bag because I knew months ago that I would need one if I had to leave. I left all my food, books and so on. I took my medicine, Bibles, correspondence, and legal records. I was relaxed in the move. I am glad I was not aware that I was leaving because I had no time to think about it. Also, when Robbie had told me how time goes faster when you change a facility. I sort of wanted to finish my jail education by serving some time in a Federal facility to compare jail to prison. But overall, I was told the Federal facilities were much more pleasant than the Harris County jail.

As per usual, I went to a holding tank after I was given my clothes that I came in with and turned in my county clothes. I had often been placed with inmates who were being transferred when I would go to the Federal courthouse. In the early morning, I would be in the holding cell with those inmates being transferred, and in the evening be put in the holding cell with those going home.

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About 4 hours later, the deputy called me and another inmate who was leaving for the feds. We were processed out. No one gave me any static over the large amount of property I was trying to take with me. At least at first.

We were taken first to the Federal detention center in Houston where we picked up 6 more inmates. Then we went to the Federal courthouse where we were all put on a large bus. It was like an old 50's metro bus converted for prisoner transfers. It did have AC. Other inmates were also loaded at the Federal courthouse until we had about 15 inmates.

I was told that Federal prisoners when being transferred after sentencing, were taken to the old Ellington AFB to be flown to Oklahoma City to be processed to federal prisons all over the nation. So I waited to see where the bus was going. As it turned out, we did go to Ellington AFB and met up with another 10 vans and buses. Shortly, a white jet arrived with Jet Vacations on it and the sign for an atom on the tail. I laughed at Jet Vacations.

Ellington AFB is not that busy so we were parked to the side of the runway complex and the plane pulled up about 100 yards in front of us. About 20 Federal marshalls got off the plane. then about 50 prisoners came off slowly in groups. They were searched and put in several different vans. Then the feds searched and began to load prisoners on the jet again by groups. All this went on for about an hour when all of a sudden all the guards on signal got back on the jet like so many ants called back to the mound. Shortly, the jet fired its engines and took off leaving about 20 plus inmates behind.

I was then transferred to a large van with about 20 seats in it. The problem was the seats were the size you would expect junior high children to occupy. This was a private transfer service employed by the marshalls. I later found out the guards were also a part of the Federal contract jail system. We wer told that we were going to Karnes City to a Federal center. It was about 3+ hours Southwest of Houston. I was not looking forward to the ride because my arthritis was acting up and there was no way to get comfortable on those little seats.

After loading, we were given a bathroom break. When I boarded the van at the Federal courthouse I was told all my property would be mailed. I could tell the marshall did not want to be in charge of about 15 pounds of property. As it turned out, since I did not get on Con Air, the marshall put my bag of property on the van with me to Karnes city. Again I did not get stressed when it seemed that I would be separated from my documents, especially over 700 pages of my manuscripts that could not be replaced if lost. As it turned out, God took care of me and the documents came with me. I could see them on the floor in the front of the van about 6 feet away.

Before we left, the van driver stopped to get gas and a snack himself and the guard. We were given the typical Johnny sack. Two sandwiches which consisted of 4 pieces of bread with a thin piece of lunch meat between and 3 sandwich cookies at the bottom of our plastic bags. We were told there was no water until we arrived at our destination 3-4 hours later and no bathrooms stops either. The fact that it would take so little effort to give us water irritated me. But by not giving us water they stopped the problem of having to stop so we could use the bathroom in an unsecure area on the highway.

When I was on the bus to Ellington, I found it strange that I did not react to seeing all the people who were free to come and go as they pleased. I felt no connection with them. I did not envy them or detest them. They were like a vision of non entities. The facility was out in the country and I felt that I did not want to be there because in the city you are in jail with city people and I did not want to be in jail with a bunch of country folks.

I was told that we were going to another county jail with our orange uniforms as opposed to the brown or green in the Federal system. I was irritated that I was potentially moving from one county jail to another one. As per usual, in jail, as in the Army among a group of people, many have information about the underlying system. So a few guys began to talk about Karnes. All I know was that it would not be as nice and clean as the cellblock I just left even if there were more amenities like the library and medical etc.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

As it turned out, we were taken to a facility which was just a processing station used when the jail filled up. The processor told me that I would not be there more than two weeks. That I would definitely be moving on to Oklahoma. But he did not know if I would go back to Houston or go to Corpus Christi to catch Con Air. That was still an unknown.

One thing I found interesting is that the Karnes facility was run by kids in their early 20's. Most of the guards in Harris county are in their late 30's. A very small percent would be in their 20's and they were always white shirts. The other thing is how nice everyone is here. One of the inmates reminded me that we were closer to the southern border where there is a large democratic base. I know this from when I ran for governor.

There is about 85% Hispanics here. The two main reasons are drugs and immigration. I don't know how the Fed System is going to provide space for all the immigration detainees. When I would go to Fed Court the holding cells for people going to court was about 90% immigration problems.

We did not get processed and sent to our cells until after midnight. When I was in a cellblock with about 2500 square feet and 24 individual cells. I am now in a building where there are about 500 square feet and 6 double bunks. When the city was about 30 feet in the two-tiered Harris County jail the one has about 8 foot ceiling. There is one commode and one shower. In Harris County we all had our own toilets and small desk. Not here.

Because of the compact nature, I was schooled by the head of the cellblock as to the rules of eating, using the toilet, shower, clean up of the cellblock and so on. This group is very cohesive. In Harris County because I was in protective custody, everyone was cop or friend or family of cop. Only 2 or 3 would clean the common area. I preferred the way it is here. I am the only white guy in this cellblock and by far the oldest. This reminds me of when I had my tax, law and accounting business on the East End of Houston which is a heavy Hispanic area. The TV is always on a Spanish channel which does not bother me because I don't watch

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TV anyway and when the movies come on, I have seen them all many times so I just watch the parts I like and don't care if I hear the words or not.

This cellblock is cold. It is a bit too cold but there is always ventilation. I slept better last night than I have since I have been in jail. I still only slept about 3 hours but it was cool and I had all the covers I needed to stay warm. In fact it is so relaxing in here that my arthritis seems to be going away without my Motrin. So I guess I was under a lot more stress in Harris County than I thought. The constant heat was beginning to take its toll. Also, the people here are so much nicer.

Today was the July 4th holiday so I did not get to call John because I don't have my pin# for the phone yet and I don't have my medicine yet. But tomorrow I will get recreation. This will mean one hour outside without shackles. It will be nice to feel the sun on me and be able to come back into the AC. Also, on Monday I will have access to a large library including law books. The food here is about the same. I feel my last months will go very fast and be very pleasant. I am happy to be moving. All I am losing is a private room which is meaningless.

I have not been able to call John and he will be concerned. I don't think he will be able to find me because I am in transit. I wrote him a letter he should get in a few days. Here you cannot seal your letters because they have to be read before being mailed. Hopefully, I will get to call him tomorrow but it may be Monday due to the holiday.

Something else that is interesting in here is that there is an ice bucket so you can have cold water or drinks. I have not had one but on two occasions in Harris County someone bribed the trustee to bring in some ice.

They do not serve sweets with the meals here and they do not give you fruit and fruit juices like in Harris County where I had an apple, orange or banana every day. I am sure the commissary is

Dr John WorldPeace JD

the same as it was in Harris County. You can get your sweets that way.

When I went to the doctor today I found that I had lost 3 pounds and so I am under 190. a goal I have been working toward.

~~~

Dr John WorldPeace JD

In free fall

I tremble and roll

My wings go out

I catch the wind

I flip over

and dive

wings close to my body

The ground

charges toward me

I slowly spread my wings

cock left my tail

max my dive

and rocket up

in a hard curve

I am the eagle

I knife through

the air

I am the god

of these skies

080605

0930



Dr John WorldPeace JD

I cry day tears  
that well up from my soul  
the water does not come  
my body does not  
convulse and quake

My dear wife left me a year before I came to this place  
without a word as to why  
if only we had fought  
if only I had a clue  
a hint, a word  
onto which to  
hang, air, and expunge  
my grief

I move on through my life  
her leaving recedes farther and  
farther into yesteryear

Her love may have been a false façade  
but it was more than I had with  
the first wife I relate to as the Snake

I am in this dungeon  
counting the days alone  
she withholds even letters  
this one who constantly said  
"I LOVE YOU"  
for 19 years

I know now  
what was missing  
I know what I must  
find

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I know there are  
those who will bleed my wound  
and heal my soul

But for the next 5 months  
I have no one to hold me but myself  
I have no way to  
feel the intimacy of  
a woman

I have no way  
to cough up this bone  
to spit out this pain

The only cure for the broken love  
is the smile and laugh  
and touch and feel  
of soft breasts  
and tender kisses  
deeply felt

080610

1500

080706

I am still in the Fed Correctional Facility in Karnes City, Texas. waiting transit to Oklahoma City to be assigned to a Federal facility where I will serve out my time.

I am angry this morning because I am in pain due to my arthritis and because the doctor will not be in until Monday. The nurses will not give me the medicines that I brought with me from Harris County. I had a bottle of over the counter Motrin 200 mg tablets that I take every 5 hours but they will not give me my medicines and they will not give me any Motrin from their stock. I arrived here Thursday and today is Sunday. Tomorrow I hope to get my medicines.

Chronic pain is debilitating and it is depressing. In my case, my arthritis is made worse by the temperature and humidity in the cellblock which is about 70 degrees. They do not issue long-sleeve undershirts and they took away my short sleeve T-shirt. I will have to get the doctor to prescribe a long sleeve undershirt tomorrow.

The medication nurse just came by and brought her bad attitude with her. I take 500 mg Niacin for my heart condition. In the free world I would buy time release capsules. In jail they give you generic tablets that are not time release. The effect is that when I take the non time-release tablet it makes me feel like I have a bad sunburn. This occurs about 10 minutes after I take the medicine and last up to 45 minutes.

The nurse was irritated that I broke the pill in half and refused to take all of it at once. I told her that I needed it but I was not going to deal with the unnecessary discomfort of takin it all at once. I did not try to convince her to give me the other half in the evening.

It is frustrating for me to see them reach into my bag of medicine and refuse to give me what I have been taking for 6.5 months.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

The nurse has a typical keeper's bad attitude which seems to stem from a belief that everyone in jail belongs in jail and everyone in jail needs to be treated like a dog. I know that some inmates cause trouble and I am sure the job is trying but as in life we all must deal with irritating people. In the free world we tend not to treat everyone like a dog because of these few disagreeable people.

This is why there is no more peace in the world human society. It is because of people like this nurse who goes out of her way to act like she works in the city dog pound as opposed to the prison system. I feel certain that animals in a zoo receive better and more compassionate treatment than inmates in a jail.

The reality of jail is that these are people in here who do not curse, do not run around on their spouses go to church love their children. The problem is they steal or rob for a living. In the free world, there are people who abuse their wives and children and psychologically intentionally. They do not steal or rob they are not in jail. Mental abuse is not against the criminal law.

Americans sense of justice is warped. My opinion is that if you legalize drugs and have a reasonable immigration policy and give first offenders who are non-violent deferred adjudication  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the inmate would be released. I will never believe that drugs are any different than alcohol. You cannot stop the use of recreational drug use anymore than you can stop the use of alcohol. I would also legalize prostitution as well. People demand sex, drugs and alcohol. They are a part of the social reality. Women are abused because prostitution is illegal. I wonder how many marriages would last if the husband or wife was able to have sex with a prostitute due to the lack of interest in sex on the part of ones spouse. Why destroy a loving family because of sexual incompatibility.

I hate the fact that so many people are employed by the justice system that it is necessary to keep the jails full in order not to effect the economy with the unemployed.

~~~

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I began to send the pages out by letter in order to reduce the chance they would be destroyed by the prison. I worry about letters lost in the mail. I cannot recreate ten pages from the middle of my books. You just can't get the same flow.

~~~

The blank looks of the convict  
stares out from behind the glass  
nowhere can he go  
his enemy in the unseen clock that  
slowly marks his time

Days come and days go  
and for some, time is set in months  
for others time is set in decades  
yet for both each day is  
monotonously the same  
- same shit different day  
SSDD

No matter how he occupies  
his time  
the clock is still his keeper

the second hand of the old school clock  
moves forward, an imitation of the  
sun crossing the blue sky

Outside these cells, life goes on  
freedom reigns

But the reality  
is that freedom is not all  
it seems to be

there is something to be said  
for the security of the cell

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Who knows what mental images  
pass through those hollow eyes  
staring out from behind the glass  
the choices of limited freedom  
within a cell are limited

The clock of total freedom  
does not equate with peace and  
definitely not with happiness

080720

1200

Dr John WorldPeace JD

High on the white cement walls  
in the corner of the cold cell  
raindrops slide down the  
outside of a window  
on the world

Such a small thing, this window  
yet a bridge to the outside  
an infinite hole in this  
prison cube

The sky is gray  
the humidity is high  
the heat is up  
but inside this room  
its cold and so it seems  
as if Winter is outside

All the affairs and chaos  
that led to this dungeon  
seem as nothing  
because some designer of prisons  
opened this small  
rectangle in what was  
a supersized coffin

Right now  
I have peace  
a peace attached to memories  
flowing in through a wet piece  
of glass

080723  
1200

Dr John WorldPeace JD

The Master comes  
and animates straw men  
with the Holy Spirit

All the earth  
is infested with straw men  
and women too

Human beings empty of truth  
Full of air  
and meaningless  
apathetic words

The world human society  
is painted in infinite gray  
the glorious resurrection has passed  
almost forgotten

Yet the day is coming  
when the King shall  
return and with a touch  
- what is gray will become  
multi-coloredd gold  
they say

And what is dead  
shall go up in smoke  
and the straw people  
will be no more.

080730  
1930



Dr John WorldPeace JD

The star point of  
destiny calls  
the road is the rest of my life  
the destination is my death  
where all the journeys end

Oh, how much I long  
to sit by a fireplace  
night by night  
or walk or horseback  
the same small realm  
day to day

To look out and see the same  
mountains day to day  
the same ocean lapping waves  
bringing wonders always  
to the shore

My euphoric times  
are lined up before me  
like endless miracles  
I cannot see the end  
but I well know it  
is out there

These tired old legs  
ache and all the miles  
stay ahead  
- the mind is  
eager but  
not as charged as  
years ago

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Oh, gravity  
  you beast  
    you have pulled down  
      my youth  
        compacted and  
          worn my bones

And make me listen  
  to my mortality  
    approaching

In a short time  
  my jail vacation  
    will be over  
      and part 2 of my  
        life begins

I am so excited  
  tired

080801  
0200

Dr John WorldPeace JD

The fearless overpowering  
enduring sea  
waves to shore for  
millions of years

Looking out over the water  
nothing has changed  
in so long it seems  
forever

The creatures that now  
inhabit this vast  
aqua Universe no  
doubt look nothing  
like their ancient ancestors

But the magnificence of  
something so ancient  
- the water,  
  
the waters  
of life in this small  
planet are the same

Buried out there  
miles and feet below  
is the history of  
all that was and  
is on earth

I recall swimming  
those primal waters  
under iridescent  
times

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I was here even before  
the water when we watched  
the dust solidify  
into this great  
blue marble

Man tries to become human  
a thing apart  
but how can he  
become completely free  
when his body  
comes from the sea  
and in time  
disintegrates back into it

080801  
0200

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Today my father  
turned 82  
no simple feat

I knew him as a young man  
a middle aged man  
a senior citizen  
an now as an old man

He is bound down  
in his chair by  
invisible chains of years

I am only 21 years behind  
which when I was 5  
was forever time between us  
but now  
at 60 is just  
around the corner

We never know  
when born  
how many days the  
Creator allocates to  
our life  
  
how many grains of  
sand in our  
hourglass

A nod and a blink  
an adventure  
a sleep repeated  
the clock ticks off  
the days

Today he is 3 years older

Dr John WorldPeace JD

than his father who  
stopped his life watch  
31 years ago

The son is now the  
father of his father agewise  
and if God would  
smile he may  
become the

grandfather of his grandfather  
just the same

Oh life, how tricky wonderful  
you are.

The wine of old age  
the heaped up  
memories covered  
daily by a

sedentary senile mind

080801  
0200

Dr John WorldPeace JD

The baby blue sky and clouds  
so familiar but so ancient  
give me comfort in  
this dungeon

I look out my window  
and see the familiar,  
white puffs on blue  
and remember  
as a child making  
shapes and faces  
out of clouds

in the Army thinking  
that the night sky above  
was over all my family  
and friends far  
away

The clouds over the farm  
in Groesbeck the same  
as the clouds over  
me in El Campo  
in my teens

I look through my small  
window and see the  
peaceful clouds

Then now and then  
I see a buzzard  
or a hawk soaring

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I feel his freedom  
but more I am  
taken out of this cell

And placed in  
another time and place  
when I

followed other  
birds sailing  
high above

Before I was born were the  
clouds and the sky and  
for millions of years  
in the future they  
will continue

I connect with other humans  
through the ages who  
in common with me  
draw peace from the  
near heaven  
and it birds soaring

080801  
0200



Dr John WorldPeace JD

I was sleeping sound  
an hour or two  
more or less  
in my cell

When some dream nymph  
awakened me with  
the primal urge of mating

I am not sure which she is  
but she came to me no doubt

In this dungeon  
the energy builds  
- no one comes into  
my sacred space

It is closed in and insulated  
and the energy builds  
and sleep is harder  
to come by  
each day and night

Long ago  
I gave up the  
fight to conquer  
my nocturnal awakening

No luck

An hour of sleep  
once broken  
hides for hours  
sometimes a day

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Normally it is quiet  
but in prison there is  
always some noise  
from guards or inmates  
echoing down cement halls

No matter  
I am in that second site awareness  
tired but too alert to sleep

The universe is  
working on my head

080801  
0200

Dr John WorldPeace JD

080813 August 13, 2008,

The last four days have been strange. I think it is because I decided to write the query letter to Harper and then write out the lawsuit against the FBOP and U S Marshals. I have gotten used o wring short essays if you will even if in a story line. The letter to Harper took a lot of thought. Also, since I have no computer and absolutely hate copy work, I am more careful with how I write. but also I hate that in my letters, I must print and that is tedious.

The letter to Harper was finished and mailed to Gotshall 3 or 4 days ago. I am happy with it. What is strange is that I have no anxiety about it. In the past, I would concentrate on it for a long time after writing wondering what the result would be. I am not sure now if I just take it for granted that it will be published or something else. But the letter was written and sent and put out of my mind. It will probably be 4-5 days before John actually mails it because I asked Kay and Mother to get him the copies of the FBOP so he did not have to dig them up.

One of the reasons that I may not be thinking about it is because I have had to move to working on the lawsuit against the FBOP. I finished it yesterday and with the 6 motions attached it is 53 pages; actually about 47 pages. This morning I will make a final proof read and then I will seal the envelope and mail it to Gotshall. I already feel some relief that it is done. With the 44 letters to the FBOP I have done all I can to get out early. If they do not respond in the next 10 days, I will have John file the suit. At the least the judge should move me to Houston to prosecute the case and if that happens, I doubt they will move me again. I will have less then 4 months time to serve in the worst case. Again, whatever happens, all I can do is wait.

I am sure I will be in the county in the future but hopefully this will be the last suit that I have to prosecute myself. I get no excitement out of it. I am just doing what I have to do. Whatever

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happens, it will bring this volume one to a close. It was my intent always to end it with my exit from jail.

I also feel more relief that I sent off the last of the pages that relate to volume 1. I have been sending 11 pages in each of two letters each day. Now today I will begin to send Volume 2

I revised my outline for volume 2 yesterday. It is about 5 pages that summarize the 418 pages I have written to date. Over the last month, I have a full understanding of how the next 5 books of volume 2 will be written. I have all the material in my head but I did not quite know how to present it. Now I do so I should begin to write 20+ pages each day. By the time that Harper responds to my letter, I will probably have another 200 pages completed and that will be half of book 1 of volume 2. I feel they will want to bring out the second 5 books at the rate of one every 6 months but I feel due to the nature of the book it would be better to do it every 70 days. The greater is the economics of it, which publication rate will generate the most money. I would prefer 6 months interval because it gives me more time to write but that would mean 3 years to get all published. I may finish writing the first draft of all 5 books in less than 9 years. Then I will spend time editing them one by one. I am concerned that if I do not write them quickly I will change my writing style or lose the flow.

If Harper does not take the book, I feel certain that someone will. I really have no doubt about that. If the publisher saw my vision for the future of spending half my time promoting peace around the world, they would see the book selling a gigantic number of copies as I never let the interest die.

At any rate, I will begin to write daily which is something I have not done in over two months.

This letter is actually part of volume 1. It is my daily 1253? journal. What I intent to do is send two letters each day of 11 physical pages but 22 written pages consider the front and back of 11 pages. So if I write 5 pages in Volume I then I will fill with 17 pages of the first part of Volume II. I am making a limited outline

Dr John WorldPeace JD

of each letter in case one is lost. By only sending 11 pages in each letter and not more than 2 letters per day it is unlikely that a substantial part of the manuscript will be lost. I just have to call John and made sure the letters are being sent from here. They read everything but there is no way that they can read 22 pages a day, especially in my cursive writing. I will be livid to the extreme if I find the letters are piling up. I am not? If they don't have time to read them, then they need to copy them and read them later. If I find this is happening, I would immediately file suit instead of writing. But I feel if that was the case, I would have been told. I feel after they read 4 or 5 all going to my police officer son they will not waste their time reading them. I don't really care what they do except that I don't want the letters piling up in their offices. That would be defeat the purpose of the many letters and feeling safety in numbers as far as preserving the manuscript. In the best-case scenario, I would have an attorney come in here and get the balance of the manuscript and then come once a week to get the additions. But I can trust no one.

The lawyer may sit on the letters himself and not send them to Houston. In the FDC in Houston I may be able to give them to John once a week. We will see. I am just not as paranoid as normal. I think it is because volume 1 is written and I am still sort of formulating Volume 2. I may edit out a lot of what I have already written but I doubt it. I have been writing long enough that the basic content does not get changed.

For the last 2 weeks these inmates have talked way into the night; until 2 or 3 in the morning. Actually chatter that echos down the hall. I am glad it is in Spanish otherwise I would not be able to tune it out. But I go to sleep and then I am anchored in a fire house with their constant talking. It seems that there is always someone who is in a motor mouth. I met 2 in Harris County. Guys who could literally talk 15 hours straight. Certainly, it is a way to pass the time. But anyone who talks that much cannot possibly spend any time thinking.

I have put on some weight. I have my commissary now and when I do heavy thinking like I have been on the book and the lawsuit I tend to want to eat. and with some commissary mainly granola

bars, peanut butter and some candy bars. I tend to eat. The candy bars are to buy things I need in here. They are money. And I tend not to eat them but I get a real sugar craving. I have been waiting for ice cream for 2 weeks. They ran out last week and the trustee came by yesterday and took just an ice cream list. He was able to deliver because the clerk wasn't here. So hopefully I will get it today. In Harris County, the Monday morning ice cream would satisfy my weekly sugar fit. What is frustrating here is that they are so disorganized you can't be sure what day you will get your commissary. However, I now know I am on the pick up and deliver route and will get commissary every week.

The guy who is talking is really getting on my nerves. What is weird like the other 2 talkers he is not having a communication. He is doing 95% of the talking. If I yelled at him to shut up I am sure his buddies would find a way to beat me up.

In the general population in Harris County where there are 50 men in a tank I would understand the talking goes on all night long. And annoys several inmates. I would be ready to fight if I was subjected to that. I don't know why it is bothering me so much the last few weeks but it is. I like total quiet. Even when I am at home no TV no radio. Just silence.

I know it is not that cold in this tank but like my father's father I am cold natured. I am cold over half the time. I am going to have to buy a pair of sox and cut open the ends and put them on my arms for warmth like I did in Harris County.

I feel like I have enough letters to the FBOP that even without a copy of the lawsuit I may have to file, I could be set free any day. That thought is nice. I look at my short-timers calendar and it just looks like a few days until I get out. Time really goes fast here.

I find I day dream and meditate about 2-3 hours a day. Now I will write for 3 plus hours on and off and the rest of the time read. I have several novels to read right now. I don't want to accumulate too many unread because if I am moved I won't be able to take all of them with me.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

I am sitting on a stool of about 10 books and writing on a stool anchored to the floor that went with a desk that used to be here. Like everything else in these cells, if it is not made of steel, it is not going to last. The desk I can see was not bolted securely enough to the wall to survive. The boredom for these guys is so great in segregation they have to tear something up to occupy their minds.



080814

I have a short timers calendar in which I first thing each morning mark off the days. I have 128 days left until the feds must release me. When I look at the bottom of the calendar it looks like just a hand full of days until I am free. I have to really think about it before 128 days seems to feel that I don't not have enough time left to finish my book. And so it seems like not much time left really. Also, I have to admit 12587 that I really enjoy the time I have to read. I really don't think I will allow myself to read novels the way I do now. I am so conscious of time. And I feel that even 40 years until I am 100 is not much time. It even seems less when I realize that my grandfathers died at 77 and 79 years of age. I am 60 and so that is 17 = 19 years . Even if I live to be 100 I doubt that my vigor will remain the same. I do believe that I will live to be at least 112 and 150 depending on medical success. And if I make enough money to be able to afford the medical technology.

The guard yesterday insisted on keeping the food slot closed. It does not matter to me except during the day it allows me to see who is coming into this side of the building. I am on the end of the corridor closest to the picket. So I can see who is coming in and out. I can see when people got to recreation or commissary. And when laundry is being picked up. Yesterday my laundry did not get picked up and it was because my slot was closed. If the slots open they can yell at me and wake me up. If not then I can't hear them.

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Also the noise was driving me crazy last evening but it was quiet last night I realized this morning that it was quiet because the food slot were locked and it is too hard for these guys to yell through the door to communicate. So I smile when I think that I sent a small prayer for quiet. I get irritated that my food slot is locked shut but the I realize that the food slot being closed is why there is no yelling in the corridor. that \_\_\_1259 they yelling because they are these solitary cells. I can see how talking releases the burden of solitary you have to be careful what you wish for.

One of the friendly guards let me out to recreation today.. It had been 17 days since I was last outside.I was out about 45 minutes and it was an overcast day so it was not as hot as the last time I was out and I did not get a sunburned head

I finished the lawsuit against the FBOP and us marshalls and up it out to be mailed. It was a relief to finish it. but whe I went to rec I saw it in the picket and it irritated me that it had not been taking to the main building to be mailed. But I was not angry like I would have been in the past.I am mellowing out. Maybe becoming institutionalized. Also I did my part now God will control the timing of delivery. I still feel that I may be released any day. Just bored on what I have already sent. Bureaucracies do not move fast. Everything has to be by committee and it is not minor thing to commute a sentence by 4 months. So we will see. I just don't feel I am going to server all my remaining time. But I am ready to get out. I will continue my mediation and writing on the outside. But I really want to go to the beach and I very much want to go to the Renaissance Festival (Oct Nov) this year not next year.

The ice cream that has been promised every day since Monday did not materialize. So I guess I will not get any until Tuesday. I really need that sugar high full feeling at least once a week. The commissary is so disorganized and like everything else around here there is no consideration for the inmate we are just animals in a zoo.

I would really love to have my fountain pen to write with in here. When I get out I will do al lmy composing on a computer. I look



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at these handwritten pages as art. But they are double work. So I know I won't hand write when I get out.

I have been taking IBuprofen for my arthritis and I did not get it last night. So I guess the doctor only gave me 30 days supply. I have 3 pills that I have not taken so I am OK for a few days. I should be going to the doctor about my echocardiogram in a day or two and maybe I will be able to get a refill. If I ask to see the doctor I think it cost \$15. I can get some meds via the commissary but it is expensive.

The commissary is income for this place. So they cut back on the food they serve which never M---1261 and at the same time that requires you to buy food and they make money on that. so they get a double-dip of income by reducing the amount of food they serve.

I have been reading Upton Sinclair OIL. I am on page 350 of 540 and will finish it today. John sent the books I asked for. I feel I need to hurry to finish again because I feel I may get out any day.

I need to call John and make sure he is getting my letters which have my manuscript. I will be mad if they are holding them. John said he had received about 4 letters but by now I have sent 17. with manuscripts in them. I have summary sheets I made on everything I sent but I do not want to have to rewrite them.

I spent several hours yesterday meditating on Jesus. There are many things in the story that don't make sense or feel right with me. I will develop them in Volume 2. of my book. But I am looking for a significant revelation. I just can't get a hold of it yet.

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August 15, 2008,

I was able to call John yesterday. Frist time to use the phone in 17 days. He said that he had been getting my letters so that put my mind at ease. It takes a great deal to write all these things and the

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thought of them being destroyed or lost in the mail is hard to deal with. I was concerned that the Lt was not going to take time to read them and so would just put it off and let them stack up.

He also said the house was to close today. He got the price up to \$99,000 The last offer was \$30,000. I was surprised but I was glad that it was going to close. I will call John tomorrow and verify it. John said that all my stuff was picked up and moved. I have several questions I have about certain items. I will write mother a letter and make sure all these items were packed.

It is hard for me to deal with the fact that when I let them pick me up that night I would never see my house again. It is OK it gives me a fresh start. I am ready for that. It does seem that there were so many memories there that it was hard for me to work. I loved working on that property. If David and Kay had not quit on me the house would have been paid for.

I told John about the Harpers' and FBOP lawsuit that was being sent to him by way of David Gottshall.

I also wrote another 2 page letter to that FBOP yesterday that went out this morning. I told Jill, the woman in charge about things here. The fact that nothing has changed. There has been more activity at night M---1263 guards. They have now asked 3 days in a row about using the phone. If it keeps up I will wonder if the FBOP is calling here and telling them the thing that I am complaining about. I have to keep writing them. The old squeaking wheel get the oil theory. I believe when Jill gets the letter that I am sending the FBO and the US Marshalls office in DC a copy of the lawsuit they will try to solve the problem. They have let the matter get out of control. You never know how these things will turn out. I just could not sit back and do nothing. Beside I have nothing better to do. And who know, they could come in here at any moment and set me free. who know what is going on at the FBOP. I think it is interesting that they have not responded at all. When they see the lawsuit they will see that they are going to be pulled into this. The fact that they have not responded to my letters is more evidence in my favor that they are not going

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to do anything. These people are not used to being challenged so they are really not prepared for what they are about to deal with.

I think a lot about my freedom to do as I please after I get out. Not having to answer to anyone. That just seems unbelievable. I don't have to consider anyone. I can drive to Alaska or go to a movie at 2300 or many many other options. I want to go to Colorado where Kay and I used to live.

I am also excited that I will be able to restart the web biz and maybe make a \$ 1million next year. Again no interference.

There are a lot of women out there just like me.. Completely free to do as they please. I am excited about the amount of freedom. I know from 1987 after the divorce from The Snake how single people form their own support group. to replace family. I know I will do that but friends are tricky and it is a give and take world. If you want support you have to give of your time in return. That is what is hard for me. To give up my time.

I am still amazed as well at all the changes in mindset that goes on in here. You start dealing with things and think you are set and then time passes and you sort of move to a higher place. One with even more understanding.

In the last few days I have been working very hard trying to figure out a coherent account of Jesus. what is in the Bible is very suspect and confusing. and the small amount written is confusing because he had a 3 year ministry. I believe that many of the relevant documents that made Jesus more human have been destroyed by the Catholic Church. in order to cement the bureaucracy. One of the things that really bothers me is that Jesus was highly educated. He could read and write. And he knew the nuances of the argument of the religious bureaucrats. He was not some mindless carpenter. It is obvious that he spent all his time studying in preparation for his ministry. But nothing is mentioned of that. I can't believe that Jesus did not write his own gospel. He had to learn to write. Reading and writing go together. There are many things like this in the gospels that are just not

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emphasized or ever questioned. That will be put in my book or a book. I just don't know if I have enough volume for a full book. And I don't know if it would be better to just sort of weave it into the Volume 2. to dilute it. I really don't want to be kill by some religious fanatic over a discussion about Jesus or anything else.

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Dr John WorldPeace JD

The bliss of beautiful women  
beautiful in mind or body or ecstasy  
I am addicted

I try to control my thoughts  
but my creative nature  
cannot Blackout  
whatever it is that  
women are

Beautiful woman, with the beauty  
that is more than shape and face  
- soul beauty  
past lives memories  
maybe

They disengage my mind  
I can't work – The energy  
to block them is 10 times  
greater than just  
surrendering to bliss

I don't want to be a lady's man  
I have too much to do  
miles to go before I sleep

I was married twice times 19 years  
I failed. Now I catch love  
on the run  
real or fantasized

080815  
0600

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Coal Black hair  
blue eyes  
and with pearl white skin

Surely this is what angels  
are like in Heaven

I can't explain why  
what draws me to  
such women  
I can't stop  
staring

They are like pearls  
young and precious  
the touch is exotic  
their breath  
their hair  
and oh yes, the eyes

They are the sacred altar  
of metaphysical intimacy  
the door to Heavenly bliss  
but also the window to  
visions and euphoria

Making love to angels  
oh, the fantastic voyage  
that is earth

080815

0600

080816

It is Saturday morning about 0300. I woke up about 15 minutes ago to a lot of chatter. the cell across from me was emptied and then another inmate put in there. The new inmate talks a lot and as his cell door is almost right across from mine his voice carries significantly in my cell. I am not sure if I woke up because of all the chatter or because I had fallen asleep on my left arm and it was numb.

Yesterday was a hard day in the sense of a lot of mental work. I began to send out the pages to my volume 2 now that John tells me he is receiving the letters that contain them. Sending out the pages requires me to make summaries in case they get lost. I am sending 11 pages at a time instead of 10 since John told me that the second oz of postage is 17 cents. So I am sending 3 oz from t\_\_1266 1<sup>st</sup> class 42 cent stamps. None the less I have to write about 1.5 pages of summary from 22 pages of the novel. Yesterday I sent 2 letters which has been my average. That was 42 pages Yet I wrote 11 new pages because I am again in the groove of writing. It has been about 6 weeks since I was regularly writing on volume 2. Book 1.

I had come to a place where I did not know exactly how I was going to present all the various kinds of material and right after that I was moved into the Federal System and in V—1266 the selling of the house and potential foreclosure and the fact that I actually am in the worst Federal prison in the system. In Houston and other regular FDC facilities it is like a hold. But in these contract prisons it is not. This is a very poorly run facility and it is trying squeeze every dime of profit out of the government that it can. so the services are not here.

For me it really does not matter because I am settled into my routine. It would be much harder to read and write if I were in a cell with 7 others. In here I have a lot of control of my environment in that there is not TV and people talking all the time

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

and the lights being off so I can't see to read or write. and no stupid rules. Yet my rights are being violated and as a result I am going to push the FBOP to let me out. In 3 days I will go under 4 months. So if I can at the least get moved to Houston they will not move me again.

I will file my lawsuit if they don't let me out. No matter what happens I win. If the court do not enforce my rights then it is just more evidence of the corruption of the system. If they do I get into a better environment. The DC has 2 m—1237 cells which is OK and the halfway house will allow me to the ability to leave. Also, it is possible bign her in Falfurius they will not put me in a halfway house the last month like they are supposed to. Yesterday the house was supposed to close which put an end to a long chapter. It cuts me off from my past and a lot of memories. I become more and more to view 2008, as a bright line between my past and the future and interesting enough I just thought that I would live to be 120. So 2008, would be the half way mark in my life with just as much to come as I have lived. If I do live that long I will have out lived all my children which would be interesting.

The main event for me yesterday is that I spent a lot of time in very deep thought trying to reconcile Jesus. I have a feeling that Christianity is going to significantly change in the next 2 decades. Then is a book about the popes. That will server. It was written by an Irish monk about 400 years ago. He wrote down the way the pope would be known in a sentence and so far all the popes seems to fit. Malakay? ws his name. There aer only two Popes on the list after the current Pope who is 85. I can see several factor that will significantly hurt the church and I will write about them in Volume 2.

I have realized there are many ways I can present materials in Vol. 2. I can present these as my ideas or if it is too radical I can present them as a discussion of other ideas. But either way the ideas will get out into the public mainstream of thought.

The age of Pisces is over and we are into the age of Aquarius if you believe in Astrology. The age of Pisces was one of religion



and the Christians represented themselves in secret with a symbol of a fish. In the time of Moses it was the age of the Bull and sacrificing bulls was part of religion. Look up age \_\_\_1269 Ram and Pisces. Astrology does make some sense but not fully. It partially acts on human but not completely. Humans are too complex. Made in the image of the Gods. But the galactic horoscope takes about 24000 years to go around the north star Polaris. So each age is about 2000 years. I think it is over in 2012.

I wrote about 15 pages yesterday. 4 for Volume 1 and a few<sup>?</sup> for Volume @. If I could write 40 pages a day in 20 days I would finish book 1 of volume 2. I can see how I can lay the ground work for Books 2 – 5. of volume 2 and create a lot of interest by hinting in Book 1 of what is to come. I still see the annual updates will be compared to the rest of prediction of Vol 2. If I wee to foretell some thing by f\_\_\_1269 then the books would really sell

I believe I can make a change for the better in the human society and that has always been what I believe my destiny to be. It has been the foundation of my life and explains about everything that I have done. My life is an adventure in that I can see what is actually unfolds. As I say to others all the time.- your desting unfolds in curves and not a straight line. So we wobble toward our destiny not walk straight to it. But if one looks back ot my age there is always a pattern.

Regarding more mundane . The had a guard allowing phone calls for the 3<sup>rd</sup> night in a row. I have no doubt my letter to the FBOP are effective. Also in that regard I was told that the commissary system is being updated to the computer system that Harris County and karnes County use. It is two much of a coincidence that this is happening now. theproblem is that It may be anoterh excuse to delay commissary next week and I am about out of my food supplements.

I also acquired two pair of sox yesterday. I will use these for my arms to keep warm. at time I get very cold in here. I changed the direction of my sleep last night to get my head away from the AC vent. Now my head into the north which the psychs say creates more dreams.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

My main goal is to get caught up sending out what I have written. Then I don't have to worry about confiscation. That will take a lot of stress off me with the summaries I can keep up with what I have written. And what I have written so far is just raw dates. There will need to be a lot of editing. If I end up staying in here 4 more months I am sure that I will come very close to finishing Volume 2. Certainly the more I write the easier it will get because I will understand more as how the book is to be presented.

Also, I realized yesterday that I was going to be writing a lot of love poems which I have always had to \_\_\_1271 because of being married. So I am openly that avenue of writing and it will be interesting to see what develops. I am eager to get out of here and begin to sort all my writings. I was about to do the second sort. There is a lot of repetition. John tells me everything has been moved.

I think mother is getting rid of my property and the argument we had probably saved all my work. No telling what she may have thrown away. Everything happens for the best and everything is the way it should be.

These guys next to me and \_\_\_1271 have been talking for 10 hours. Surely they are about to wear out. It is getting very annoying.

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080817

This has been a strange day. Again I spent a very big part of the day thinking about Jesus. Who was he really. the miracles the message. I was reading an annotated Dead Sea Scrolls. The Jesus the Catholic Church created is not the real Jesus. That is what I am trying to do. Find the real Jesus.

It is Saturday night. It seems surreal in here. I am wondering if the sale of the house has released me in a way that the visions and understanding will now flow in an unprecedented manner. I have been in this cell sensory deprived for a month. I thought about all

Dr John WorldPeace JD

the people like St Francis Thomas Aquinas, Apostle Paul who after a life time of serving Jesus had visions. I though I was too intellectual for that yet I now wonder. If I stay in this cell at the level of concentration much longer I am not sure what will happen. I may see all kinds of things. I have to get grounded some way and I am not sure how to accomplish that. I experienced this is in Italy and it was a bit unnerving. My mind is so strong.

My friend in here gave me some sox that I cut holes in the end for my arm warmers. It gets very cold in hee sometimes. He also gave me a green scouring pad to use on my psoriasis. so I have almost all the thing I had at Harris County. If I get commissary this week I will be pretty settle in here.

Yet I feel I am leaving within a week. Part of that has to do with the fact that when I have settled in during my life. I move.

I wrote 23 pages today so I am back into writing like I was several months ago. The book is flowing. I feel Harper will want to see Volume 2 bk 1 they will be firmly committed to the project.

The book is the future. And it seems so real. The fact that I have sent John the Inquiry letter in reality seems in real because I treat it as a past fact in what I am writing now.

In the other novels I wrote especially JWP that I began in 1987 I quit writing because I felt that what ever I wrote would in fact happen. I believe that we all script our lives anyway but being in here with no abstractions makes my focus even greater. I would not dare write about the death of my parents or children.

[I just heard the guard say it is 0130 I can't believe it.]

A project for this week is to get Vol 2 Bk 1 mailed to John. I don't want to fight the guards if they transfer me which I think they might. But I have a bit stronger feeling that I will be set free. Anyway. I have to write the summaries in case one of the letters with 22 pages (11 pages both sides) get lost. I prepared 42 pages today but I wrote 23 So I am going to have to send 3 a day instead

Dr John WorldPeace JD

of 2. as I have been doing so I can get rid of most all of it bu the end of the coming week.

I need to do the summary to familiarize myself with what I already wrote. I had 418 pages when I stopped 4-6 weeks ago. AS I am doing the summaries I am reorientating which is a positive thing. I may be able to write another 200 pages by next Sunday. That should give me about 650 pages. I expect bk 1 to be 1200 or 750 in book form. I may cut that down because its like Harper wants Vol2 to hae 500 p[ages books not 750. It will increase the ---1274.

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080818

They seem to be changing my mind. I do not know exactly what is happening but the negativity of the past seems to be floating away. I feel that I am emerging from a chaotic past. I don't feel this is a stage that will be over in a few days. and a subsequent stage will follow. I feel this is the las tstage for this prison. I feel like I have under water and I am coming to the surface after being cleasnsed of my past. I am about to break through the surfaceand take a breath of the fresh clean air above. I feel that I will go around with a clarity and a peaceful countenance. Some how the burdens and chaos and darkness of the past the place where I had to go, to enter, is over. The time I is to come out of here and live a new life.

One thing I see over and over is the building of a large business that will employ millions. This is the foundation of peace. Now war but moments of peace. I am not destined to use my many talents and knowledge by becoming a monk or friar. I must spend as much time as I can creating jobs, advocating peace. studying writing painting movement to peace. I can make a difference.

I am send out my writing to John to ge them out of this cell. And I am certain the books will sell. Vol2 is much more coherent that I thought.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

I never went over Volume 1 . I just wrote and got it to John through the court appearances. So I have no feel for the flow. But I believe that Volume and this will both be published and I will be firmly established in my new life.

In many ways, I have turned my life over to God as a married man I had to be conscious of my partner. She and my children showed my true desires. I want an dneed that husbandship and fatherhood but you can't serve 2 masters. Being married takes away from a spiritual life on the upper levels. I do not believe in celibacy. I believe that intimacy is the raw creative energy of the universe. and I do not choose to set it aside. In truth I can't. But relationships will all be subordinated to the WorldPeace Advocacy WPA. That is the understanding of relationship without marriage.

I am not leaving one women for another. I am refusing a full mental relationship because I am married to my destiny and god and a woman can never compete. That is why in part my marriages came apart. I was never fully engaged or devoted to the marriage. I could have been more attentive but there was a limit to the ultimate commitment. My desting was and is my love and I see now I only performed adequately in the marriage.

I had major revelations today about TWPA and female relationships. 1) I am married to God. Faith. Spirituality TWPA. And always have been. It means that even the best female relationship including Kay was always subordinated to my destiny. 2) a sexual emotional intimate relationship to me is connected to creativity and spirituality. and the connects is very strong. so strong that I could never accept celibacy voluntarily. 3) Multiple female relationships become possible because they are not competing with each other but with my destiny. And the closest frmales will be the one who are the most involved in my desting, my life. 4) It comes down to time around me. I am setting the pace of the agenda.

I worshipped Kay due to the intimacy and involvement in the biz and the WPA. Divorce was inevitable because I would never give up. (Eric Hoffer) I love her as much as I could – as much as she would let me.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

I was the man of ideas she the man of action. but not a true believer.

This is a major revelation for me and it solves for me how I approach women. Upfront I realize the way things are. I hate games and deception in a relationship. I demand honesty and even brutal truth. There is no woman I think who I want bad enough to trick into bed. That would make me a predator and focused on the most bare kind of animal non emotional sex.

Women I will meet in the normal course of my activities. I am not one to go on that hunt for sex. It is too hard for me to deal with f\_\_ relationships no matter how short lived. I don't like immaturity and public scenes or arguments. I don't have time for them and I don't want them creating chaos in my head.

In life business and so on, it always help to have a template that applies to a situation. If you have relationship template it is easy to reduce the number of bad scenarios. It take a while sometimes. And no template is ever complete. But over time it can be refined to avoid trauma and drama and even in business failure and loss of assets.

Now I have on additional area that I must resolve and that is who was Jesus. I have to make my intellectual and spiritual metamorphosis concepts together into something that is real. Something that makes sense and something that others can relate to.

I am most interested in reconciling Jesus with the Buddha. That is going to take more books than I have available to me in this jail. But I think that is the ultimate issue for me with regards to religion.

The story of Jesus and miracles and resurrection are very difficult for the post modern mentality and even for me if I believed all of the miracles, the question is for me, what was Jesus point. what was the real message . Just believing is not enough for me

Dr John WorldPeace JD

because you can't be saved and then go back to your evil ways and still expect to go to heaven.

There are many inconsistencies that I must resolve. Most people don't recognize these and even if they did have no choice of reconciling them into a coherent story. Now the Dead Sea Scrolls show that there was significant editing of text coupled by the monks.

All this has to come together for me and it is something I have been spending a lot of time with in the last week.

Part of me feels that when I work this out, I will be set free. So my time in here has less to do with the judge's sentence and more to do with the spiritual revelations that I am looking for.

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080818

This has been a very strange day. It is about 1630 I think. I can't tell because it is overcast and there is no sun to cast shadows so I can't tell what training it is. Also Marco my friend who is a trustee of the halls cannot push 7 on the plone and get the time for me. But I have slept almost all day it seems

Last night I did not work out (500 pushups) until late and then I took a very short 1280 shower. I have a scouring pad not like in Harris County and am able to take the rough psoriasis off my skin. My psoriasis is almost gone because I do not sweat in here, also my arthritis seems to be in remission and I am told it is related to the psoriasis.

I think getting too much of my book matter out and the house on Heights so close to closing is a big factor in my relaxing. Also, I am moving forward again on the book. It is interesting how I write a section and then the new section carries into my mind. This is how it was on Book 1. I thought I would run out of things to say but I did not. In fact, I am now on page 1280. I will keep

Dr John WorldPeace JD

___1280 until I am out of jail. Also, I am pretty convinced that I will not be held on any more of the State Bar contempt. I am almost P—1280 it ran concurrent because it is not a penal code matter but a government code matter. Since I was being held in the Harris Co jail- it ran- So I was lucky that I was not taken to the FDC. Also, the fact that my weight is down to 182 since I arrived here and is holding at that amount. I feel I will be able to easily get down to 168 by the time I get out If not right after. I went to stay this but muscular. My father's father was about 135 which is too thin. My mother's father was about 168 but he was on about 5'8". Also, just this revelation today about female companions and how I will deal with that has given me peace. So there are many factors that contributing to me simply relaxing. More relaxed in some ways than I have been all my life. When I get about \$250,000 in the bank and the business is going, then I think I will be totally relaxed.

I guess because of all the sleep, I will probably stay up until breakfast. Mostly writing and some reading. I want to get out another 60 pages for the mail tomorrow. I sent about 80 today plus letter to mother, daddy and Kay and the BOP.

Also, the naps I have taken today have been deep sleeps not surface naps. I used to daydream about being able to relax to this degree over the last few years. Laying on a quilt with the sun shining in and the window open. Now I at least have the nap time. And I think my entire body is healing. All the stress is coming out. I think I will exit here feeling like a young man again.

One thing I think about a lot in here is driving my volvo all over the US. There are so many places I want to see and driving relaxes me. I want to go back to Colorado and Seattle and North Dakota and the east coast in the fall. That is how I escape in here, just thinking about driving around.

I asked John to send me some books on St Francis and I am very much looking forward to getting them. I have read all but one f__1282 book. And I continue to work on the gospels and the Dead Sea Scrolls.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I should get commissary tomorrow and maybe just maybe I will get some Ice cream.

It is possible that the FBOP could release me any day and so I think about that. Right now I just don't feel I will be in jail until December. I feel I will be able to go to the Renaissance Festival in Texas and that begining in just more than 6 weeks. Logically I feel, that if I have to file s__1282 next week I will be moved to Houston before the end of the month. If they do move me to Houston, I doubt they will move me again because the lawsuit will be ongoing and I will have 3.5 months to go and 2.5 months to the halfway house. I believe if I am in Houston, I will get to go to the halfway house but I won't if I am still here.

At any rate I am relaxed now and my mind is at ease. Time will begin to go faster too because since the house sold there will be money for John to send me books that are relevant to my books and books and books on programming and design that apply to my web business.

I will shave my head later. That is always like a ritual cleansing. It always makes me feel clean. Like going to church.

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080819

On Monday I received a letter from Kay and one from daddy. It is the first letter I received from daddy. His writing has deteriorated a bit but he is 82 and I am sure he has not written much of anything for years. Just a note here and there. Not a letter. He said his leg is healing slow. He also said that without Nickie he would be in bad shape. Said he lost down to 170 pounds from 2016 but he is back up to 204.

He sits and watches TV all day and eats. And he does not eat healthy. He says that only one of his 4 arteries that were fixed on his bypass 20 years ago are closed. It is his high cholesterol diet. That can be solved by diet with no problem but when I talked to

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

him about it 10 years ago when I had my heart attack he would not listen. He was just not going on a low cholesterol diet and hew ass not going to exercise. And Nickie is way over weight and inactive herself. You can't eat healthy and exercise if you partner is not going the same.

He may live a week or a couple more years. It is hard to say. But I know that he has the family genes and physical make up to live to his mid 90s. But when people have no goals or enthusisms and just watch TV all day life is a burden and no longer exciting.

Both my mother and my father's families have long lived genes. Both have grandparents that lived to 99. And most died in their 70's. His father lived to be 80 and his mother 84. My mother's father was 77 and her mother 91 when they died. So to me it is sad but each person make his own choices in those matters.

I quit worrying about it 5 years ago when I had a very long talk with him about his diet. He made it clear that he was not going to make any sacrifices. Not even something as simple and no longer eating egg yellows.

I was glod to get the letter and wrote back. I pray he lives at least anoth 4 months so I can see him again.

Kays letter stunned me that she is very tired. I am sure her life is not what she thought it would be. She has peace but I feel she is lonely. Her letter just had not zip in it. When she was with me she always had a lot of energy.

I am sure she is just a baby sitter now. Working 10 hour days and going home to be alone. I can tell by her letter that she is not forty as sharp as she was. We have been apart for 19 months and that is really a long time. People can change a lot in that period of time. When a person hits their mid 50s there are a lot of physical and mental changes that take place.

When I got the letter I realized how mad I am bout allowing that guard to throw awy all the letter I had received from Kay and

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

others. Just like now. I don't want to write down everything she wrote I would rather just have the letter to refer to. I am very mad about it. It is stupid that I could not take about 100 pages with me from Falfurious to Brooks.

I really want to tell John to go ahead and file the lawsuit but I have to send he FBOP and US Marshall a copy fast. So probably won't file until the end of next week. I hope that John has received the lawsuit by now.

There was a stabbing in here yesterday. These people refuse to acknowledge that when they don't give inmates their rights that it creates tension and fights are more likely. The feds are supposed to come and investigate today. What a joke. The real problem is how this prison is run. Just like me. I was put in with 3 violent offenders one guy had been involved in a stabbing himself. I had no business being in a tank with him.

Kay was talking about an Armageddon type dream she had. Actually it was a right \_\_\_ 1286 lasat week. She was concerned about it. I told here that it was the some kind of vision she saw in guilded meditation back in 93 when we were going to Coloraddo. She did not remember because she was channeling and she did not remember me telling here about it.

She also told me that just she and my mother packed and moved all my things. I could not believe. Mother is 81 and Kay has a bad heart. They were doing the work of three men. I just could not believe.

Therre may be no commissary this week. Just more bad administration. I am sure this stabbing inquiry is going to stop commissary. They supposedly sent the computer off to be upgraded and the warden won't allow the commissary lasdy to use one of the other computers. This woman could do it by hand. There are only about 80 guys who have money for commissary. But she is lazy. All it does is create more tension.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

Like in all organizations and businesses and government the person at the top sets the standard for everyone. When the man at the top has a bad attitude it filters down. When he is incompetent he hires incompetent people. It makes me mad that I have no stamps to mail with. I am down to 5 envelopes and 1.5 tablets. and it is all so unnecessary.

I realized that Vol @ books probably should be only 400 pages not 800. I have 470 tablet pages on Vol 2 bk. 640 with equal 400 book pages 1287 so in the next 10 days I can finish book 1 of volume 2. I have been reviewing and summarizing so I can mail the pages to John. And the book is good and much faster moving than I thought.

Vol 1 needs to be 750+ pages because it lays the foundation for Volume 2. But at 400 pages volume 2 could be 10 books. In a pinch I could do 400 pages in two weeks and then 2 more weeks of editing. It would be easy to do 2 or even 3 a year. So I am excited. What I have to concentrate on is finishing Vol 2 Bk 1. and to get all the pages summarized and mailed before they can take it away from me. The 470 pages I have completed is a lot of work. I see it more now in my review than when I was writing it. The summaries are tedious and I don't like doing them but they are insurance. If I had a computer I would be writing faster and would not have to do all this summarizing.

Just more evidence that the prisons are still in the dark ages. computers, used can be bought for \$150 or less. If they don't connect to the internet there is no harm – 1287 by the inmates. Again it would relieve the tensions in here and reduce the fights.

Just like I said the computer was sent off to \_\_\_ 1287 to be upgraded last Friday and has not been returned. It is possible that we won't even get commissary this week. I have adjusted my mind not to get anything. I have enough pens and paper for about a week. My food is all gone.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

Yet for some reason I seem to be more relaxed. My bout of arthritis seems to have run its course and I need less and less medicine to ease the pain.

The letter that I received from my father several day ago was very uplifting but he mentioned Brian, Stephanie and David who have tried to destroy me. As a result I have been living terrible negative memories of all of them for 3 days. I have asked John to never mention their names to me and he hasn't. But I have not said this to my father. It is sad but the evil they have done to me is so great that when their names are mentioned I have a very hard time trying not to relive their lies and the evil of their mother.

The one thing that seems to help is reading a novel or writing on my book. Writing a book is wonderful because you can create a perfect world and escape there That is what I am about to do.

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080821

The B Vol 2 was flowing out of me yesterday, I wrote about 35 or more pages in my mind I have written 10. That will put me at 512 tablet pages I realized yesterday that each book of v 1289 it will be about 400+ pages. So that is 640 tablet pages. Therefore I should finish the first bo of V2 in 5-7 days I realize that the Book is just a look to introduce the main characters and to se the main storyline.

I am marking out the pages 22/11 at the top. I have no stamps or envelopes so I am writing. When I finish the 140 pages I will put had 1289 mail out everything before I proceed. I have to have a summary sheet for each 22 pages.

It is also possible that the publisher will divide Vaol 1 into two books. I have almost 1300 tablet pages. This is about 800 book pages. so the two books of 400 each. I thing there will be 8 books in vol 4 which will make a total of 10 books 2 in Vol 1 and 8 in

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Volume 2. At any rate I am excited about it. Especially now that I realize that I have written the equivalent of 3 standard books.

Writing for me consist of writing, about 5 pages then stopping and thinking or letting the next pages flow into my head then I set down to write and they flow out. The process may be hard to do in the free world due to the distractions. I will have to write at a certain time each day. Right now I have all day so when I am inspired, I write.

The first two hands of solitaire I won this AM so I interpreted that to mean a good day. Getting my ice cream would be good. Getting my St Francis book from John would be good. Hearing the house sold would be good news. getting released would be the best news.

Mario continues to look out for me. He got me a razor from the guards so I can shave.

These books and stool I write on are really taking a toll on my back. I have to be careful when I wake in the AM and get up. If I move wrong my back will catch.

It will be a good day. Today is the 1st day of the last 4 months. 21st but since December 21 is on Sunday they will release me on the 19th Friday. the Feds don't release on the weekend.

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080822

Someone was stabbed a few days ago. In the next building there are 4-48 men tanks. They are full of gang members who know how many gangs there are. Each gang member has their gang tattoo. In another incident 8 members of one gang caught 1 member of another gang alone and beat him up. It is pure indiscriminate viciousness. These people are like packs of wild dogs roaming the streets. it is hard for me to believe how these people live that reality.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

Again , for the fourth day I received the letter from my father who mentioned my 3 estranged children I was chewing on their baad acts against me. There is no way I can justify or forgive what they did. They are all treacherous in their own way. and unfortunately they undeniably hate me. I do not hate them nor do I forgive them. I have just tried to eliminate them from my life.

The source of this evil is their mother who cointues to feed it.’

I knew what I came into this life and more so when I changed my life that I would be fighting evil from those who want to stop me from achieving my destiny. In tat tye have not been successful. In fact their bad actsasexample of non peaceful behavior has given me the reality that I needed to experience to write this book. So like Judge Hughes who felt he was punishing me with his excessive sentence did nothing but give me my peace bona fides. God uses the wicked like this. They cannot ever overcome my light.

One of the things that God has shown me is this place is the evil nature of a significant part of the human population. I fully understand his desire to wipe many off the face of the earth. I feel that civilization just has not evolved out of the jungle yet and that jungle viciousness badly effects the souls who incarnate in human bodies.

I believe in hell but not eternal damnation. As I have had to pay my debts to society, souls must pay for their evil deeds as well. Un fortunately it is a long time before people reap what they sow. I used to feel sorry for people destined for punishment. No lawyer. I believe this unlike earth, people in hell have been justly tried. On earth justice is biased and many innocent people are in jail on some longer term than was justified.

I pray that I get my commissary today. I am out of food and will be out of paper in a few days. I have been craving ice cream for a month. I derive great pleasure from reading and writing but I also derive pleasue of of a chocolate cup cake or a bag of M & Ms. Just having them available is comforting in this place.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I was taken out for recreation yesterday. I am afraid I got a sunburn on my head again. but it was worth being outside. I did not get to call John so I will try to make that happen today. Knowing that the house finally closed will be uplifting to me.

I have written about 25 pages a day the last 2 days on my book. By Monday I should have 640 pages necessary to finish the 3 books. this on Vol 2 bk 1. I have another 20 pages in my head which will be easy to write. Then I will only need 100 more. John \_\_\_ 1293 is laying the foundation and introductory character. I find that mostly my book is conversation. I am not too interested in detailed description of places. I have written a total of about 1800+ pages of 250 words per page. If I can make money at it, I find the work a pleasure. I like the freedom to create characters and events.

Time continues to move fast in here. I also hope to receive two books on St Francis today. I have one novel left to read but have no desire. I am reading mostly the Dead Sea Scrolls and the Bible and continue to try to reconcile Jesus.

My friend Mario the floor trustee has really taken care of me. He got me a razor yesterday and sox a week ago to warm my arms. Ahd he pushes for my commissary aand phone and rec time. He is the best friend I have had in jail. I can talk to him through the food slot when it is open. His cell mate is one trustee of the commissary. If I don't get commissary today, it will be Tuesday and I will be out of everything. I have one motrin left. I am hurting now but I can't take it for fear of hurting worse. I have some ordered through commissary. Again I hope I get it today. The tanks across from em was the last to get commissary yesterday. So the solitary guys like me should be first today.

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080824

Mothers house sold last week. I am so free now. that it is gone. I lived there 5 years. It was never peaceful and in the end David

Dr John WorldPeace JD

brought it to an end when he tried to destroy my business. Now my mother has all her assets converted to cash. Her life is simple. She and I are not connected through the house. I am almost completely free. When I walk out of this jail I will have virtually no one to consider as far as what I want to do with my life. No one to consider but me.

I have been meditating hard on Jesus. I have been sleeping a lot. Starting into meditation then going to a half sleep. I am making great progress in reconciling with Jesus. I feel I am close. That and some other things are apparently holding me in this jail. I do not feel I will serve out my full year. John should mail the lawsuit off this week. This may set me free. I felt when I wrote it that I would be free within a few weeks. I have done my part. John has the ball now.

Also – the letter to Harper is ready to mail as soon as mother finds the copies of my Book of Peace. To send with the letter. Again it is in John's hand. But I feel there are two things that will be done this week.

John has been my savior in here and he saved mother's house. Without him, she may have lost everything. It is over now. All is well.

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080825

I still wake up thinking I have to go to work. I guess because I have worked all my life. Never had periods when I had nothing to do. All I have to do in here is to read and write. The house being sold has taken concern off my back that has been with me for 5 years. So that is a lot of energy that I don't have to expend. So I think 80% of my energy will go into this book now so it is hard to say how much I will get written.

There is still my potential lawsuit against the FBOP and my query to Harper. But this is nothing I can do about that until John sends off the letters.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I am certain that someone talked to the BOP and got me moved to this prison. Being the only White and being so far from Houston and the BOP knows this is the worst prison in the system in its looking in \_\_\_\_1295 But what they don't understand is how little I require. I could live as a monk with no problem. I can live in isolation with on problems I am sure I could live even with some level of torture.

But to most people being without TV is like a death sentence. I live my life in my mind.

And there is another aspect of my spirit. I have a high pain tolerance and the inability to really taste or smell or even hear out of my left ear. and my sense of touch is not great. So I feel that even though I am grounded mentally in this reality. I am not ground physically. So I don't joy in most things othe people enjoy. I am not capable. So I think the deprivation for me must be great for it to be effective.

No being able to feel as much as other make pain a joy of the sense of feeling. I feel alive when I am hurting in a sense.

Re: St Francis. How can you starve someone who fasts often? How can you take anything from someone who has nothing. Houw can you remove dignity from someone who joy in indignity. -GK Chesterton, Double Day 1924

It would frustrate my prosecutors to kno that their purnishment of me is not effective. They would believe I was lying. Kay, wife 2, can testify as to my truth.

In addition there is something in me that converts deprivation and ---1296 into a badge of honor. To be in prison due to injustice is a badge of courage and determination and a ---1296 of myself above the mundane to a higher level of experience. I don't seek punishment. But I don't register it when administered. I am not attached to this world. except marginally.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

The people who attack me cannot understand how I am . Even death is no ---1297 for someone who believes in reincarnation and the folly of holding on to tangible things that have no permanence.

The problem others have with me is not knowing if their tortures do not create joy for me. They cannot understand how different I am than others. And because they cannot hurt me, their acts are meaningless to me. The point of Christ was the ultimate humiliation and pain. And compared to his experience I give my condition no thought because it is insignificant.

I look at the day I have left in jail 117 and see it more as a short deadline to finish my books than punishment. I have to work hard to finish before I am released and have to deal with the outside noise and distractions of life.

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080829

I am in a really bad mood today which is unusual for me. The reason has to do with the way this jail is run. There was a stabbing 4-5 days ago and those things happen in part due to the tension caused by the ___1297 of a poorly run jail.

Today as yesterday the oatmeal was 60% water, yesterday 80%. Normally it is OK. But ---1297 they have some fool in the kitchen cooking it that has not been trained.

This is a solitary cell I am in and like all cells big or small its made of concrete cinder blocks, cement floor and metal beds, toilet, stool. There is a food slot in the door that stays open most of the time but some guards close it. It takes a big key like the door to open it once closed. What is irritating is that some guards come by and slam the door shut. Its heavy steel---1298 is a steel door. When they do that it is like a shot being fired in the cell because the sound echos off the walls, ceiling floor and bed. My ears are still ringing from it being slammed a few minutes ago. I don't

Dr John WorldPeace JD

think they are trying to harass me. They just don't care how much unnecessary misery they cause.

The woman who runs commissary is late often and goes home early a lot. I missed commissary a week ago because the computer was sent out to be upgraded to a new computer input system. the one all the other jails use. she did not want to deal with the inventory- so she refuses to use it. They are out of pens, stamps and peanut butter which is a necessary supplement here because they do not feed you enough. I have 8 letters which contain 150 pages of my manuscript which I can't mail out because the commissary woman refuses to get stamps. I have to write in pencil because she won't order pens.

Also, I have been ordering ice cream for a month and have not received it. I have only received it once in the six weeks I have been here. They have to bring commissary to me because I am in segregation (solitary confinement -administrative segregation). yesterday I only got half my order because they are out of so much stuff. I get no ice cream. But when I looked at my ceiling I saw inmates coming back with ice cream. It makes me livid.

I talked to the trustee who does the hallway floors and his cell mate is the commissary trustee. He is supposed to get 2 ice creams today. One for me and one for the trustee as essential payment for getting me one. The trustee is a nice guy and is not trying to rip me off. That is just the way it works in here.

Also in regards to the stamps, the inmates trade commissary for them if they are getting out because they are like money. They can take them out of here and cash them at the post office for real money. So that in part is what happens to the stamps.

A lot of guys make things in here and you buy them with commissary. so if it is \$5 then you give the guy \$5 of commissary which could be candy bars to stamps.

The other thing is that I had an echo cardiogram a month ago and I have not seen the Dr yet. I was supposed to have seen him

Dr John WorldPeace JD

yesterday but it did not happen. he ordered an EKG. Blood work-- the echocardiogram 6 weeks ago. I have a heart condition and need toknow if I have a problem Not only that he stopped my chloroestero medicine and will not start it until he reviews the test. So I have not had my cholorestoral medicine for 6 weeks.

another problem is that I really feel I am about to get out of here because the BOP does not want me to file a lawsuit. I wrote one up 2 weeks ago but I had to send it to my attorney friend so they would not read it. here and then it had to go to my mothers then my son. He just got it yesterday and will mail it out to the BP + USM in DC and a copy to the woman I have been writing in the Dallas BOP. 7 letters and no response. Monday is labor day so the letter will be further delayed. If they do not release me I will file the suit in about 10 days.

I feel there are about to let me out and that makes the time harder to do as oppose to just doing with the fact that I will get out on Dec 21. The first weeks are the hardest time in jail.

I also get ___1300 and now a copy of the release roster for the jail. As I suspected only 1.5% of the inmates are non Hispanic. it is illegal to segregate br race. So I have proof that what thye are doing is illegal. It is not, just my theory. Also from that roster I know that one of my enemies in Houston had someone at the BOP illegally send me here. No one here is from Houston. And most of the time people don't get moved when they only had 5 months left to serve.

The one thing that keeps me going is reading and writing. even if I have to use a pencil. In the novel parties of my book I can create any reality I want. So I can retreat to my fairy tale land. I wrote 25 pages yesterday because I just go carried away with the storyline. Writing is easy but I think it is hard to write a story if you don't have any real life experiences other than the mundane or if you are not in a philosopher or day dreamer. with a computer I could rough out a 400 page book in about 2 weeks.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

A constant concern of mine is getting the transcript out of here. There is so much work in writing it can't really be redone. It is all inspired and you can't recapture the mood. I was getting the manuscript out of here then they ran out of stamps.

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080830

I got a pen from Marco yesterday. He and I are getting along well. I gave him some motrin for his bad tooth and he gave me the pen. I also brought him an icecream and he was able to get me an ice cream. I don't think I physically needed the ice cream. I did need it psychologically for some reason. It did satisfy some deep need I had. I think it is a connect to the outside world.

I did my exercises last night. They are boring but I always take a shower when I finish and I feel uplifted and it carries over the next day.

John asked me the other day about mailing to his PO Box. I did not get his meaning until last night. My-Le does not want my Fed Jail mail going to her office. It is not a big deal but it is an issue. My-Le is into politics and I need to not raise my presence. In fact, as much as I would like to help I need to stay uninvolved except to give them money. It is her being. And for all purposes I lok like a failure at this point in my life.

I found out that the doctor had to leave on an emergency on Thursday and that is when I did not get to see him. I was concerned a bit that there might be something wrong with my EKG. I guess I will see him next Thursday but with Monday being Labor Day I am sure he will be behind in the Corpus and Kingsville prisons. Apparently he was unable to see 30 patients on Thursday.

It is breakfast and they served s in styrefoam trays so after they collec the trash it will be quiet until lunch in about 6 hours. I usually write for an hour or so and then go back to sleep. I have

Dr John WorldPeace JD

been up for about 2 hours. It may be great until supper because this is the weekend.

John should have sent off copies of the lawsuit so they will probably arrive at the BOP on Wednesday. So by the follow Friday I will file suit if they don't release me. That will be the 12<sup>th</sup> and I will have only 3 months and a week if I have to serve our my whole sentence which I doubt.

If John ordered my St Francis books the other day I may bet it today. But since it is a long weekend the mail person may not work today.

I started a book on Jesus yesterday but it is going to be written in pieces. I hope about 160 tablet pages which will be 100 book pages. Once I have finished writing all the parts I will need to organize it based on a review of what I have written.

I killed another spider in here this morning. I just realized that the cell next door is used for storage mostly of mattresses and everytime they go in there they disturb the spiders who go out into the hall and then come into my room under the door. I am sure that is where most come from. I am always concerned about brown recluse spiders.

~~~

080831

Time continues to move fast in here. It works for me to have the day broken down into 4 parts. Breakfast 0300 lunch 1000 dinner about 1500 to snack 2000, 2000 to midnight reading and writing. Midnight to 0300 sleep. During the day I mostly read write and meditate and take naps here and there. Every other day I exercise for an hour and shower. At breakfast I mark off the prior day from my short timers calendar.

My friend Marco is a trustee and he just gave me a roll of the lunch tray. He rolls the cart in the halways. The rolls are pretty

Dr John WorldPeace JD

good seem like fresh baked here. I et the with jelly at 2000. Sometimes he give me his cake too. When he has extra cool aie and the end of the run I get that too.

I am not using all my IBP and so I give him a pill as two a day because they don't give him pain medicine for his bad tooth what they won't pull. To survive in here you have to tip into these trustees who can get things done. But if you have not money or commissary you are screwed. Some guys make things like rosaries out of plastic bags or copy photos on handkerchiefs and sell them for commissary or stamps.

The Vol 2 Bk1 will be finished today and I will start on book 2. I am also working on a book on Jesus. that I should finish next week.

I am paranoid about being move and losing my manuscripts. If I had the stamp I would be getting some of it out every day. But I have had no stamps in over a week. and don't expect to get any until Thursday.

The BOP could release me next week which is not a problem because I can walk out of here with my manuscript. The problem came is the BOP or court order me transferred. Then they try to take away my property.

I am definitely ready to get out of here.

I am reading a book by James Joyce. A portrait of an Artist. as a young man. His style is hard to read plus his use of unknow to me Irish terms and stories. I want to read Ulyssis but they say it is really hard reading.

They turned the AC back on and I am again freezing. I was happy last week when it was off. Now I am wearing my arm sox and T-shirt again.

~~~



Dr John WorldPeace JD

RAIN

The rain pours down  
on this cement box  
a sound of beauty  
though flat and dull

The cleansing water  
from the pure Heavens  
from time immemorial  
the water rises and drips

As when I was a boy  
the clouds darkened the day  
and the rain dully tapped  
the little wood frame house  
gentle hands dusted the  
roof with drops of rain

Lightning strikes  
thunder falls behind  
then rolls off into the distance

The grass goes brown to green  
the dust and dirt are returned  
to the ground

In this prison cell  
I joy in the rain  
and take energy  
from the lightning  
and thunder

The day fast approaches  
when outside I will stand  
and take the rain  
upon my face

Inside this cell

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I cleanse my mind  
and clear my aura  
renewed I am

The rain waits with the  
baptism of water  
in the Phoenix fire

I turn in my cocoon  
my mind reaches beyond  
the window

My tongue remembers  
the pounding rain

080829  
1330

Dr John WorldPeace JD

A VIRGIN TOMORROW

The path of freedom  
with all its objectives  
lies before me

In 90 days I shall reach  
the trail head  
and place my  
first step on its  
virgin way

Who knows what magical  
transformation that un-trod  
path will make when  
raped by a solitary  
foot at its beginning

There are other choices  
with worn trails of  
societies millions of  
herding humans  
with no imagination  
or desire

I am an old man but  
my path is packed  
with new adventures  
and young ladies

Where shall this path lead  
or will the light of it  
burn out in years  
to come but before  
long before I am  
ready to die

We will see

Dr John WorldPeace JD

but I know  
that I will walk  
slower and more  
intensely and  
deliberately  
than in the past six  
decades

I am bored with  
this dungeon even as new  
revelations arrive each  
day from the father One

I most long  
for the company of a  
smiling young female  
friend

080830  
0236

VOICES

In the echo chamber  
of the hall outside  
my steel door

The foreign language  
voices that used  
to vibrate into the  
early morning

had begun to grate on my  
nerves

But then all these solitary  
cells emptied and a new  
crew of jail birds  
came to roost

And the conversations  
stopped

And now it is quiet  
- a blessing

But a strange aloneness  
I did not expect

Strange but it does not  
matter. I am not in  
the mood to listen or  
talk

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I have my ways to dodge  
the terrors of this crazy hell

I reach for a book or a pen  
I cross my legs or lay  
down in meditation  
and stoke up one of  
a myriad memories  
or fantasies

Into this cell comes books  
from here and there and  
I swear they were chosen  
just for me and sent  
by God my all-knowing teacher

No one would believe it  
but it is true

The guard just came  
with my medicine and a  
30 word conversation

Part of which was the time  
7:55

It is about to be dark outside my window.

The days are getting shorter

080830  
2000

DUNGEON

254 days in this dungeon  
and mostly in solitary  
especially these last 2 months

I have slowly crowded  
deeper into this cave of  
sterile silence  
and found deeper

issues become crystal  
clear

I think I want to go out  
and be free but yet  
the gift and insight  
of clarity is  
like gold

To be able to see and  
understand the core  
truth of one's life  
in no uncertain  
terms

Yes in many cases  
it comes through  
the writing

I sit in my chair of body  
and write on my metal stool  
I let the words flow

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Then I catch an unexpected  
wave and watch it  
build and then  
it breaks but  
not in foam

But in rays of light  
streaming in my head  
and then I love  
the silence

I willingly go  
in anticipation of the  
next light in the  
ascending path

How could I want to  
leave this mind space  
my solitary cell

080830

2000



DEEP SHADOW DAY

If not a deep shadow day  
the sun is screened  
by a smogish haze

The energy of the earth  
polluted by the human virus  
of smog and negativity  
bake up from the  
morning awakening  
ground

I look out through  
my dirt-caked window  
to try to remember  
the early morning  
smells

But the dirty window  
and the dirty air  
opaques the sun's  
bright light

and the deep rich  
shadows are disbursed  
as hazy gray

The global human society  
continues to foul the air  
pollute the ground  
choke the earth

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Dirty minds expel  
the rising negativity  
and the earth prepares  
to sneeze and  
cough itself  
clean

The time is coming when  
the earth will  
revolt against the  
virus man  
and decimate

his population  
with the choking  
filth of dirty humanity

In time the earth will  
be quiet of human voice  
and another species  
will become king

One too dumb to pollute

080831

0800

~~~

080901

This morning I broke into another level of my writing, poetry. I have channed poems for 42 years beginning with very short ones and move up to 25-40 lines. and then I stopped in 1993 and wrote a few in the next 115 years. Many poems I stifled and would not let through because I was married and did not want to be accused of the reality that my fantasy composed.

But now I am free of that. I just realized and awakend to that today.

I began to play with Haiku 5 months ago. And have written several l--- 1305 and will write more in here. I am out and about an can feel the free flow of women in my environment as well as life all around

I also freed myself from long poems and wrote a few quatrains this morning and even one religious one about Jesus. for which there is a huge market. (I just spent time meditating on this.)

So my poetry is free to be long or short. women or Jesus- religious or spiritual, rhyming or haiku.

I took a long nap after lunch. A very deep and relaxing sleep. Right after the poety opened up. It is close to dinner so I must have slept for almost 4 hours.

I have been debating about the lawsuit. Right now my logic says I must proceed to prove the callous nature of the BOP and the injustice and above the – 1306 attitubde. Yet right now I feel that the next 110 days in jail would take my writing to a whole new realm. One which I could easily make a living. I am forced to focus in this place because there are no distractions. Just write my WPA my journal my poems and I just had an idea for a short story too. To write and paint only would mean I had to let go of my businesses which I hate to do. Write, paint and teach peace I

Dr John WorldPeace JD

should say. That is enough to super fill the rest of my life. Yet the web design business is something that seems solid and I need it to ground me. Too much creativity can go off into insanity.

I continue to meditate and I suspect that what seems like minutes may in fact be hours. I have no clock in here and it makes time surreal and no TV to remind me of the time either. All I have is the sun outside dividing day and night. And its shadow on things.

If I want something more specific

Lots of thoughts are flooding my head about traveling and writing. I feel very peaceful. Business has a negative side. I don't know how it would be to live too much peace. So maybe a creative life is too non combative. Yet the public is like a flock of birds in flight and can come to you or in a moment move away in mass.

I do want to be out of here. But if I leave I don't know what epiphany I would have missed. I do what I must. It is in God's hands. I am happy either way.

When I begin to type up the manuscript, I am going to insert poems all the way through Haiku question ? and long poems. 1307.

I just had the laundry trustee stop at my cell and ask if I wanted to buy his trays. He does not eat anything they serve but only eats commissary. He wants a honey bun for his tray. All I have to do is tell Marco that I want it. I am beginning more each to see how it works in here. It is all about money. You have a little money you can get good clothes, a good laundry, food, ice cream, pens paper stamps. The trick is to have extra commissary to use for bartering. If I can I want to buy one of those rosaries they make before I leave.

When the trustee stopped at my room the picket guard came on my intercom and told him to move along. It shows they can respond when they want to. They just never respond to my calls. But I never pressed more than once.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I took another hour plus nap. I think it has to do with all the energy that is channeling right now. The book pomes and other things. I got the vibe to rewrite the gospels in a condensed poetic format. I can do it. And I know I can wrie some Christian oriented short stories too. Maybe a boo of them. I am beginning to feel that unity may be a very big part of my life. I can just feel the gears shifting.

Right now I am hoping that John ordered my books on St Francis. and that I get them tomorrow. I aske for just the bios, two of them. I guess when I finish I will get his writings. I think they are mostly poems. Interesting to the parallels that seem to be coming into my life. But I will not be a monk or friar. I must find more of a normal life not counting the female espec of my life. women give me too much pleasure to give thme up or subordinate them to the bottom of my priority list.

All I know is that I am changing some each day in different ways. All for the positive. I feel I am coming to the surface from a deep dive. And the surface is freedom. I do feel it may be just a week or so away.

~~~

080902

Yesterday was the most positive and up days I have had in jail. Ih ad revelations about my poetry. I wrote 20+ pages on my book but then about 2200 I began to get angry over my son David and his treachery and then I began to be angry about being screwed by the State Bar and all the judges.

I am sure it has something to do with not having a final resolution that the contempt charge has already been served. But I have been dealing with that since I came to jail.

I still feel I will be released early, as earlyas this week on the Federal matter. Really I am in an up mood. I have no doubt that one of my enemies had me sent here to Brooks.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I found out the other day when I was locked in the rec pen that they have a cell for Blacks. There are only 8 of them in this whole prison of 500. I do not believe they have enough white to make an 8 man cell.

I know I was illegally sent here.

As to my attitude all I can believe is that I am about to get out or the fact that I had such an up day yesterday made the evil arrayed again me furious and they began to work on my head to create the anger in me.

I slept a lot yesterday and I am sure that is why I could only sleep one hour last night. I hate getting off my schedule. Even though yesterday was so fast because of all the sleep.

This morning breakfast was beans eggs and tortillas. The beans were nasty but worse as per usual they had grit in them. Some is no rinsing the beans off before they cook them. It is unbelievably to be fed like dogs.

I hope I get my book on St Francis today. it will be uplifting. I really have nothing to read in here now.

~~~

The problem that I personally have in this prison is that I am unable to do things like organize my possessions or rebuild my business or fix my car. Writing for me should be a good thing if I am able to sell what I have written. But even if no I have cleared my mind of many things and have a better understanding of the world.

The other problem in here for me is that I am cut off from finding like souls. Cut off from finding a female companion. Cut off from even talking to some who has a future. Because in here no one has a future until they get work. No one has anything in here. We are all held powerless.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

The tragedy is that even the convicts who want to change their lives and begin to move forward cannot do it. They are forced into idleness for months and years and for some even decades.

Punishment in here is enforced idleness. But there is another kind of misery which is indirect. When you are in prison for the most part your family and friends forget about you. They act as if you are dead. They can't relate to your needs and your concerns.

We all live our own lives and there is little caring for others in truth. The caring exists generally when there is nothing better to do. When you live in a virtual world anything from the outside is uplifting. Even if someone sent you a steel marble.

I think about Jesus. All his disciples in the end abandoned him. Who was at his crucifixion. The women who had followed him. They were there because women were essentially property and ignored. But his disciples all abandoned him. Yet when he had risen he appeared to them and blessed them. Consider this, Jesus after being abandoned at the cross sought out those who had professed to love him but abandoned him.

Consider what unbelievable glory awaited any disciple who had instead of the term thrive had been crucified with Jesus. The disciples ignored at one point over who would sit at his right in heaven. Whoever had followed him to the cross that day surely would have forever occupied that place of honor. But none did. Jesus died alone, abandoned by his disciples and abandoned by his half brothers by his mother Mary.

What a great sadness. How typical of the world that men and women won't step up.

I suppose that real Christians were the ones fed to the lions were that a condition of faith today. I doubt but a few would find to discount their faith. Yet in the end we all die. We all are sentenced to death at birth. 1312

Dr John WorldPeace JD

The disciples had an opportunity to die beside Jesus and chose to run and hide and deny him. And so it is the nature of human being to believe that they can hold on to life and so they try and in the end they die a meaningless death at the end of a moronic meaningless life leaving nothing behind but their rotting corpse.

I was in a very low mood because I was having to use a cheap pencil to write with. and down to 2 pieces of commissary to supplement my trays b--- and thinking about my kids and their treachery. I did not expect commissary until Friday but it came today and I actually got everything I ordered. So I can write with a pen again and I can send out my manuscript again which worries me if I get transferred and they try to take it from me.

I even got ice cream. So I went from being very low to just above normal. It takes so little to keep you attitude up in her and so little and so little to bring you down In here, it really is the small things that matter the most.

My trustee friend Marco is working u p front now 70? I have had no one to talk to . It was just a combination of things that made me low. I have only had a few days like that in 8.5 months. I really don't understand it because I was no up about my writing yesterday afternoon. I must have been picking up on someone else's energy. Maybe K or someone. I am OK now. Need to shave and exercise when my dinner settles. The French fries were like 2 days old. Terrible. They usually put those in with the eggs in the breakfast.

I sent off a letter to Daddy asking him never to bring up Brian Stephanie or David again. that it was too depressing. He has a special love for David. But David is the one who hurt me the most. I don't try to tell him how to feel. I just tell him I want nothing to do with David and why. I won't write anymore about it to him. I have had my say. It is just a sad reality that goes back to the biggest mistake of my life: marrying the Snake.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Kay's daughter-in-law is suppose to have her baby tomorrow. This is a donated cell and spurn to replace call who died in December 2006 at 6. another very sad situation

~~~

080904

I received a letter form John with a letter from daddy in it. VERY bad hand writing. So I sent him a second letter. He has come around that I am gone. I have not seen him in about 2 years I think. I will visit every week when I get out. I was avoiding the cops.

Still no St Francis books from John. I guess its mailed. No \$100 from mother for commissary. I spent last money on stamps and hostess cupcake. They may be holding money as they always do here. Really just ser—the inmates. Some money may be stolen. I believe they are capable of it.

~~~

Dr John WorldPeace JD

SLEEP CHANELING

In these prison days

I am drowning in sleep

I wake up and write and

then the psychic

energy overtakes me

and I must lay down

to sleep to dream to wake

and write some more

I don't know what it

is about sleep

but the spirits employ it

before they come

The days become more

and more monotonous

even though my

writing is dynamic

and stimulating

This prison seems to

become more quiet

each day

the guards

come by less and less

Maybe my dreams

are putting others to

sleep

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I wonder at times like these
how I stand the
solitude and endless quiet
and lack of
real conversation
except what books
speak to me

I do not seem to rise to
a fully awakened state

I just stay drowsy

Like the dream I just had
I fell into a deep dark pool
of water and sank until
I began to kick and
slowly rise

not a rush to the surface
just a slow laboriously slow rise

080902

1130

080904

Amazingly we ordered commissary yesterday and we got it today. and again I got what I ordered. Stamps and chocolate cup cake. I did not know if my money got in there or now from mother. Butas it turned out. the receipt says I have \$102 now. I have no doubt that the BOP letters have fixed the commissary.

I still dod not see the doctor today. So that is on ___ 1314. I told them in my last letter that I would sue them on Sept 16th at 8 am if I was not released. I feel there is a chance a good chance I will get out before next Friday. If now we will file suit an dI should be moved to Houston. If not I will have 3 more months in here. But I am almost finished my Epic Novel if I stay in here. There is getting to be more and more infor to keep in my head. But time is going fast. I have no book to read. All I have to do is write. Its ok because I have a lot to write.

I am hopin I will get my St Francis book tonight. The universe has a reason for holding it back. I am sending a lot of the manuscript out now that I have stgamps. By next Friday it should almost all be out of here. Then I will write 30+ pages a day and mail them out. Each day It is really incredible how much I have written. How much that in my head.

~~~

RUNNING TIME

Feet and legs running  
through the days  
a marathon of 100 more  
years I will live

I am up before the sun  
work run work  
endless hours of staying  
busy

One day my clock will run  
out of time and my heart  
will stop and my eyes  
will close

They will bury me or  
burn my flesh and bones  
it matters not.  
I prefer fire and ashes  
as opposed to the  
slow rot

of the cold deep dark ground

I love having a dream  
I can't experience enough  
see enough, live enough

Even in prison it is  
invigorating and exhilarating  
compared to Heaven where  
things are dulled  
by infinite immortality

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Each day I am excited for the  
evening so I can review the  
pleasures of the day

My mind dreams my body lives  
my soul take a ride  
How wonderfully full life is

My race is 60 percent gone I think  
maybe only half.  
A 100 + years  
I pray

I hear others say they don't  
want to live that long  
for them Heaven will be  
a home

They don't realize they came  
here to escape the monotony  
of Heaven

080904

0400

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Loneliness is an  
invisible thief that  
creeps into your  
reality and  
steals all your  
friends

In jail, the chatter and  
the noise become  
intolerable until  
it is all gone

Then you long for  
a bit of the  
chatter to  
return

We are all alone always  
born alone, die alone  
but in isolation  
in time  
the sound of alone  
is deafening

I can run and hide in  
a book that takes my  
mind away and  
write a fanciful novel  
about people I create  
to say things I want to  
hear

Yet flesh and blood  
require the company of  
flesh and blood  
in this place,  
jail, earth, Universe

In jail you have to

Dr John WorldPeace JD

learn to dance away  
the loneliness

the several forms  
requires various dances  
of avoidance  
- sleep works, but then  
you must wake up  
hopefully to noise

Not even a TV is here in isolation  
for a one-sided conversation

Loneliness is a pain in the mind

080904

0900



Dr John WorldPeace JD

080906

I called John and all is well. He said his and MyLe business is now breaking even. In other words all the bills are paid but MyLe is not getting a salary yet. Now through each month she will get a little more money. I have no doubt but that she will do very well.

I was sick last night I believe it was because I ate some Black pepper at 10 am. lunch. By 10 p it was in my lower colon and made me sick. This is how pepper affects me. I don't know why I ate it. I can't really taste it.on my food. The sickness began after I had my heart attack in 1997. I don't understand the connection. There may be \_\_\_ 1315. It may be just coincidental that I had the heart attack at the same time I became pepper intolerant. My father both grandfathers had stomach problems and my father father's father died of stomach cancer.

I woke up this morning taking in about David and Kay as well. I just can't make any sense of why David ruined all our lives. I can believe it I know he is evil. Btu I cannot understand his evil except that he was manipulated by his mother. He ruined my life but fortune and ruin is part of life. I was not destroyed. I have survived and will go on with my life. But I cannot imagine doing to my father what he did to me. I just can't imagine it.

Kay I still love but it is with the most profound sadness that I think about here leaving now. I know could not take the chaos of David destroying us. But she lost faith in me. Felt she needed a steady pay check and gave no consideration to being alone or lonely. Now our relationship is dead. I still care for her. I want nothing but the best for her. I will help her in anyway I can but deep inside I have a profound sadness.

My father last letter was on the edge of incoherent. I wrote him 4 letters in the last 2 weeks. Very open heartfelt letters. John said he saw him today and he looked a acted like a new man. But this is the way he is. He gets deathly ill, depressed, angry where he is almost paralysed and then he springs back like he is in the best of health. It is amazing to me. He has the ability to heal himself

Dr John WorldPeace JD

apparently but he only does it in short spurts. He cannot make a distance run of it. Some of it has to do with all his medicines but most of it is just his nature.

I know that when I am around him and interact with him he always feels better. I know when he is very ill I can feel it. He and mother have supported me all my life as a son even though they have felt I was acting stupid on more than on occasion. They have been my rock and foundation.

The Snake is trying through attacking me to erase her adultery at the end of our marriage and the abandonment of our children for her own selfish needs. Now she has her success but her actions getting there can never be erased. and at death she will be held accountable. A person can put on all kinds of acts and facades on earth but God sees the heart. Nothing is hidden. And you can't bargain away or hide it. The darkness becomes part of one's soul and it is a very heavy burden and a very high price to erase that immoral and treacherous acts.

After the divorce we both married. I married a woman who loves children to help me finish raising my children. She abandoned our children and married a man who had none. You cannot disguise the obvious truth.

None of this really matters anymore. I have survived it all. I can say I did my best. I supported my children until they tried to destroy me. I honored my parents and grandparents. That is all that matters.

090906 1300

I was laying on my back when I heard one of the nicer guards here yell out in surprise. I got up and the guy in solitary across the hall has said someone had thrown coffee on him through the food slot.

Apparently it was one of the gang bangers in tank 11. 11 is an 8 man tank next to tank 12 where I was originally put.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

About 10 minutes later I smelled smoke and heard a muffled pop sound. I looked over the hall and saw a fire burning in the common entrance to tank 11 and 12. Then I saw several other smaller fires in the bay windows which face the hallway. Whoever was mad at the guard apparently set the fire. I use the intercom to say there was a fire in 11.

The alarms went off and the hall was filling with smoke. The smoke began to burn my eyes and throat so I got my towel, wet it and moved to the far corner of my cell and sat on the floor.

I saw the guard come in with a small cheap fire extinguisher which I thought was inadequate. But it did put out the fire. Had those idiots taken the fiber glass stuffing out of the mattresses and lit that. That little extinguisher would not have worked.

Guards kept coming in. Then some --- guys 1318 with flash 7 shirts came in with what looked like 45 Cal sub machine guns. I would look when I would go to the sink to put more water on my towel.

I would also call on the intercom to get me out because I had a heart condition. No one paid any attention.

I am very allergic to smoke. Had it cause a heart attack I would have died in here. It is a helpless feeling when you are locked in a cell and there is a fire and smoke. Smoke kills people before the fire.

I survived but it reinforced the reality that it is dangerous in here and if I have a heart attack I am going to probably die in here.

I had a very bad and restless night last night. I should have known that something like this was coming. I was just about recovered when the fire was set.

I can still smell the smoke and some inmates coughing and sneezing down the hall.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

They need a guard stationed in the hall at all time. They have a picket at the entrance to the building and camers that look down the hall but they cannot see in the cells.

There are clip boards outside the segregation cells and the guards are supposed to look in our cells every 15 minutes. In reality they do it every couple of hours and fill in the sheets all at once. Someone will die in a cell. Nothing will change.

I am sure the public thinks a person should avoid jail. But that is hard in a corrupt police and judicial system.

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The heat has now been turned on . I guess to vent the air. The guard just said they had to pop pepper gas canisters when the fire was. I guess now they are venting the pepper gas out. The fire was an hour and half ago So maybe they had to do it again. I think they are doing a shakedown now. To find whatever was used to start the fire. They are moving the inmates around with hand cuffs and they are in their underwear. So it is the residual pepper spray that is burning my eyes and nose now.

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080908

I tried all weekend to write the summaries so I could mail out the manuscript to John. But I felt such a strong calling to continue to write the novel. Vol 2 bit 2 that I did not get any summaries done. But I did write about 60+ pages over the last 3 days.

It is so interesting to me to not really know what I am going to write , then all of a sudden as I pace the cell it come to me about the theme of the next batch of papers is going to be. I will get the information on the next 5-10 pages and I will begin to write. when I finish I am again Black as to the next pages but by pacing they come to me.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

I wonder if it will work this way when I am out of jail and all the distraction are there. I feel it will

This is how the art worked back in 1992 when I was painting seriously. I would dream or have a vision of a painting and then I would print it. About the time I was close to finishing the next painting would come into my head.

Poems are much shorter so I would get an inspiration and write and sometime another poem would begintobe written. Usual I would get the first line, then sit down and write it and the next would follow. After a few minures I would not really remember what I wrote. Just a vague idea. later that day I would hav no memory of the poem just the fact that I had written something.

With poems they sometimes would flow in groups. I would find one and another would come. Most of the time I would have more inspiration in the Fall of the year or around Thanksgiving. I don't know why.

I have 42 years of dealing with inspiration so I know how to recognize those flashes of creativity.

I just used the analogy with Vol 2 Bk 2 of living in a fog and at time the fog clears and I can see clearly. I write what I see and the fog returns. I almost never write a poem nonstop and write. If I don't the poem is lost. Sometimes I can cary the first line and hold the inspiration. but it is hard to do.

In writing, I can hold a bit longer because I sort of remember the theme and the outline of the narrative. But I try not to hold on to it for mare than an hour or so. This why I kept writing all weekend. The book kept flow. So instead of the summaries I wrote the new content.

Also, in writing I can chose not to think about the book and the storyline. I can close my mind off to the inspiration. That way I can do other things and not lose the inspiration. But if I decide to let the thoughts flow I must write after I receive the inspiration

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

with regards to the book I dare not not write because I am afraid it will create a flaw in the fabric of the storyline.

I believe that the whole balance of the book would change if I received information and did not write it and lost it. I began again . I would not get the same information. I would get something different. Sometimes I feel like there are guides spiritual ones in Heaven lines up to feed me the book. If I don't write it down they get disappointed and refuse to return. so I go on to the next guide. I feel its disrespectful nt to write what I am given. I feel if I made a habit of it, my inspiration may dry up altogether.

I exercised yesterday afternoon. Usually I do it at night. Btu I had not exercised in several days and I felt food so I di my workout. Today my joints are sore. I hope I don't get to a place where I cannot exercise because it hurts too much. But I look into the morro and I see my youth is gone but no where near as much as the majority of my peers.

Other than the fire my life is routine here. The guards don't bother me. I am getting a razon every Monday and Thursday now. The commissary does not pass me by. I have 102 days left and it is temptation to just ride it out beut my desting to file suit unless they let me out this week.

I also am not sure if they are going to try to make me serve that contempt on the end of this Federal sentence. So Ihave to push on. If I get released from the fed sentence I have to do the state sentce than as of now I only have 6 months left. If I don't try to get out on the fed sentence and let it run , I may have to do 9 more months. IF I did 9 more months then I would completely 1372 finish the WPA.

Today should be ice cream day. we will see.

The Renaissance festival starts in a month and I really want to go. I have been visualizing going. If I am out I may try to go every weekend. It would be a nice way to exit jail.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

John said he sent my book on St Francis. I really hope they arrive today. I need the diversion from this book once in a while and a book helps me. The Bible is OK but the stories are so short it is hard to get lost in them.

In regards to the state sentence besides the fact that I have already served the time, I have a lot of legal re—1323 it should be thrown out. But I have no faith in the law anymore. It is a sick joke and all judges to me corrupt and almost all cops are liars based on my experience.

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080910

The days are going rather fast. No books from John yet. I have been writing a lot. As above I am on page 1323 on Vol 1 autobiography and page 800 on Vol 2, Bk 1 goes from 1-692 Book 2 from 693-800 I will finish vol 2 bk 2 in about 3 weeks.

I have sent John page 1-538 I am making a summary before I mail out each 11 pages (both sides 22) 11 physical pages in 2 stamps. So I send them in that amount. If a letter is lost I have the summary to recreate it. I have all my summaries in Vo 2 in my cell. Vol 1 summaries have been sent to John a few days ago as indexes. This letter sends all the vol 1 pages to John that he does not have. my 539-800 should be in my cell and de---1324 of the facility if I die. There are 4 9.5 x 11 envelopes addressed to David Gottshall with the pages in them. All 4 are in a plastic bag of the same size. There is a short timers calendar also in the bag on a piece of card board.

I sent a letter to John today about my sleep apnea. I did not realize it was life threatening. So I am writing this to clean up in case I die tonight.

First I gave all my possessions to John 6 months ago. So I have nothing to probate. It is all his and nothing as in absolutely nothing is to go to anyone else. He is instructed not to give

Dr John WorldPeace JD

anything to Brian, Stephanie, David their wives or husbands or children. I have disowned them for their treachery against me Brian his lies to Groesbeck HS in 1992 and to the sheriff. Steph for sayi I --- her. which is nonsense. If anyone molested her it was my ex brother in law Harry Hilton Harwell with the Snakes knowledge. David for destroying the web design business and my marriage to kay and indirectly me going to jail. Jwp 080910.

I wrote my 11th letter to Jule Rsoles about the sleep apnia. I wrote here 1324 a few days ago about the fire. Told here John would sue her and whatever put me in here for wrongful death.1325 A

and criminal manslaughter if I die in here. and take Dr Pendleton Lucerise for Malpractice and letting me die.

Otherwise I feel really good. Looking forward to getting out. Publishing my book with Harpers and restarting my web design business.

These prisons are really just killing machines.

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080912 p. 1325b

Yesterday was a chaotic day. I was concerned about my sleep apnia. the fact that the doctor has not seem me about my heart, Also I am in a minor delima about filing suit. I feel that I must do it just to see if the judge is willing to help me. I really doubt it. I doubt it. I doubt he will order me moved to Houston. or grant me indigency status. The courts are an instrument against inmates and the accused. These is no justice.

I am also considering a grievance against the doctor. He could lose his license over not treating me. I hate to make enemies. But he is being paid to make my well and he is taking money to make me suffer.



## Dr John WorldPeace JD

I am also concerned about Judge Brown order telling me not to file anything without here permission. I will not open myself up for more jail time.

I have not had an apnia attack since Wednesday morning. I feel they are caused by deep sleep per one of the medication nurses here. a felon apache male. I am also trying to keep my stress to a minimum. I sent a letter to John asking him to research the internet for information on sleep apnia. and to send it to me so I can know how to control it in the event I cannot get released.

I am into a routine of writing and making summaries on what I have written before mailing and the main manuscript. 1325b. I am up to 2120 table pages at 250 per page. It really is a monumental amount of writing for 6 months.

I look at my short timer calendar and see I only have 97 days left and it seems like not enough. If I stay the whole time I will finish my 4<sup>th</sup> book and maybe 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup>. as well. They I can publish for years with only having to edit and get some feedback before proceeding on. There could be 50 book in the series.

I write an hour or less. Then walke, pace, my cell to pull the next chapter out of my brain. Then when I have a good feel for what I am to write, I sit donw and write until I finish that section. Like a lot of things once the babit is formed it become a pleasure to do the work.

The summaries are tedious. But they require me to review what I have written which is a good thing.

I received 4 books from John today. I have been looking for them for 3 weeks. I am excited to have them because they will make time go faster. A new dynamic in my routine. Ready I ready everything I had about 3 weeks ago and a few books 2-3 times.

Also, I understand there is a B---126 going to Galveston and on to Houston I am sure. I love the bad weather. It makes sense that there would ba a major storm over Houston to mark this latest

Dr John WorldPeace JD

transition. The worst storm I was in was when Kay and I left her father's farm for the last time. There was one other time when I was a kid at my dad's parents. Extremely lightning then. My grandparents went outside to check something. I never understood why they went out in that weather. Never asked. So I don't know what was happening in my life at that time.

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080914

Sunday I just finished the first of two books John sent me on St Francis. I was moved by the book – the suffering of St Francis. His body was a disaster by the time he died at 44. Wracked with incredible pain.

the other thing that impressed me is that he order was essentially taken away from him. He began it. inspired it grew it. But he could not manage it. One the members – 1327 in the 1000's it required an administrator and the administrator drew in apprentices who were less spiritual and more s 1327 and therefore more in--- with earthly powers. Buddha and Mohammed both had the same fprone with usurpers.

I know that one of mission pressing objective is to deduce their bureaucracy v. patriarchy paradox. I am more convinced that other than some minor administrator my WPA must remain an organization with 1 employees who are true believers but not disciples, followers, members.

The books are going well. My energy is being divided by my reading and my decisions about filing suit against the BOP. I want to get out of here as soon as possible and there are several major considerations on how to proceed.

Reading St Francis puts me into a very peaceful place and takes away my desire to fight. But I feel I must fight my book needs and ending.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

The tank that I was in ___ to be a problem tank. 1327. They were making tattoos the other day with a machine like in the free workd. I don't know where they got it.

3 days ago they di a major shakedown of all the cells in the block. The 4 8 man cells. Then yesterday they did another major shakedown on 12 (theone I was in) and 11, the one that started the fire. In 12 they tore all the mattresses apart, Someone had to be snitching on them for there to be 2 shakedowns I think they just did 11 to cover up the fact that they were really going after 12. Who knows god kenw I needed to be out of that tank. The four guys who were put in there with me from Kr—are all out of there. The 3 trouble makers who were in ther when we arrived are still there. The 5 new guys based on the tattoos look like they have been in the system for a while. One guy has face tattoos. and his whole heard has an Incan Myan motif.

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The ants took over this cell about a week ago. when it rained. I could not get anybug killer form Marco. I was starting to get ant bites so I watched them closely and found they were coming in. I have some skin lotion and I squirted that in the corner where they were coming and going. I then took Q tips and put some lotion on it and daubed on the ants in the cell or they went back to the entrance after about 2 hours there was no more ants in the cell. The lotion is apparently toxis to them because whai I baubed them they died

The food is terrible. Beans are still not cooked and full of grit. I have reached the point where I can just look at them and know they are not cooked. If they are cooked right the juice will be like gravy. and not water. the instant rice is eight mush due to too much water or hard due to not enough. Beand and rice are about the simplist things to cooks. But you have to care. And someone has to shou how. This is not a dungeon as 300 years ago in Europe. But it is a dungeon by modern standards.

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Dr John WorldPeace JD

After lunch I layed down and when I woke up I could not tell the time because the clouds prevented the telephone poles wich is my sundial from casting a shadow. About 15 minutes later dinner was served. So I had slept over 4 hours. Sleep is a friend in prison but I none-the-less feel always that I is squandered time.I have no idea when I got to sleep at night or when I wake up. I keep busy at my reading writing and meditating. I was deep in thought since Friday on the Book Job sent me on St Francis. I feel the legends around him are distorted like the one about Jesus I have been meditating for month on the real Jesus. So many of the texts and stories have been distorted and then last as Christians burned the non canonized texts deo to the church's intent on control of the people.

Part of me is a bit concerned about getting too deep into meditation as I did in Italy in 1972 such that I lose blocks of time. so I try to star grounded with exercise and conversation when I can but my conversation is less than 10 minutes a day.

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there was apparently a major hurricane in Houston but I get no paper and have no radio or access to TV. I have not talked to John in over a week. It has finally begun to rain here 2 days after the storm Wednesday night over Galveston so the storm must be drifting to the Northwest. If that is true it may have gone over my father's house. I aske the guard to use the phone at lunch and he said OK but did not come back or I was asleep and did not wake up. Since it is hard to call and I can do nothing, I want to wait until the storm passed over Houston to see what damage. There should be a user friendly guard in the AM.

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I have had no sleep apnia attacks sine last Wednesday morning. But I have had some minor breathing problems I associated with it. It seems that I cannto allow myself to sleep too deeply or to lay on my back with no pillow. to prop up my head. I have asked John in a letter to send me some info from the internet. So I could

Dr John WorldPeace JD

read up on possible cures. and prevention .Last Wednesday I was paranoid about going to sleep but not now. I feel I need to keep at peace. I only have 95 days left in this worst case.

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One thing is absolutely true. I am changing in here. I can feel it in my soul. I continue to have revelations but they are not blinding light like St Paul but just a steady feeling of small ephiphanies. I am sure when I get out people will connect that I am significantly different. I have no sounding board in here. But the constant meditation on Jesus and spiritual thing 3+ hours a day is definitely having an affect. And I can tell by the way the book is flowing that my thoughts are changing and my understanding is becoming deeper.

I think in the biography of St Francis I am looking for a personal revelation of where I go from here. I will continue the WPA as I have in the past but the question is whether there will be a defining moment whe I am caught up in large gatherings of people in a peace movement. I just can't see it. But I feel I am moving toward it. I have thought many times in the last 20 years that things were going to take off and did not. The time was not right. But this enforced tenure in the monastic cell and being cut off from the outside and all my past cleared out. Children, Kay, aand house is unique. I have thought that a Kay like person is waiting for me when I get out if not more than one. I have thought en Kay having a revelation and making an attempt to return. But that does not seem likely. Even though I have a vision of us together in our early 70's. that will not leave me. Tha being said the mark of our weddingn band is fading and that mes me feel that we are disconnectin. She has gone 18 months a lone time. I feel that we are finished. I feel my novel is my future. What I write will take place.

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In a way the character in my novel have become my companions in her. So each day I am eager at some point to dit down with

them and continue the novel into the future. They also give me comfort as I write whether I like in their script. I find it interesting that I have created i---1332 friend at the age of 60. But it really is interesting to be able to completely control the character and storyline.

What is interesting is the inspiration. I do not really project the plot. It sort of comes to me. Then I think about it and it expands like opening a little treasure box. I have had the thoughts about what my art that I go to the future where they have already been created and look at them and come back to the present and paint them.

I wonder now if I am not reading my book in the future on chapter at a time. Or what would even be more strange, but seems possibly based on other events in my life. There are real people that I will in fact meet when I exit this dungeon. The storyline is a bit too much fantasy but if you carve away the embellishment one the one storyline, that core story my well be prophetic. It will be interesting to see none-the-less. and the whole process uplifts me in this place.

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080915

Woke up cold as per every day I cannot get warm unless I exercise or get under my blanket with all my clothes on. I always sleep fully clothed. when I go outside the heat I really don't sweat. That is how cold natured I have become.

My fathers father would wear wool long underwear in the summer. But he only weighed 135 pounds. I weight about 180 now but I am always cold. I wear a towel over my bald hear. Saturday my second towel was wet. I usually roll it over my second set of clothes for a pillow. But when its wet I have to roll it on the inside so it does not get dry. This morning I hung it to dry on the end of my bed until enough dampness could evaporate and I could wear it. In the meantime I wore my second shirt on my

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

head to keep warm. The towel hangs down over my shoulders and keeps my neck warm as well. neck and shoulders. I guess I will have to buy a sweat shirt today. I am just too miserable and soon there will not be enough sunlight to warm the cell during the day. It rained yesterday and that is why it is colder than normal.

I have to take a shower after I exercise so I don't freeze in there. The water coming out of the faucet is so cold to me that I get chilled when I try to rinse off my hands.

I may have to wet some toilet paper and throw it up on the vent over the door where the air comes in. It is about a foot square. I hate to do that but I cannot continue to freeze in here. The air pressure in the hall is high so when the food door opens it acts like a second vent. It is shut most of the time now. But the air also comes under the door. I suppose if I put a towel along the bottom of the door and plug the air vent. It might warm up in here. I have 96 more days worst case scenario.

Books I have read.

The autobiography of Benvenuto Cellin. Translated by John Addington Symonds.  
Modern Library Random House no date

Caius Marius Phillip A Kildahl. Twayne Publisher inc Ny 1968.

Dizzy the life and personality of Benjamin Disraeli. Earl of Brownsfield by Hesketh Pearson Harper & Brothers 1957.

Famine on the Wind. GL Caarsfoot ER spratt Rand McNally

St Francis of Assisi Gil Chesterton Doubleday & Co Ny 1924

Eric Hoffer Tomkins Dutton

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080916

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I went back to sleep a little while after breakfast this morning. I woke up so cold I was almost sick. I do know if it is the levrothyroxin 25mg that the doctor put me on , anemia or my heart.

My grandfather was extremely cold natured and I feel that may be the problem. I think I continue to lose weight and hta tmakes things worse. also I never get a hot or even warm mean. Since I am in solitary I have no microwave to heat my food or drink. I am only taken outside about once every 10 days., Even in the heat of the South Texas sun I barely sweat.

last night I decided to go ahead and wet some toilet paper and throw it up on the AC vent by the door,. The vent is about 15” x 15” and has a wire grate so when the wet toilet paper hits it sticks like paper machet. I managed to cover about 50% of the opening.

In addition I got up and put my heavy cotton blanket aaround me and walked, paced, in my cell until I warmed up a bit. Enough to get the strong chill off my entire body.

The I decided to put on my second set of orange scrubs. I also keep a towel aover my head which extends over my neck and a bit on my shoulders. It seems the second set of scrubs did the trick at least for now.

I am warm in truth for the first time in a week. I can feel the cold air on me so it may be that the temperature is very low. Also, there has been cloudy skies due to the desidual of the hurricane that his Galveston four days ago. And since we are in mid September I am sure it has cooled off from the high 90s average temperature.

The doctor continues to refuse to see me or they refuse to schedule me. I am beginning to feel that I need to file ? a grievance to the medical board. I really just want to stay under the radar and to the next 95 days. I was going to file a lawsuit and try to move to Houston but I feel it will only bring on grief and nothing will be done anyway.

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I may need to file another suit if they try to take me back to county to serve my 6 months contempt sentence which I feel I have already served. If I have a major action against the prison system in the fed system in the prisons they may screw me on the contempt and make me serve that out. Also I don't know exactly what the no lawsuit order from Judge Brown says. The one she ___-1337 in my mother's bankruptcy.

These are the legal con—1337 There is no doubt they want to cause me as much grief as possible.

However, on the other hand my book is going very well. I am in the rhythm of writing and I will accomplish much if I stay in solitary and just read and write. I have significantly refined my writing ability both in the telling of a story but also how to bring the story out of the void. If I stay where I am, I may well exit in December with 6 total books completed. 2 autobiographies finished in Houston and 4 as part of my epic novel. The legal troubles have to do with my past. The books have to do with my future. The legal problems are negative and the book challenges are positive.

So in essence I have decided to just sit back for a week with a wait and see attitude. Another factor is that my son John is just too busy to help me on anything, and I can do nothing by myself and there is no one else on the outside to help me.

I don't feel I have a right to ask John to take away from his career to get involved in a negative legal matter.

John is not helping me with my inquiry letter to Harper because of his busy schedule and so I wrote Kay last night asking her to spend a couple hours when she comes to see my mother in a few weeks to prepare and mail the letters to Harper. I hate to ask her help but it does not make any sense for me to wait 3 months to make the inquiries. Right now the inquiry will be in three parts but I am sure 1338 that will not matter. My name should get their attention and if my ideas are sound then they should overlook the crude nature of my correspondence. also, I have written

Dr John WorldPeace JD

2200 x 250 wpp of manuscript. That is significant and should impress them.

The manuscript is cursive but if they request it, there is enough readable parts to give them a feel. And also I have outlined the concept and printed it. So they can see the flow of the work.

We will see. In my insurance, accounting, law tax and web design business it only took about 6 months to have the business going at full speed. I have already been on this project that long. Also I am amazed at how much I have learned about the writing process in that time.

In reading the true bios of St Francis I see wh I felt a need to read them. They are informative on how the Gospel of Jesus were developed. and the nature of fight internally of the bureaucracy that forms after a founder gets his ide off the ground.

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080920

It is my belief that God intended to keep me in this jail until I reconciled completely with my past and purged all the negativity from my soul. The memories are ther but purging means to reach a point where those demons do not have the ability to torment me.

When I first wrote my auto-biography 7 months ago I knew that it was a purging, reconciliation closure of the past. I have spent my time in this jail mediating praying thinking on the first 60 years of my life.

There is no great evil that I have done anyone. I have unpaid debts if you will on a small scale – but no great evil.

My reconciliation and purging has to do with my first ex-wife the Snake and 3 of 4 of my children with her. I have no other children. In the normal course of living I have had conflicts and

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

engaged in battles against wrongs that I perceived. And some of those battles I lost. And as I sit in jail now, obviously I lost. But I lost those battles because I did not place enough emphasis on winning them. And all these battles were about money. The loss of a money battle is just a business loss. Those who have done me wrong will have to deal with their evil in time.

The lies that were told about me in my legal battles with the State Bar, my father's lawsuit, my mother's bankruptcy cost me more than was due. But again. I know the world is evil and I took on evil and I did not fight hard enough. And I ignored the inherent evil of the majority of judges, attorneys, police and jailers. I feel fortunate that I did not lose more than I did. And it is by the grace of God that I did not pay an even greater price. I don't mind losing a battle or a war unless the game is crooked. That is where I made my error in fight the justice system. I did not account for its inherent evil. I did not make allowances for the reality that the police, judges, attorneys, prosecutors, and jailers lie and do evil. They do not seek justice but on conformity and defense to their power to do evil.

1340 I did not pay attention to my knowing that I would encounter evil in this life because of the bet I made with dark souls before I entered this life. Again I expected to play on an even playing field with honorable opponents.

I in fact was playing on a crooked field against souls who believe to win at any cost, even the cost of time served in hell was worth beating me.

|ADD IN: State Bar like Job. The reason I did not fit in, I don't do well with organization rules. – I have been a foolish sucker for evil – Dual prepare secular jail life review 1340 |

What is so interesting is that these evil ones did not realize that nothing they could do to me had any real lasting affect. They put me in jail for a year. But I refused to accept the sentence as punishment for doing wrong. My sentence was at last 9 months excessive. I accept jail as being dictated by God for my benefit and

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as a necessity for me to pursue my destiny upon exiting. I came to jail to reconcile with my entire 60 years not one charge of resisting arrest. I came to jail to be shown the true nature of the human society and specifically those who I have had dealings with.. God demanded that I accept the fact that there are people who given the choice of doing good or bad with absolutely no consequences to themselves will do the wrong thing. Until I was 55 I refused to believe that and will essentially forgive everyone for their bad acts against me and look for the good in everyone. I was open and trusting of everyone. But God wanted me to see that even though you may forgive someone, they are none the less dark souls who do evil because it is their chosen nature.

My grandparents and parents never to my knowledge have done wrong to anyone. They were not saints. They just helped others. My parents are both harsh in their words but my father especially would give anything to anyone who asked.. And his parents as a matter of course helped others as did my mother's parents. There is no occasion that I know where my parent attempt to harm others. I never even heard them mention such a thing. And that was the example I was given that was the reality I lived.

Where I was different was in the law when I was harmed. I tried to use the law to get retribution reparations and pay back. My law degree was detrimental to me because it gave me the knowledge to fight in the justice system. But I was naïve. I believe that those scales of justice were in fact balanced and that judges were impartial. The justice system is a huge corrupt tar baby of evil. and to fight it only get tar (evil) on you.

Further there is absolutely no doubt that changing my name to John WorldPeace significantly stacked the deck against me in every battle. It was a huge weapon to use against me. I was crazy because I changed my name. I had potential jurors say they were prejudiced against me and my client cases because I changed my name. To some I had spit on my family name. To others, Christian Fundamentalist they believe the anti Christ will come in then name of peace I am looked upon as an evil suspect act. 1342

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Many people have told me to change my name and live in peace. They know inherently what I had to find out the hard way. People are inherently evil in their earth reality. The predatory nature of the earth is the nemesis of those who advocate peace.

Part of that has to do with the fact that people know their evil ways and they fear judgment and they don't want to be reminded of their evil by being spoken to as in any way reminded of peace which is the human society come down to "do unto others as you would have them do unto you." People in America where materialism is this God, know that their gains are ill gotten. and that if they in fact followed the Golden Rule they would have to give up their ill gotten gains. 1342

So people hate peace and more so anyone who advocates it.

For those who think it is an advantage 1343 to be an advocate for peace, they are wrong. It is a gigantic stigma.

St Francis a true saint suffered all kinds of pain and suffering, physical and mental, and he survived it as penance for his sinful nature. I have not endured anywhere near his pain nor am I in any way a Saint. But I can assure you that advocating peace for the majority of the human population is an act that deserves to be challenged and stopped and harmed. 1343.

In the Christian metaphor Satan rule of the earth, and Satan hates peace and the golden rule. So any advocate of peace is hated. The greatest example is Jesus himself and if Jesus does not return as invincible he will again be murdered by humanity. Of that I am absolutely certain.

The problem that I have is my children and the evil they did to me. Their attempts to destroy me. 3 of my children no doubt with their mother's influence tried to destroy me.

Looking back, I have no idea what she told them when they were growing up. Except she did tell them they were not as smart as other children and that is why they made bad grades. Of course

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

the children could connect later when I force them to study how their grades went up. When I would set them to working their homework she would release them to play saying I was too hard on them.

The Snakes problem with me is clear. – she abandoned the children and I essentially quit work to finish raising them. I have no doubt that her friends wanted to know why she let such an evil person as JWP have custody of the children. The answer is that she was the evil parent not me. She abandoned them and then pursued her own interest and married a man that had no children. I married a woman who had two and we tried to bring the younger ones into our family 1344 But our children never missed. In 19 years there was never a time when all 6 children were together.

So I cannot understand my children trying to destroy me. If they did not want to be around me they could have left.

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080922

I just got work that we will not get razors today. Normally we get them on Monday and Thursday. They will skip today. I assume it is a money item. Supplying 500 rolls of toilet paper and a razor costs money. So skip a day and save \$200. But this kind of thing adds to the tension of men who have very morose existences. The ability to shave twice a week becomes an event like getting ice cream. Almost like going to the movies. It burns up time in this place allows you to escape for even 10 minutes.

The other end is that for me if I try to go 7 days without shaving, on the 5th day my beard begins to itch terribly, and that creates minor misery and tension which spreads through the whole facility.

We are animals in a zoo. We have no ability to accomplish anything on our own. We are totally dependent on our keepers

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and when they do not do their jobs, the jobs they get paid to do, we suffer. In most businesses the failure of an employee to do his job results in the employee being fired. Not here. Failure to do a job increases the profit.

Prisoners have no rights much less respect. No doubt the prisons of today are not the dungeons of yesterday. but none the less deny inmates food, medical services, items for hygiene in a society that understand those basic necessities is cruel and unusual punishment. I know the public does not care what happen to inmates. They deserve a little discomfort But I think most people would agree that there is a certain level of humanity that should exist in prison

There are no religious services in this prison of 500. When I was move her from Karnes County the guard refused to let me bring my Bible and a small book of Catholic prayers. I used the prayer book to learn the rosary and I was using some of the other prayers. I would like to have access to that small book now but that is impossible.

Again Sunday services means more guards to move prisoners. That cost money so they are no religious services. Profits come before God. Again it is a paradox. Prisoners have done wrong it would seem that religion might help them to reform to some degree and in their place maybe stop some of the gang violence. But there I no global view in here. It is about profit and nothing else. 12 letter I have sent to Jill Rosales and none of them received a response.

The crusader part of me wants to go ahead and file suit and take them to court and make them do the right thing. But the truth is that no one cares. We have an apathetic asocial warden who gladly steals money by denying basic rights to prisoners. No one in here has the ability to protest. I have the ability but the effort is monumental. Also I may have to file a suit in Federal court if they try to say that I do not get concurrent credit for the 6 months State Bar Contempt order. I can't afford to create hell in the court over prisoner rights and then end up doing an extra six month as they get payback for my filing suit.

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I am suffering due to the corrupt nature of the BOP. That is a fact. Hopefully this book will sell and I will get a wide exposure to the problem. But even still I don't expect anything to change. The only thing that may change is that someone will avoid doing a criminal act in order to avoid the hell of prison.

Prison has seen a good thing for me. It has forced me to slow down and review my life. To consider the future. To think deeply on WorldPeace and more importantly to give deep consideration to the role of religion and spirituality in society. More specifically, who was Jesus. How was his story skewed by what came to be the Catholic Church from the benefit of creating a power base in the world society.

I am reading intensely the life of St Francis. His experience of how a person's deep religion belief can be taken by shrewd men of the world and turned into a power base. There is absolutely no doubt that religion does some good in society. But the evil they do is great. The most obvious is promotion of religious wars and the slaughter of alternate religions. To kill in the name of God is mortifying. Most people can't even understand what I am saying here. They totally abdicate their spirituality to religious bureaucrats.

Every penny that is given to any religion goes first to support its cadre of holy men, then its buildings and assets. And then and only then back to the people who need help. Being a holy man is an easy life. There are restrictions about sex but human beings are very resourceful and if one is not homosexual there are plenty of women in the membership of the religion to provide sexual favors to holy men,

The threat of going to some kind of hell after death creates fear in the majority of people who are spiritually and religiously illiterate. A man may be an engineer and fully capable of construction marvelous projects. But he has that ability due to his education and experience of work in that career but he spends no time researching his spiritual beliefs. His understanding is on the kindergarten level. So he abdicates that part of his life to religious bureaucrats who have their own agenda.

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Consider that the soul is infinite and immortal, and the time spirity by the average human trying to avoid the pit falls that lead to some level of spiritual hell is negligible. Mywhole life has been concerned about what life on earth means. I know my body will die. More than making money or any other endeavor on earth. I felt a need to answer that question first. 75 years of pleasure on earth is nothing compared to, per the Christian Baptist, an eternity of suffering in hell.

Religion continues in may ways because it preys upon the ignorance of the people. Ignorance of spiritual matters not innate ignorance. Bodies are burned. Lives are manipulated and controlled for the greater glory of the religious bureaucracy as opposed to spreading the spirutal message of the founder.

The most basic paradox, that jesus almost hater religious bureucrats wh were caught up in power and maoney totally opposite of his non – materialistic message escapes virtually everyone. Religious bureacrats have imposed a belief on their members that they are God's cosen. If you equate the accumulation of material goods with evil as did Jesus, then ho have to know that religious bureacrats are Satans chosen Not Gods. 1348

I saw the doctor last week. 1st time in 2 months. Obviously he was told to do it by the BOP and my letters to Jill Rosales or John my son gave him a call. He made some reference to me being mad. I gave him no indication of being upset at all. He did a thorough exam. and workup with no interference from the nurses.

My problem is my thyroid in not producing. He gave me .25 mg Levrothyroxin 10 days ago which my body seems to have incorporated. The sleep apnia has gone away. I am still cold. The dose will be increased to 50 mg tomorrow. there have been time in here that I have been so cold it has been painful.

The good news is my chloresteraol is 145/35 which is really a miracle considering I wasn not taking lipator when they drew blood. I had been off it for a week. My hdl never goes above 19.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

When I had a heart attack it was close to 400. So my ejection fraction is up to the 50s and my body seems to now be able to metabolize cholesterol. Truly a miracle.

when I had the heart attack I knew it was due in part to the evil of Stephanie. When Kay and I would go to Florida I would feel really bad when we would go to bed. The night before the heart attack I was on the verge. I felt bad. I went outside to walk the street and stood in the door sliding glass to the house. I felt fine the next day. Great in fact. But when we arrived home the heart attack nailed me. Knowing what I know about Stephanie now, I know she was projecting evil back then. My left ear that she deafened is a constant reminder of her darkness. She can never be trusted.

I continue to reflect on my children's evil. I seem to be at the bottom of that bomb? 1350 still looking. And I continue to see new aspects and dynamics of what they tried to do to me. I feel God is absolutely cementing their evil into my head such that I never trust them to be a part of anything I do in the future. I am talking about Brian Stephanie and David. not John

I continue to wonder if Stephanie and especially Brian are my children. Brian has distinct features of my sister's husband, ex husband Harry. If I were to find out that was true it would not make me mad or want revenge. I would set the record straight. What it would do is make me wonder how I had lived with such an evil person without knowing it.

The Snake faked orgasms where we were first married. Then when the truth was out, I wanted to work on it and she refused. It made no sense to me and still doesn't. In the marriage counseling she did say it was her attempt to control me. I don't know what need she had to control me. We never argued. she did not start having orgasms until my affair in 1982. which she knew was coming and I told her immediately when it happened. She began to have orgasm but when I ended the affair she immediately closed off again.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I know when I began to edit my autobiography I will be adding a lot more details I have remembered since I wrote it. I am sure there will be some kind of supplement later to bring the book up to date and to respond to feedback. TITTLE. The WPA 1948 – 2008, revisited.

Regarding my cold nature. The nurse has promised me for 3 days to get me a blanket. They will not give a second blanket with a ___1351 slim from the doctor. I still don't have it. I am not as cold. Some of that may be due to the fact that it is again hot outside. Today is raining. But I can tolerate the coolness in here. they may have turned up the AC.. I wake up cold this morning but I have been relatively comfortable. I do have on two sets of clothes and my everpresent towel on my head,

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080922

This is one of those blessed days when I feel pretty goo. I was cold last night but we had French toast and oatmeal for breakfast. and tow edible meals today. I lost my second towel to the laundry 3 weeks ago. The laundry guy brought me one about 10 minutes ago. I gave him a bag of skittles for his effort. That is the way it works in here. You have to establish a reputation for paying for things.

The towel is important because I shower at night and the towel is wet. When I have a second towel I roll it p and have a nice pillow. If I am not cold I will roll up my extra pants and shirt inside an dl have a perfect pillow.

I do not sweat in here sol I only shower every 2 or 3 days. The soap dries out my skin too much if I shower every day.

When the towel is not wet then I use it to cover my eyes. I ask them to leave the light on because I get up in the night and read. If the light is off I can't do that. So I put a note under the outer edge of my door each night not to turn off the light.

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Also, my friend Marco comes by . I guess he is working the commissary now and saw I had not shaved. He said he would bring me some razors tomorrow. I have a snickers with almonds, like he likes. I have keeping it for such occasions. I would rather give something immediately rather than owe it.

When the towel guy came by I was thinking that I was not going to be held for another 6 months on the civil contempt. The fact that the towel came at that moment makes me think my ordeal will be over on December 19<sup>th</sup>. If I know what for a fact the rest of my time in here would be very very easy. But I have no access to law books so I can't verify anything.

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Dr John WorldPeace JD

Loneliness flows in
a long stream in jail
I ride the time between
meals

I maintain an even strain

I have a process
to stay out of dark mental
pits

I don't think about locked
doors, because I have no
place to go

I don't see friends and
neighbors off to the movies
and out to eat

Inmates move up and down
the hall with guards
behind

I get a tiny bit of conversation
at feeding time or when a
trustee passes and
my food slot slams opened

I feel I have been riding
the soft swells on a barren
sea

The days come and go while I wait
my rescue
I sleep and read and write
no pressure

All I have to do is time

Dr John WorldPeace JD

no work, no obligation

My mind savors the past
interruptions.

Thoughts
flow until they end
or sleep steps in

It will be many years before
I feel this much peace
again

The starting gate is being readied
my tall ship is being prepared
the WorldPeace, world tour
approaches

080922
1630

SEXY DREAMS

I close my eyes
and remember loves
gone and long gone

I drift in those memories
one by one and sometimes
two by two

I am an artist, a visual man
I imprinted those passionate
times vividly

There were not hundreds of
scenes, but there were
many

Because of the sexual nature
the memories are even
more intensely set
in my head

Now and then
I think to the future
of new loves coming

I am smarter now
than then

And I have no obligations
but my own so I can
take my time
in the choosing
and in the experience

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Young and old
but only pleasant
encounters

I am free
no rush day or night
all day or all night
I will seek and find

Nothing casual
nothing forever after

Just a gentle passionate intense
emotional intimacy
from which I can
experience peace
and caressing bliss

080922

1640

Dr John WorldPeace JD

080923

I was called out to medical about 0715. They were going to draw blood to check my thyroid out put. They had already taken my blood on Friday. I let them do it again.

On the way to the main building I saw a part of a rainbow. About 20% light in the stormy sky. It rained hard ---1352 I though believed it was a loving sign from God that everything is going well.

The book is coming together well. I will be caught up with my summaries on Friday and if I get stamps they will all be mailed out. Daily I am moving into a different mind set. One of peace and good will. I keep going over the wrongs done to me by the legal system and 3 of my children. the Snake and other. I think I kept going over these negative experiences. in order to flush them out of my system. through repetition.

Also when I get to medical, Marco, my trustee friend saw my shoes were worn out and he got me a new pair.

and I asked for the nurse fo my blanket permit and I got that too. so I got a new blanket. One of the nicers ones that is about 4" wider and longer. Also it has blue line that form window panes. something of art in the very bland place.

So God loves me and I thanked God for the rainbow to brighten this day and the other gifts of shoes and a blanket.

|-- John sent me a book on Jesus by the pope I was not expecting and I came to a first revelation about God, anger, evil peace. ||

I am expecting a miracle Maybe I will be set free and if I were a miracle it would be. The key to my release is my enlightenment not the earthly sentence. When my path is prepared and the rar removed fro my soul, then I will be released. As well as Gods

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message to the world for peace Is revealed to me and my role in its manifestation.

I was thinking about Clare Applegate this morning. A young girl when I met her in 1988 or 1996 at Carmel Temple. I wonder if she is coming to me. I have mentioned it to no one. I feel someone will connect with me soon after exiting jail or maybe before. Maybe she will appear as a result of the letter I just sent to Charlotte Sigler at Carmel Temple.

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Dr John WorldPeace JD

Morning comes  
after a night of  
baptizing rain

God declared a new  
day coming as he  
increases the pace  
of my soul's  
recovery

I rise up out of the dark waters  
of 60 years of  
fighting and chaos  
in this place of  
dark molasses  
flowing

The pressures of the deep  
waters are left below  
as I rise to the  
surface

The water here is light  
and bright  
The sludge  
of my years drifts  
to the ocean floor

My eyes are bright  
my heart is light  
my soul beginning  
to sing at the  
nearing surface

Dr John WorldPeace JD

The dark waters of my lifelong  
prison no longer holds me  
down in hell  
the dark souls cannot  
go where I now  
rise

And now they will find it  
hard to see me in the light  
to feel me in the air

I can enter the realm  
of my own kind  
a place where those of  
love and grace and  
peace and harmony

wake together in the light  
of God's infinite grace and love

080923

0730

080924

We just had a shakedown. Marco warned me it was coming. I have nothing to hide really but it gave me a chance to straighten things up. I always get my papers in order and into an envelope to David Gottshall so I can say they are legal. I had read them all and was using half of them as a stool to sit on so I could write on the metal stool. the desk is missing in here. I just always feel violated after a shakedown. even if they take nothing

The assistant warden was making a tour and notices I did not have a desk earlier today. So maybe I will get lucky and they will put one in here. The maintenance man was with them and they made a list of things missing the other day. I would ask to change cells but I like the location on the end by the door. I can hear them coming and going. Also I am the first one served for meals. Sometimes they go to 8 man cells first and then I am last served. It takes them about 20 minutes to pass out the food.

The reality is that with the book out of here it looks less cluttered. With my blanket with the window pane design this room is upliftin. I have my books that I am sitting on. She let me keep 2 library books. So I have a seat and other now have a choice to read books. I would go to the library on the way back from medical. I was about to put some out for the trustee to take back. But they keep my food slot closed so I can set them out.

I have 5 more summaries to do then I am caught up. I will have 11 letters to mail to John with the manuscripts, 6 are done. I will finish the rest by in the morning. I have stamps to mail 5 but I can get by without stamps. I am waiting on the commissary to get stamps. I have enough money for 10 letters. So when the stamps come in all those letters go out. The bigger concern for me is to catch up.

I have not allowed myself to write anything more until I catch. Then I will write today and mail tomorrow. If they move me I

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don't want any transcript pages in here. I almost lost 400 pages when the jerk moved me from Karnes to here. Too close for comfort.

I ordered commissary but did not get it which is unusual for the last 3 weeks.

It is another indication that I may be getting out of here. There is no real logic to that. Rainbow yesterday. Cell is comfortable. Manuscript summaries done. Just a feeling.

I have never felt I would be in here the full time. Also a month ago I felt very strong that I was going to be able to go to the Renaissance Festival which begins in three weeks.

Also I had a pretty strong revelation about my work for the last few days. I need one more book from John and I should have enough reading to last me until I get out. I will be writing heavily. Maybe 40 pages a day.

I have sent 13 letters to Jill Rosiles with no response. The last one said I was holding off on the lawsuit because of the hurricane in Houston and I was going to request the prison rights and contract on this prison before we filed. You never know when you are pushing buttons in a lawsuit which one is going to do the trick. It maybe that letter will push them over the edge and set me free.

Things feel peaceful. I am also leaning to let go of my anger. That has been driven home the last few days as well.

Tonight and tomorrow I want to finish the summary and take the rest of the time easy. I have 85 days which is a lot but seems like nothing after 280 days.

When God is ready, I will be released. The paperwork will somehow fall into place. Miracles happen and considering the 45 years of hell (childhood was good) the pendulum should be swinging for 45 years of heaven on earth. Hectic, busy but peace and harmony.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

It may be I need to be home to do a good Harper letter. If not, John or Kay should mail them on Monday.

All I can say is I feel positive and uplifted. the summaries are such drudgery, having them almost done is a relief from concern I have had for two months.

Also I need to do them so I can get my bearings in my novel to go forward. It is time for a review and I need the summary and a summary of the ---- 1357 to do it. Name all the characters etc.

As I just ate my evening meal, I sat on my bed and truly felt I have already moved out of here. Also, I thought of the miracle of God opening the jail by an earthquake for peter and Paul in the new Testament. It would be a perfect exit from this prison and the end of my autobiography to have a miracle exit from here.

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080926

The fire alarm went off late last night. This time about 7 guards ran to the end of the hall. I could not see what it was but the fools in 8 man cell across the hall were laughing like party time. It made me real paranoid after last time. Apparently it was something outside the building. The guys in the cell laughed like they knew in advance it was going to happen. I would hat to be such a moron with nothing to do but laugh at my own p---1358 doom.

Some left a book in front of my door last night and put a note under the door telling me it was there. I put out a note asking the guards to let me have it. The Captain came by early, I guess to check out the fire problem and picked up the book. I asked if I could have it and he said firmly no. I asked what it was about. He said he thought it was a law book. I did not pursue it. I acted like I did not care.

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I did not get my commissary a few days ago. No big deal. It was just 2 pens and 3 m--- 1358 and a book of stamps. I don't think they have Marco told me to give Craig a granola bar to take care of it. I did. but as usual e--- lies. It makes me paranoid about Monday. Mother's letter last night said she sent \$150 I will try to stock up on 2 weeks so if I miss some days it will not really matter. I have pens and pencils and 2.5 tablets. That is enough for 10 days.

I realize in here that it is like the few jobs I had working for other people. Out of 43 years I have only worked for someone else 10 years. 1.5 were in the Army. 5 years in high school and college. I remember I hated waiting for people who were petty and not very smart. Also, people who did not do their jobs and tried to play god over their under them. Same way in here but the inmates are like the lowest employees I have to deal with people who are petty and cause grief for no reason. I also have to deal with the fact that there is a profit mattress here and if the inmate can be shorted and m--- get away with it. 1359 they make more money. I could not spend money I made because of causing grief to other people on a daily basis.

They have a law library here but no one can use it. To use it would cause problems. Like if prisoners could read their rights. So the books are untouched. But when the feds come to inspect the jail they can show they have them. Karnes County had all the things prisons they were supposed to have. Not here. And both are owned by the same company.

I have learned the hard way that trying to enforce the law in your favor is a joke. In this case the prison is against you and the county backs up the prison the same way they back up cops and prosecutors. There is absolutely no justice in the legal system. It is biased absolutely against the inmate and anyone who does not have money. Justice shall not be a function of money but it is.

I wanted to know why there was no peace. I got ---- in religion politics and the law. I see first hand only there is no peace. But now I realize that everyone knows why because they work in their jobs conditioned by decades of being told what to do. They do

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not expect much. They do not believe there is any other way. Most people just don't have the talent to run their own business. Just like my son David. He has a good job because I showed him how. In October 2004 he had tried several businesses to make money and absolutely failed.

Reading about St Francis agains I see a man with an idea who made something and then because he did not have the administrative skills or the desire to fill that roll the idea was taken over by lesser men who tainted and diluted it. He tried to fight them but to no avail. They paid him lip service. But in the end he was disrespected by the second and third generation monks.

Sometimes I understand why G doesn't just blow this planet up and wipe out the human virus.

I will get out of here in less that 3 months and I will set up a biz with TB and motivated employees. I unlike STF do have the administrative skills to control what I build. I refuse to cast my lot with 99.9% of the rest of humanity.

About 2100 the gurard came and told me I was moving across the hall. It is an observatory room. the back of it has a large window that allows me to [As I was writing this the lights went out – looks like over the whole prison. emergency lights came on – lights came back ons that 5 minutes] see the picket. So I am not concerned about dying in my cell now. I don't know why they moved unless it was the book this morning. The Warden and asst came into my cell yesterday one to knock down the toilet paper I put over the AC vent to cut down on the cold air. Could be some other reason. Who knows. I was concerned about missing commissary. That does not bother me now because I have a big window when I can get their attention. The cell is about 25% longer. I am missing my window to the outside but I can see outside through the picket. I can't see the s---1361 And I just thought I left my peace cranes in the window. I have a better mirror. I have less privacy now. I have a good shower head but it squirts a sold steam of water. I will see if I can adjust it. My cell had open outlet and no shower head. maybe they just moved me instead of replacing those things. They may want to see who I am

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communicating with but that makes no sense. I thought the food slot on this one was jammed open but it is not. I do have a stool to write on thankfully. But again no desk. the assistant warden told them to put a desk in my cell yesterday. I also have no drawer under the bed. No big deal. I don't have that much stuff and I have a small cardboard box from commissary. So my stuff is not spread out on the floor. There are two lights in here and so there is a lot more light. It is definitely warmer in here. because the room is larger and I am not on the outside wall of the building now either. Also the glass acts as sort of a mirror so I can watch my weight. The walls are dirty so I will have to work on them like the other cell. I should be able to do the cleanup in one day. I don't have a towel on my head first time in a long time. Feels strange. I am still upfront by the door so I am first to eat. I can't see people come in the hallway but I can see them outside. I can see whats going on like where the food goes to the women and I know I will get fed in about 20 minutes. the tv next door is on. So I will have to put up with that constant noise but it is not bad.

Actually looking around the floor is bigger so I may be able to spread out my notes. I have a big organization job to do now. I could not do it in the other cell. I just mopped the cell about 4 times. It is easier to mop too. The water from the shower is hot. You have to consider all these things. The girls are mostly chunky but they are something to look at. I can see their phones. Usually you have to turn your head when they are coming down the hall.

080927

in--- not. Just a day or two ago I wrote that when I felt at home in any place something would happen and I would move. Well I moved but only across the hall.

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080928

I think that it is interesting that they probably moved me into this observation cell to keep an eye on me – what is has done is let me

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see how they run this building. I saw this morning why breakfast is always cold. They get the cart with about 90+ trays on it. they take it to the womens side. It takes about 20 minutes to pass out the trays. All the time the men's trays are getting cold. They have an extra cart out front here on which they could put the mens trays and the cool aid and serve us at the same time as the women. Too busy for that at breakfast. So we don't start getting fed until 20 minutes afte the trays arrive and then it takes 20 minutes mor to hand out the mens. When Marco was here I would get served first. Now they go down the hall serving the 8 men tanks and come back and get the isolation cells. So I get fed last. Just more attitude about not caring. No guard eats a cold meal. But here they let a lot of people eat cold. Were just hogs to slop. Just employees doing the minimum to get a pay check.

In this cell they is a shower head on the incoming pipe but the filter is gone so it shoots straight stream of water. In the other cell a but of tooth paste was tied with plastic around the incoming water that had no showerhead. The tubes of tooth paste they give you are small. So the tube disburses the water and you get a shower effect.

I could not ties a toothpaste tube on this one because of the showerhead. so I took a plastic spoon and eat with a blade from a razor and cut a disk from the bowl of the spoon to fit the showerhead. I cut notches around the edge and a hole in the middle. Then I jammed it up into the showerhead. It works almost perfect for a proto type. I cust the notches a bit too big but it is fine. If I have time I will refine the design to give a better spray. Little bitty things make a big difference in here.

I can see quite a bit outside throught the picket. At supper last night 1600 I marked where the shadow of the basket ball goal was on the court. so now I know when it is close to time to eat. As the weeks go on the shadow will move so it will be in a different place in 2 months. For level a minute ago I found another shadow of a light polte on the edge of the walkway cover. So now I know when it is about lunch time. So if the sun is out I have an idea of what time it is. Plus there is another marker in that the shift changes 0600 and 1800. I get out on December 19<sup>th</sup>. The shortest

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day of the year is December 22<sup>nd</sup>. I will still be able to have sunlight at lunch and dinner. No watches or clocks allowed in here. In a cell you can dial 7 on the phone and get the time. I also have no radio or tv. And I don't get a newspaper in here like in Harris County. I can order one but its not worth \$100 a month. It would be nice to follow the election and talk about it with John. But not this election. Life goes on.

Each day my meditating give me a better view of what life will be on the outside. I am working on a WP text book and I am going to write a STF bio. I will write a lot but I am still going to pick up the web design business. It will be hard until I get a few good employees.

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080929

I had made some paper origami cranes and put them in the window sill that faces the picket. As expected some body took offense and demanded they be taken down. They can't get in warm food, across to the phone p--- law library. but they can make sure there are no paper cranes in the window sills. It also doesn't matter about all the graphitti on the wall. In my old cell 31 I took 3 days to remove it which I first got in there. The wall is not as bad in this cell but I refuse to clean it up. They have been painting all the solitary cells. I don't know why they did not paint this one.

This is what I hate about being under anyones control. Expecially in an organization or business. you never know where the orders and demands are coming from. It just take one jerk somewhere up the organization to create trouble. There is no question but that I hate to be jacked with especially by people for when I have no respect. I have learned to keep my mouth shut. When I was working for others prior to exiting the army, and when I had some mornal jobs. But I always know that I was not a herd animal. There was never enough pay fr me to put up with stupidity and especially pettiness

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I saw the guard come in with some commissary orders. which was c---1635 because we have not had orders for about 5 days. he came by to give me my order which I see by the slip was filled 5 days ago. It was just 2 pens and a candy bar. I gave Cruz a granola bar to deliver my stuff last week. It did not happen. So evidently and as per usual the guards were to lazy to carry the commissary to us. I am sure it was filled on the 24th and not this AM because the guard in charge last night woke me up to give me a receipt for \$150 mother sent me. And the balance reflected the balance on the ticket for the 24th added to the \$150.

If they put me in here to harass me it was a stupid move because I now have access to exactly how this building works or why it doesn't work. More info for my book my only payback when they read about themselves

I asked the guard who delivered the commissary if I could have the cardboard boxes be delivered them in because I have no drawer in the bed. He asked the supervisor who said no. the common answer to all prisoner requests.

I just now saw more guys being taken to commissary to get their stuff. I didn't know if its like mine from last week or if they took up orders yesterday and I did not get one. Things are so screwed up around here. My order on the 24th may have been the day I ordered because the 24th is Wednesday. So it may just be late. I thought I saw people coming back from commissary on Thursday. It is just another irritation. I am not going to starve in here. I get tow pens this am so I am good for a few days. Marco always took care of this for me. Now he is gone all day to the laundry. I have \$169.00 in my account so when I get to order I will stock up for 10 days. Only 11 more weeks of this nonsense. I need to lose some weight. But I like to have some reserve of foods, pens, tablets. I also want to order my sweat shirt so I can be warm. Winster is coming and I know I will be cold without it. Slight chance I will go to a halfway house. The main thing I want from commissary now is stamps. I need to get these 12 letters off to John.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Was able to call John about 1100. He is good mood. Wrote white papers for police. They are impressed. He is going to work for the chief. His Phd work is paying off. I am glad for him. Also feel we are going to connect. Where I have failed with other children. I may succeed with him. Still hurts losing other children

He said he would sent another StF book and the Hidden Jesus.

He also said there is no hold in the Harris County on me. So I guess I have served that 6 months. Maybe that is why I was transferred 6 days later. It would be wonderful to know for sure. I am out of here on December 19th free of all my past. Only 80 days. Time is going fast. I have much to do.

I am learning how to block negative thoughts and replace with positive future thoughts. Everything seems to be coming together.

I am reading the STF bios every day. I will begin to read and reread the gospel as well.

I am thinking about moving to Assisi Italy. Interesting that I was pulled to Italy in the Army. Just another coincidence that was not a coincidence. I feel good things will happen if I go to Assisi for a week or two – A miracle

I am sitting here with one set of clothes and nothing on my head. I feel pretty warm. I was outside for about 1.5 hours in the sun. That may have warmed me up like a reptile and its carrying over. Yet I also feel I am changing inside. something is happening.

Also funny but I feel my character Francois calling me to write on the novel. Funny. She seems so real. I had no idea how writing a novel could connect you with characters. I intend to write a whole long series with the characters. I will know them well. Funny but they are creating themselves because I write by stream of consciousness.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Yesterday morning about 0730 I was awakened and taken to medical. I was to see the doctor about my thyroid problem. It seems the medicine is working. The sleep apnea has gone away I am not as cold as I was but I am still cold. Right now I have on my sweat shirt that Marco got for me my T shirt socks (one set/ 2 sox. a towel over my head and neck (which I wear 95% of the time a heavy cotton blanket over my shoulders and I am still cold. I was cold when I woke up but made worse by cold eggs. cold nasty oatmeal and ice cold tasteless milk.

the doctor said I would gain some weight due to the thyroid medicine as my system returns to normal with the medicine. It does appear that I have put on about 5 pounds which is unacceptable. I will have to adjust to my diet and cut back on the commissary extras I have been eating.

I refuse to put on the 30 pounds I had lost since being put in jail 10 months ago.

While at the doctor I was put in the library such as it is for about 5 minutes. I found there a bio on Charles Lindberg. The striking thing for me is that while waiting for the doctor I read the preface. There was a passage in there that Ann Morrow Linberg his wife always wore purple., This got my attention because last week I wrote the outline for me “purple shirts” The idea that to further WorldPeace people would wear the purple and when they did it would be an announce to the world and specifically to those in need that they were available to do a good deed. A person would make a vow not to wear the purple unless they made a commitment not to take it off that day until they had done a good deed.

After writing that and then connecting with this book is one of those often signs that God is watching me, is very near and that I should not be discouraged or lose faith that everything was as it should be.

Another interesting thing is that Eric Hoffer says that the way he does research is unconventional. He goes to the library and reads

Dr John WorldPeace JD

what his is led to read. He gives an example of going to a street corner thining that he is looking to find certain information by chance. But instead he mees someone with other information that he realizes is what he was really supposed to connect with.

That is the way I got to the bookstore. I feel the need and I go to the bookstore and wonder around until I see a book on the floor or sticking out from a shelf or falls off the shelf and see that I am very interested in it. I can't read all that I would like to read so I allow God to lead me to what I need. What I parallel to my destiny.

The passage on purple ass... that I am to read this book. I started to read the book later in the afternoon and found it to be somewhat magical. It flowed very smooth. I found that I sat on the edge of my bed for hours reading and not moving and I was oblivious to the normal noise coming from the hall outside my door.

Like the night before I was not tired. I think I went to bed about 0130 or 0200 did not really sleep and woke from my cold breakfast about 0310 I am not tired now. However I want to go to bed just to get warm

The last three nights I have watched the sunset. I cannot see the sun go to the horizon but see it set on top of the main building about 200 yardsfrom here. I see it through the 4 x 4 glass window in my cell, through two doors to the outside. There is something on the roof that looks like a dome and I think of Muslims at prayer. The sky has been clear and the sun very orange. I see the sun set a little frather to the south/left each day which represents the days getting shorter. I am surprised how fast its sets. It seems to dive into the roof and disappears

In about 5 days It will set too far to the left for me to watch. But in about a month it will emerge on the other side of the interior wall and I will see it again until I leave on December 19 which will almost be the winter equinox and it will begn to set to the right until June 22.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

For some reason the sunset gives me peace. It also reminds me of Kay who loves sunsets

One of the things that makes me feel good about the Lindbergh bio is it talks about hunting in Minnesota and how Charles Lindbergh spent much time alone on the farm. As I did at my grandfathers as a kid. Also it is about his long marriage and his relation to his father. Subjects which give me a lot of peace. Like the book "oil" by Upton Sinclair. It was about a father son relationship and it made me happy. That wa the undercurrent in the book.

When I went to medical I was concerned about no getting lunch, which was served in the holding cell. And more abot not getting my Thursday razor. outside my door. I am the only one in solitary to get a razon. I think because I am not in solitary for disciplinary reasons.

While waiting for the doctor I had a profound sense of sadness about my children BSD who have tried to destroy me. I have forgiven them and wish them no harm but cannot connect with them because of their bad evil acts against me. I wish them no harm. I am just trying to erase them. I loved them but what they did to me was too evil for me to overlook or forget. They are totally motivated by money. They are very greedy and selfish. I just can't deal with that. I am not concerned about the business David destroyed. I am concerned that he tried to destroy me. I would willingly die before committing such an act against my parent. The same thing with S and B. They are all possessed by evil fostered by the Snake. She is not a metaphor for evil, she is evil. She tried to destroy me. It did not happen. I have moved on. AGains this lifetime she was not successful

My parents have been hard on me to some degree but always loving. They were necessary for me to complete my destiny. They have been my rock and I think will be for some time to come. Then my son John will take over.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I am so sad about Kay. I do not know why she refuses to tell me why she left. Maybe it was just money. I don't know. But I had the most love and respect for her. I think she made a mistake but maybe not. She did not actively try to destroy me. She just abandoned me without warning in the lowest period of my life. Yet she entered my life in an even lower period. She wanted desperately to have a normal life and that is something I could never give her. She loved Randy her ex as worthless as he was. I could not replace him. But she gave me 1000 times more love than the Snake. I realize though someone is coming, some other women, plural, are coming who will give me more than Kay.

All the love Kaay seemed to give me was false. She could not have loved me as much as she said and have communicated with me so little in this dungeon hell. She did much to pack up my things and help my mother. But that was mechanical and easy. Words and letters and feelings are not so easy to deal with. Kay ----1373 in work and staying busy. The marriage was not perfect but it made me very happy.

I think all my sadness come because the last layers of pain and hardness are now being chipped away and I am more sensitive to things. The shells and bruises built up over the years are gone. The me of 47 years ago is emerging.

I was thinking how nice it would be to do something simple like bookkeeping and just retire to the farm somewhere. But I can't do that. I have things I have prepared to do and I must do. It is why I entered my mind. I knew all the work I had to do and that enormous load was to a slight degree depressing. Now with the right woman my life will be ___ 1373 but I should have some peace. I feel I will have someone connecting with me before I get out or just after. The Lord knows what I need.

I have been reading the Bible and rereading my St Francis bios over and over daily. I read the underlined portions. I think it is having a significant positive effect on me.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I look at my short times calendar and I have a bit of 2.5 months left but it seems to me that that time will go very very fast. So I feel sor of reeushed to complete certain tasks and at the same time enjoy the peace and the rest of this place.

I still feel a partial miracle may happen that will free me from her before December 19th. It would be a good stepping place for my autobiography. But all that is in God control. I am the servant.

I finally learned how to shave my head without cutting myself to pieces. I have to apply body lotion to my head and face to soften my skin an hour before and 30 minutes before shaving. Then when I soap up and shave the ceap single edge razor don't catch and slice off my skin.

I went back to bed after breakfast which was cold and nasty. I spread out both blankets and with my sweat shirt I was scompletely war. I slept all the way until lunch at 1015. So about 6 hours. I had only quit reading Lindberg about an hour before breakfast. at any rate. I feel good and relaxed and the day is almost half over.

I feet that a huge burden has been lifted from me regarding my anger at the legal system and my children and ex wife. the Snake. I feel that I have in trugh ejected that gigantic baggage. Now I seem to be entering a periof of enlightenment.

Things are very much like the last 3 months in Italy in the Army. I only worked an hour a day and I read and meditated most of the rest of the time. I began to lose blocks of time and so I quit. I feel I am losing time in jail now but the days are so monotonous anyway that it is hard to tell.

the revelation I am receiving about Jesus, the church and so on are increasing and I feel much more is to come. I only have 76 days left and that is really not that much time when I consider all the things I want to finish before I leave here. I will continue my work outside prison but there will be many distractions. I am sure it will take me a week to adjust.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Lindbergh a biography. Leonard Mosley. Doubleday. 1976

48 Laws of Power. Robert Greee. A Joost Elffers Book

This second book was given me by Cruz the commissary trustee and good friend of Marco. Cruz was raised in Galveston. and will finish 9 years of a 10 year sentence in December . He is also writing books. He spent all his 20's in jail. Sad

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081003

I am finding that I am withdrawing into myself in here. I write letters now and then put them into envelopes I have and don't mail them. My feeling is that no one really cares. One letter I wrote to the new owner of 1231 Heights about all the plants and maintenance. Then I thought all they will do is focus on the fact that I am in prison and spread it around the neighborhood. I used to be really helpful and in law I would always tell the opposing attorney what I was going to do and by so doing hurt my case.

I am too old to handicap myself by allowing others to know my intentions. People just use what I say against me. David and Bruce took my business concept for web design and I guess started a business.

I had a major major breakthrough on my book which I call Christianity, Jesus and WorldPeace. All of a sudden all the organizing problems fell into place. I wanted to write John a letter but I decided against it. He has his own life and there is no way he will understand what I am doing. And My-Le may just laugh at it. There impression of me is that I am a loser. Certainly John thinks that because I allowed myself to be jailed and Dave to destroy the business. And Kay leaving me.

The betrayal from David is astounding. But all the arguments I had with him in 2006 exhausted me. All he wanted was money.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

No matter what I sent it was not enough. I and Kay were making millions off him was his belief.

All those thoughts I have I tell myself out loud to get off the negative subject and it works. I know that a lot of this will go away when I get out of here and have the opportunity to focus on making a new future. I don't have any more than 1377 thoughts about that now. When I get out I will be able to put thoughts into action. Then I won't have time to review the past.

I was sleeping about 3 days ago. I had been reading the Bible and St Francis over and over trying to make the matter come together in my head. And I heard a voice in my dream say "I stink of God." I was shocked. I could not believe that I would even say such a thing. After thinking about it I realized it was the devil, Satan. I have no doubt now that there is an energy form or being who is the king of hell.

The fact that that thought came through me so distinct means that I must be making progress WorldPeace Advocacy. and books. That kind of thought means there is a sense of frustration that I cannot be beaten.

I thought a month ago that the Snake was going to be replaced as my arch Nemesis. And this must be true because that boive was distrust. And now I remember there was an orange chaotic vision associated with it and a presence. Orange=Fire=Hell or Chaos.

I felt and know from "Seth Speaks" book that I had to reconcile with Jesus before the WorldPeace Advocacy would really go forward. I have reached that reconciliation or really understanding. I see that Christianity is a changed focus will swallow all the other religions as it has swallowed Judaism. Now I have to get it all down on paper.

This morning I had to have some blood drawn to check on my thyroid and other things. I had to fast from midnight which is hard. I did not eat but just set my try aside. After the blood draw the guard got me a sack meal. A beef sandwich with a packet of

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

mayo, a peanut butter sandwich and a cookie in a bag. I came back and at the cold old meal and eggs and what every they put in them. Then I ate the roast beef. The result was that I got sick.

A little bit of food poisoning. It took about 7 hour to go away. I feel lucky I did not become sicker. But usually when I lay down and concentrate I can get in control of my body. I have a small headache. I took a meditation nap for a couple of hours.

I will eat supper in about an hour and do my exercises and be fine.

The time is going very fast. The fact that my day is broken up by meals and sleep into 5 parts lets me focus on making it to the next meal, and not to the end of the day so I have about 70 days left of 5 parts yeach or 350 parts. Since each part is about 5 hours and one part is sleeping time remaining will go very very fast/

One thing is that my body is warming up. I am not freezing all the time and I have not worn a towel on my head much of today. Nor my sweat shirt.

My arthritis is acting up but I thin that is stress, and will go away. My chest has expanded due to the push ups, and my stomach flattened. I am pleased with that.

I have a cricket in my room. 1<sup>st</sup> time for this room. I wish he would sing but that will nat happen without a female. He or she is definitely good luck. A little brown friend.

I have been smelling burn ashes in this cell for about a week. It is a psychic something. We will see now if it goes away. I feel it my past now in real ashes.

The Renaissance Festival began. I missed the first week I still have a fantasy that I will experience a miracle and have my sentence shortened. If not I will be first in line for the Renaissance next year.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Cruz just came by with Commissary. He did add my cortisone crease as I asked for the other day. They are out of stamps again after a week. When you run out of stamps mail backs up and when you get stampy you run out fast. No problem I have plenty for now. I was anticipating her running out again

I was going to order a sweat shirt a week ago but the nurse got me one for free. It was \$16.50. So I told Marco, Cruz & Jackson to that \$7 out of my account and split it. I see from my ticket they did not do it. So I have some friends in this world. I am looking forward to getting out of here and make some money. I will began at mother's church on the 21<sup>st</sup>. I need to begin my new life in church even though I refuse to be a religionist.

When I began Vol 1 my auto biography I said it would be 1600 pages. I am now at 1380. If I stay two more months I will probably hit that 1600.

I think my body broke down due to the intense study I did up to my major revelation two days ago and the voice saying I stink a day before that. I put some very intense meditation and prayer to work. I think I drained all my reserves. 1381.

~~~

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Lonely nights
cold bed
missing lovers

In this sterile cell
the hologram
of my mind
replay blissful
memories

The mind hones its edge
and fills in details
and shows
history

to give physical
pleasures

I do not let my mind
go near the reality
of the impossible
or dwell upon the locked
door to this monkey cage

It's just a room
like any other

My mind and soul team up
and reach out beyond
this lock up

to the time and space
of freedom
not long away

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I reach out

to my waiting
Love's

I draw them to me

being selective

reminding them

of our appointment

at the crossroad

of freedom way

The power builds

from unsatisfied desires

the electric voltage

sparks and arcs

mind to heart

soul to soul

The sand runs out on jail

the bond linkage shortens

I open my mind to freedom soon

081003

1200

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Pencil shavings in a Styrofoam cup
and graphite removed in shaping
the writing stick

for writing moronic or forgettable words
most of the time

What kind of nail was it dear Jesus
and was it in the wrist or the hand
And what kind of wood
absorbed your blood and held you
fast until glory came

All who watched did not see

Soldiers doing their job
thinking about the drinks
when they were done

The women waited as your life drained away
they did not desert you
because no one paid attention to them
-- invisible they were just women

Did someone take those nails
or were they kept for another day
and what great fortune blessed
others crucified with the
savior's nails

2008,

Dr John WorldPeace JD

My loves
my time in this
dungeon is coming
to a close

I have been lonely for
10 months and a
year before I came
to this place

I long to hold you
to feel your caring arms
and loving lips in a
hello kiss

I know you are out
there waiting for me
to be free

A new life begins in
70 days
Again I will
raise my
life from the
ashes

Yet this time
I will choose my
companions well

I will attract what I
need and no taking
something less

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Kay was a Universe
beyond the passion of
the Snake but
in the end
she collapsed
and ran away

This time I will find
true love and a
peace of real happiness

and love you that are
more than routine pen
and ink

081007
1500

Dr John WorldPeace JD

081010

Yesterday was another adjustment from my epiphany of 4 days ago. I am trying to return to my sleep patterns

I had a shade drawn by one guard. He took a second towel I had and 2 rolls of toilet paper. I can replace the towel today by asking Marco to get me one. I only take $\frac{1}{2}$ of the toilet paper I take because it is easier to take it then to say now. Typical After that I took a nap 1381 and had a sort of daytime nightmare that my partner Bill Clinton the ex Pres was going to have me assassinated by a man who was at that moment in the room with us.

I work from the dream easily. I remember also so Black smudges on my finger tips. I was mildly paranoid about that dream.

I had read the gospel of John before I napped and thought it was a more recent ploy of evil to shake me up. Like the one the other day said " I stink of God.

I did have a vision that the Snake had been replaced by a more powerful nemesis. Maybe Satan himself. I all called her Satan's daughter. And there are the new more aggressive tactics. I have no fear I just keep mindful of its constant presence /// 1382 with my angels and guardians.

I saw a new way to create my art two days ago. by using Adobe Photosho. Essentially how to make a paint by numbers send it out to be printed on canvas. that and a paint chart would let someone execute these at home.

Across from my bunk in this room is a 9 x 9 white wall. I did not have an angle like this where I could sit on the bed in the other cell. So I look at the wall like a blank canvas and I begintosee all kinds of art. that is how to jog my creativity on that. I also work through more techniques for developing the images on the computer to create some very interesting art.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I have so many projects that I want to work on. I need another hundred years of life.

I only have 70 days to go. I have found a way to make time go fast and this is to live my day in here by segments between meals. I just stay busy to the next meal and then days go fast. Very fast. It is amazing how my mind can in a sense manipulate time.

~~~

081010

I woke up about 2 hours after breakfast, short of breath. I can't tell if it is my heart or my thyroid. With access to the internet I could research it and figure it out. In here I have to wait on a chance to see the doctor which may take weeks. The doctor still has not given me my report on my echo cardiogram. I have only 10 weeks left in here so I don't feel I am going to die. I feel better with the thyroid medicine. So I am not as paranoid as I was. I asked John to send me some info from the internet on sleep apnea but he has not done it. I asked for him to send me some books and he has not had the time for that either.

So I wrote a letter to mother to order me the books. I told her not to say anything to John. He has been my savior in here. It is not his job to attend to my every need. He has his own problems in the world.

I am in the mood to write again. I needed the time off. I have no real experience as a writer but I see now you have to take a break. I do not have writer's block. It is a tiredness of the mechanics of writing. Plus other things crowding in my mind. When I am going to write a novel outside of jail. I can see I need to take about 1-2 weeks off. Go somewhere and write. The editing is easy but initially getting the book written really needs a continuous session. With a computer I may be able to complete a book (400 pages) in 5-7 days.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Also, I have learned in the last 10 days that when I start chewing on a problem and thinking negative thoughts that I need to say STOP NOW That disconnects me from a downward spiral of negativity on this issue. A certain amount of analysing is good but too much is wasted depressing energy. The technique is effective and in the long run I may not even go there. I need to especially stay off past events that cannot be altered after I find out what the problem was so I don't repeat it.

~~~

081011

Yesterday I was called to a meeting with the Warden, Asst Warden, Major, Capt about my oldest letter to the FBOP. I told them it was mainly about medical but I will write a letter laying it all out for them today. They had received a letter from the BOP to me: my letter saying I need to go to the Warden first.

I was moved out of my large observatory cell into cell 25 I was very dirty. The lights are out. I am back in the constant cold air and I killed 2 scorpions in my drawere under my bed. Cell 31 had ants and spiders. 17 had crickets. 25 has scorpions.

Cell 25 is a lucky number for me. And I do have a desk and so I don't have to sit on the floor on books and write on the top of the stool

I will clog the vent with toilet paper and then all should warm up.

I also got great news, Raul Martinez who I met in Harris County and who I lost track of because my Bible with addresses in it was thrown away at Karnes County wrote a letter to me saying he was still interested in the web design business. He is a natural salesman and with him I can easily rebuild and ---1385. I will write him a page letter.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I feel things are turning around now for the better. Good things are happening and I think I may get out of here shortly now that I have everyone's attention.

I have a window in 25 like 31 but it is much dirtier can hardly see out of it.

John sent me two novels and 2 books on St Francis. I was uplifted to have them. Things are really looking up. in here. and for my life ---1385 when I get out.

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I am very cold and the light is dim. I doubt if they will replace the main lights that are burned out. I have asked twice. I feel like I have to deal with a trade off. I am very happy with my little desk being so much easier on my back. I can continue to plug the vent with toilet paper and it will warm me in there the same way it did in cell 31.

Because it is cell 25 I know I am suppose to be here. I will just wait and see what happens.

I have thought several times about writing a letter to the Warden after the meeting yesterday and talking to him like a human being but it will do no good. He considers this just a job and his desire is to make as much money as he can.

Every shower has a broken shower head. Vermin in every room. Maintenance is minimum. It is sad to be because he is in charge of 500+ inmates and he could use his position to experiment and come up with some novel approaches to gang violence and other inmate and prison issues. But he is not that kind of man. This is an average or less man just going through life in his self centered way.

I deem the inconvenience to be a sort of penance. I received a huge blessing with the letter from Raul yesterday and the books from John were also uplifting. And today Marco brought me an



## Dr John WorldPeace JD

extra blanket, a nice one like the second one I have with a design. I know tonight I will sleep between them and be very warm. Winter is coming and I know I am going to need them.

I hate not taking a shower but to do so is painful in this cold. I will exercise later and I will take a shower. The fact there is no shower head means that it will be cold. But the water is hot so I am thankful for that.

I do not feel this attitude among employees is unusual. I believe it is part of every employee. I have always worked for myself and you cannot service with that kind of attitude as a business owner. So I am just being exposed to how most people work.

In reading St Francis the concept he had of poverty was radically changed because the later followers were too normal 1387 to follow it. And I realize that the State Bar was just an employers and I worked for them. With government interference you can never be an independent businessman. So in bookkeeping and web design there is no government interference and I can do as I please. In that atmosphere I will thrive.

It was a mistake for me to take off all the toilet paper off the vent last night. I took it off because I had a mop and could soak the toilet paper by hitting it with the mop. bring down the toilet paper. It was a bit hot in the room because the vent was completely closed. It is best if the vent is closed about 85%. I felt if I did not open the vent I would have no way to open it later and I would rather be cold than hot. Being hot in a small room like this causes claustrophobia. today I realized all I have to do is to get a cup of water and wet the toilet paper snap it with a towel to open the vent. Now I know I hope this is my last cell.

I have decided to just ride out these last days. No letters, lawsuits, etc. Just do the time and get out. Use my energies to write and read and focus on the future.

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081012

I am down to 66 days. I don't count the current day because they go so fast. I have been thinking all night about pushing the Warden a bit but that book of power I got from Cruz really advises against it. I am irritated about the reduced light in here but it is tolerable. The AC is blowing too cold and now I realized it is because all the cells are blocking the vents so the ones that are open are blowing harder. I have taken toilet paper and blocks about 70% of the vent that has made it warmer in here. Same as I did in 31. And the third issue is the scorpions. I took toilet paper and jammed in the cracks between the floor and the walls where I think they may be coming from. Some as the ants- ants are smaller and get through a smaller opening.

Having this desk is a real advantage and is worth all the other inconveniences. So for now I sit and wait to see the doctor on Thursday and make my demands about a 24hr heart monitor and other issues. I have a lot of work to do before I get out and I would rather be here in solitary than in the halfway house. The noise there may not let me work and so the ability to leave will be rere—1388 In this solitary cell I have light 24/7 even though reduced and I can get up and read work exercise or shower at any time of the day or night because I do not have to take the other inmates into consideration.

I am settled into this cell now and there is no reason for them to move me again. I think they realize that putting me in observation 17 cell let me see more of how this place works and why it doesn't work. So they moved me here to 25. I think it fr---1389 because even as they try to screw me they put me in a cell with one of my two lucky numbers 13/25.

I experienced heat last night about 2300 after exercise and a shower I always feel better. I feel that the negative energy is worked off my body. Exercising is not easy with my arthritis but it does a lot for my mental attitude.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I sort of feel God has increased my isolation because I need to be more focused on all the work I have to do before I get out of here. I told John to just send me two more books and no more because I won't have time to read them. and it is getting to be a load to carry out of here. I had to make 4 trips moving cells the other night. 3 loads were books. 1 food and 1 mattress blankets etc

My goal today is to see just how much I can get done if I really focus.

I am trying to cut back on my food because I want to lose another 5-10 pounds before I get out. But eating even a cookie here and there is one of the few pleasures I have n here an it is a connection to the outside world.

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081012

38 years ago today I went into the Army. Seems like yesterday

This has been a very strange day. It went fast. I read St Francis new book from John. Reading about him seems mystical. very strange I wrote a letter to respond to the BOP letter and a letter to Kay. When they wake me for supper I thought we had already eaten.

I think the letter from Raul Martinez was somehow a mystical turning point. It may be this room. It may be I am getting out this week.

When they called me to go to the meeting on Friday, I had just been taken outside to recreation. I thought I had gotten a call from John that Daddy had died. I could not figure anything else.

Even if I do another 66 days I feel it will go fast. Sort of like Jesus walking on the water. Once he reached the boat they reached the shore.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

The whole introduction to St Francis book is about the reality of miracles. The book was written in 1747.

Something is definitely going on. I asked God for a miracle exit from jail. All in all it is a euphoric feeling.

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081015

On Sunday 12th I took out the letter for JohnA--- 1390 at the BOP that they had given me on Friday. I know when I got it that I was going to have to respond to it, and I had to get into the mood. So I put it off until Sunday. There was no return address so I had to write the letter and send it to the Warden and ask that he forward it to John Erickson.

One of the points I made on Friday was that I was pushing the BOP not this prison. All the big issues, the ones that are the foundation of me getting an early release have to do with the BOP. Letters to LCS 1391 re this prison in particular are a waste of time. They can do what they want to you in jail. It is overriding issues about civil rights and prisoner rights and how the BOP is responding to those that will get me out of here. Gripping about this particular prison is just going to create more problems.

The cell they moved me to 25 had a scorpion in it and a bad light. As part of my letter to the BOP I put a cover letter to the Warden asking that the cell be sprayed and the light fixed. That cell was dark and dirty looking and as close to a true dungeon as you get in here.

Instead of fixing these items they moved me to cell 13 in Phase 1. I had been in phase 3 since I had been assigned to this prison. Phase 1 is women, s 1391 then phase 3. I can get along with one set of clothes and no towel over my head. I don't even need to get under the blanket to be comfortable. I have a desk in good condition a good strong light and a shower with knobs so I don't have to keep pushing a button to make the water run. The water

Dr John WorldPeace JD

from the sink does not taste nasty. No bugs, and the cell is smaller than the observatory cell. 144 sq ft but longer than the regular segregation cell. 114 sq ft. So about 130 sq ft. There is only one view and that is out the door window which is about 6 x 36 vertically. Across the hall is a 36 many monkey cage. 3 rows of 6 double beds. It really looks like an army barracks. Except in an Army barracks the bunks are along the outside wall. The bunks go up to the wall on the east and north sides. There is a 3 x 12 window to the east which is the way my door faces. I can look out and see the sun rise not from the horizon but the sun appears about an hour after sunrise.

In the observation cell I could see the sun set over phase 1 where I am now. In phase 3 I can see the sunrise. The days are getting shorter so the sun rises and sets more to the south each day and will continue for the next 2 months. I came into jail on the Winter Solstice. 12/21/07. The sun had just begun to set outside my vision last week. And in about a week I will not be able to see the actual sun because it will rise behind the south edge of the windows.
1392

Metaphorically the sun has set on my old life and now is rising on my new life. I think it is interesting that I was moved to cell 25 which is 5 x 5. 5 being the number of man and peace. to my most lucky number 13 All this is a sign to me that my whole life has turned around

The point of all this is that the Warden refused to fix the cell and moved me into the nicest segregation cell because I feel I let him off the hook with my letter to the BOP but he moved another guy into the dungeon cell 25. There are ants and spiders in 31 and crickets in 17 and scorpions in 25. The problem is simple. They do not spray the inside of the cell only the hallway. So they save a lot of money on the extermination bill. They could buy the chemicals and let a trustee spray once a month for the same cost.

But these bureaucrats are not able to think like businessmen. I can go out and sell a web site and clear \$500 And I can do that 2 to 3 times a day on my own., To get a \$100 added to his bonus, the warden has to cut \$2000 out of the budget. You do that -1393 no

Dr John WorldPeace JD

maintaining the facility, cutting back on food and not having adequate pest control. It is a bureaucratic mind of how to get more money without asking or begging for a raise. Morally the \$60 comes of the backs of the inmates.

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081016

The issues were

- 1) Inadequate medical – not looking at my echocardiogram test etc
- 2) This prison is racially segregated
- 3) I was sent here illegally – I am from Houston
- 4) No adequate law library
- 5) No intention of letting me go to a halfway house

I received my book “The hidden Jesus” from John last night. I will finish it tonight. It speaks to me as much of his book on St Francis. I am saturating myself with who was Jesus. I am trying to reconcile myself to him but it is hard. I catch a glimpse and then it disappears. I have no doubt but that before I am out of here I will achieve my goal

In some ways I feel a prejudice has creeped in in regards to me since I had my meeting with he warden. I feel I have been demonized. I am not sure if Marco has a short chain on him but he does not come by much. Of course I am located in the end of a corridor next to the exit. He is still trying to help me.

I should have had my commissary on Monday but I still do not have it. Marco told me today that thye had pulled the order but just did not have time to bring it tom e. Cruz is the one who should bring it down here. I had this same problem I believe when I move into Sep 17. They stopped my commissary the I got it a week later when the inmates in my corridor were getting their next order.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I think Cruz does not like me. Probably jealousy or something. He has been locked up for 9 years. All his 20s were spent in jail. He caused his own grief getting smart with his judge 9 years ago. He would have been out a year ago but he kept getting in trouble in jail and losing good time.

My commissary if its pulled is about 50 yards down the hall., I may not get it until next week. Nothing more for me to do. I could have gotten it when I went to medical earlier if I had know. But I did not find out until I saw Marco in the hall on the way back to my cell.

The deputy came to get me to take me to medical and he insisted on handcuffing me. When I got to see the doctor he was confused about my records. I don't trust him. I feel like his is hiding something from me. My LDL /HDL was 203/35 last time it was 143/31 but that was 3 months ago. right after I got off the Lipitor. He agreed to put me back on it. Also the tech told me my ejection fraction was in the 50's but today the doctor tells me it 35-40. So it has gone down 20%. It should be 55% Part of the problem may be that I had thyroid problems. 3 months ago. The medicine I am taking should push it up. But I don't trust him. and I have little faith in the medical facility in Kingsville. He said he was ordering another series of blood tests and another echo cardio gram. It also showed my heart rate at 50. Normally it is 60. Normal is 72 I don't really feel any side effects. I am sighing a bit but I have not exercised in a long time. No long walking or jogging.

I have not used the phone in 3 weeks. I have asked every day for 4 days. No results. I don't know if I am being subtly P 1395. Everytime you change cells all your contacts change. Everything gets screwed up.

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181016

I did get my razors today. So that part is still working. I make time in here a lot of different ways. I have 20 razors to go until I am

Dr John WorldPeace JD

out of her. I am trying to exercise every other night so I have 30 more exercise periods to go. Actually I have 63 days. 9 weeks that is nothing.

I exercised last night and as per usual felt much better. It uplifted me. I tried to exercise the night before midnight but I couldn't my body was tired and my mind was not into it.

I am concerned about my ejection fraction. Hopefully the thyroid medicine has raised it. If not my n1396 say in 10 years I am going to be in trouble because it will be down to 25%. Dr Garcia said I could live on 10% When I get out I will be able to read up on it and get a better diet. There are many ways to slow down the deterioration but not in here.

I know my psychic energy is picking up on all kinds of things but I am not out in the world s I have no way to make some calls and check on people and things.

I have a lot of things in my head and I need to begintowrite to start getting it on paper. I knew if I do it is like exercising. It uplifts me. Not to mention making time go faster. It is hard to write on Jesus and my novel both. I am going to have to find a way to do it.

My objective is to keep time going fast. Thoughts about my health slow me down. I feel all will be OK. Too many good signs. These people here are so apathetic. The world is getting to be a very hard place. Money is everyone's god. Everyone is absessed. The USA has infected the world in consumerism. Ther truth is that if the whole world consumes like Americans the the earth will be a – 1397 out planet in a hundred years

We have a super civilization that is now global. It has great potential for a giant uplifting epiphany but it also has the seeds of dis1397 and destruction. Unfortunately, I believe that the odds are leaning toward bad times.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I miss the election news. I have been watching presidential election since 1960. This is a watershed moment in American history. And I will have to read about it after the fact.

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081017

Several things in my letters have changed things around here. 1) There have been about 5 new employees. 2) I saw stow soccer balls outside 3) there is a new commissary menu with ketchup. No mayo or mustard yet.

My order was filled on Monday 13<sup>th</sup> but Cruz would not bring it to me. I can't figure him and except that he is the product of 9 years in jail. right when he was entering adulthood at 20 he came to jail for 10 years. Had he not caused trouble he would have been out in about 7.

I was trying to decide how to get my commissary and was about to go into meditation to see if I could influence him when the food slot on my door opened and he gave me my commissary. He did not say a word. He just passed it through I said thanks. He did not respond.

God looks out for me. I like all others just need to learn patience.

I am really concerned about the alleged ejection fraction on my heart being decreased. Yet it could be due to the thyroid problem I had – 1398 my system not fully engaged. We'll see when they do the next one. I did not expect my heart to get better but I did not expect it to get worse either.

My stomach has been sour for a week or more. Some has to do with the medicine. I am sure. It may be why my heart feels like its skipping beats yet I saw those skips on the EKG at the hospital the night for the arrest. a 24 hour heart monitor. Both my parents had them done but I did not know why. Time and medical research is on my side if I can accumulate the money. Once I get

Dr John WorldPeace JD

on at the VA I should be able to get all the tests I need to figure out what is wrong with me.

I have too much I want to do in this life to die before I am 100+. It is up to God.

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081018 I have only 60 days left and time continues to go fast. I saw the doctor yesterday. He says my ejection fraction is down to 35-40%. That continues to pray on my mind. However it may well be that my thyroid was not causing enough fire in my system and my heart was not contracting strongly. My heart rate was 50 per minute . Normally it is 60. So it is like my whole system was on slow.

I am irritated that a nurse said to the doctor in a snide way that I do not think they are taking care of me. Truth is they are not. People are so evil. and this being a prison apathetic to prisoner needs. I am afraid this attitude permeates all of society. Our great civilization has replaced its heart with a chest full of gold. I don't know how this country became so mercenary. Money is the key . Money buys the American dream. Lack of money causes one to live 50 years in the past.

There is a whole prison here of me whose only crime is crossing the border to look for work. They are not ___1399 rapist, burglars or dopers. They just crossed the border illegally. Yet they too are treated like criminals

The doctor ordered another echo cardiogram and new blood test The chck my thyroid and chloolesterol. The question now is whether or not the nurses are going to respond to the orders in a timely fashion. I think the BOP if they find out what the test may let me out. Who knows. At this point all I want to do is make it through 60 days.

My teeth continue to rot away. Another something I can do nothing about until I get out of here

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I am going to write as much as possible to make time go fast. If the fluttering in my chest would stop as minor as it is right now I would be fine. But it is a constant irritation. I need to get out of here and go to the VA and get treated. Then in the meantime go see a heart doctor who can take care of me. But all is on hold until I get out of here.

I would like to talk to John. but there is only one guard who lets me use the phone. And I have not seen him in a while. Its not so much a need to communicate with John because I can write letters. It is a matter of just talking to a friendly voice. I am pretty isolated due to the location of this cell and there is not one to talk to. The other cells were close to the front so I saw people all the time. Again 60 days is nothing. I just need to keep to my system of making time go by fast.

I think some of my problems is in my head. I always said the final days would be a lot harder to deal with than the early on days. The closer you get to getting out the more you think about getting out.

Saturday morning has always been a great time for me. Especially in the Fall. I just try not to think about it. I have only 8 more Saturdays to spend in here.

I ordered a drawing pad. which is just 8.5 x 11 blank paper in a pad. But I have made about 4 drawings and I am amazed at how my figure drawing has progressed.

I think I have some minor depression because of all the writing I have to do. If I get on track and do 25 pages a day I think I will feel better and time will go fast.

I felt a little claustrophobia early. Usually that is what happens when I lay down. so I get up. I just need to get out of here and use the phone or go to the recreation.

Also exercising helps for some reason

Dr John WorldPeace JD

One good thing is the shower is great. I can turn it on and let it run and I can set the water to just the right temperature. I have only had that for a week over the last year. That is how the shower work in the gen population tanks. In Harris county you had to push the button but the water ran for 40 seconds instead of 20.

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It is interesting that when I moved into 25 in was hot. I unstopped the AC vent and it go intolerably cold.. When I moved into 13, it was warm so I had on one set of clothes no undershirt and not sox. Within 2 days it became cold. Bld1 phase 1 has always been warm. I don't know if its cold outside or if they turned the air down. But it seems that whenever I go it gets cold.

I spent the last 40 minutes watching the shakedown in the gen pop cell across the hall. They as per usual took out a lot of trash. All thos guys cold do nothing but stand by and watch. I had wondered why earlier they were so many guards hanging around. There was about 12 who took part in the shakedown. I hope they stay out of here.

I think my heart flutters may be my stomach. I have a lot of gas. I am going to quit drinking the cool aid. I am taking a lot of medicine and I think that may be causing me problems. Daddy has always had stomach problems

None of the employees here wear name tags. The reason is obvious in two regards. Those guard are personnel who do bad things do not want to be targeted by gang members. I heard the other day when I inquired about a certain guard that he had been beat up in the parking lot by friends of someone who he hastled in here.

On the other side inmates who are being abused had a difficult time filing a complaint on a nameless guard. In many subtle ways this prison, any prison, is a dangerous place.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I continue to ask wevery to use the phone. I do not get the privilege. I do not think it has to do with retaliation. This is just an understaffed poorly run prison.

Tomorrow is Tuesday. I saw the doctor 4 days ago on Thursday. He ordered blood tests and an echo cardiogram. The blood tests require fasting. So I need to be told a day in advance not to eat breakfrast. I have not been told that so they will not be drawing blood in the morning.

One nurse who I thought was a friend sai on Thursday that I did not think I was being taken care of in front of the doctor. I did not respond. I think that maybe she had refused to put the blood test on the schedule. We will see what happens. There are people in position of power here who are undeniably vicious.

I have not drank my cool aide for two days now and I think it is part of the reason that my stomach has settled down. and I can not feel the palpitations. somehow I relaxed Saturday night and released a lot of negative energy I wa carrying. I feel all this is part of my ongoing epiphany.

The fire alarm went off while I was in the shower last night. I have a degree of pain each time that happens. I am right next to the exit door so tha gives me some comfort. But I will never forget choking on the smoke and pepper gas about 6 weeks ago in cell 31. Being locked up and choking is some thing that leaves an impression on you. In a large cell men can come together tear a bunk out of the floor and use it to knock down the outside wall to escape th fire. But one man alone in a solitary cell has no chance. It is the smoke that kills people in a fire. not the actual fire. There is not much to burn here but it is a closed environment.

We continue not to get spoons with our meals. It has been about 5 days. now and 15 meals. I guess this is more cost cutting. when I first got here I could not get any cool aid with my meals because I had no cup and they would not provide them. Finally after 5 days I got a cup. Same thing with a pen. I went a week with no pen. So no way to fill out forms. N on in the tank had a pen and

Dr John WorldPeace JD

the guards like everything else said yes I will get one and did nothing.

I have a lot to write before I exit. I am racing time. I know the distractions and change in environment will make it hard for me to write. I want to find some work before I leave but given the choice I want out of here. If I stay the full 58 days that are left I should just about finish all my writing goals. Things are moving very fast now. The n- 1404 is coming to me very fast. I have written about 20+ pages today I think. I am writing on so many different things it is hard to keep track of how much I have done/

I just ran out of ink in another pen. In the free world I almost never use a pen up. Since I have been in jail I have used up about 20 regular pens and 70+ of the really bad pens . I began with in Harris County. I wanted to save all of them but at the first shakedown in Harris County thee were thrown away. So I gave it u p and I just throw the empties away now.

Today I had an idea or vision that I would create 30 person retreats all over the world. They would be like the jail cells where people come to reflect. No Activities. Just enclosed in a cell but having the abilith to go outside and walk. Tere would be sommon areas but absolutely no talking anywhere on the facility. I would not have men and women at the same facility and no more than 30 at each location . A nice place in the country would be the best location.

The night medication nurse just told me not to eat after midnight because they will do lab work. As per usual I am ready to attack. I am a product of a life time of fighting and I unfortunately have come to expect a need for it. In here it does not matter. I have no control to fight back.

The night nurse told me to fast for tomorrow. My life is so fragile in here and so connected to routine it is hard for me to consider postponing a mean. Hopefully they will draw blood early. I have been cutting back on food to lose weight.. I hate being hungry.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

When I don't eat and feel hungry I get very irritable and can't concentrate

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081021

I have 57 days left and my mental world is becoming very limited. I have almost no interaction in this cell due to its location. I want to medical this morning to have my blood drawn. A short outing. I was able to survive the lack of food at 0300 by staying up until about 0200 then I slept until time to go to the lab down the hall about 0700.

Before going I watch the sky lighten and then redden as the sun began to come up. I am looking from my cell door about 50 feet across the hall, through the window that most cells here to face the hallway out their 3 x 12 window at the top of the wall. It is a partial sunrise but it is up lifting. The sky has been clear for the last 5 days with no clouds

They must have turned up the A/C because it was warmer in here today. I was able for a while to go without my head towel and just an undershirt. It is nice to be comfortable and not freezing.

I am focusing almost exclusively on St Francis. From one which is in chronological order I am making an outline of the major events. I am finished the last 90 pages of another 358 book which was written in 1727 and edited in light of recent archeology. to half its original length. It has been hard for me to read. The sentences are very long with 6-10 phrases in each one. There are some new stories and miracles, a lot more facts and comment about the primary events. And more preaching than I like to read. I am determined to finish it tonight. and maybe the outline from the other book. Then I will review the outline and write the book which I expect to be about 50 pages.

I have another St Francis bio which I will read. then I will go through the 5 books I have and pull a list of more material to

Dr John WorldPeace JD

insert into the rough draft. Then I will put it aside to be finally edited when I get out of jail. It is Tuesday evening. I hope to finish the project Sunday night. and sent it to John on Monday.

Then I will move on to my book of Jesus and my WorldPeace text book.

However I may refresh my mind and write another 100-400 pages on the second novel. Then go back to the Jesus book. All the projects will take a minimum of 4-5 weeks and a max of 8 week I have left on this sentence.

I have to stay busy and focused to keep the walls from closing in on me.

I lay down to meditate. I am getting too old to set in meditation. My legs and hips can't take it.

Tonight is exercise night. I have been pretty disciplined to exercise every other night. It eats up about 2 hours and the long shower at the end is very refreshing.

I seem to be finding that time goes faster if I stay up to 0100 - 0200 and sleep between breakfast and lunch and a bit more between lunch and dinner. My mind is very alert. I think it may be to the concentration I have on the St Francis book. It seem to rev up my energy.

I asked against the phone. Did not happen and the shift is about to change. For some reason I do not want to call. I don't know if I feel it will be too depressing to return to my cell or if there may be some semi bad news to hear

No one write like me. I have sent a letter a week to mother and da. I have received less than 5-6 responses from each. Kay maybe wrote 12 times. Nothing in a long time. It is really hard for me to believe she loved me. She put on a great show. Made me feel loved. Caused me to love her dearly but since we had a peaceful



## Dr John WorldPeace JD

parting it is hard for me to understand. the lack of communication. but truth is we did not talk that much anyway.

I wrote a long letter to my cousin Doug before I left Harris County. No response. I wrote a letter to Carmel Temple a month ago no response. I wrote a letter to Raul last week and expect a response in the next day or two. I t was a 10 page letter response to his letter. It may have overwhelmed him

It may be that God is going to force me on my writing and WorldPeace and the web design by 1409 is just a figment of my imagination. It is such an easy lucrative business I can't see abandoning it. And I like it . but again there is so much time and the WorldPeace Advocacy is the primary desting for me.

I have not drank any juice for 3-4 days and it seems that my stomach has settled down. I had a few palpitations this morning but I think that was due to an empty stomach. My stomach is very sensitive. It can't be too full or too empty. Also, I want eat between meals. I have t let it completely empty. I have done that in addition to no cool aid. the palpitations are to worrisky for me to deal with right now.

One of my front teeth is acting up. so I have to brush immediately after eating in oder to make sure I don't have a crisis on my hands before I get out of here. I can't let the dentist pull a front tooth I don't think it will be a problem.

There was a guy in Harris County, JD 1409 who kept saying that time flew after he hit 56 days. I don't know why that rang a bell with me but it did. I will be at 56 days tomorrow. Time is ggoing pretty fast. Food is still the big event. But I have lost some of my appetite. It will be good if I can cut back. on the food. I had begun to do that in Harris county. Then food I have been served has been about 50% as much. If I can begintocut back on that I will lost another 10-15 pounds before I get out which I want to do. That will put me at about 170. All I need to do is to cut out the commissary I eat. and I have cut back onit. I save desert from lunch and dinner and eat it at 2000. I eat one small cookie after

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each meal. I should get my commissary tomorrow and then I will have oatmeal to replace the bad breakfast they serve. Still no spoons with meals. It blew my mind that they just quit giving out plastic spoons to eat with. If they can't manage spoons then that tells you why the rest of the facility is so screwed up.

Right now I feel pretty good.

It seems I am writing a lot more in the daily journal now. Like when I first went to Harris County. It is mind boggling that I will have written about 4000 -250 word pages in 10 months. that almost a million words and 6 books. that is a lot by any standard. It will take me a year to edit al of it plus what I already had.

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081025

I have 55 days left. When I look at my calendar it s seems like nothing. Time continues to move quickly. A 1411 I read talked about the days go fast and the weeks go faster. On reason I think the weeks go fast is because there is no distinguishing the days. Saturday is not a big day off and Sunday dose not include church. There are no religious services here. I would like to make an issue of it but I have too much to do in the next 55 days

right now I have to finis my second novel which is 1/3 finished.

Book on St Francis 125 I am working on it now

Rewrite the 4 gospel into one

A challenging book on the New Testament and religion and Gd
an outline of my WorldPeace Text book

all the projects have begun and I will have time to finish them all before I get out on December 19. But only if I keep at it like now. I need all these books finished because I have to many distractions when I get out. Editing can be easily inserted into my schedule but I cannot do the main structure and theme of the book without the quiet and boredom of this cell

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I was taken outside about 2 days ago. Another cage associated with this building. the cage is about 12 x 15 instead of 10 x 10. I was glad to get out. Even getting out every two weeks psychologically lets you realize there is another world outside.jail. If you don't get out you begintothink you will never get out. the mind plays a lot of tricks on you in jail and more especially in solitary where there is not TV, radio or newspapers. I could by a radio for \$30 but there is very limited news. If I could get NPR I would get a radio . I can order newspapers but it would be \$100 a month and not really worth it. Or I – 1412 to pay for it. I asked for a M- subscription but it never happened. I wanted to follow the presidential race. It would have kept me connected to the outside world and been uplifting with its weekly delivery. People just don't understand how it is in here. I can see why people do not change in here. They need to feel connected to society instead of cut off. No church, no news is a negative thing for prisoners. Jail is about revenge and retribution not about rehabilitation. What criminals learn in here is how to be better criminals and how to reduce the chances of getting caught again.

Two day running they forgot to give me my dinner meal. Two days ago they came to get my tray and I told them I had not been served. Yesterday I heard the carts and asked a trustee if dinner was coming. He said they were picking them up. Then he got me 2 trays because they forgot. I heard the girl say "Oh Shit. I forgot WorldPeace. the problem is the location of my cell is off by itself and not in the main corridor of cells. So it is easy to overlook.

I have still not been able to use the phone. I have asked almost every day for two weeks. What maked me irritated is that I hear the guards mostly kids in their 20s laughing and talking. So they have the time to let me use the phone but they don't want to be bothered. I work do hard to file suit and put an end to all this but I have a bigger agenda with my books, art, WorldPeace Advocac and webs design business. I have no time for a lawsuit. I feel I am st—1413 my WorldPeace Advocacy not doing something as tangible as reforming the prison system. I may file a suit the last week I am in here so that it get filed the day before I get out. then I will be free and be able to fight . No phone no recreation , no church, no law library, no medical is too much to ignore. Being in

Dr John WorldPeace JD

here has not removed my fighting disposition. Fighting agent corruption and injustice Hopefully I find a lawyer who acts to take it on. after I file it

A guard yesterday turned off my light it seemed to me to start some trouble. I yelled hey. Ut was about 1100. He did not like hey. but I kno I had to yell quick or he would have been out of earshot. He made a stupid remark like I though the light was bothering you because you have a towel on your head. A nonsense statement

I told him I had a towel on my head because I was freezing, It seems warm in here this morning but I still have on two pants and a sweat shirt and 2 sox. Same as yesterday except I also had on a orange top in addition to my sweat shirt and T shirt.

I am my books sell then will give me the money I need to begin my web design biz and I can be free of everyone.. I have not heard back from Raul in response t my 10 page letter. It may be that he has not received it. Or did not think a response necessary or even though it has been 1.5 weeks it not enough ime for a response. They may beu-1414 my mail close since the meeting with the warden. Nothing but the usual been sent.

For the next 2-4 days I am going to be working on my St Francis book. I am going to print it because I will have to go slow anyway. But when I finish ti can be sent to Harpers without typing and I I ave to type it when I get out it will be easier to read. Plus it is easier to edit a printed v cursive format.

If Obama gets elected it may mean the Harpers sees my books selling better because the attitude of the people is on peace. They may be -1414 after the election to make a decision I would like to send the St Francis books but it may be best to use it as a response to their letter to me. I feel sure they will send me a response other than get an agent. There are too many intriguing aspects of my letters if John in fact sent them. All that is in Gods hands. I have done all I can do as far as communicating with them. All I can do in here is keep working on finishing the books.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I think I am feeling some minor distress associated with being locked up and being close to my out date. I think about dying in here and that bothers me more than anything. I doubt it. But I know my lack of exercise in here as far as aerobic has let my body degenerate. When I get out I will immediately begin to walk 3 miles a day and probably bike ride 5 more. I am shot of breath a bit in here.

I quit the cool aide and my palpitations have almost stopped. My teeth were hurting so I began to brush more after and cut out all candy and cookies. I was eating out of boredom. Nothing like a treat of a sugar high to get your spirits up. I have not had but one cold in jail and that was when I went to Harris County. 4-5 guys had the flu. I have no exposure to anyone in isolation. I see a guy in the 48 mar t-1415 across the hall has a running nose. So I expect his cold to run through the tank over there. He looks like a white guy in his 50s. But he is real thin which makes me wonder about AIDS. A lot of Spanish people are white. The ones that haven't mixed with the Indians.

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081027

I am down to 53 days. Nothing really. Time still goes fast because I am still on my routine. I am exercising which helps more than most would realize. Having a regular shower in their cell is a real big plus.

The laundry lady took over handing out the razors. They used to come on Monday and Thursday Now in the last 3 weeks no Monday razor. The reason is laziness. Just another prisoner right denied. Most of these Hispanics have minimum beards. But I have a full beard and if I don't shave for 5 days my face begins to itch. In about 2 weeks I will be able to stop shaving my head if necessary. From bald, it won't look bad after 6 weeks. I used to cut it short and go 4 weeks before I cut it again.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

Bol1416 line is just more laziness. more abuse of prisoner rights. I just don't have enough days left to get upset about it.

Twice last week they forgot to give me any dinner. Once as an apology I got two trays. One of the few occasions I felt full after I ate.

I do seem to get out twice a week for rec even though I don't get to use the phone. It irritates me at night to hear the guards laughing and chatting up each other and not have time to let me call.

I feel good. Heart palpitations and a stomach have settled down. The regular exercise makes me feel strong. Also it is a bit warmer in here. I was about 65 outside. supposed to get down to 50 tonight the guard says

He also said gas is down to \$2.25 from \$4 said some big banker had gone bankrupt. Things that I would have been following were I out. another reason I am in here to write. No distractions. Hard to realize just how many distractions there are. I am sure the price of gas has to do with the electing Republicans know they have to get the price down.

It is just a week before the elections. I am expecting to do something to hurt the Obama campaign. I just don't see Obama winning. the war and the economy would be the only reason to override the racial issue.

The guards turned my light off which irritates me. It is about 1700 and daylight. I read ad11417 day and night and nap in between. They do not respond to the intercom so if the light is turned off I have to wait at the door until someone passes by. I have a note I push out at night under the door and below the light to have the light on. Now I realize I have to leave a note out all the time.

I guess most of these people in solitary are drugged up and sleep all the time. I am not one of them.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I came off the bed so fast I pulled my back a bit. And that feels like my heart attack. which I don't like. My patience is wearing thin with these people.

There is a little girl with a squeaky voice who seems to be talking all the time lately. She is also getting on my nerves.

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081027

I am also irritated that the doctor refuses to give me some nitro glycerin in case I have a heart attack. I have no idea what his motivation is. I will demand it at our next meeting. I asked John for his address so I could -1418 the prison but he never sent it to me.

When I get out of here, I am going to hire a person to be my personal assistant. They may be part time but their job will be to do menial tasks and errands. They will be paid so I won't have to beg or plead. One of the things I have hated in here is the powerlessness. Everything I need has to be requested of someone in or outside the prison.

There are a lot of senior citizens who live alone who probably could use a service that just runs errands for them. All kinds of -1418 as simple as needing stamps and envelopes. A lot of these people are served by meals on wheels. It is another purple shirt activity.

Right now I just want to get out of this cage. I only have 53 days left but I am spending too much time thinking about being outside.

when I was outside in the 12 x 15 cage a couple of hours ago. I saw a falcon just before I went in. I thought "Soar like a hawk." I am about to "soar like a hawk. With under father.1419

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Marco secreted a razor in my sox in laundry today. These guards all play their games and we inmates and trustees have our games. I now have tow reserve razors. I can't shave my head but I can shave my face. The laundry lady will notice. I have somehow shaved without a razor and may search the room. She has not reason to come around until Thursday today is Monday. So I need to shave tonight.

I am also hungry all the time in the last few days. I have refused to snack between meals. I have some food to eat. When I get hungry I get irritable and can think of nothing but food. And I get irritated that I have to waste energy block the minor hunger pains. When I am out I can drink some coffee or eat a high fiber meal with low calories or even eat some raw oatmeal. Again in here, some of that is available.

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081029

The hawk from rec the other day had some white feathers under his wings. Symbolic of an angelic being.

Marco put a razor in my folderd sox Tuesday when they did not pass out razors on Monday. It is a psychological boost. when you can get by the apathetic laziness and abuse of the guards and their system. I on ly 51 more days of this.

My book on St Francis is moving quick. I have the rhythm now and have written enough to understand the mechanics of what I am doing. I know the entire layout now and so it is just a matter of completing it. The material in the 5 bios is so jumbled that it his hard to follow the storyline one book to another. I feel my book is going to be uplifting. Maybe more due to the commentary and testimony than the content of the book. It is a unique format but it allows people to read what they want. The miracles are grouped together not spread out all over the book.



## Dr John WorldPeace JD

They asked me again if I wanted to go to rec at 0730. I asked if it was coold and they said yes so I said no even with all my clothes it is not enough to stay warm. Also they will not let take a towel to cover my head. Stupid. I am in a cage by myself with a guard 10 feet away watching me and I can't take anything to cover my head.

The food has been exceptionally greasy and nasty.a combinaton of cold and greasy is a bad combination. I have made friends with a Black guy who is the trustee on and off and he is starting to take care of me. He made sure I got a cold tray this m orning instead of the ice cold one the guard was going to give to me. I need to hive him a bag of candy.

I am now going to sleep about 0100 and waking upf for breakfast then working until about 0500 and then sleeping until lunch at 1030. Even though it is pretty quiet hee day to day. It is absolutely quiet after midnight unless the guards start chatting and it is easier to correct and write in the quiet.

I put a sign at the base of my door each night to leave the light on.They started to turn it off in the day time so I put the sign out all day. Unfortunately the inmates going to rec see the sign and the ability to irritate someone do just the opposite. I will be laying down and someone is passing will turn off the light then I have to stad at the dood and wait for someone to come by and turn it back on. So it was a bad idea and I took the sign in. Just like life, you try things and adopt or abandon them depending on whether they work or not.

I saw my books selling in a Christian bookstore. The image is pretty strong so I believe it will happen. I believe I will be able to make a living just writing and painting but I really enjoy the web designing and want to do that kind of work.

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081031

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Yesterday was a very strange day. I felt as if I was in a trance. I could not exit. I think it has to do with the St. Francis books. There is so much energy associated with it and that to me means a best seller. I was attacked with all kinds of negative energy. could not get grounded. The day went fast but it was really almost like a nightmare. I was having all these negative thoughts about my heart. I exercised late about 2100 and as always it was uplifting. A long hot shower works wonders. Especially a private shower without a bunch of inmates timing you and griping about the steam.

I will finish the St Francis book maybe as soon as today. definitely by tomorrow. Sunday will be a polish up. Then I have to decide if I am going to copy it and send it to John. I feel like I should bring it with me. I don't think I am going anywhere.

Next I will write the gospel of Jesus by combining the 4 gospels and Thomas into one. I will write commentary on all of it and the changes. So the page will be split. I would like to have it printed like the traditional Bible.

I am already feel myself being drawn to the WorldPeace text book. so that is good. And I can feel the last 3-4 weeks will be to finish the second novel. I will leave here with 7 completed, significant books. I don't want to trust the mail. The St Francis books is printed and edited to a degree. The others are in cursive. and they can be rewritten if a page or two is lost. But St Francis would be a lot more work because it is polished. to some degree.

The Black trustee who was p 1423 on Phase # has taken a liking to me. He got me fed the other day when they skipped me. Got me a mop two days ago and put two pieces of meat on my tray. last dinner. I gave him a bag of skittles. He was surprised But he did not have to help me. It is the small things in here that are big.

Marco is still looking out for me. too.

The other night the cell across the hall was having a meeting. The cell boss was having school. All 48 inmates were in attendance. Same as the Army sgt comes in and the platoon forms around to

Dr John WorldPeace JD

get the info. I am sure it was about shower rules etc. I did notice the next day they had a chess game and another set of dominos. and more inmates were play games cards too.

I don't know where they got the chess game. dominos and cars are on the commissary sheet. Not the chess game.

My heart arthritis in my back and chest and stomach all put off little pains like the heart attack. It gets to be unnerving. I concern myself about dying in here. No way they will react to my pleas for help. They will think I am fooling because of all the things the inmates do.

I will go on a very strict diet when I get out to clear out my arteries and calm my stomach.

After you are in here as long as I have been your system adapts. M 1424 for the negative. Not going outside and bad food and other concerns especially plan to set it motion when I get out are increasing my anxiety which is not bad but noticeable. I have been very good at controlling my mental state in here. Never been truly depressed. There are all knids of ways to do it. Read a novel and get lost in it. Exerrcise. Shower. Now I am looking at my calendar and see 48 days left. that is nothing. I can take anything for 48 days. Also no need to P 1424. Just look at the last 316 days I used to play chess and mix in the common area in Harris County. But hee all my communications is the guys going in and out for recreation.

Before I came in here I was home all the time working or doing something. When I get out I will be out doing something every night. I think I have not really gone out in 3 years now. with the 2 years of self imposed house arrest. I need to get out and mix with some people oo 1424 young. G 1424 hoby lobby church. Many places. I have to find a companion and that takes looking around.

These books will give me an income I believe. Ther real money is the web design business. Problem is I have no one to trust. I always have had a wife. Now I don't. But in the end they both left

Dr John WorldPeace JD

destroying what I had built. I love Kay but I am extremely disappointed that she left me and by so doing destroyed the business. or made it impossible for me to recover. It was only 5 weeks after Dave left that she left.

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081031

50 years ago, on this night I was dressing up preparing to go out "trick or treating" The colors of Halloween are green and orange and Black.

As I look out my door and across the hall I see green paint that coats most of the metal. The doors and frames of the windows. the beds and desk. There are 24 bunks across the hall.

Miling around, sleeping, talking, playing games and 48 inmates dress in orange scrubs. Some with Brooks County Detention painted in Black on the pant legs or back on the blouses. some have on white T shirts and the walls are white. Ghosts of those who have come and gone.

From almost the first day in Harris County I noticed the Halloween colors. We are spooks and goblins and evil spirits. I have to believe that who ever picked the green color décor must have seen the offset to the orange and Black of Halloween.

I am sure I will do a painting of this visual

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It have been a very quiet and peaceful day. I don't know how much it has to do with Halloween and everyone reflecting on days gone by. But I don't hear the TV like I normally do and that big mouth guy who got me in solitary was ejaculating his b 1426 laugh. I don't know when they moved him over here. But I here his little lover too.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

In about 2 hours it will be All Saints Day. It is appropriate that ai would be reading though my notes on St Francis. I have written the main storyline and am rereading my book underline for omissions and story of his main disciples and relationship with animals. It will take me until Sunday to finish maybe Monday. But I can sort of in a final write and edit. 1426 Something I have not done with the bio and first novel.

In 4 hours they will serve breakfast. I thing the move time back 1 hour tonight. Breakfast is when I mark off the prior day on my calendar. In 4 hours I will be down to 47 days. that is unbelievable. It is nothing.

I am going to have to work steady to finish my books by that time. Since I will be busy the days will go very fast. I am at a place where I have to concentrate very hard. and focus. That makes time go fast too. I have been in my own world all day. I slept a good part of the morning because I was up late last night.

I exercised late. Exercising has a significant positive effect on my mental attitude.

Also being in isolation, I am not exposed to colds from other inmates. That is a real plus too. I doubt I could have written all I have in a regular cell. Too many distractions and the constant TV and conversations. It was nice to be able to walk out of my cell in Harris County and 1427 a play chess. It was helped me adjust and then first six months go by fast.

The last few day I went through sort of a barrier mentally. It is one that has to do with shifting thinking about getting out because I am so short. I never let myself really think about the outside since I have been in here. Release was too distant. Now its 48 days and although that is a lot it is nothing compared to 317 served.

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I can see how someone after a year of a long term just falls into a routine and lets the days go by. Humans can adapt to almost any environment and survive.

I only have on more holiday to miss. Thanksgiving. Today is not an official holiday but still is a special day. Its hard for me to realize I missed a whole summer. And all the holidays. Time was suspended while I was in here.

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HALLOWEEN

It is Halloween night
and I am living in its
nightmare from which
each day the dream
recurs

In this box
we put up spooks
dressed in orange
tops and bottoms
with Black marks

Some are white ghosts matching the walls
who have yet to put on
their blouse to
cover their nature

They all move around
like bugs in a jar
or monkeys in a cage
no place to go
not much to
do

This is their night of nights
Halloween

The walls are white layers
ghosts who surround
they're still here
with those whose
memories are ghosts
undistinguished on
these walls

Here and there are beds

Dr John WorldPeace JD

doors of green and
frames of doors and
windows and
bars green too

This is the Halloween
pumpkin patch
night has come
the Black is the
outside window view

There is no candy here
only boredom of the
pumpkin patch

tomorrow is not All Saint's Day
it is Halloween again

103108

2000

081101

It has been a strange day very quiet. I slept the morning because I stayed up until after breakfast. I am moving quickly and well on the St Francis book. I may not finish until Monday. My review of the text has resulted in my finding things I left out. Nothing major lots of small things. I will finish the second text tonight and the third 1427 4th on Monday. I found today a deeper understanding of St Francis.

Also flooding into my head is how to set up a non-denominational non bureaucratic pseudo church. For the last several hours the structure has been flooding into my mind. Incredibly Simple-Powerful I will begin to write the Rule. as the Monasteries call it. It will be short. The internet should spread it around this w 1428 over night. "Purple Peace" Purple Band Purple Order" just came to me. as the name.

I am confident I will finish all my projects in the next 48 days. I have to pace myself. I feel like I am in a race against time. I still wonder if I might be released early.

They are conducting a shakedown across the hall. I am glad I don't have to deal with that. When they shake me down now I am present and watch. Nothing for them to take. An extra towel or blanket. But Marco will get me another one in a day or so. All I ever cared about was my writing anyway.

~~~

081004

Obama won the Presidential election. I am surprised I will pray that no one tries to assassinate him. He is Black.

The four pens I got from commissary do not work. They write one line then stop writing. You have to hold them for a second to

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let the ink run down to the point. I have rubber banded two together. I write with one for a line then flip over and write with the other one. Typical jail. The commissary lady probably got a kick back to order these defective pens. They are not like the ones I have had since I have been in here.

The nurse had the guard tell me at midnight not to eat breakfast because I am to have a blood test then 5 minutes later she came by and wanted to take the blood. I told her I at a candy bar 30 minutes prior. She said she would take the blood in 2 hours . She will take blood knowing I have not fasted. My chloresterol thyroid sugar is all bad. I need an accurate blood test. If I bitch I will cause problems. This is the biggest bitch of a nurse. The one who normally takes is the one who told the doctor I was not being taken care of. So I am going to have to let her take the blood and save nothing. Tomorrow is Wednesday the test will be back until Thursday so the doctor may not see it until next week. That means if he increase my thyroid medicine and it jacks my blood pressure I will only have to deal with it for a month until I get out. I can't afford to cause problems I was suppose to have another echocardiogram. Buts its been 3 weeks. Not done yet. Again nothing I can do.

When I was in Harris County an inmate was griping, the guard got mad and said "youre in jail, your in jail, your in jail. in other words too badd.

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081106

I have been to rec several times in the last few weeks. They seem to have told the guards to let us out. I seem to be out with the same guys each time. Three are two pens. I am not in with a gang banger from Mexican Mafia. the other guy is always alone in the pen cage. My guy is about to due 5 years of a probably 7 years sentence. He did five when he was younger. Seems like a nice guy. These gang bangers only get violent around others. If you are not affiliated they seem to leave you alone.

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I have gotten these pens to work. I fill up a cup with hot water and let them soak for about 45 minutes I also have to rubber band together so that I flip them at the end of each line. This seems to let the ink flow to the point. The ink does seem to be used up faster. I don't think I am writing that much but I can see the ink going out fast.

41 days to go. I traded two novels with the Me Mafia guy. So now I have about 3 days of reading for pleasure not for the books I am writing. So I really only have 38 days left. The days I read novels time goes extremely fast. Both of the books are best sellers and new. One is 366 pages and the other is 710 pages. These novels also inspire me to write on my novel. But I have to finish my gospel and my text book on peace before I go back to my novel. I will work on my novel the last 2-3 weeks I am here. The novel will take less concentration and I can finish it in the free world. The other require me to meditate on the content and I will have too much to do to meditate when I get out.

The nurse waited until 1630 to take my blood a few days ago. My fast was not long enough but it was better than a few hours.

I trade the MM two of my novels for two that he had.

I am working out my story line on my gospel of Jesus. I am working a little on St Francis each day finishing it up. I have about 4 pages of notes and I am already merging those notes into the main book. After I finish writing the book I went back and read my underlines in each of the 4 main texts that I have. From those notes I went back in the main text and inserted what I had missed. I also made a list of miracles and had 1431 on the main disciples and then wrote a short bio on each. I also have not finished the post death forward. All small stuff. After that I have to write the main commentary. So I hope to have it all finished by Sunday. Then I will decide if I am going to copy it and send it to John. I am not too worried about it being confiscated.

The MM told me two days ago that the BOP does not move prisoners after Thanksgiving until the middle of January. I don't

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think they are going to move me. Which is fine with me. All my books etc are moving on schedule Everything is coming together. The shoes are being laced up and finalized.

I just noticed these pens are from office depot. I am sure this woman is buying wholesale . She is not going to a lot of places and buying things. That would tak too much time because she can't get it all in one store. There has to be a prison supply house officially sanctioned by the government.

I want to own a lot of small businesses but I will need some to run them. I have more ambition that I have year to live. 200 years would not be enough.

~~~

081107

It has been an interesting 24 hours. I began a novel I got from Sept 17<sup>th</sup> late last night and I finished it about 1600 I was amazed how it completely too me away from this place. I wa almost disoriented when I finished it. Did not know where I was. how many day left etc. I have another novel but I think I will wait until Sunday to read it. Cell 17 has several more I traded him 2 I have for those 2 – 2 that John had sent to me.

We had a good breakfast this morning . oatmeal, biscuit, jelly and egg. and it was a good amount.

I also went outside for Rec. the weather was nice. A cold front came in yesterday but it was not a severe one. Weare farther South than Houston so it does not get as cold here.

Also, they have turned up the AC so I have not been freezing in here. I did my exercises last night and had a long hot shower.

About 1630 I got my commissary. Cruz is lazy in passing out the SEP commissary. he does not like to pass out supper. But wear are only 65 feet from the commissary office. No big deal. I have

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

enough supplies for 2 weeks I am down to \$10. But mother should send another \$100 this week.

I only have 41 days left. I kept saying ti but it is time. It is hard to get depressed with that few days left. I am going to try to finish St Francis tonight and then do edits next week.s I will probably try to copy it and ssend it off to John. I also want to get back on my novel . I am sure I will finish my three book projects by December 19<sup>th</sup>.

I am thinking more and more about getting out and the things I am going to do. Just simple things tht I have not been able to do for 3 years.Move around without looking over my shoulder. Just talking to normal people. I know I have changed in here. I will be able to better evaluate that when I get out. Based on the way I interact with people and how they tell me I act now.

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081108

It is Saturday morning as as per usual it is mildly depressing. When I first came to jail Friday nights were the hardest because that was always the end of the week for me. So I learned to always have a novel to read on Fridays. That way I could begintoread on Friday afternoon and the novel would carry me to Saturday afternoon.

Now it is Saturday morning that is the worst and actually the only depressing time. Usually I feel like working on Saturday morning and I always have something to read or write. and it foes fast. What I call lunch 1 is the h 1434. Once I am pst lunch 1 the rest of Saturday goes quick. There are no other humps in the week.

So much of my life I had to study or work while others played. So I feel like I am having to work on Saturday morning because I have to work on my books. So I am able to ignore the fact that I am in jail.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

It looks like I am going to get to go to rec. 2 or 3 times a week now. and that will break up time. Going to rec also reminds me of the free world. So it is a boost. Sometimes I think I am never going to get out of jail. And when I got to rec it makes these thoughts go away. The problem now is that getting out is like Christmas. It is a big event. So I am thinking too much about how it is to be free and that makes it harder to be locked up. When I get in that mood I remember how I have gotten through the last 46 weeks and do those things. And also realize that 6 weeks left is nothing compared to 46 weeks done. Also the 46 weeks has seemed like nothing because I have stayed busy.

The ink in this pen is flowing continuously now but it really drags on the paper. I have to press hard to make the ink flow. when I have to sign for my medication they give me a really nice pen. Then I am reminded of what a bad pen I have to use.

I hope I can stockpile enough novels so I can just read the last week assuming I have finished all my book projects.

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081109

I was very productive with St Francis book yesterday.. I worked on it all day. I am finishing the storyline but also I am copying the text too send to John tomorrow. There is a slight chance they will move me to a halfway house this week. If they do I don't not want to take a chance and be hustled by the Marshalls over my possessions. Also, I want to finish St Francis so I can put it out of my mind.

This morning I got 2 breakfasts I was at the end of the line and they had a miscount because there were 2 extra trays. We had waffles. I so I got 4 legos instead of two. Of course they were cold. Also a bin of syrup. Two bad they were not hot. I have had no butter in here. One of the things I want when I get out. And they served eggs with torn up tacos in them. I picked out the tacos because they were burnt. Also cold. I would love to bring the

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

warden into eat one of these breakfasts. Who knows if anything would change.

They did not give me my Pl??1436 this morning. It is a blood thinner and critical to my not having another heart attack. I always took garlic to thin my blood. I have to eat this very unhealthy die so I need to keep my blood thin. On 39 more day to go.

I got mad, angry because of the inefficiency. They do not have enough medical people to pass out the meds so the guards do it. Almost all the time over here. The nurse that I like the best is the one that most often shows up She almost always make the night rounds when she is here. Meds are give out at 0700 and 1900 more or less

Now all three of the pens I am trying to write with ae causing problems. Inck won't flow. So I am having to soak pens every 20 seconds or so. I think it is the cold in here that slows down the ink flow. I start out by putting the cartridges in warm water. But that does not last long. I thought after I use about 10% of the ink it would flow. That is not the case. All the ink is bad. I am about to switch to a pencil but that is a problem too.

About 30 minutes after the girl ggave me meds she returned saying he nurse forgot to senthe Planix. The meds come from Alabama. I think in packages. Then the packages go onto a car. So the nurse rolls the car around and gives meds. when the guards do it, the nurse pulls the meds and puts them in a sack for the guar to distribute. I get 2 packages. She did not pull one of them.

Things are so bad in here. I expect to have to fight for everything. So I get angry. I am sure I only get attention because I am white and 60. The poor illegal are not listened to by anyone. They have no power.

Just 39 days. That was keeps me mentally up. They can't stop the clock.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Another problem with the pen is that I am writing in cursive and I write too fast for the flow of the ink. It seems to work OK when I am printing. All this to me is abuse. Why do I have to deal with a 29 cent pen problem. They buy junk pens because this is the government. All it does is cause irritation. As I have said to these guys, very little thing are big problems.

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Dr John WorldPeace JD

The taint of time
has been washed
from much of my
soul and the
white towel I
wear on my head
to stay warm
a symbol of a purer
aura than 11 months ago

My punishment on earth for
crimes not done
have cleansed my soul
through penance that
I did not voluntarily
embrace or search out

I am not ready for heaven's gate
but hopefully I will serve
a shorter time in Hell
for being here

The world is a complex and
dirty place - the saints
fall way short of sinners
and demons

The days remaining are 37
nothing compared to 328 served
I can't get depressed
now that time is so
short

Dr John WorldPeace JD

The amount of work
I have yet to do
will make those
37 seem like
wolves running
on a moonlit night

I close my eyes and
another day clicks gone
I awoke and the
sun has
streaked
further across
the sky
or the stars have
circle raced the same

I feel clean with new understanding
I am happy for the experience
with no desire to return

081111
120

081114

I have been going to rec 3+ time a week in this cell. This is the main building so I guess that is why we get to go more often. It is supposed to be in the 30s next week and I will not be going out. Now I always say yes to rec. It eats up 1+ hour of the day.

I am always with the same 3 guys. Me and one in the dog pen and the other two in the other dog pen. The guys are all career criminals. One with me got a 5 year sentence yesterday. He was on his way to sell some stolen g1438. They were on the back seat of his Cadillac no covered. He and his "love" buy stopped at Dairy Queen to eat. They have prison tattoos. The cop arrests them. Now he will do 57 months. He could get 8.5 months good time but he says he knows eh will act up. He is with the Mexican Mafia. So he will have to do something for the gang. For him it's a privilege. He will go to a USP which is the highest security in the BOP. It would not have mattered to him to do 10 years. One of the other guys moves money all over the US and 1/2 ton of pot over the border. \$22,000 a run. He gets 3% of value. \$1 million in dope = \$30,000. to transport. He pled guilty. He will do 8 years. He has only be out 8 months. After a five year sentence.

The other guy with me is a felon I guess. This will be his first time in BOP. I think he has about 7-10 in the state prison.

The conversations are about crime but talking to them is like talking to any other group of men. All BS. The subject is different, that is all.

I can't tolerate the bad pens anymore. They are Ok if I am printing slow but the ink flows slow and it stops writing after a few words.

They did a shakedown while I was at rec. I hate that. They did not take my extra towels and blankets. They took my extra styre foam cups., spoons, a BOP pen that was almost out of ink. a couple

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empty Ice cream pint containers I sued to separate my few possessions. They did not see the important stuff. Nothing illegal. I know the system now and whatever they take I can replace in 48 hours, If you have commissary you get what you want.

Even sex. If you have a sep cell you can have sex with a guard. It is all about money. Some of these women are turned on the criminals and they all need money.

I got 2 books from the MM (Sept 17) I don't know his name Read them last week. When I read it like I am not even in here. I got two more books from him today. So I have 34 days left but 2 will be reading so its like 32. He is the librarian. I need to trade 2 more of the books I have to get two more novels. He plead out yesterday so he may ship next week. They are supposed to be moving a lot of people next week. They opened a new prison closer to Corpus. So this will be short term and ICE. They will move me today. And by Monday I will be down to 30 days,

I will load up on commissary in two weeks so I don't have to order anything the last 2 weeks. Marco will be gone on the 1st. Ill have 18 days and no back up then. The Black guy is off trustee. he gets in too much trouble.

I have some extra money in commissary so I take Marco to have a rosary made for me as a souvenir of being in here. I have wanted one but did not want to spend the \$10.

I finished the St Francis book a few days ago. Mailed it to John and closed up my copies here. Then I read a novel. and started yesterday on my Gospel of Jesus book. It would be so much easier with a computer. I believe I can finish in about 2 weeks. I really want to do the outline on the The WP text book. and finish the second novel. But there is too much head work on the gospel and novel to do both at the same time.

Everything is related to time in here. We have no nail clippers so after my shower when my nails are pliable I took a razor blade and cut them short. This morning I finished with a very cheap

Dr John WorldPeace JD

emory board. So I won't have to cut them again until I am out. I have enough extra razor to have that covered until I get out. They have unl1441 them 4 times now.

I have a short time -1441 typed above this desk. In Harris County they would have destroyed it. but they left it, Since the days are so monotonous I need it to keep track of what day of the week it is.

They do not give spoons on the trays now. and they took my spoons,. So I tok a styrefoam cup and razor and cut one. But when I get my food I asked for a spoon and got one. These guys jam them in the food trays -1441 so the slots can't be locked. They won't them locked because that is how the trustees pass things to the inmates.

Its Friday and I did get my Monday Commissary because my pen mate raised hell with the Lt. I did not have much but I wanted it. I will order big next week to stock up. Ice cream is tempting but to many calorie.

The nurse forgot my thyroid medicine today. Totally inefficient here.

When I worked in hospitals in 66-67 I told people to never let anyone stay in the hospital alone because all kinds of negligence occurs as well as abuse. Same in here. You need to have allyour family to make sure you get your meds and the right kinds of meds.

On good thing is that they can't stop the clock in here. No matter what goes on the time keeps passing.

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081114

I took a nap after lunch 2 and did not wake up until after it was dark. I do not know what time it is now but I would guess I slemp 2.5-3 hours. I feel refreshed. It is hard to get a continuous nape in

Dr John WorldPeace JD

the daytime due to the meals and medicine being served. And rec is about 0800

My mind stays in gear thinking about many things. Kay, books, biz companions art family. That is why solitary does not bother me. I love the quiet. There is a low level of noise outside the dorr but very low. The mop buckets going by makes noise and the guards sometimes. But it is Friday and that is usually a quiet evening for some reason.

I am sure I will be up until breakfast at 0300 after sleeping that long and sound.

I am still in a transition to the next priority project after finishing the ST Francis books. I want to work on my novel. I may do it because the Jesus book is a lot of copy work. which is boring. With the complete I would finish in a day. What is going to take me as much as 2-3 weeks. But I need to me out of there with the book ready to type and edit. I think it is going to be a very successful book.

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181116

A cold front was due in and I am freezing so I guess it came in. I have my double set of clothers. Also one of my blankets around my shoulders. I am partially warm. I learned in Harris County to take a blanket and sit eon the side of the bed. Put the blanket over your head and body like a tent. Lean over so your breath heats up the tent. Hold it close with your hands. This will create enough heat to get warm but it is uncomfortable after a while. It is way to torture people like this. To say that you cannot control the air is nonsense.

The guys over across the ahll are also cold. About $\frac{3}{4}$ that are not in bed are walking around with their blankets over them like we did in Harris County. When I got to Harris County Dec 22, 2007, everyone in the common area had a blanket over thme and then a

Dr John WorldPeace JD

towel wrapped around their heads. It was colder than here. In solitary there is not room to move around so the body does not generate heat. I do about 100 half knee bends to warm up my legs.

The guards are mostly wear ?? 1443 plus they are always moving so they are warm. Plus the halls are warmer than the cells. All the trustees are comfortable with short sleeves.

I am down to 32 days. Seems like nothing. There are only 5 rows left on my calendar. Seems like just a hand full of days. I had a good nights rest and I want to write but it is so cold. It is hard for me to do it. My hands are freezing.

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081118

I continue to feel like I am freezing in here. I look across the hall and see that only a few wear blankets to keep warm. I feel it is the dark forces. that are trying to stop me from writing the book. 3<sup>rd</sup> mill gospel of Jesus Christg. Also the fact that I cannot get a good pen. Apparently they quit selling the defective pens. I wonder if they read my letter to John about how wrong it is to sell pens they know don't write. The commissary order yesterday was filled out Monday morning and delivered Monday afternoon. But no pens and no stamps again. Since I have been in this cell 5 weeks I have fillout out my order on Monday and heen received it on Friday.

As per usual I have been moving slow on the gospel project which is typical for a new project for me. I always spend time meditating on it. Do a bit of work and then think. Today I had several – 1444 and am about to writhe them down. I can see what the book is about and how great the potential is for it to be a major seller. For a very long time. I think the sales will peak over a few years and then settle into a steady number of books each month.

The material is classic and timeless

Time is going very fast. 30 days.

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081119

I have 29 days left.

I am still freezing but I have found that if I sit on the bed with my legs under me sitting on my feet. So that the blanket forms a tent. After about 15 minutes my body is warm enough to function at the desk. Once the chill sets in , I must get rid of it. I have been laying down, under the blankets but I sleep too much that way. I also learned if I do 100 dips my legs will warm up. And If I do toe raises my feet warm up.

At this desk I bring the blanket around my legs again forming a tent. By having a tent of mof blanket and sitting vertical the heat rises and keeps me tolerably warm. Were it not for that I could not write. It would be too cold. This desk is metal. 24 x 28 and the tp is very cold. When I feel the -1445 floor. Commode seat and they feel very cold. I know it is not just my body being cold natured. It is cold in here.

I can tolerate the water from the faucet now but before I tarted on the thyroid medicine to put my hand under the faucet was like putting my hand over a gast burner,. One was a painful as the other. was painfully hot.

Last night about 2000 I was able to take off my blanket while writing. I don't know why or how it warmed up in here but it died.

Breakfast was fruit loops again. fruit salad, on serving spoon a piece of sausage and mil. The milk was 10% frozen which make it tase bad because the water is what freezes. So it is like dehydrated milk.

The milk here has been 50% frozen. Then all you can do is sit it out an drink it in 2-3 hours as it thaws out.

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The trays are plastic and stack to keep the food warm. But is is 95% of the time still cold when we get it. This morning the milk, freezer, was inside the tray so the sausage patty was very cold. Under the sausage was white grease. I thought the sausage was soybean but obviously it was real meat because soy does not have a teaspoon of animal fat in a 2.5 inch patty.

I also realize this morning that only 3% of the population here could be considered full. One or 2 of 48 across the has is fat. No one is skin and bones. All are 5-10 pounds over weight but compared to the free population who are 20-30 pounds over weight. There is a noticeable difference. People in here are under fed. If it were not for the commissary they would be skin and bones

I had another guy ask me for food yesterday. I had my supplies in my bed because I had just mopped. He saw my granola bars and asked for one. I tried to give it to him but I could not fit it under the door. I learned in Harris County to keep my supplies hidden. or the beggars come out and bother you. I can't feel 500 guys.

In Harris County I was in partition 1346 custody. Mostly cops and relatives of cops. Everyone was 20+ pounds over weight. All these guys had family to send them money. So did not even eat the regular food. They lived off commissary. You can get meat and fish in bags, about \$250 each. No one here can afford it. They eat the Ramen noodles but they only have hot sauce generally,

In Harris County the guys mixed one or two noodles with a pack of meat. Then they all had mustard, mayo and ketchup and liquid cheese. So they would eat a good meal. about 1900. There was a nightly communal meal of 6-10 guys in Harris County.

No microwaves over there. Everyone had a hot pot which boiled a quart of water. Over there you could buy a tray for 35 cents soup Ramen noodles. No one sells their trays here. And in Karnes as here nothing goes to waste. Every tray is emptied in a plastic bag they sell for eating later. ‘

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The food is why I am in solitawry. I took one bite size piece of corn bread from a community tray setting in the common area. In Harris County no big deal. Buthere in the Feds food is to precious. The guy that got mad weighs about 280 and no commissary. I see the problem not 1447.

I would like to see the doctor about being cold or stop up the vent with toilet paper but I am afraid of being moved out of this cell. So I will keep my mouth shut. Also I am paranoid now about going to rec because I am concerned they will take my extra towel and blanket. which I need. If I am here they are less likely to take them. I am surprised they did not take them last week.

Another problem lately is the sugar ants. There are not a lot but they are everywhere. They get in my clothes and bite. They are half the size of a normal ant so the bite is just in 1448 Again, a refual by the BOP to force the cells to be sprayed. My extra food from the day that I ate at 1900 is in plastic bags on a cup of water on the sink. It keeps out the ants.

But they took all my extra plastic bags so I have to watch my food or the ants will be all over it. One day I just ate the cake with the ants. I knocked as many off as I could and ate the rest. I needed the sugar and had no alternative.

This is what I can stand in society. A handful of people get business by causing misery to the inmates. less food, vermin n the cells, expensive commissary. No rec no phone. I 1448 this is about money. I think about them bringing their children Christmas toys with money they have essentially stolen from the inmates. On money that was g 1448 through the pain and suffering and deprivation of these inmates.

but that is not the contemporary ethic. Money is the earth god and no matter how you get it, it is OK.

When I was young and --1448 I refused to work in a liquor store or bar. The money was good but I could not contribute to

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alcoholism and the pain it causes. So I refused to even consider these jobs.

Also here,, the doctor ordered another echo cardiogram and some on at the BOP killed it. Same with insurance adjusters. They make money not paying claims.to keep the profits up. People who own insurance company stock don't realize that the dividends they get come from how good the company is at not paying claims. Especially where the economy is down and the billions the insurance company invests don't give an adequate income to keep the bottom line. So d1449 don't get paid to boost the bottom line. The adjusters get bonuses by this kind kids Christmas presents and the customers don't get their -1449 claims.

In health care they don't get treated and in some cases die. I could die. My heart problem is not being taken care of. No problem if I die. No one will lose any sleep over it.

In a country like China with no God you can see that all these evils well be exaggerated because people feel there is no judgment at death. Just another social problem that needs to be addressed.

The ills of society are great. I am a voice shouting in an empty roomabout WorldPeace. Its like the guy who was asked about apathy in society. He replied "Who Cares?"

081122

26 days to go. It continues to be cold in here. I do knee bends calf raises keep a blanket on my shoulesand some times have to get in bed with the 2 blankets on me. And I am still cold. Then about 10 pm it seems to warm up and then it gets cold again. When I am taken outside its warm. Its hard to imagine. When you have been cold for the biggest part of a year, you forget what it is like to be warm.

They forget to give me my lunch 2 trays again. 1450. These kids simply don't pay attention. They say 1450 politely an dthen do nothing. I did get my tray. Very cold. This morningthey served

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cereal in a –1450 like at Harris County. with sausage (cold) pear.
1450

the kid that served lunch 1 tore up my styrofoam cup. Tore the top ¼. I had about 4 reserve cups because these things happen. But last week when I was at rec they took them and threw them away. With my ice cream (pint) container which I uused to r 1450 my commissary they took my plate spoons which are better than spoon forks. Also they put in the in the grid over the door window to hang a towel on so you can have some privacy in the shower. They don't give out a spoon or spoon fork with the trays now because the inmates keep them. they keep them because they don't get them. No point in trying to explain it to them. They wnot get it. Truth is its just another way to cut expenses and screw the inmates.

Thanksgiving is this coming week.. So it will be real quiet around here Thursday – Sunday. No one will go to rec. So I won't have even a moment to talk to the guys that come by my cell on their way to rec. I need to get a few novels so I can read them on those days.

I started a book late last night and finished it this afternoon. Time flies by. I don't think I will read novels when I get out too much to do. Same as before. I came in here. when I read a novel I get inspired to work on mine.

I needed the break from working on my gospel of Jesus. I have been working on it steady for about 9 days. and yu get burned out. I am ready to go back to work later today. The cold is so depressing. Most of the guys across the hall stayed in bed covered up today.

They moved about 20 guys out a few days ago. Supposedly to fill up the new contract prison closer to Corpus. This phase is supposed to be just ICE and short term BOP.

It is obvious I am not going to go to a half way house. They would have moved me last week or this week. Next week is

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thanksgiving. Work will slow down. So I am here for 26 more days. Seems like nothing but with nothing to do, it is a lot.

I am still on target to finish my 3 books by the 19th.

Since I am not going to get moved, I will probably not mail anymore of my manuscripts out. Neither in Harris county or here have they taken my writings. Only the Marshall in transfer did it. since I will not be transferred. It is my personal property and I will be able to take it with me. So no need to send it off.

I tried to order enough stuff from commissary on Monday to last until I get out. Marco says they got some new pens. I ordered 4. Hopefully I get them on Monday. We got a notice of one commissary because of Thanksgiving this week.

marco has someone making me a rosary. If he does not finish before Wednesday, I won't be able to pay because Marco leaves on Monday. I am just going to authorize Marco to take the money out of my account. He can get it done through Cruz. No one else can. I would like to have a rosary as a souvenir of my stay here.

I have 2 cheap pencils sharpened the steel 1452 is so bad about using it about 10 times they don't sharpen. Only break the lead. Just like everything else.

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081123

One of the hard things for me to get used to in jail is the sameness of the days. At 60, I have a lot of years of Making – 1452 to work. TGIF sub, church on Sunday and holidays. In here they are all the same nothing is different. I work every day just like when I am free. Most inmates try to sleep as much as possible. Expecially in isolation. That's why they want drugs that make them sleep and ry to feign an illness to get them. If you have a 10 years sentence 3650 days and you can sleep an extra 2 hours a dy, you can cut 1/12 off your sentence.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

today is Sunday its quiet The guards are shot because of the holiday. thanksgiving so it will be busy Monday and Tuesday.but Wed to Sunday will be dead. No one going to rec no commissary Nothing. I am sure the doctor will skip this week because he usually comes on Thursday.

I am deep into my gospel book. It may take another week. But I am very happy with it. I have been trying for 30 years to figure out how to write a book like this. If I had not come to prison I doubt I would have even figured out the format. As focused on the few books. I needed to read to write it as well.

My time in here has in no way been wasted. I have worked 18-20 hour days for a year. When you are creating something the hours spend thinking you are going to do something are as much work as actually writing it. 1453

I have no problem being in here. My problem is the anger I have for being put in here wrongly. I should not be in here. But for the corrupt judges prosecutors and lying deputies I could not be in here.

One thing I have come to realize is just how vicious and malicious people really are. I have never been a groupee. My family took up all my time outside work. And I have mostly worked for myself..

I have never had a job where I felt I had to keep it for the income. N1454 so I have never felt trapped in a job. Very few people live my reality. so I have never realized how imprisoned people are.

I tell the guards in here that I will leave this place. When I am gone they will still be here. In Harris County there were inmates who did all the time on the weekend. Friday 6 pm to Sunday 6 pm. Credit for 3 days served. 6 days credit 20 weekend = 60 days 42. 120 day sentence.

they show up like shift work. The guards get to move around in here but no more than trustees do. They are imprisoned economically. Of course most people are so used to being in a

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pecking order they don't realize this. I am a heretic renegade because I have never been economically imprisoned.

In addition, I am so non materialist that it would be hard to punish me without torture. The body in prisons the soul. Most people don't think about that. But its true. So my soul is imprisoned no matter where I am in the human society. compared to that imprisonment the jail is nothing. That being said I volunteered to come to earth. I volunteered for the duty.

In addition, my ability to pray and meditate would allow me to adopt to sitting in an empty cell. no bed, shower, pen paper radio. I would exit a year of that very psychology tuned-in. Some people cannot be punished. I am one of them. I serve my infinite immortal God. I do not subordinate my soul to human beings who are mortal.

After forgetting to give me a tray last night they forgot to give me one this morning. So they gave me a styre foam tray with about 4 days of beans and eggs and 3 tortiallas. I ate the eggs, tortilla and ½ half the beans. They were very hot. First really hot meal I have had in here in about 5 months. They have to go to the kitchen and get it. They serve separation cells than there are 75 men per population cells and they come to Phse 1 and eat in a gym.

I am glad I am not part of that. They have to eat fast and can't take food back with them. I always save my cake for the evening. we have cake about ½ the time. 1455

It is warm in here today. It is Sunday and I think they have the system off. It is so nice not being cold.

It is still cool in here but my feet are not cold. Also it is very damp. So it may be they have to run the AC to keep out the humidity. We are only 30 miles from the bay. I think the AC is totally screwed up but one reality is that they can adjust it. They refuse to do it.

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The paper in these tablets is very thin and I can feel the moisture in them. They are functional but like everything else in society they are reducing the weight. So much has to be wrapped food. I am sure this is recycle paper. It does not matter, society is moving to a paperless society anyway.

I just wish I had my fountain pen to write with.

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081127

Today is Thanksgiving. It has been quiet because the staff is reduced. Typical had breakfast 3" saugsage 2 pancakes. Lunch was ok. Type of Thanksgiving. Sweet potatoes. turkey loaf, dressing , r 1456 all in small portions. Lunch 2 was a sandwich bologna bread. apple chips. First piece of whole fruit I have had in 5 months.

I did not get my commissary this week I am irritated. I have had to use these bad pens for almost 6 weeks. They are very hard to write with. They clog and slip. Also, I am down on food supplies. I have enough to get to Monday. I hate it that the "fat" commissary woman leave the people in here without. She took off Tuesday through Friday. So she worked one day. I will push to get my commissary tomorrow.

Got a letter from daddy yesterday he says the economy is in bad shape. Gas down to \$1.65 from \$4.00. 6 months ago ridiculous. All price manipulation. George Bush economics. It is good for my business. People will be looki to change to save money and they know they need the internet.

I have used toilet paper to cover 90% of they AC vent to warm it up in here. They have stayed away from the cell so I don't think they wil come in and remove it. For sure no one will come around until Monday. Then I will only have 18 days left.

A lot of stuff is getting on my nerves now. The stupidity and apathy of the staff that has always been here. The admin is stealing

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money that should go to inmates to keep this facility equal to the other one in the BOP. It makes me livid.

I have four blisters in my mouth my system is rebelling against the diet in here. I have hand not problems for 11 months.

We were given razors in the morning yesterday and as usual I was going to wait until 130-2 to shave. But they picked them up at 130 so I did not get to shave. again no heads up. I did not care really. I have 4 extra razors. So I just waited until 2000 and shaved after I exercised.

The razor cut me all up. Even using the skin lotion prior to shaving. The razors are very cheap. Steel is cheap and easy to – 1458 and rust.. I could probably not shave my head for the next 3 weeks but I would have to buy some dandruff shamoo. So I just continue to shave.

I have never written with such bad pens. Every since Harris county the pens have been a big issue with me. In the beginning it was 80 cent pens that only wrote 4 pages. Then I got some real good blue pens and mad a good holder but the pens and my adaptor?1458 were thrown away in Karnes. I still have irritations when I think about that guard throwing my stuff away.

I drew a canon on the wall by the sink on Sunday. I counted off 26 cinder blocks from the door to the sink. All on the same level. Each day I draw a canon ball on the next closest cinder block to the door. On the last cinder block I have a target and the word freedom. So I am watching the cannon ball move around the room. It seems like it make time go faster than when I look at my short time calendar. I stare at both often day to day. It helps me. Other don't like it. They just do their time.

I always hated to go to the zoo. Did not like the animals caged. Now I think that it was a prenumination of knowing that I would one day be in jail. Those animals are treated better than prisoners here.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I have spent a lot of time thinking of place I want to go. Smithsonian Colorado. East coast in the Fall. Sturgis for Harley rally. Maye spring break in Florida. a cruise. Paris, Rome, San Antonio. It will irritat kay if she finds me going all those places.

One guy in here has been kicking his cell door continuously. Yo can let yourself get out of control in here. If you do yo will spiral down into depression. and clostophobia. I wonder there is not more of those guys in solitary freaking out.

the cold have been depressing but I have been warm for the last few days. Not worm just not freezing

Medical has forgotten about me. Just moe apathy. Unfortunately it is about pain and suffering to the inmates. No scales no BP machines. My blood pressure is always steady. With 3-1459 taking it. It is all over the place. With the machine at Harris County it was always 120/80. Here 150/80 stupid.

I thought abot writing to the true top trial lawyer in Houst to help me get my license back. But then I decided not to. I need to give it more time but eventually I will get it back just on principle.

The guard busted my cup. so I could only get about 2/3 cup of juice at each meal. One guard did jis typical. I get you a new cup for days but never did. thent hey ran out of milk and had to go to the kitchen and get cups of milk. I got a new cup. God look out for me.

The cell across the hall has a lot of meetings. now. There ae about 5 gangs in there and they have a lot of meetings. One guy has about half the inmate. Then there are 4 gangs with 5 or 6 in them I can't hear what they are saying. Don't care. But the main gang is setting protocols for everyone. Glad I am not in a gen pop cell

solonos are invates that are not gang members. They moved all the solonos out across the hall last week andput them in another tank without gang members.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

On Monday I will be able to say I get out this month. That feels good.

I will finish my gospel book tomorrow and then start on my novel on Saturday. that is why inee to push form my commissary pens tomorrow. I can survive until Monday . But I hate using this double pen. I have 2 pens rubber banded together. When on stops writing I flip it over and use the other one until it stops writing. It hurts my hand fatigue it fast. plus it will be hard to type from the various darkness of print.

I am not going to mail anymore manuscript off to John. I will just keep it all here. I may sen him one summary.

I am definitely ready to get out. John says there are no holds on me. I sent him the leter from the BOP and he was going to check it out. I think that contempt ran as soon as I got into Harris County. I am not as paranoid as I wa about it. I think I understand it. Also I should be able to get out on a writ of HB. But I don't want to get out and come back. So I don't know what to do by Harris co and Brook both told John there is no hold.

I have a novel and I will start on it tonight. I just finished one I took 4 days to read. Just used it as a part time diversion.

I am using up tablet paper fast. But I have 6 left. It s just the pens that are the problem

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081128

Thanksving is over and I feel no depression. There is nothing in here to remind me of Thanksgiving. It just quiet like Sundays.

I have the vent plugged up 90% now and it is warmer in here. Al least I am not freezing. But I still have on two suits of clothes. My feet are warm. Bur right now It is 0400 so they usually turn off the AC. Between 3-6 am. If I am still cold I will

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I will plug up another 5% of the vent. When I was in cell 31 just when I figured out to plug up the vent. They moved me. I did not plug 17 because it was not cold. I was only in 25 for 3 days. I don't know why I waited 5 weeks to plug this vent. I thin it had to do with how short I was.

I also learned to shred the toilet paper like paper mache. It sticks better than folding it because it goes up the hole on the vent.

Also the light is on in her 24/7. It just occurred to me that to some the light being on all the time is as bad as the cold for me.

It soes seems that since the room is warmer the pens are writing better. So it must have been much colder in here than I thought. I still feel some of the cold is evil.

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081128

I went out to rec and found out my commissary order had not been processed. Cruz said it was not turned in but I don't believe it. He lies all the time. Tells you what you want to hear. I need on more good order and then I am set for the rest of the time here. I can make it on what I have for 3 weeks. I will have to use pencils to write with but other than that I can survive. I hate dealing with people in here. Bad attitude in the entire facility.

These guys know I allegedly beat up a U S Deputy Marshall So that give me some status. None of them have the guts to try something like that. They don't know what to think about me. I can't do 50 pushup easy. I am old. It would not be enough in gen pop but just being around these guy now and then I have some respect. The guys in rec [en are all pisas. Mexican gang members

They were talking about P Jone another white guy maybe the only one in here now. Said he was in separation because of child pornography. Funny he said hello to me as I passed his cell. I

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never know who he was. Hes younger than me. I saw an old mand about 70 in sep 29 and I thought that was him

Now I know why he does not come out to rec. child molesters have to be kept away from other inmates or they get killed . So he can't even go to rec,

At TDC I understand they have them all together so they get to do a few thing. It is a jungle in here. no doubt. There guys seem nice but out side these cages who knows. Most are not violent but you never know.

When a guy tells you he served his whole sentence you know he is trouble. A 11 year sentence is just over 8 years with good time. If you cause trouble you lose your good time. Usually it fighting that is the problem. I think most of the gang members are required to fight. Beat up. stab someone. It's a jungle.

My pens are acting up. Even with the vents clogged it was cold when I returned. But not as cold as if I had not plugged the vents. It is not cold enough where my feet are freezing.

In workd I deal almost exclusively with business owners like me. I don't deal with the average person and I don't have time to socialize. I have been this way for 30 years. I am always c1464 with people who are in charge of their lives. Peace who don't work well in groups. 80% of all business owners are small operations.

Three is all kinds of negative stuff on the internet about me. Yet I sold 1000 websites in 2 years. So I can't be a jerk or people would not buy fro me. Problem is business owners are a very small minority of the population. Bu as Eric Hoffer says it is the misfits who are the pioneers in society.

Lunch today was a turkey neck about 2" long cooked into a watery stew. I felt like a dog. The turkey neck makes it look like there is food in your tray when there is nothing. About a teaspoon of meat. The total food content of the s1464 was 1/2 cup. We had

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some rices and carrots. We have carrots every third day. I feel like they are the cheapest vegetable and that why we get them so often. Peas and corn cost more. A small roll and a 3 x 2" piece of cake I save until 2100. Hopefull we will have cake at lunch 2. Then I won't have to eat my commissary at 2100. I won't see commissary until Monday afternoon so I need to stretch my commissary.

I am just in a bad mood about the same old problem not enough food and erratic commissary.

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081128

I came back from rec and finished a short pass in my gospel book. Then I wrote a 3 page letter to Kay. about getting the taxes together so I could work on them. I don't know where those files were put.

I then laid down to nap and woke up gasping for air. I did not feel like I was out of breath and no pain. I was just gasping for air. I did not panic I just sat up and began to take some deep breaths and it stopped. I fount out about 30 minutes later that I have been asleep about 4 hours because the guys across the hall were lining up for chow. I could not tell if I had only been asleep a short time and they were lining up to eat lunch 1. As it turns out it was lunch 2. Normally we in separation get served before them.

I want to file a malpractice on the doctor. He has refused to treat me. Refused to check out my condition. I want to file something on theis clinic as well. But I only have 19 days and I don't want to bring any grief on me. I feel like I might writ a s1466 enough letter to get ouot a few weeks early but then again I may only irritate them to find some way to keep me in here. Or get someone to beat me up. I am in thie cage and they can do what they want.

These pens that world not write seem to be writing now. I think it has to do with the room temperature. It has been warm in here

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since I closed the vent with toilet paper. I still have on two sets of clothes but I am not cold. My feet are basically warm. No telling how cold it really was in here. Those few days I had all my clothes on plus a blanket and I was still cold.

I feel I am in another world. I don't know why. It may be Like I have been asleep for a year and now I am about to get out I am waking up.

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081201

Today is December 1. I can now say I am getting out this month. Marco left this morning so I don't have a back up helper now. If I can get just one more commissary order. I need pens bad. I can't write with these worthless pens. I did not get my order list this week. Cruz said he saw it but it came in late. so did not get filled. I don't think I believe him. I have a note under my door if I don't get it by tomorrow. I will write the warden a note.

As I expected they turned on the AC this am and I am cold even though I have the vent shut off 90%. The air is so cold coming out. I am freezing in here. Not as bad as before I plugged the vent. My feet are freezing. But it is definitely colder than the last few days. I can get my feet warm. That is how I know it is not as bad as it was.

After breakfast I had no choice but to get back in bed under the covers. Still it took 3 minutes to get warm. I have a 3d blanket I use for a pillow that I can put over me but then I have a problem with my neck unless I sue a book for a pillow.

I will survive. I only have 18 days left in this place. But it is real hard to work on my book when I am freezing. The pencil sharpener I have does not sharpen these pencils very well. So many irritations

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The commissary slips were just delivered. I told two girls about no commissary. Maybe just maybe I can get that commissary order then I don't have to ever deal with it again. I ordered enough for the rest of the time I am in here.

I have not had a reoccurrence from the sleep apnia from last week. It was really weird. When I woke I though I smelled smoke or something. Who knows. For me the resolution to everything is the fact that I am goine in 18 days.

The commissary girl said the office in charge would not fill last weeks order but would fill this weeks. It should be done today. In the past the order was turned in on Monday but not delivered until Friday. I think because I am in Separation I want the order so I am put it out of my mind.

I want all my energy in my books. I have a lot todo and I also need time to go fast.

All I have been thinking about is driving around doing things finding joy in my life. I will stay busy but I must take time for pleasure. I want a day badly. I need the companionship. I will be living a whole new life when I get out.

the cards tell me that a wom is bringing me money. I don't know if it's a woman I am going to meet when I get out of if its ia a woman having to do with my books. A woman from Harper. I feel like thye are going to send someone to meet with me. I just feel p 1468 about it.

All my clothes came back from laundry for which I am thankful, the laundy lady said I could take over Marco job in laundry. which is just a matter of picking up and delivery laundry. It would give me the ability to move around and make time go fast. but I could not be able to finish my books and I would probably bee moved to an 8 man tank. All in all disturb my routine of the last 5 minths. I would rather just sit in this cell for the next 17 days business as usual. So I told her no. that I had to finish my books.

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commissary did not come today. The only thing I need and want are pens. I absolutely hate being un the control of so many little people. I have never be able to take being controlled. In this separation cell I don't have a lot of privileges but I don't have anyone messing with me either. I have worked hard all my life to keep others from being able to control me. Just 17 more days and I am out of here. Enough is enough

I have the AC vent closed about 95%. I am going to keep throwing toilet paper up there until it is 100% closed. I can't do too much at one time because the wet paper will leach into the other paper and the weight will bring down large sections. So I throw up about 5-6 wads per session and then let it dry. I had to knock down some weak pieces earlier and replace them. The paper has to be torn and mixed to make a paper mache. Just folding the paper does not let it penetrate the vent and create a bond as the paaper shrinks as it dries out.

The Thanksgiving weekend is behind me now. Even though h 1469 pars without any indication or en1469 there is a holiday you still know it and have memories and have memories of Thanksgivings past. the big psychic boost today is that it is December . I get out this month. I is hard to believe I am only 3 weeks short of whe I was picked up last year. It seems like yesterday. But that is my last real memory. All the resot off the days have been the same. Like on very long day.

I truly hate writing with dull pencils . I used the little sharpener then a razor blade but you just can't get a sharp point on them.

I am curious to see how people react to me when I get out. I have lost weight. I have more gray in my hair but showing my face and head covers that.

I am going to have to get a warm hat. My shaved head gets too cold this time of year. I am thinking about a TAM. with MacPherson colors. I don't even know how people dress now.

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081202

I slept late this morning. I went to sellep about 2100. I think and then slept until about 0100. I then got up and read the last 30 pages of my second novel in order to prep myself to begin writing again. The novel uplifted me because I have not looked at it since Aug 10<sup>th</sup>. I have been working on the Saint Francis. book now the gospel. When I reached he point where I stopped writing I wanted the novel to go on so I could see what happens next. So I feel sure it will sell. All my books will sell. I just need to get ouf ot here and type them up.

I was offered the laundry job and turned it down because I don't have time for it. I think this probably made some people mad. I have found in my life that when people have no real control over you it make them very mad. This has been a problem all my life.

A trustee job is a real prize in here. Especially one that allows you to move over the entire facility. I would be able to go into all building. I would be able to c-1471 with the guards as well as have a nice hot meal with full portions. Also it would get me out of solitary and into an 8 man tank with other trustees. So I would go from the worst time in jail to the best time in jail. Being a trustees also give you a love of peace with the inmate because you move things from tank to tank. You have the power to do a lot of favors and get P-1471 in commissary.

Yet I turned it all down . This is bad enough but then to find out that I am writing books which they do not have the drive or the capability of doing it makes them realize that I have potential in the free world that is way beyond their potential futures.

So I give up being a little prince in a little kingdom in hell. Then they realize that I do not really live mentally in their hell. I am being and working outside in the free world even as I am locked up in here. In fact, solitary in jail is almost the perfect place to write. All you needs are taken care of and there are no distractions

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There is an irritation with the fact that you can't punish someone like me. I am in one of the worst fed prisons in solitary and I am thinking what do you do with someone like me. Even now I have reconciled with being screwed on commissary.

That woman did not send me commissary last week. and now this week she puts me on the bottom of the pile as usual. So I may not get my commissary until Friday. I can survive like that I have enough pursuits to last a few weeks I think. I will have to be careful not to break the 11472 in the sho1472 I also have about one P 1472 ink in 5 pens. So I can make that work well enough. I also have enough tablets to last until I get out of here. So I can make due.

I have been upset with the commissary for a week. Last night I just let it go. Writing on the novel give me a lot of pleasure, It is much more enjoyable than writing a bio like St Francis or another gospel. In these books you are bound in about what you can write. In a novel you are totally free. You have absolute control over the characters and events.

All my life, I have loved a challenge and that is all this place is. Making lemons and making lemonade.

I have not seen any bras really since I have been in this cell. That is a good thing. Out of sight out of mind

I need to write 25 pages a day but if I can do 40-50 a day which I think I can, then will finish this novel in a week.. If I can do that then I know that when I get out with a computer I can write a 400 pages novel in 8-10 days. I can see now that the biggest problem of most writers is discipline and the inability to lay out storylines with ease.

all novels are is a story. It does not matter what the content is as long as it is an interesting novel. Even the most mindless story can be a source of pleasure.

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I do better writing as I go. It is hard for me to outline a storyline. I can put a character in a place and time and as I write a plot develops. I can bring in more characters and action as I easily gauge when I have to tie things together and bring them to a conclusion. The possibilities are infinite.

Also being a writer allows you to travel the world. You can write from anywhere and your travels add to the dynamics of your work. I have a lot of options when I get out. There seems to be one of them

I have a used tablet under my door that extends to the hallway. A piece of paper on it says not to turn out my light. I do this because I am up at night and if they turn off the light I cannot see to write. I also have a little book on this side of the door that sort of locks the tablet so it can't be removed. Well this morning I saw the tablet and note had been removed. It was some guard I am sure. Again an irritation that I would turn down the trustee job. Word spread fast here because everyone is so bored.

I will replace the tablet tonight. The night shift does not have any brass to speak of so things are more laid back. Also, I have had a tablet and then for almost 5 months so most everyone is used to it. It is only the main guards I have to worry about.

Even if they turn off the main light they will leave on the night light. and I can work under that even though it is not easy. If they turn them both out I can't work. Then I have to wait at the door until they come by to write on my chart that they checked on me and that I tell them then to turn on the light.

They only come by once an hour usually unless the brass is lurking around. Where they come by they write down 4 or 5 times at once. I had one guard yell out the other day asking what times were the proper times to write in.

This is more of the reality that if I have a heart attack in here, I will die. They won't answer the intercom and they don't come by that often. If I die in here, all they will do is cover it up. I fell I

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can like another 17 days. I have survived 348. Harris County is not much better. The 1475 time is slow.

Writing the novel has taken my mind off enjoying being out of jail in the next two weeks. I was spending a lot of time thinking about what I am going to do. And it was bringing me down a bit. I need to stay in the mindset I have been all along.

I am excited that I will be able to finish this book. I was not sure if I would. Now that I see I can finish it in a week. I may just put the final edits on the gospel off and put all my energy in this book. Anyway I feel positive and full of energy

I had to work on the air vent. Some of the toilet paper was coming down. Even with only a 3 x 3 hole the air coming **ADD THE POEMS** out was very cold. the vent is about 13 x 13 and when it blows it blows hard. I can hear the fan on the roof. I think its right over me. So since I am 1475 the fan the airflow is greater.

Marco left yesterday. It seems strange but just 24 hours went like nothing. the guards can't stop the clock.

The canon I drew on the wall 9 days ago seems like yesterday. I see the canon ball moving around the room. Each cinder block is 16" long so the canon ball moves 16" each day. There are a couple of half blocks.

Essentially the ball has to travel four walls. It has finished one wall and it now on the short wall of 5 blocks. So in 3 days It will be on the long wall and then the short wall to freedom. I can't define this. It just makes time go fast for me.

All my life I have been a person who lived more inside his mind. Even at 6-7 I was always day dreaming. That why time does not get to me in here. Even if they stripped me and gave me nothing my mind would create some activity to stay busy. I am fortunate to have these skills developed to the extent that I do.

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Now I have to sharpen pencils. That will take about 30 minutes and give me something to do with my hands. So the sharpener becomes a craft. not a chore. I will joy in figuring out the best way to accomplish it. I will pu away my anger at being denies pens from the commissary troll.

Repeating, I thought when I started writing in Houston eventually I would write 1600 pages. I am on 1476 I have 17 days to go. Looks lie its going to be close. when I walk out of here this book is finished. Just the BR house all is finished I began a new life.

I see why the lead keeps breaking off in the pencil sharpener. The lead is crooked in the pencil. so it gets cross ways in the sharpener blade and breaks. Everything is about going to the m 1477 gody. But tat is because we live in a throwaway society.

Something is going on across the hall. There are a lot of new faces in there but there are still about 10 empty bunks. So they are schooling the inmates. I also notice about 10 of them are going around with their blankets on them. so they have definitely cranked down the AC over there. This is just unprovoked torture. Benna? one of the 300# gurads is now stationed in the tank. I have not seen that before. What a job. Sit in the corner at a table nd look around. This is very poorly run facility. I really can't imagine it being any worse.

No one cares. People don't even care about their parents or children these days. How can they be expected to care about the \_\_\_ 1477 right of the inmates.

today is the Snakes birthday. She is 58. I am sure there is a gathering I am so far removed from that world. in jail. But were I out, I would still be removed. It was another life.

Half the group across the hall are covered up in bed because of the cold.  $\frac{1}{4}$  are walking around with blankets over them. 3 or 4 have cut a hole in the center of the blanket to make a pancho. So these fools are causing the destruction of property by keeping it cold

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I have my vent hole covered again. Its only open about 3" now. I will close it up completely. I am able to tolerate the cold. My feet are cold but not freezing. Just 17 more days of this.

Without being around people I have a much less chance of catching a cold which would make me totally miserable.

I was standing at my door looking out at the tank across the hall after taking a 2+ hour nap after lunch 2. I think it was about 4.0 because it was getting dark. I was surprised to see one of the inmates eating ice cream. Apparently they had gone to commissary just before I woke up.

As I was standing at my door I saw a tall white guy in a white shirt in the hall. When he saw me he came over and asked what I was doing in here. I misunderstood his question and told him I was just watching the show.

He asked if I had been in jail most of my life. I said no. I had never been in jail before. I told him I was a political prisoner. He laughed.

I asked if he was with the feds. He said he was an independent contractor that he had returned from the feds. He has a visitor tag on his shirt.

I told him that these contract prisons were not like the regular BOP and I did not know how they got away with it. He laughed and said it was big business very big business. I told him I was in on a misdemeanor and he laughed. Nothing I said made sense to his preconceived prejudice. I told him I ran for governor in 2002 and practiced law for 20 years.

About that time someone called him from down the hall and he said "got to go" and left.

The reason that the commissary chick stayed late and the reason that Benna was sitting in the cell all day was because they knew the feds were going to inspect today. It is all such a farce.

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All I could think about was the idiot for the BOP who wrote me the last letter and said that everything in prison was fine because the inspections came back Aok. The inspector like this guy just came in, signed off on the prison, don't buck the system. get this government money and move on. Just another worthless person sucking on the government tit.

I will never be a part of that mindset. And so I will always be a threat to all bureaucrats.

I want to sue the BOP so bad but I am not prepared. I have no money. No platform. I am not in a position of power. I have fought my battles. Now I have to tell my tales and let others fight or I have to wait until I make enough money to finance a lawsuit by hiring an attorney. The BOP problem is going to get worse not better. Maybe in 4 – 5 years I will file suit. as a citizen. Or get some inmate to sign on. It will turn the whole system upside down.

Truthfully. I am amazzped at how we have a space program. I don't know how these bureaucrats do it. I guess beauc thy have to produce to stay on the government dole.

I have a good understanding now of Eisenhour worrying about the military industrial complex. But business and government bureaucrates arm in arm. with an unlimited budget for the citizens.

If it wasn't such a trajedy. I would be laughing that the sucker that just left after his inspection Probably went to dinner with the warden.

And I just remembered they were over staffed today. Guards only ser1480. Not a guard and a trustee.

I was a1480 the guy saying the Emperor has not clothes. Soon maybe to be the most hated guy on the planet.

The inspector also explains why they tore up my "keep on the lights" sign. It really is all laughable.



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081203

It has been a strange day. I have slept most of it.

Lots going on in my head. The closer I get to getting out the more I think about things I want to do when I get out. That makes time a little harder in here when you are focused on being out.

It has been warm in here. My feet have not been cold all day. That may be why I slept so much. The cold was not waking me up. I feel good. A lot has to do I sure with being warm.

I went to rec this morning. It was nice out. I was put in with Paul Jones another white guy I've talked to in 5 months. He is a child molester. Picked up for not registering as such in Texas. He is from Nebraska. I think. He had all the books but they were all taken by Flacko who moved to Phase 2. Last week and took all the books with him. He has a mystery that I have not read. So I will get that.

I have only 2 weeks left now and time is going fast. but a novel would take care of one day. I really have too much to do to read but I am sure I will need a break.

I talked to the Lt at rec this morning and he promised me that he would get my commissary to me. At 430 I asked a guard to remind him. I am sure I will get it by Friday. I can live without it until I leave here. It is just praying upon my mind and I would and I would like to get it out of my head. I would really like to have those 4 pens I ordered. I don't really want to eat all the cookies and candy I ordered. A lot was for Marco and the Rosary I was hoping to get. But that is one thing Marco let me down on. I should have gotten a nice rosary 4 months ago. There was a lot around then and I guy who could make really nice ones. I thought it would be a good memory item for my visit here.

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Monday will be the least day to order commissary. No point in ordering it the last week. I won't get it before I leave. I am hoping that the Lt will get me my commissary.

If now. I will ask the Laundry Lady to try to get it for me when she delivers razors in the morning. And then take up laundry. I want to write the warden about commissary but I don't want to be moved to a cold cell. I just want to finish my time.

Obviously I am not going to a halfway house.

I would like to talk to John and verify that I don't have a Harris County hold. I am sure I don't but I am always paranoid about things like that. John said he had checked and there was none at Harris County or here. but I never 1482 people to do their jobs. these people here and at Harris county can't be believed. John has better luck than me.

The inspectors were here again today. we had a reall good lunch.1 OK lunch 2. I am sure we will get jund the next two days because they spent too much monet the last 2 days. You can never be sure what kind of portions you will get. If you get a tray that was filled last they are stretching the food to cover trays and you may get next to nothing.

I am being very careful with my pencils. Not wasting the lead. With care s 1483 I think I can make them last two more weeks. I may be able to get the laundry lady to get me one. Marco used to be able to get-1483of this done.

I have been getting indications in my card readings that a woman is coming with significant money and a woman with love. But it seems the woman with money is the more powerful of the two. It may be just one woman. The way the cards laid out when I was meditating on the subject of finances seemed to indicate I would have a lot of money and love coming. I do believe that it is waiting for me in Houston within days of when I get out. The woman with money logically would seem like a book published. It maybe Harpers gave my letter and book to an agent to work on. I have

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not received a letter that I would not get out of jail until December 19th. So may be they have decided to buy my books but don't want to contact me. until I get out. or they are just taking their time because I can't really deal with them until I get out. That would explain the money waiting on me. per the cards.

There is a lot of negative stuff on the internet about me but my letters and the BOP that John sent are going to make the stuff on the internet questionable. One day I will find out who has that sight up. But I think that site will work to my advantage. It will show how much hate exists for WorldPeace. the sight looks like someone who is obsessed monitoring it.

If I get some money when I get out. It will really make my life a pleasure. I will be able to take my time on the work I have to do and be able to move around without asking mother for money. I can get a job I have too much to do. If anything I need to find some part time bookkeeping work. But some that does not make sense. One web page 2 hours work can bring me \$400 that is when I have to focus my energies.

I asked a guard to remind the Lt that the promised to get me my commissary this morning. This was 0430. It is about 0630 and no commissary so apparently no one has control of that woman. She has to be a relative or providing sex to someone. I have caused people like her to get fired even when they were having sex with the top executive.

The reason this is such an issue is that 1) I need pens but 2) I always needs some sweets when I am doing heavy creative work. Writing this novel is that kind of work. So I need some sugar. I read something that sweets have an effect of flusing the brain of certain chemicals and increasing the amino acids that feed the creative side of the brain. So there is a physical chemical connection between creativity and food.

The thing you have to be careful of is not to overeat during creative spells. Usually I feed myself a limited amount of sugar at

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intervals that take away the energy felling that comes with creating intensely without sugar.

Bottom line is I need some sugar and I don't have any. and its making me irritable. I am mad at myself in now anticipating the holiday and over ordering 3 weeks ago. Since I have been in jail I have been caught 3 times in this way. And it makes me mad that I am so stupid.

My thoughts now is do I keep pushing and let here screw me again this week or do I let it go and just hope I get my commissary on Friday. It's a hard decision because its an all or none decision.

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081205

The commissary girl screwed me out of commissary for the third time yesterday. Last week was Thanksgiving and I knew from 11 months in jail that on holiday weeks commissary always gets messed up. I knew it but did not think that the fact that the safe thing to do was to double order the week before.

The commissary woman worked Monday of Thanksgiving week only. Whoever worked commissary after that did not fill my order. I found this out from Cruz when I was at rec on Monday. He always tried to make a show in front of Marco and he said he saw my order and did not know why it was not filled. Well he is in there all the time. He knows what goes on. So him saying he did not know was a lie.

After rece a new guard and a pretty young girl brought around commissary sheets for this week. I told her they hand not filled my order from the prior week and I did nt want 2 orders filled. So she went to the commissary clerk you told her that she was going to ignore the old one and to just fill out a new one which I did.

I expect to have my order filled first and the guard indicated I would get my commissary that day. I did not get it Monday nor

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Tuesday. It irritated me because I was out of my food supplement mostly cookies and granola bars but more so because I knew she had some new pens and I have been fighting the old pens and pencils for 6 weeks. I had to spend too much of my mental process just making the pen write. which disturbed my train of thought and cramped my hands as well.

Wednesday morning at rec, I asked the Lt to check on my order and he told me the commissary clerk would fill it that day. At the end of the day it was not filled. On Thursday, I asked Sgt Bazos a nice 28 year old guard to check on my order. The clerk said she was out of a lot of thing and she would fill the order as soon as the truck came in. At about 4 I asked Sgt Bryan about my order. She looked down the hall and Cruz told her the commissary clerk had left for the day. That was too much for me. I had been trying to hold back from writing the W1487 but I felt that if I did not something the commissary clerk was going to stop me from getting commissary for the rest of my time in jail. So I wrote a 5 page letter to the warden telling him this woman was creating tension in an already dangerous environment. Causing guards to have to work time tracking down orders. That she was always out of stamps and sold bad pens which irritated inmates who could not write home. That he has a morale problem with other guards because she could not be made to do her job. That she was malicious, 11487 incompetent among other things.

I also P 1487 out with 3 people in commissary, her and two trustees it was taking 48 minutes to fill one order. And I explained how to increase the speed of ordering and other ways to improve the system. I also told him that had I know she was going to screw me again I would have told the inspector who came by my cell 3 days in a row. I told him that he should get Cruz to write a statement of what he saw because he only had two weeks to release and should not mind an dbetween my letter and Cruz statement he could fire he without problem for the TWF, EEOC or LCS the contract prison. I told him the woman obviously had a connection that made her believe her bad behavior could continue.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

Many of the changes I complained about regarding commissary had been made months ago. The fact that the prices were too high and mayo and mustard were not sold and that the BOP should have a standard commissary list. The result was a new computer system and an expanded inventory. So maybe the commissary clerk was going for a little pay back.

The result was that about 1000 Cruz came by with all the separation commissary. But neither the warden or the assistant warden came to talk to me. I think they just want me out of here. I have only seen the captain once since I have been in this cell. After that last meeting we had and the threat of a lawsuit and me sending a letter through the warden to the BOP, 10 pages, they did not want to hassle me.

They got my commissary I am not going to a half way house and I am not going to be moved. So all they have to do is leave me alone. 13 more days and I am out of here. They have no reason to jack with me.

Time is moving fast. The day is half over. It has been very cold in here. But I see the sun is out so it is warming up outside and in here too.

I noticed the entire 3 x 4 went across the hall in the 48 man tank is covered with toilet paper. They had to work like busy bees to peel that off. They can watch the hall while others plus the vent. If someone stands on another's shoulders they can hand pack to 1489 into the vent. The wet toilet paper is like paper mache. Once it dries it is pretty solid.

No one got out of bed over there until 0900. Everyone was under the blanket. Head included. I know that one blanket cannot keep them warm because the blankets are about as good as two sheets. It is interesting to me how these blankets can look warm and not be.

this entire contract prison system is just a public rip off.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I am sure I will do something about it but not until I get my books published and my web design business very well developed and paying. Money talks is the one absolute in contemporary society.

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081207

In a small way it have been a confusing and depressing day. Sundays are always slow and lonely. Not as much activity people talking inmates going to rec. And I was wondering how much of my possession have been thrown away or destroyed. I should be glad just to be out of here. I can rebuild and recover once I am out.

I also think about Kay leaving me . When she did I was left emotionally destitute and also with my business partner. There was no way I could recover.

I have /Friday/dad/ Sunday left and as each day goes by I will have one Monday one Tuesday one Wednesday on Thursday-ilt1490 as I move through this week.

Then it will shift to last Friday last sat and thw mentally should make the week go faster. I play all kinds of mind game to make time go faster. I like numbers so I now have 34 meals left. 276 hours 12.5 days. 4 days shaving 5 showers 3 laundry days All there are countdowns to my exit.

My canon ball only has two walls to traverse. It moved on the second to the last one this morning. 8 blocks on this north wall. 4 on the east wall. Interesting. The sun will rise over the East Wall. That means I will rise from the dead that morning. Just interesting that I have started the canon shot on the south wall, then to the west, now the north, then last to the East

I am going to order some commissary. A couple candies to give out in trade. 1 cup cake and one ice cream. We will see if I get it

Dr John WorldPeace JD

tomorrow or Friday. either way it will be a surprise treat. More mind games

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081208

The air is off and it is tolerable in here. Without the air the humidity is very high. This AC system is extremely inefficient. I am surprised I have not been sick in here. There is no doubt I would have written a lot more in here had it not been so cold.

Someone was kicking on their door this morning. It went on longer than normal. It panics me a bit because I know if I was having a heart attack I would not have the strength to pound on the door. And even if I did they would not immediately respond. I feel I can make the next 10 days so it does not panic me that much.

My sleep pattern was all screwed up yesterday and it continued into the night. I layed in bed about 4-5 hours I think but I felt like I tossed and turned but the breakfast was served So I had to admit that I must have gotten more sleep.

After breakfast I began to write in my gospel. I have about 40 pages of commentary, prefaces etc. but none of it feels right. So I wrote a new 10 page preface that I feel will work. I don't know why I am having trouble with it. It is almost like the evil forces are interfering. Seemd like that all day because I was angry about a lot of things Just very weird energy.

Today feels better. It Monday and a lot of things going on. A lot of activity.

It is hard to believe I only have 10 days left. It is hard to believe I am going to be released. I know after exiting the Army it took almost a year for me to adjust. I am wondering how it will be when I leave here. I think about being out but it is like a memory



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or dream and not real. But now I am very close to exiting and the reality is more intense but still unread.

All I know is that I have a lot to do

I remember when Stephanie was about to be born, Even though the Snake looked very pregnant it seemed like she would never deliver. A strange feeling but that I how I feel now.

I am sure it will take me years to lose a sense of impending arrest. I knew that the legal system is totally corrupt. and arrest for anything is going to --1492 jail time. When my books get published I feel some there are going to be those who will be looking for ways to arrest me.

I think it does not help that I am reading so much about Jesus and Paul who were tried unjustly 1493 I have a full appreciation for how much I am hated now. There is the intense hatred for peace advocates. I need to find my own kind. And Houston is not the place for it. That is why I keep coming back to going to France. I am wondering what it would be like to live in a liberal society.

I remember my father hated JFK intensely. I just never realized how conservative he was. in his politics. He tried to get involved politically when he was in his late 20's but the reality literally made him sick so he disengaged

I am down to counting hours and hoping it stays warm. Every hour of warmth is a blessing. This paper I am writing on feels damp. It is very cheap recycled paper and obviously very sensitive to the humidity.

I do not know if I will continue to write with pen and ink when I get out and transfer to the computer or just type in the computer. There is a huge difference in time. I can type maybe twice as fast as I can write. I think writing is going to be a lost art for the most contemporary of societies.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Writing with pen and ink to me is like art. and therefore I hate to give it up. but time is critical and when I am out I will not have the luxury of time that I have now.

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081209

They turned that air off two days ago so I have sort of warm. I am not sure what is going on. I saw the maintenance guys taking out ladders this morning. It may bet that the unit is broken. But I noticed the -1494 across the hall is also warm. Maybe all the vent being closed with toilet paper has burned out the unit.

The days are slowing down just a bit as I thought they would as I got close to the end. My mind spends a lot of time in what I will do when I get out because now its only 9 days away

A lot of anger is coming to me as I think about what of mine that has been thrown away lost or broken in the packing and move. I have not asked anyone any questions. I have decided to just deal with it when I get out. I will put my life back together and move on. I will make sure I am never in this position again.

The strangeness is that my parents are in their early 80's so they are not a part of my long term future. John and myLe are so busy they can't even have children. And I Have no wife or companion I am closest to one of my dad's sisters and her kids but other than them I have no family. Not my sister or my other children.

I can't afford to make a bad choie on another female companion. Finding a spouse is not my intent. but a close intimate companion is. I can't afford to date crazy people as 2 of the 4 I dated in 2007 are. But I was forced to date off the internet It won't be limited like that now. And since Kay's leaving is almost 2 years in the past I don't have to find a companion to ease the pain of another broken marriage. I can't casual date because I don't need some carxy call the police and making accusations. Changing my name.being disbarred wrongly pleading guild to resisting arrest

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which is almost like assault; even though I did not do it. means almost any accusation is going to be impossible to defend/

One of the pens I got on Friday ran out of ink yesterday. I did not think I wrote that much and it may be the pen was used when I got it. the ink does run out pretty fast. but I have 3 full ones and I am doubtful I will write so much as to be out of ink in just 9 days. Pens have been a real problem for me. Of course few people write as much as me. The first pens I had only wrote 4 pages. Hard to believe and they were 80 cents I think I used about 125 all my commissary sheets from Harris county were thrown away so I don't know for sure. And I had other buying pens for me.

I have had to face one reality and that is that Kay never loved me. It was all a show. Behavior. survival behavior she learned by being married to a drunk along with having another abusive drunk for a father. It is sad. But she was a good wife. Far superior to the Snake. In both cases I had not let the relationship develop and mature. It shows how little I demand of a companion. I can't make that mistake again. Once I do the taxes and scan in all the pictures then I doubt I will talk to Kay. She has written maybe 15 letters to me in a year. Mostly very short. And 8 of them were thrown away by the REO? 1496 against who transferred me from Karnes to Brookes. He let it slip that as a peace activist I was disgusting to him.

Truth is I can't be involved in John's life potentially with family nor really go to church with my mother. without them being offended by who I am. It just takes one person to read the internet before trouble starts. That one super bad site about me is still there. Only my books are going to overcome it and its may h 1496 me getting published. If so, I will self publish and promote over the internet. The important thing is that I got the books written in here. Most of the negativity is due to David destroying the business. Clients, employees wrote most of what is there. And I suppose they had a right. But when David left and even before I had daily meetings telling everyone what was going on. and that they should continue to work at their own risk. I told them I was

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not Exxon I should have fired them all. but when you have a successful business you are not quick to kill it.

The degree of evil in Davids bad acts cannot be compared to what anyone else has done to me. He hurt me the most. But it was the Snake who made it happen. She worked him. Outside engineering and computers he is not very smark. Extremely immature and he has no conscience. I have know that for years. I just did not think he would destroy me. I seems he even made an entry on the bad website against me saying I should go to jail. Well he got that wish.

I just keep thinking about Jesus and St Paul The abuse they suffered was unparalleled. This is what motivated St Francis to suffer his deprivations ans to still love and forgive. He searched to find out how Jesus could forgive all those who had wronged him. That was his prayer

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Right after lunch Cruz brought my commissary. He did not look happy. But that is him. He did not bring the commissary for the rest of the separation. that I could see. So it was the warden telling her not to hold it. I have enough commissary now for the next nine days. If these pens run out. I will order 2 more Monday or I will just use pencils. I cant tell right now if the pens will last or not.

I got my ice cream with commissary. I hated to eat it right after I just finished my lunch 1 but It was a farewell to the place. It did not fill me up like I expected.

I feel peaceful 9 days is nothing. I will push hard to finish the second novel. I just finished all the content on the gospel. I copied the whole four gospels sans the duplications I missed a few things but I am about to go through all my manuscripts and check it against the gospels to see what I missed. And to make sure all the parallel references are there.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

That Bible was perfect for what I needed. When I was first put in solitary it was waiting for me. right on the desk. Like that cell 31 was meant for me. I recognized that was 1498 when I was to be almost immediately . It is like God prepared that cell especially for me. I could not have written the gospel with a bible like that one with commentary built in. and cross references. I also got a concordance form the 8 man cell which also helped me. Bot the bible and concordance was something I asked for in Harris Count and was denied.

I fell very much at peace.

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081210

My stomach was upset last night. I am not sure if it was beans and weiners last night or the pint of ice cream that I ate. The gigantic sugar overload of 1000 calories right after lunch one may have done it.

when my stomach is upset like that I feel out of breath to a limited degree and my heart palpitates.

I exercised when my stomach was full of acid. When I finished and sat down. I watch my heart beat by watching the arteries pulse in my arm. It seemed my heart was beating to fast But I have not watch to tell just how fast. I do my 30 push up and then I rest until I catch my breath which doe not take long. Usually I have on my sweat shirt or my sox sleeves and I don't notice and check my heart beat. If sort of freaks me out when I do. and I was paranoid last night.

I am angry at the doctor not treating me

When I get out I am going to get one of those watches that monitor your heart. beat so I can pay closer attention to it. It does not seem s 1499 when I have to burp my heart jumps. The upper opening to the stomach lays right behind the heart and it is hard

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to tell if it is my stomach or my heart. that is jumping. It may be that the stomach spasm pushes on the heart and m 1499 makes it look like it skipped a beat. With the watch I will be able to hear it.

But when I was first brought into the hospital when arrested there were some extra beats on the EKG as I watched it they young female doctor laughed it off. So I know my heart is skipping beats.

I need an examination to check my thyroid, my stomach and my heart. the doctor said my ejection fractions was 35-40 the tech acted like it was in the 50s. Also my heart rate was 50. At that time my thyroid was not working so it may not have been causing my heart to pump as hard. I need answers.

I will go back on a strict diet as soon as I get out. And I will start walking 3 miles a day with losing 20 pounds to 165. That should take mor stress off my heart.

I want to live as long as I can. When I was a kid 65 seemed to be old. Now 75 is closer to death. But for thos who stay in shap I think 85-90 is resonalbe. Both my parents are alive so I have good genes. Even with the heart attack I should still live long

Once my books are finished then I feel I have done what I had promised to do before I was born. At the minimum I want to live to 100 because I have a lot yet I want to do. It is all in Gods hands. I will not give up

I am at 1500 pages. When I began I thought I would write 1600. I have a week to go in here I expected to close off my autobiography prison journal when I left here but now I think I will continue to write for a few weeks after I get out to include the transition. That will probably put me up to 1600 pages.

One thing that is interesting is that I realized this morning that each day I worl off reduces the number of days left and so each day marked off is a greater percentage of the days remaining. Whe I got here and marked off a day it was 1/170 of what was there. Now I mark a day and it is 1/8. I have always ignored the past

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when looking at time. In other words I look at it as if I just received an 8 days sentence. Now as much as that I have 8 days left on a 170 day sentence.

When I pled out I told the attorney that since I had already served about 5 months, even if I got a year it would really only be a 7 month sentence. I have played all kinds of mind games with the time to cope with being in here

The most uplifting thoughts is that I have written 6+ books and have others in mind. 2008, was definitely not a wasted year. It may turn out to be the most productive year of my life.

The wind has been blowing all night. I like the sound. the AC is off for three days now. I have been warm. Not hot. Not seventy b but warm.

Abot 1700 the guard came in and said she was going to move me to a cell where I could see the TV so they could punish an inmate by putting him in here where this is nothing to look at. Well the 48 men busy across the hall is like watching an 1502 and is more interesting than TV. Besides the TV is in the cell across the small hallway its in Spanish and cant be heard anyway.

I told her I don't watch TV or listen to the radio. I just read and write. I told her I wante to stay here because I only had 9 days left. They did not argue and went away. I am not going into a cell with a bad shower or no desk. I will appeal to the warden if they try to move me. I have been in 4 sep cells . There was no reasonto move me from the first. I was glad to get away from the spiders though. I think there could have been more if I had not kept my light on all the time. I did not want to wake up at night an not be able to read.

Across the hall, when the lights are out the inmates have to sit at the steel tably by the hall windowans an dare that reduced light. I did that for a week in Karnes and a week here. It is not a good way to try to read and write.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

The pen I am using is using the ink pretty fast. but not as fast as the last one. I think the commissary lady gave me a pen that she had been using. I never thought to check the ink when I got them. I am sure she is mad as hell that an inmate was telling her what to do.

Like I tell all the guards who listen. I get out in 8 days. They have a c 1503 sentence. They came to jail and are locked in every day as if they were an inmates. It shocks them.

Marco has been ome 9 dasy now. It does not seem possible that he has been gone that long. It is ture the days go slow abut the years go fast. I live meal to meal. that is how I have chopped up my time.

I have been hearing a guy coughing. He sounds sick It will just be a week or so and the cold and maybe flue will run through this prison. The new inmates will bring it from the outside. In isolation there is less exposure. Always a bright side to every situation for me.

I look at my calendar eand see I only have one more Saturday left. That is uplifting. If I had 2 or 3 novels time would really fly by. But I would not work on my books and that is important.

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081210

Looking across in the tank across the hall it looks like 40+ body bags each laid out on a s 1503 bunk. Everyone is completely cover from head to toe. The blankets are porous and that is why people can sleep with their heads under them. Also, their breath does create some warmth under the tent of the blanket

When I am extremely cold I bend over the side of my bunk with my blanket over me. I hold it closed in front of me with my head inside. Afer about 5 minutes it is warm inside the tent. The only



Dr John WorldPeace JD

that this is cold is my exposed calves and feet. but with the rest of me warm I can tolerate that.

Once I personally get warm I can keep the chill off for about 1-2 hours then back into the tent.

With all the wind last night I assume that it is very cold outside. It may have been wind and rain and that is why it was so loud. I have only heard thunder twice since I have been here. And that was 3 months ago in my original sep 31.

It just occurred to me that my first sep cell was 31 now I am finishing in 13. These kinds of coincidences always interest me. I take it to mean that I am definitely getting out next Friday . Sounds weird. its close enough to use the word next) 13 is 180 degrees reversal of 31

081211

I look at the calander and see only 7 days left and it does not seem real. There is an atmosphere in here like you will never get out. It is like a dream. I cant believe its been almost a year. I cant believe I have been at Brooks 5 months. It will be strange when I walk out the doors a free man.

~~~

081212

Breakfast was a big biscuit piece of sausage ½ small banana and apple juice. Not much I like oatmeal mainly because it is filling

I have 7 days left. 21 more meals including the last one next Friday morning. Its hard to believe there is a world still out there. I can see how hard it would be to adjust being in here 5-10 years. I don't know if you can.

I had two miracles yesterday. P Jones sent me a paperback unsolicited. He said he was going to get some books this week. He

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read the 28 he came in with. He went to court las week thinking he was going to get a year but got 40 months. He talked where his lawyer pleaded with him to shut up. big mistake

A second miracle was Joshua the other laundry guy that was working laundry before Marco has been taking care of me. He brought me a pair of sweat pants unsolicited when he returned my laundry. They have make 100 % my legs are cold nor are my feet. I have been wearing 2 pair of pants but thewas not as a cold front came in on Monday and turned this place into a true ice box. They also fixed the AC It was not working last weekend. result was that it was warm in there. I has never blown warm air always cold. the colder out side the doler it blows inside.

I wrote a lot after breakfast yesterday and saw how the next 40+ pages will go. I did nothing but read and sleep yesterday I started and finished the book Paul sent. It is hard to write when it is cold.

Even now I had on two sets of clothes and one of my blankets draped around me. I am tempted to take a razor to it and makd a parka like several guys across the hall. But I don't want any static.

I see him this second novel will end. I am pretty sure I can write another 150 pages before I leave that will leave only 150. There is a chance I will finish it. I am not going to work on the Peace text book. It will be easier to do it one the computer when I get home. So 6 books in here 4 in the lst 5 months 1506

If I were doing a long term I could write several bios and some interpreting sacred text. I feel I will do that in the future. Being a writer lets you travel the world.

I feel time will go really fast now. Only one each of each day of the week left. I know I am getting out. It is like the Army. It is hard to imagine another way of life.

I think I barely have enough paper to finish the novel. I want to finish it by writing. In the future I will compose on the computer.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I was watching the tank across the hall this morning. Even though I cant talk to the guys they are still like company. I think maybe only 10 are still there form weeks ago when I was put in this sep cell.

It is like the Army. The guards turn on the light and people get out of bed. About 10 guys overther do not eat breakfast. In the Army everyone is up and on the company street in 15 minutes. Beds made. we mopped and cleaned after breakfast. Breakfast was all you could eat. Going down the line asking for what you wanted. All the milk you could drink.

There is a guy in the tank across the hall. He has long should length curly hair. Looks like a woman. I saw another guy like him in Harris county. they try to separate these guys. He may not be but were I him I would cut that hair. I remember the 60s A lot of guys looked efiminate with long hair especially if they had a light beard. I guess in 30 years everyone will have long hair again. I did not mind the long hair then what I minded was that over half of the long hair mailes did not wash their hair. So it was thick and greasy. 1/3 of the hippies were just dirty. Now they are all part of the system they protested. Actually it was the war and being drafted. They did not really care about the real social issues. The rainbow people are still out there. another 10 years most of them will be too old to get around. I may try to go to one of the events. I am a free man now. No wife no bot of where or what to do. I have a very long list of places to go.

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081212

After breakfast which was terrible , I wrote and then slept until lunch 1. I woke up feeling good but the AC was running full blast making it about 65 in here. But my sweat pants go a long way toward keeping me warm. I took one of my extra towels and draped it over my shoulders along with the other one over my head and that kept the air off my neck head and shoulders

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

the toilet paper is separating from the vetn and so the air blows through that b 1508. I thow a bit more toilet paper up there each day. There is so much up ther I can put too much at one time or the water will leach into to much of whats there and it will fall down.

I have written about 20 pages in my novel today and I hope to write another 20. I am pushing to finish by next Friday. It may be that I will finish it on Friday while waiting to get discharged. I doubt I will sleep after breakfast due to thinking about getting out.

I filled out a commissary sheet on Wed for a – of pens. I have not received it yt and I just finished a late lunch 2. I feel that being Friday the commissary Nazi has gone home. Not a problem. I am irritated but I am under a week now.

At lunch 1 I realized that by that time next week I should be out of herer and on my way home. I am in the final week. the final 168 hours. 19 meals left. Time should really fly now.

I can see the last 50 pages of the novel and about 50 pages from page 365 where I am now. so that is 465 pages of 640 to complete novel 2. I feel the novel will do well because it has a unique genre and because the whole novel is centered around the main character. JWP. What makes it interesting is that you never know what is coming next because you cannot know what jwp does not know. If thee is going to be an assassination a 1509 you don't know it until it happens. so I think that keeps the reader on edge. The reader is basically reading then all of a sudden he is in the middle of an action scene. Sor tof like paying a video game the first time. Except there are so many potential events you don't know where or what is about to happen. I just finished cramming 3 major scenes into one 12 hour period in the storyline. I think it has the feel of a roller coaster ride.

They had the AC off for about 3 hours but it is back on now. It is frustrating looking out the door an seeing the guards and floor trustees in short sleeves and I am in this cell with two sets of clothers two towels over my head and shoulders and freezing.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

I write this a lot but I want the reader to understand the ever presence of this chill. It truly is torture. I just keep thinking what these Iraqis and Abu Grabi prison. There are so many ways to torture a person in jail.

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It seems very strange. I am about to exit this cocoon I have been locked in this 10 x 12 cell for 5.5 months and a similar cell 6 months before that. This is my last Friday night in here. Next Friday night I will be home. Away from here,. It is hard to believe I have been in jail a year. I look at my calendar. I see what I have 1510 I remember back to when all the squares area open. After Saturday there will be one line of 5 boxes between me and freedom. It all seems unreal. To be taken out of society and put in a penalty box for a year

And I have done hard tim. Time in the BOP is nothing compared to this. But in hee I wrote my books. I walk out with six books. Writers who are free take years to write 6 books. The time has not been wasted.

My book is literally pouring out of me. I am not a novelist but I believe that once you reach the $\frac{1}{3}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ mark the rest of the stay falls into place and then it is just a matter of writing it down.

I cannot make an outline of a novel and write. I have to open it up and then think my way through it. Internally some how my mind knows how to make it go for so many pages. My subconscious is doing the work. Making the story flow. But I only get it about 10 pages at a time. I had not concept when this book was 1511 I know the main characters I established them in book one but they also just appeared as I wrote.

Book 2 quickly became one about issues and a strong storyline. I can see the end and I am 1511 to it. I have to come upwith about 85 more pages of action as opposed to lectures.It will come to 1511. I have written about 40 novel pages today and 10 more in this journal. That is a record. This pen is about out of ink.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I have two more. If the Commissary order gets filled I will have two more pens. If not I will be using pencils in about 4 days. But that will only last 2 days then I am gone. I feel I will get my 2 commissary pens. Its about 2100. This day is gone

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081213

Today is sunny outside and warm in here. I was able to take a short nap after lunch 1 on the bunk without a cover.

Last night they did not bring my medicine. About 2000 I got the guards attention and she said the nurse said I was out and she left at 1930. this bothered me a lot. I need the Lopressor and thyroid medicine. I take that in the morning. But I was gearing up for a fight. another long letter to the warden. Concern literally about being 6 days without the medicine and the problem of sudden withdrawal.

This morning the man arrived with the medicine I said I thought your were out. She said no we have this. So all that negativity for nothing.

The stupid nurse from last night has caused me several problems. 1) I refused to take some 1512 4 months ago. I wanted to take the half pill. She said all or non. I said none. Then she said I had to sign a refusal form. She gave it to me and I began to write on it. She started saying that I could not write on the form just sign it. I said 1512 was on the form was not ture 2) then all of a sudden one night she 1512 because I have been signing my initials. 3) Then a month ago she did not give me a pen so I went to get a pen. She saw pencils on my desk and began saying I could not use a pencil. I should her I wasn't. Last night my medicine was one 600 mg motrin. She did not have an official bag and refused to give me the motin she had on the cart. 5) A month ago she was supposed to draw blood but did not ell me to fast. I ate at 1130 and she wanted to draw blood in 1230 I said not. At 230 I said no at 430 I said ok but it was supposed to be an 8 hour fast.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Ill probably do nothing but add it to the book.

Again I did not get my commissary. I think I will just snd this in a letter after I get out. It all makes me sick.

On the Good side. This time next week Ill be home.

I have 6 days 17 meals left. I think I will be able to finish the novel and a lot of edits on the gospel book. If it stays warm I know I will.

If I don't get commissary tomorrow I will be using pencils by Wednesday.

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081215

I woke up to eat breakfast and made my short time calendar. Went back to sleep and woke again for my medicine. The AC was completely off and the shower water was hot so I took a long shower. I wanted to take one last night but the water was warm not hot. Too many people using the shower I had not showered in about a week I think due to the cold and I stopped exercising because my heart was jumping around too much. I am too close to getting out to deal with any health issues.

Normally the laundry guy my friend woujld have been by here by now. Maybe they are going t skip me today. Thaat means no clean clothes until Thursday and I am leaving Friday.

I see on the calendar that I only have 96 hours left. but it does not seem real because today is not any different than the last 5 months. I am not talking to John because of the difficulty in using the phone. Its been 3 weeks now at least. Its like Christmas no one here to talk about it. No preparation being made. Like only 1514 was the medication nurse had a blinking necklace on this morning that looked like mini Christmas lights.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

It has been one of those day when I have been chewing on the cops and judges that screwed me. Trying to figure out the best way to get pay back. It seems that my books are the only way. Trying to go legal is a waste of time and will just create problems. Writing the book gives me total control and they will not be able to reply. I will have the advantage. I they sue me. I can prove everything I say.

I should be happy about getting out and focused on that but I am not. Getting out does not seem any more real than for the last 5 months. I can see there is only 4 squares on my calendar that have not been x'd out but other than that nothing has changed.

Like a book I read in here said. "You ain't short until you are home." I think that is the way it is. It won't be real until I actually walk out the doors. It was much the same in the Army but the Snake was with me in Italy and we could talk about getting out and going home. I have no one except John and I can't call him and when I do it is only 15 minutes

I have a log of anger still about being in here. The reality is that the courts only work for those who have the money to buy the top lawyers who are connected to the judges. It will be a year before I am in that position. I would like to think exposing all the above in my book would be enough for me with having to file a lawsuit.

One thing writing the novel uplifts me. I only have 190 pages to finish. I think I will get out at least 120 1515 before Friday. I will finish the last 70 at home. That is when all the action and closing up takes place in the storyline. Maybe it's appropriate that it be written at home. The characters are really beginning to seem like real people now. Strange. It's an 1515 novel that seems like a soap opera

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081216



## Dr John WorldPeace JD

I have on two pair of prison pants. sweat pants 1516 sweat shirt 1516 on shirt, sox sleeves and a tow over my shoulder and one over my head. In, addition I have my blanket folded in half and over my shoulder and back

I can hunched over this desk and I am barely warm. I am breathing cold air. I have about 74 hours left in this hell.

I did not get my commissary I ordered last Wednesday. They gave me another commissary sheet yesterday which they did not pick up. I wrote a letter to the warden and then decided not to send it. I have rationed the remainder of my commissary and I can make it until Friday. without too much hunger. I am donw to my last pen. I believe it will last 2-2.5 days. but the last 24 hours I will be back to using my pencils. I may use pencils on and off to save the pen. the pen is easier to write with because it does not drag on the paper.

I hope to finish the gross edit on my gospel today. It is a bit tedious and I only do about 10 pages at a time. I have written about 33 pages a day for the last 2 days on the novel. I have 170 tablet pages to go in 74 h ours. I may finish I may have 50 pages left to do when I get home. Bottom line is I will have completed 6 books in here.

I am happy with the novel I believe it will sell. They are unique. But an interesting story. I have been preparing myself for what I with regards to my possessions. I try to push it out of my mind. I will just have to pick up the pieces no matter what and move on. I gave my mother detailed letters on what to keep. But I know she threw a lot of my stuff away before I sent my letters. My mind jump to one thing after another wondering if it has been thrown away. Saturday will be inventory day in a big way

Kay and mother did a lot and I should be thankful for what they did. But still I feel rapeddd. Icant help it.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

I feel positive things will begin to happen when I exit this place. I will never trust cops lawyers or judges again and I will be always looking over my shoulders.

I served a year for something I did not do. It was a productive year but I never want to come back here. I feel I have served time for all the things I did in the past that hurt others. I feel God put me in here to write. He used the lies of dark souls to make it happen. In time it will all make sense and work out. For now I try to focus on the priorities aspects of my book.

I have not heard from Paul. Maybe he found a job and will not come to work. Just more unanswered questions I will look into in 3 days.

Blankets and extra clothes are finally 1517 to warm me up. It is only depressing when there is no escaping the cold. I had 3 days of warmth this weekend for that I am thankful.

There are only 3 days on the calendar that are not x'd out. They seem like they are fading away. Meaning I am about to be set free.

I have this and one more li 1518 pad left. That is about 190 pages. So more than the rest of my book. I also have about 40 pages in an art pad. which is just blank paper no lines. So I have pencil and paper enough to last until Friday. As well as commissary if I ration. Ill walk out of here with everything used up. a good thing

No more weekend in here. That is the real good news.

Christmas is next week. It does not seem possible as I said, no new tv and in isolation there is not indication of anything going on in the world outside. Strange. Normally you would hear the sounds of Christmas everywhere. All holidays are muted in here.

This place is dirty especially the floors. But I am fine with it 3 more days. It is hard to get a map in here as everything else.

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Dr John WorldPeace JD

081216

Its about 2200 Tuesday . I have 60 hours until I walk out of this place. I am not tired. I finished the first few edits of my gospel book today and that usually give me a high to finish a long term project. I have about 170 pages to finish novel 2. I did not work on today. I already have in mind the next 60 pages.

I will work on it when I get up at breakfast. That is all I will work on until I get out.

My commissary ration will take me right up to my exit.

My mind shifted today such that I feel like I am really getting out and this ordeal is over. Again the days have been a 1519 show but the week has goone pretty fast. I only have 2.5 squares left to x out. Seems really weird I feel like I am waking up from a deep sleep.

It will take me months to get my bearings when I get out. Taxes and typing these books will take 2 months

I am gong to the mall every day and soak up the Christmas spirit. thes has been a very sterile environment. I have 5 months of news to read.

7 meals to go -weird

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081217

It has been a strange day. I began to write on the novel late last night interesting to write only a page or so but by the time I finish I had another 13 pages. I have no clock but by the way I felt when I was awakend for breakfast I much not have gone to sleep until 0100 or 0200

I got up and was given 2 cerealls with breakfast.

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

I have been constantly hungry for 3 days. I only ate one cereal and the crushed pinable and sausage and milk but it filled me up. I then began to write on the novel. I wrote another 9 pages which at the moment I only basically remember writing and had to work to remember if I wrote it after breakfast or after a nap and before lunch 1

When the guard picked up my tray another guard brought me two novels from Paul Jones. unsolicited. I was thinking yesterday that with 2 novels I could make the rest of my time go very fast.

At lunch the guard brought me one of those trays that has small portions everything and I thought I was going to be hungry after eating everything. I turned around to work my 1520 after putting the tray on the bed as per usual. I always eat from the bed never from the desk. its too high. And I ate from the desk in Harris count but always from my bunk here. with the tray on my lap.

I looked up and another guard brought me another tray. that has never happened I was like they were confused. but it may be there was an extra tray and they just gave it to me. The guard this morning told me not to tell He gave me another cereal. I agreed

After lunch 1 I began to read one of the novels and then after about 60 pages had to lay down and take a nap. I was awakened about an hour later and another guard brought me my commissary from last Wednesday a week ago. 2 pens 2 mand ms 2 granolas. I had decided earlier not to mention the commissary to the Warden or anyone. My laundry lady came by and visited she said she had been sick but she would see me off on Friday. Interesting another kind gesture.

I went back to sleep after eating a few M &Ms and slept until lunch 2. So my day is half over.

I have begun to make a half x on my calendar at lunch 2 which is 12 hours from breakfast. I am down to 42 hours from my projected exit at 0900 Friday.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I am sure I will write a lot tonight because after I work for lunch 2 more of the novel came to me. I think I have about 30 pages in my head right now. I also at some point today realized I need to 1521 my outline, which is written written after the narrative up to date.

After I make this entry I will begin the narrative and as a break do the outline late tonight.

It is cold and misty outside and dso cold in here.

I heard the voice of the guard who let me use the phone but I have not seen him and he has not made his presence known. My exit is a done deal and I don't want to break the energy that seems as a phone call may work. 1521 I just want to focus on my novel. the outline and the novel I am reading. I think I will only be able to finish one of them. I have not been to rec in about 9 days so I have not talked to Paul. I think its to close to Christmas for them to move anyone. I want his middle name so I can send him anew best seller each month. He has twice saved my boredom with a novel. There are 4 people who have helped me in here. Marco Joshua, Paul and Monpor. at Karnes City. Marco is out and Joshua will be out in a month. Paul has 3 years to go and Monpor probably longer.

I now definitely have enough ink and paper to writ until I leave

I look across the hall and feel am dis engaging from this place. Those guys will stay when I go. That makes me feel good that I am shifting out of here. But the novel Im reading and one I am writing still have me in a sort of 1522.

They turned the air down so it is marm up in here.

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081218

1330 I have about 20 hours left. Assuming I leave out at 0900 tomorrow. I read one of the books Paul send to me. If I read the

Dr John WorldPeace JD

other time will go real fast. But I want to finish the part of the novel that is in sq head. yet is is tempting to read because then I can get lost in the book and the next 8 hours will go very fast. I may not go to sleep tonight. And I may need the novel then.

So Ill keep the novel in case time really slows down or if I get hel up getting out.

My calendar is all xd out excpe for today and I have tomorrow circled

I was given a trash bag this morning. Something I have never been given before. Maybe that is part of the exit program. Who knows.

Overall it really is just another day because even though I know I am getting out I am conditioned to a routine that ignores everything outside this cell

I am 1523 everything in his cell in days. About 0930 they cut off the air. it was very cold before that.

Same shite different day SSDD.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Who is Dr. John WorldPeace JD ?

When I was 8 years old, I became aware that all human beings die. I became aware that these fragile human bodies are not immortal and eternal but are mortal and finite. I also became aware that at the end of each life, one's consciousness exits this earth dreamscape with nothing but one's experiences. Into this reality, we all come without material possessions, other than our human bodies, and from this reality, we all leave with only the script of our lives which we wrote. That is our testament and upon that testament, we should contemplate; not just when we die but often as we experience this life.

My primary purpose in this life is to challenge the predatory nature of homo sapiens globally. My focus is on bringing forward a more sane and just world human society and thereby increase the level of peace in the world human society.

It is my intention to live a minimalist life to prove that the accumulation of wealth is not necessary for a happy and successful life. In fact, a life of accumulation and attachment to things creates confusion and chaos in one's life as well as the world human society. The only power I will have in this life is the power of the truth of the various aspects of my Advocacy for peace and WorldPeace.

My concept of family discounts biology. All men are my father, brother, son. All women are my mother, sister, daughter. Children are of my body, not my soul.

I do not belong to any organization. I am not a religionist but a spiritualist. The difference is that religion is a license corporation. Spirituality is a direct relationship with God. It greatly irritates me for preachers to speak to the congregation as church. I am not a church. I am a human being.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I changed my name to John WorldPeace (one word) on April 1, 1988, Good Friday and April Fool's day. I changed my name to WorldPeace as evidence of my commitment to increasing the peace in the world human society.

I have been self-employed 95% of my working career in insurance, accounting, tax, law, and web design. I will never retire. I am also an artist and writer and poet.

My funds come from my web design business, art, and books. All incoming monies go to promoting my businesses which collaterally promotes WorldPeace in one way or another. My ego is firmly anchored in my WorldPeace Advocacy and not in any way with the egotistic accumulation and management of physical assets or money in the bank as an objective in my life or measure of success. I am 100% committed to increasing the peace in the world human society and not committed to the accumulation of assets except incidentally, as above, to promote WorldPeace.

I am primarily an Advocate for Peace and WorldPeace but I am not a pacifist. For the most part, everything I have done in this life has been focused on increasing the level of peace in the world human society. My art, business, writings, education, if you take the time to engage with what I have communicated in words on my flagship website (johnworldpeace.com) and deeds, will show a focus on constantly increasing the level of peace in the world human society. For me, it is absolutely critical that my life reflects my philosophy and my cosmology.

How can we increase the level of peace in the world human society if we do not include everyone (all races, all nationalities, all religions, all genders) in our vision of peace? This is the only question that matters to me.

Dr John WorldPeace JD